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Territory of Florida

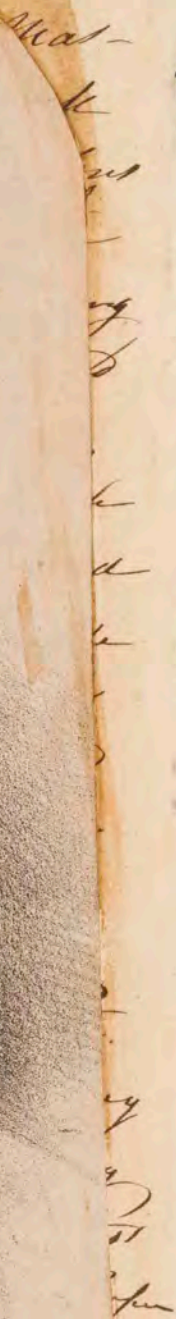


"SEE MY PETS."

La' experienced heavy head winds and weather very
bad put into Key West for a harbor where we
arrived on Friday at about one o'clock A.M.
fearing damage and loss he enters this his note
of protest to be extended when and where he
may think proper so to do

Victor Constantz

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Eliza Weathersby

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A HORSE GETTING A CHILD OUT OF A POND.

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THE YOSEMITE.



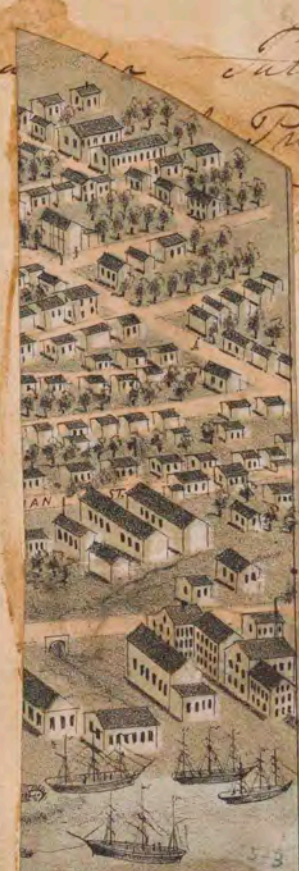
GENEVIEVE ROGERS



THE ROMAN MUSIC GIRL.



ARRIVAL OF COL. BEETLE IN GERMANY.



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THE YOSEMITE.

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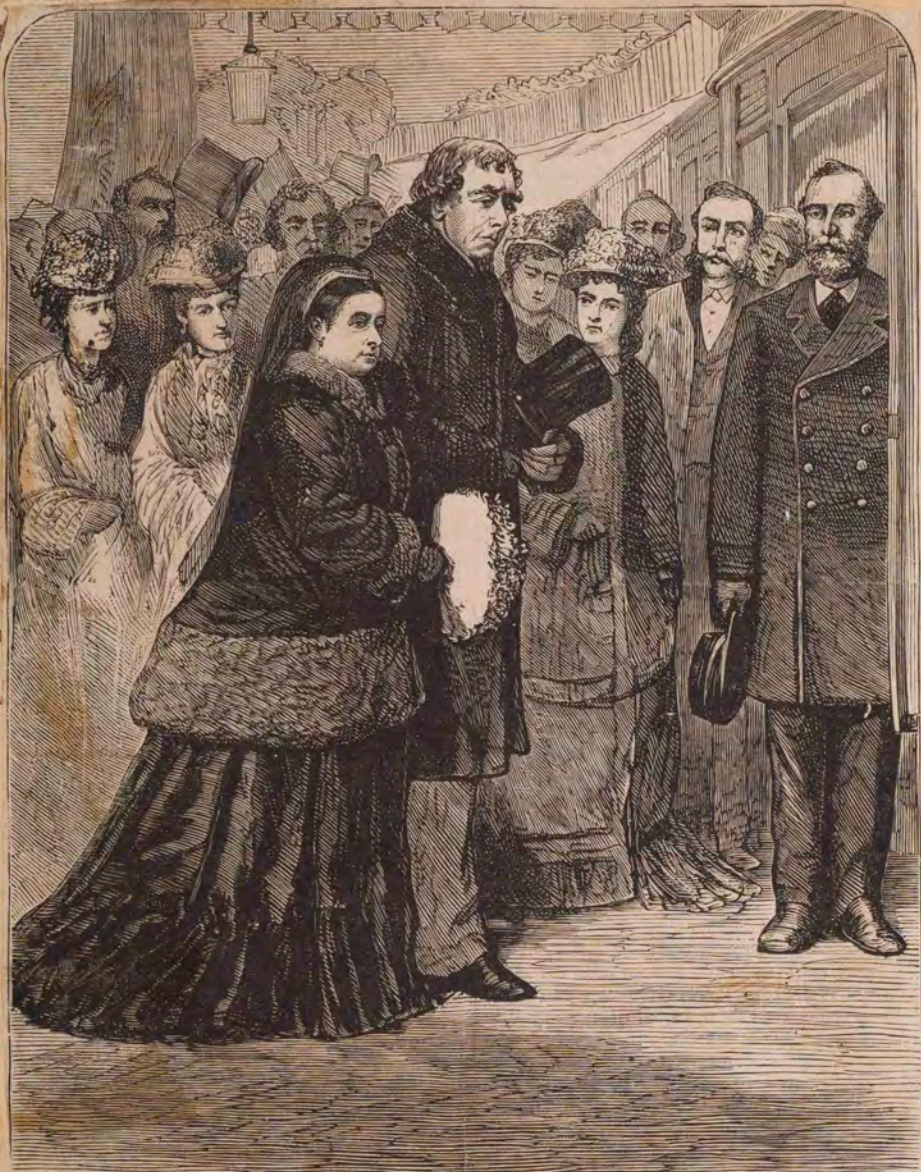
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attention
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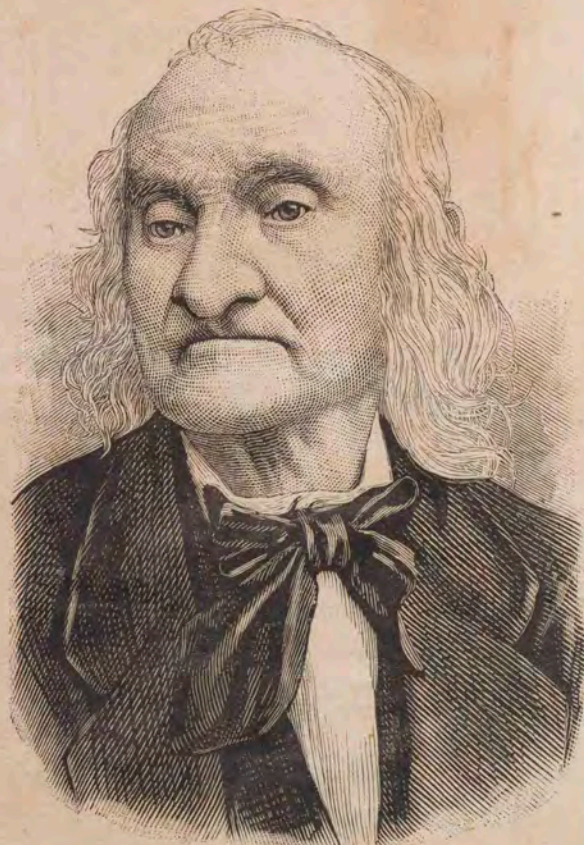
my hat into Key
on Wednesday

ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S RECEPTION BY LORD BEACONSFIELD, AT HUGHENDEN, DECEMBER 15TH.

the day of January 1861 about 10 o'clock A.M.

Leaving Damage and Lap he enters the
his note of Protest to be extended when and where
he may think fit to do so. Resolved. Henry
Som before me
day of January 1861
A. Patterson
Notary

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the wharf of A. B.
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DELAWARE.—DELL NOBLET, THE WILMINGTON CENTENARIAN.

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edly true that many persons, both men and women, think it necessary to coddle their ailments in bed when they would find themselves in very fair bodily condition if they walked abroad and tried to divert their thoughts from imagining that there was anything the matter with them.

Miss COBBE lays great stress on the natural disadvantage of this encouraged invalidism of ladies, and she certainly has some reason for so doing. "Out of it," she asks, "what evil vapors of morbid feelings, jealousies, suspicions, hysterical passions, religious terrors, melancholy, and even insanity are generated, who shall estimate?" She is surprised, not that there are so many lunatics, but that there are so few, when people thus neglect the laws of mental health. She tells of a lady who had enjoyed the luxury of illness for many years who said that "actual pain is always, in a sense, entertaining." There are a good many people who feel in this way, and they are not always women either.

Miss COBBE complains of the dress of women of civilized countries. "The dress of men in all Western nations meets fairly all the conditions of health and decency," she says, "and only fails on the side of beauty. The dress of women, on the contrary, ever variable as it is, persistently misses the conditions of health, frequently violates the rules of decency, and instead of securing beauty, at which it aims first instead of last, achieves usually—ugliness." Now, while we agree with her that the dress of our Western women is just about as unbecoming and unpicturesque as it well could be, we cannot join Miss COBBE in her wholesale condemnation of the female costume. There never was a time when women dressed so prettily as they do now; and if in the effort to secure the effects of beauty they sometimes sacrifice mere utility we shall not condemn them. Some of our New York women, however, might profitably learn the lesson that a dress which may rightly be worn in a carriage is not just the sort of thing to be dragged over the pavements in a pedestrian excursion.

Miss COBBE is very severe on what she calls "the brain-heating chignons," the bonnets which expose the forehead to the cold and furnish no protection against the sun, necessitating the carrying of a parasol; the low-necked dresses at parties; and the thin shoes worn by ladies; and she even goes so far as to quote "an experienced shoemaker" who informed her that "he scarcely knew of a lady of fifty who had what he could call a foot at all—they had mere clubs." Her main objection, however, is against the skirts of women, which she thinks are very injurious in several ways. She would have women's dresses reach to the ankle and no further, and contends that if this fashion had been adopted in England twenty years ago, the population would be far better off than it is now.

The views of Miss COBBE may be, and many of them unquestionably are, sound, but we fancy that for long years to come women will go on so arraying themselves as to enhance their beauty in the eyes of men; and, for our part, we are not hard-hearted enough to deny them that gratification.

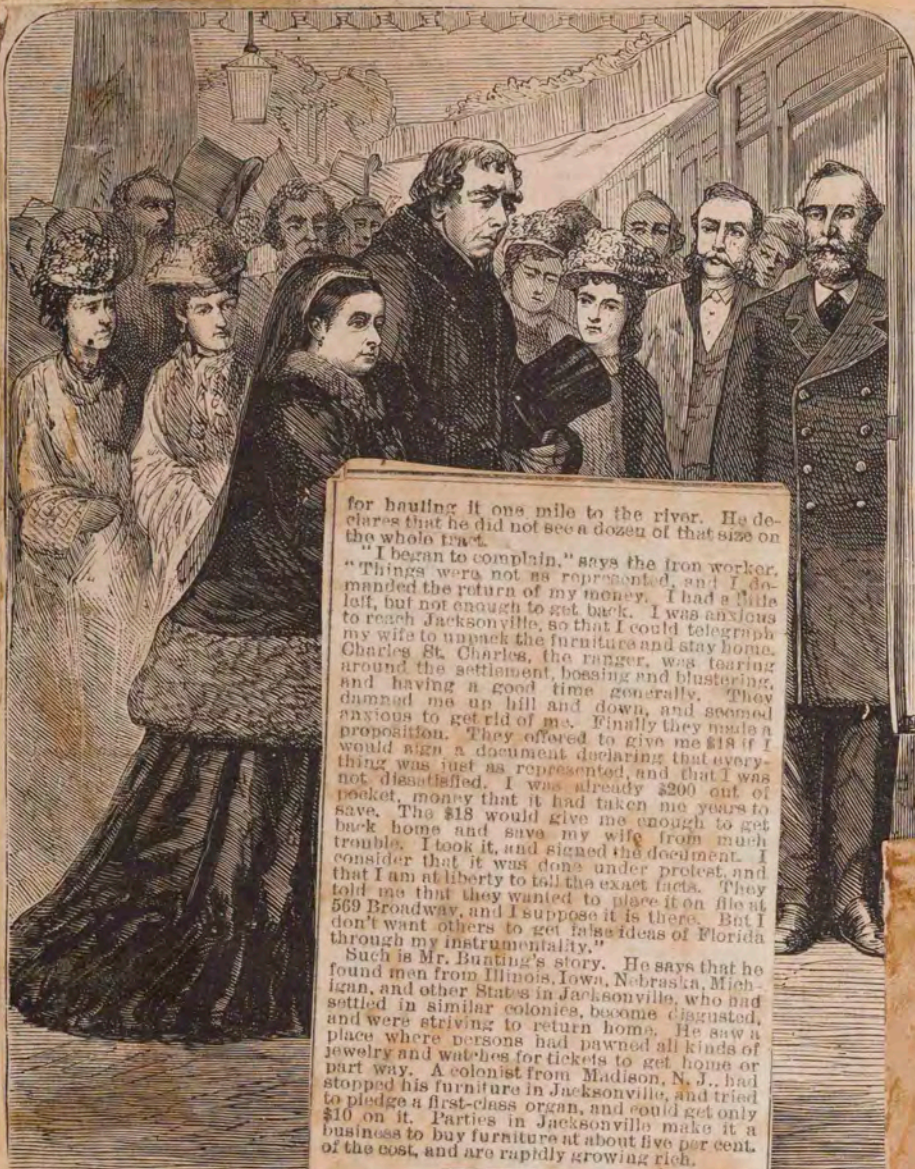


THE BRICKEN.—PAGE 206.



Key West this
840.
Marden
Ship Master
Sail Maker
Ship Wright





for hauling it one mile to the river. He declared that he did not see a dozen of that size on the whole tract.

"I began to complain," says the iron worker, "Things were not as represented, and I demanded the return of my money. I had a little left, but not enough to get back. I was anxious to reach Jacksonville, so that I could telegraph my wife to unpack the furniture and stay home. Charles St. Charles, the ranger, was tearing around the settlement, boasting and blustering, and having a good time generally. They damned me up hill and down, and seemed anxious to get rid of me. Finally they made a proposition. They offered to give me \$18 if I would sign a document declaring that everything was just as represented, and that I was not dissatisfied. I was already \$200 out of pocket, money that I had taken me years to save. The \$18 would give me enough to get back home and save my wife from much trouble. I took it, and signed the document. I consider that it was done under protest, and that I am at liberty to tell the exact facts. They told me that they wanted to place it on file at 569 Broadway, and I suppose it is there. But I don't want others to get false ideas of Florida through my instrumentality."

Such is Mr. Bunting's story. He says that he found men from Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan, and other States in Jacksonville, who had settled in similar colonies, become disgusted, and were striving to return home. He saw a place where persons had pawned all kinds of jewelry and watches for tickets to get home or part way. A colonist from Madison, N. J., had stored his furniture in Jacksonville, and tried to pledge a first-class organ, and could get only \$10 on it. Parties in Jacksonville make it a business to buy furniture at about five per cent. of the cost, and are rapidly growing rich.

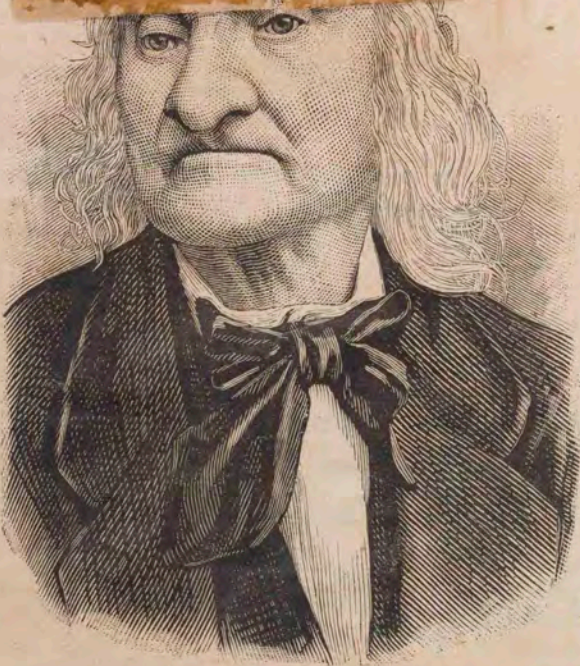
ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY

ELDER EVANS ON HELL.

What Shakerism Teaches on Divers Points—How he Hopes to Convert Rob Ingersoll.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Shakerism is the Nazareth of Christendom. One hundred years ago the Christ Spirit, through Ann Lee, broke the seven seals with which the Little Book, written on the inside, the outside, and on the backside, was sealed. The unlearned could not read this book, because they knew neither Hebrew nor Greek. Neither could the learned, because it was sealed. In the old heaven and old earth, there was not a man who could either open the book, or endure to look upon it, so as to read even what was written upon the outside thereof. It took a Christ woman to break the seals and begin to read its contents. What new theology did she read? If there are to be a new earth and new heaven in place of the State and Church that have hitherto ruled in the affairs of men, the first principles—foundations—of both the old and new should be clearly understood. Is it any marvel that the rulers in the old earth and heavens—Church and State—are not able to bear even a look into those principles that underlie the new order in Church and State, which will supplant the old? It is like the change in life relations at Pentecost, or as paganism passed away before what was called Christianity in the Roman Empire.

All existing forms of Christianity, whether Catholic, Greek, or Protestant, are, in their essence, Church and State organizations. Collectively they are the Church in the Wilderness state—1260 years. This Church in the Wilderness claims authority, in the name of God, as against the right of private judgment in matters of faith and conscience. It assumes to regulate the human understanding. The subordinate Protestant sects—little images—protest against this claim to authority and infallibility on the part of the Greek and Catholic churches, while they, each in its sphere, exercise the same power as those churches, so far as they can control the State. They send heretics to prison in this world, and to an eternal hell in the next. It asserts that belief is a product of the will, not a result of evidence; that salvation is a reward of belief, not the result of ceasing to do evil; while damnation—eternal hell—is the punishment for not believing some theological mystery that the teachers thereof don't profess to comprehend. It asserts that war is a Christian element; the Church and State in one nation may properly wage Christian warfare with making hell upon earth. The Church, from the Catholic hierarchy to its least image, claims the right to use State laws and force.



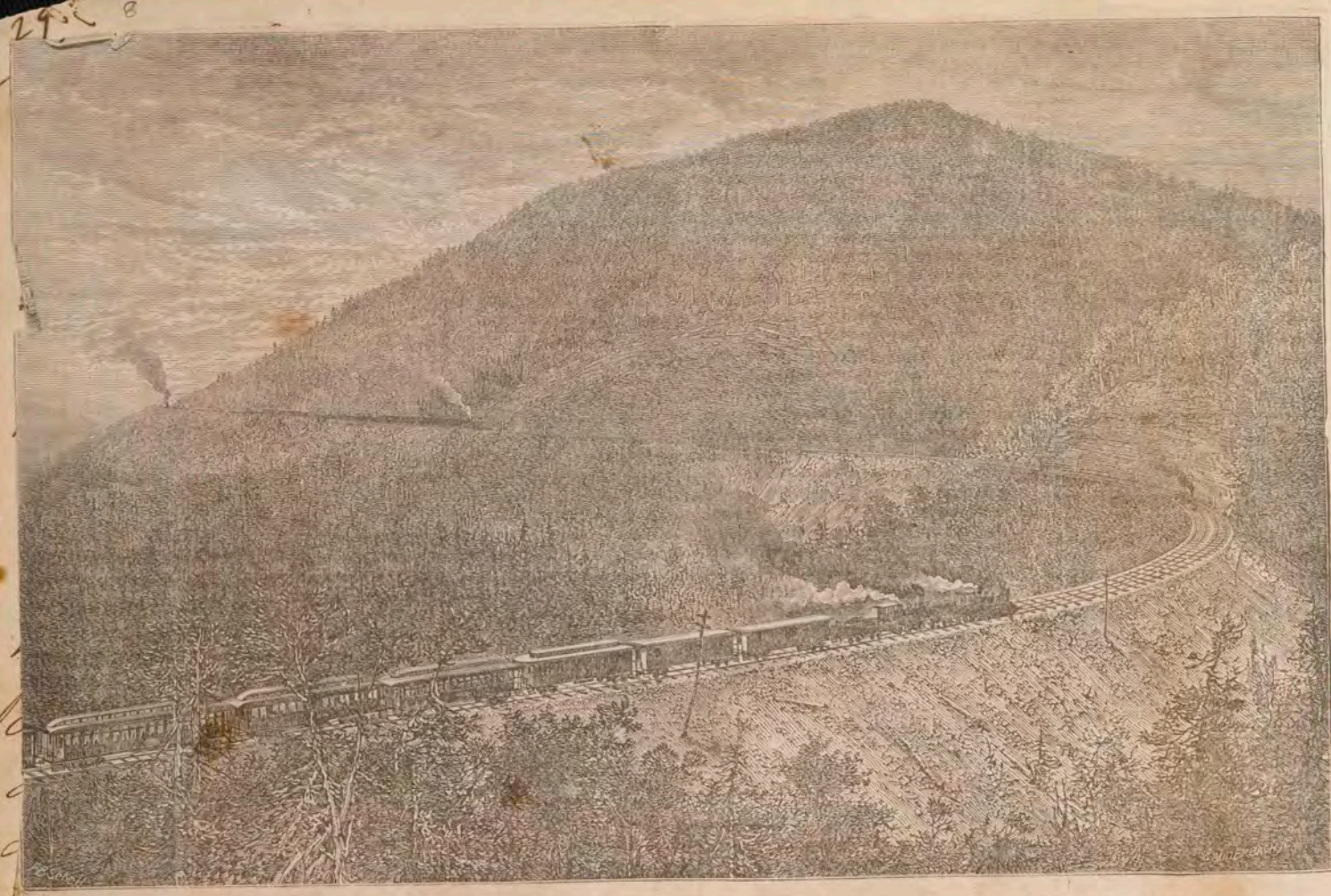
DELAWARE.—DELL NOBLET, THE WILMINGTON CENTENARIAN.



THE SPECTRE OF THE BROKEN.—PAGE 206.



Key West this
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Ship Master
Sail Maker
Ship Wright



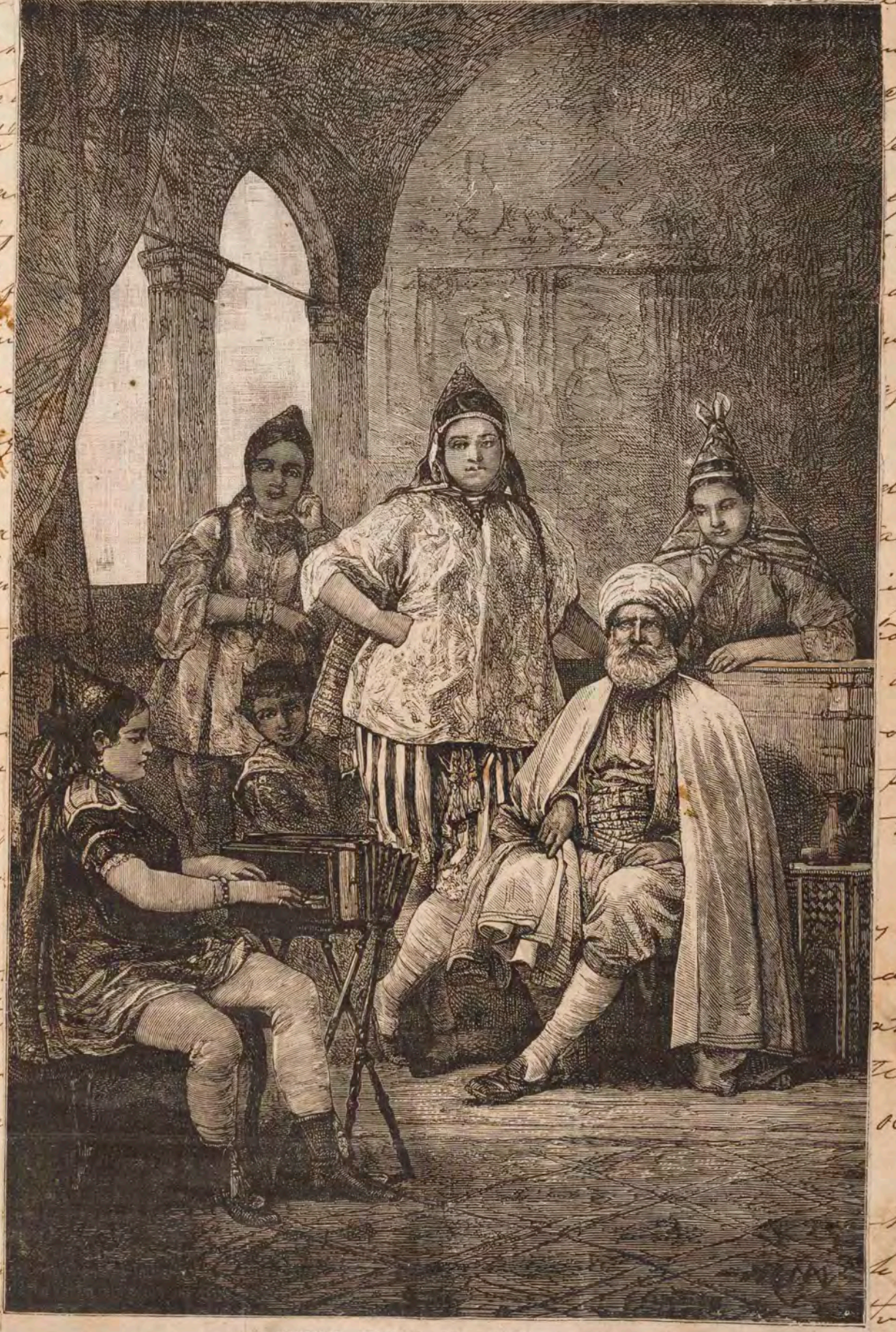
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—HORSE-SHOE CURVE, ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

of much about who made before me the aforsaid



reaped the Main sail at 4 P.M. Gale increasing and sea running sharp took in the Topsail and came too

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JEWISH WOMEN OF TUNIS.—PAGE 211.

the position was very her hatches well and sufficiently caulked and covered and was full and sufficiently

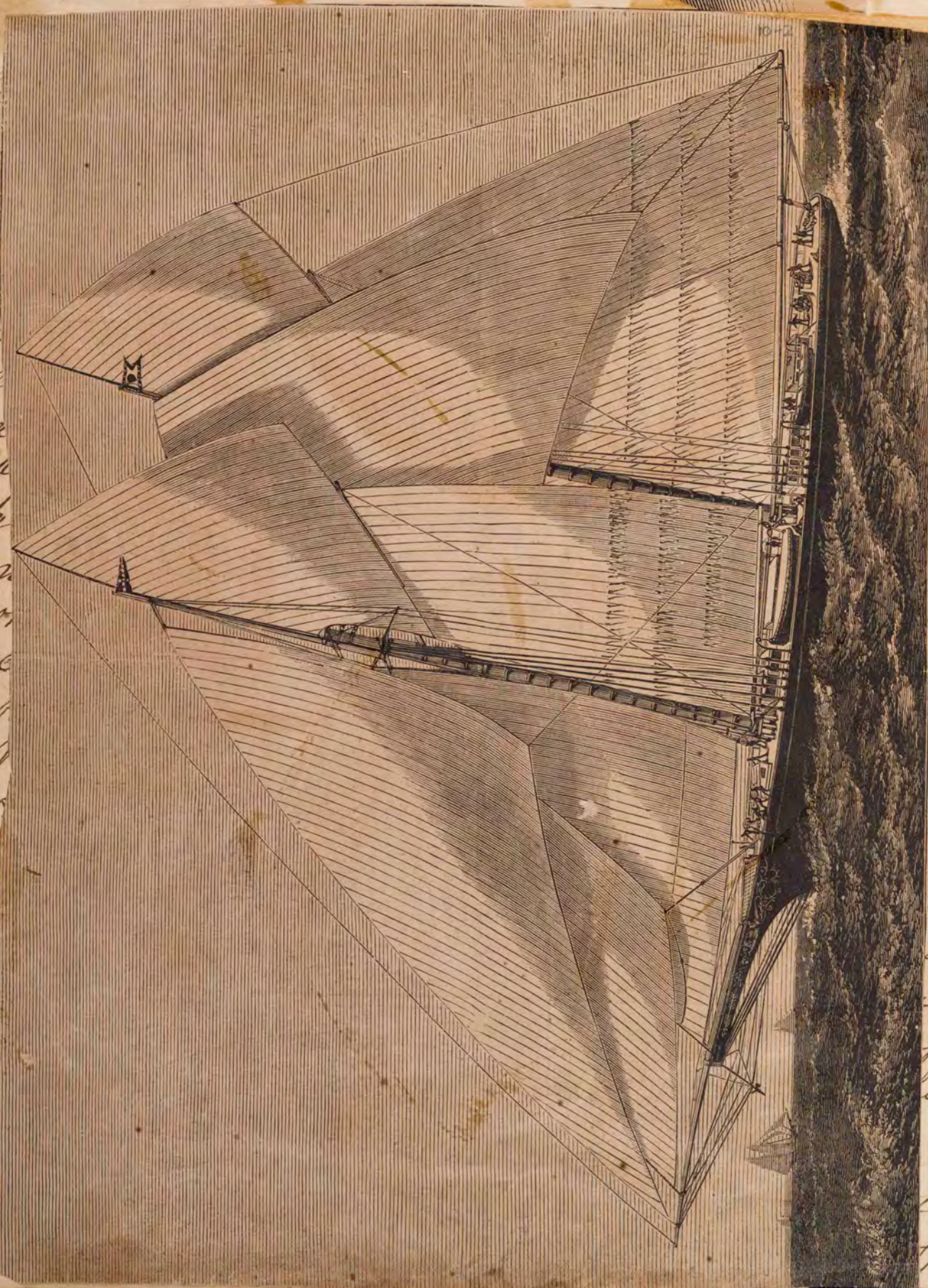
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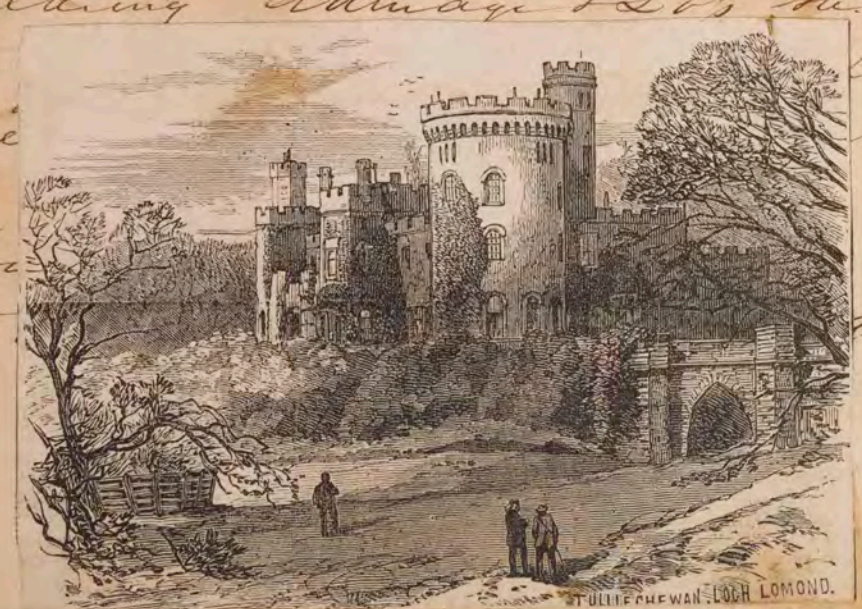
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A LETTER FROM THE LONG-GONE BOY.—PAGE 205.

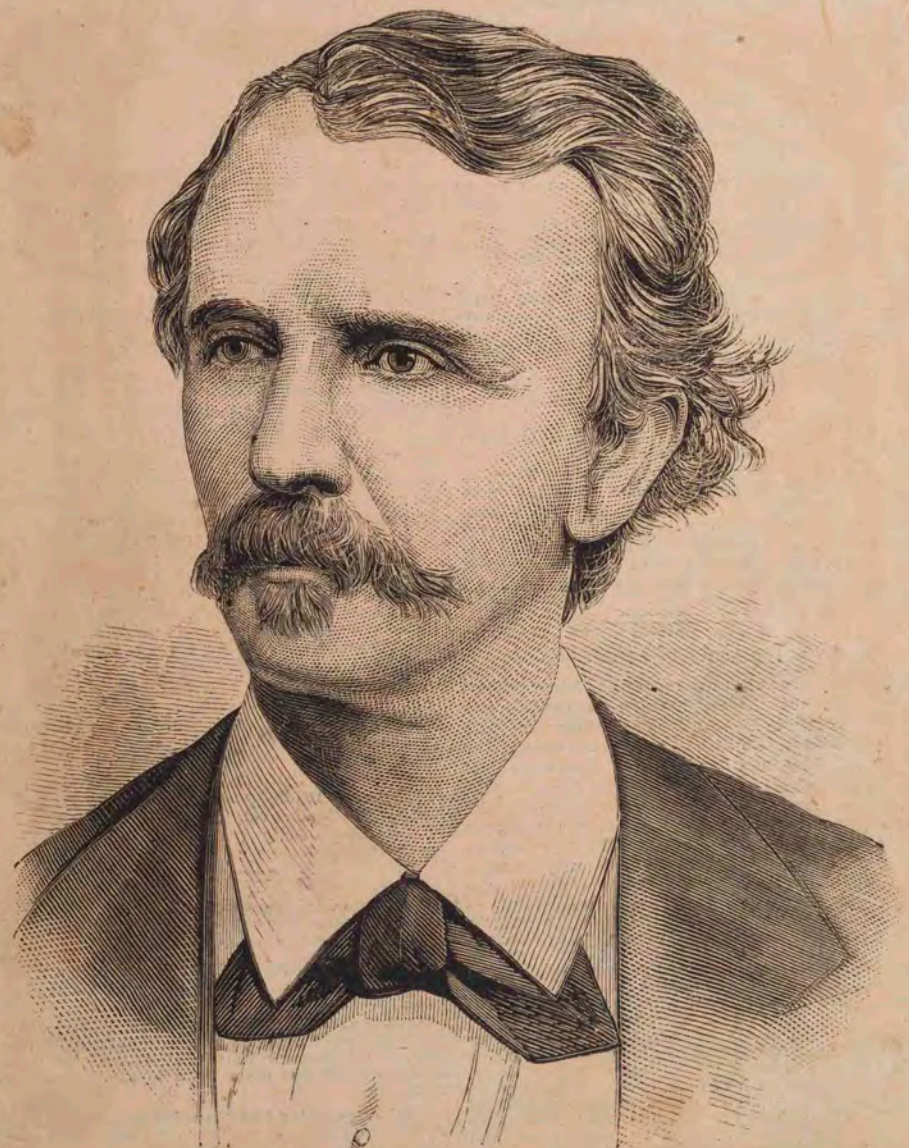
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THE HON. ALBERT N. WYMAN, THE NEW UNITED STATES TREASURER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY



THE HON. JOSEPH F. TYNER, THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—SEE PAGE 366.

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1840 A. Patterson James Allen



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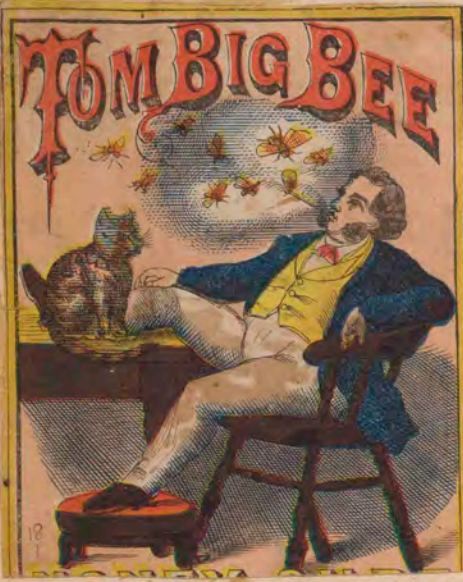


MISS GENEVIEVE ROGERS,



JULY
Miss Mrs to my
J. S. & Co
George E. Meade
Francis Watlington
Eben Farrell

Some
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y 1840
dents
enter



Pauline Lucas



Puppy wonders where his Game has gone, as Parents do at the size of their Shoe Bille, Holes at the Toe explain it all.



Manufactured by CHARLES NOBLE & CO. LIBERTY STOVE WORKS. PHILADELPHIA.

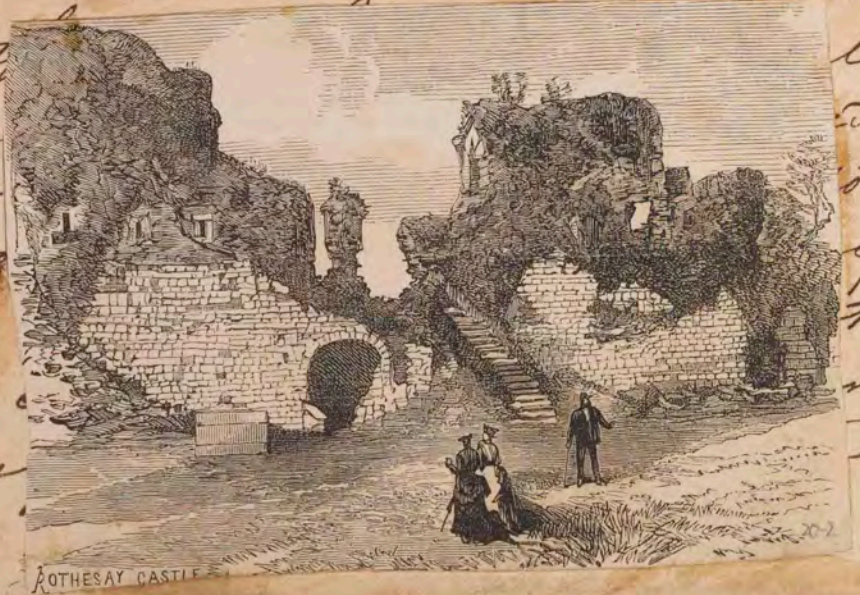
holy Evangelist of Almighty God do depose and say that they set sail on board of the Ship Hermann of



of Canrap on her got her over it, at 6 P.M. came to anchor in the bathous water

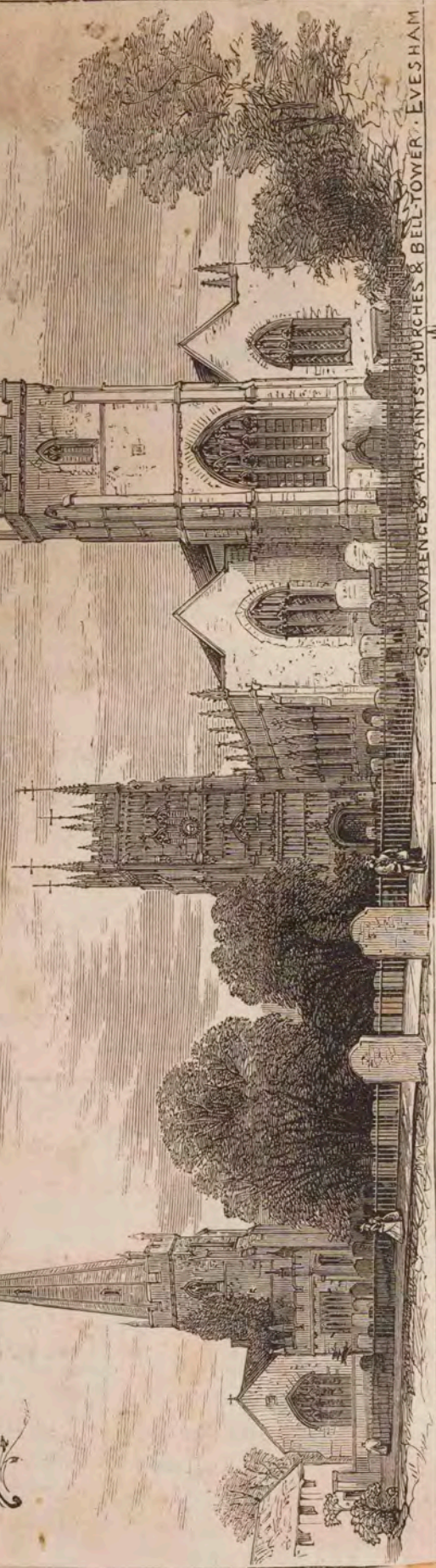
British Archaeological Association at Quesham

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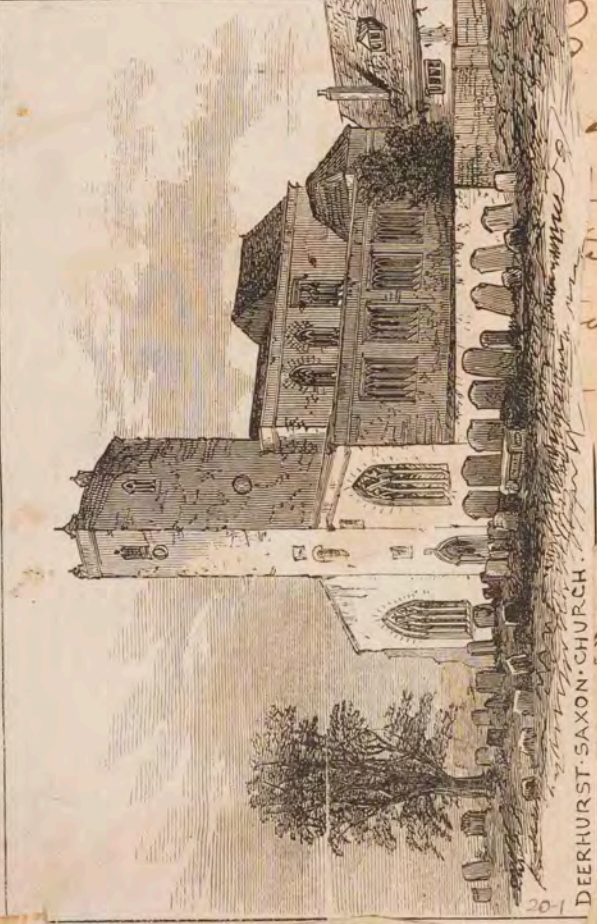


ROTHESAY CASTLE

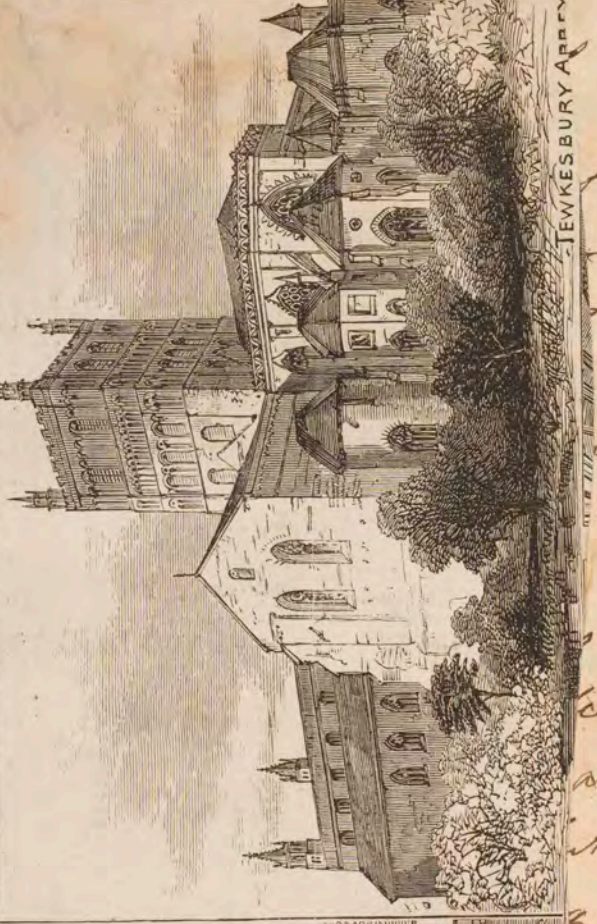
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S. LAWRENCE & ALL SAINTS CHURCHES & BELL-TOWER. EYESHAM



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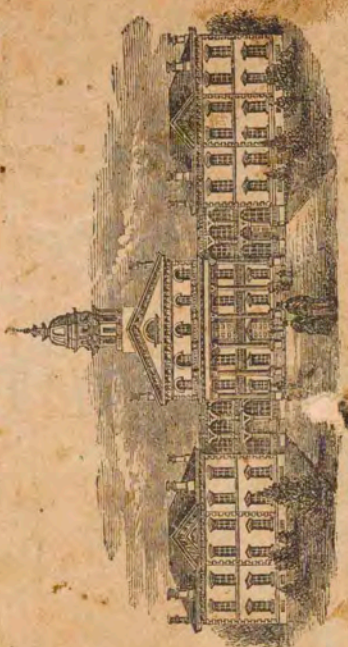
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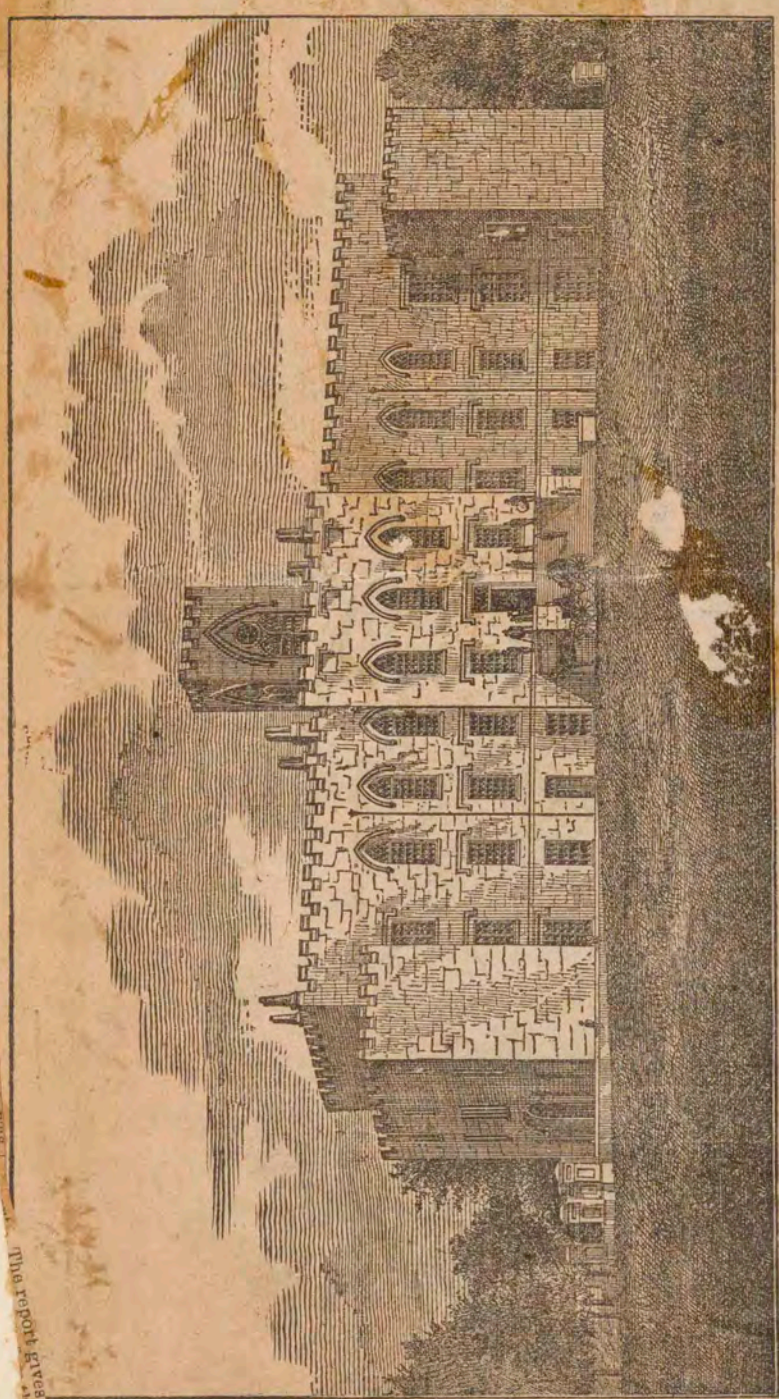
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THE UNION SOCIETY!
127TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
AT BETHESDA,
TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1877.



THE 127TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNION SOCIETY will be celebrated at Bethesda on the 24th inst., and the Annual Address will be delivered by the Rev. R. J. CORLEY, of this city. The members of the Society are respectfully invited to bring their families and friends, and the grounds and buildings will be open to the inspection of the public. The meeting of the Society for the transaction of business, receiving the Report of the President and other officers, and for the election of officers will take place at eleven o'clock, after which the address will be delivered. The usual dinner will be given to the beneficiaries of the Society, for which contributions are respectfully solicited by the Stewards. Members are requested to come prepared to pay the annual dues.

BOARD OF MANAGERS.
ANDREW LOW, Esq.,
J. H. ESTILL, Esq.,
R. N. GOSWOLD, Esq.,
D. G. PURSE, Esq.,
STEWARDS,
CAPT. JNO. W. ANDERSON,
H. A. STULAN, Esq.,
R. B. REPPARD, Esq.,
W. K. PEARCE, Secretary.
W. M. WADLEY, President.



THE OLD CAPITOL AT MILLEDGEVILLE.

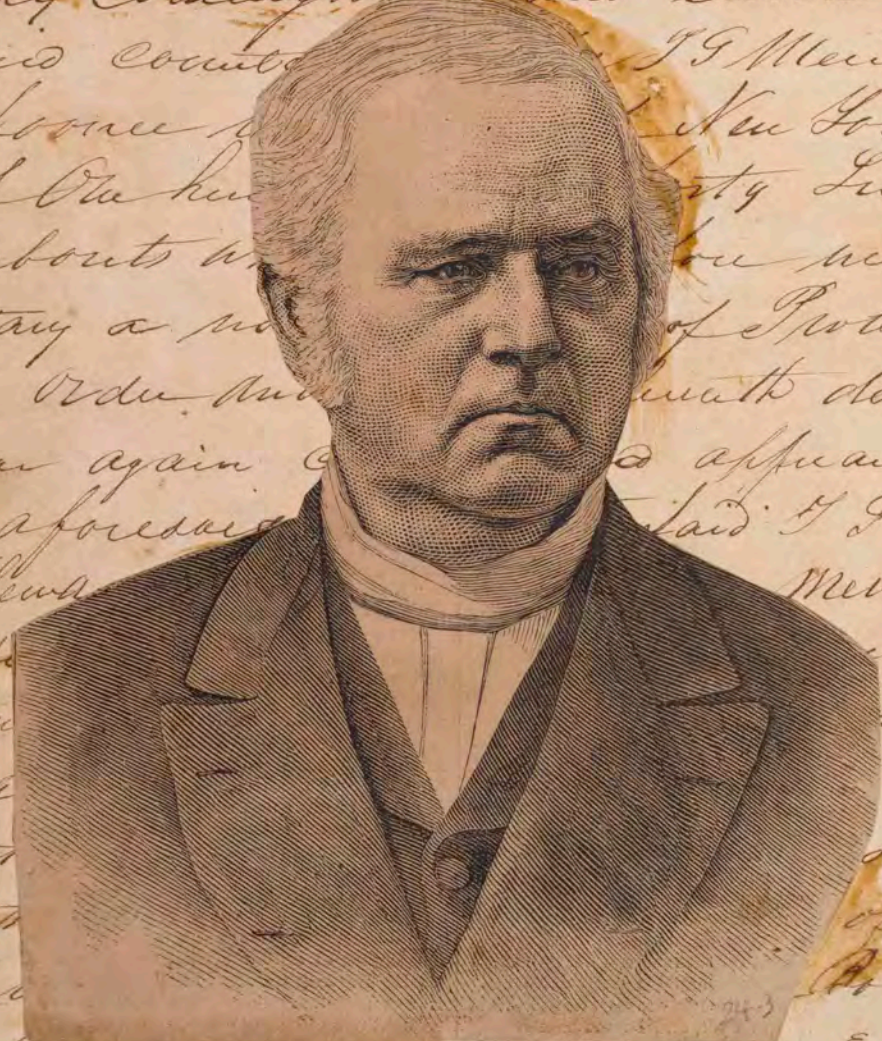
Above we present a view of the old Capitol. Though failing to do justice to that building, it will give those who have never seen it a very good idea of its appearance. Its outside dimensions are 186x92 feet. The first floor contains four rooms of 16x16 feet, four of 16x19, two of 35x15, and a large room formerly occupied by the Supreme Court 46x35 feet. All but two of these rooms are supplied with fire places. There are besides, eight other small rooms, that may be used to store fuel or other articles that require to be kept in a special place. Two passages or halls, crossing each other, run through the building, one east to west and from north to south, save that the latter widens out into the Supreme Court room in a portion of its course. The second floor contains similar halls, and is rendered very accessible by granite steps on the east and west and by double stairs at the north and south ends. On this floor, and on each side of the halls above named, are situated the offices, etc., of the Governor and his Secretaries, the Treasurer, the Secretary of State, the Comptroller General, together with apartments for the State Library, the Clerk of the Supreme Court, etc., etc. This floor contains four rooms 17x17 feet, four 20x16, four 35x16, together with the Treasury vault, two small rooms for the Capitol guards, and five small rooms used for filing records, attached to the offices of the several State House officers. A convenient flight of double stairs leads from this floor to the third story, which is the building. The Senate Chamber and House of Representatives have galleries, which, with the lobbies below, have been found to afford ample accommodation for those who desire to witness the proceedings of administration. should be needed for that purpose, would furnish admirable apartments for certain purposes of the new bureaux that have been of late years added to our State administration, and if they should be needed for that purpose, would furnish admirable apartments for certain purposes of the new bureaux that have been of late years added to our State administration.

Joseph Peace and Chin
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DISCOVERY OF SANTA CLAUS.



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hundred and forty having on board a cargo of Ice and
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 during the voyage worthy of note until Monday
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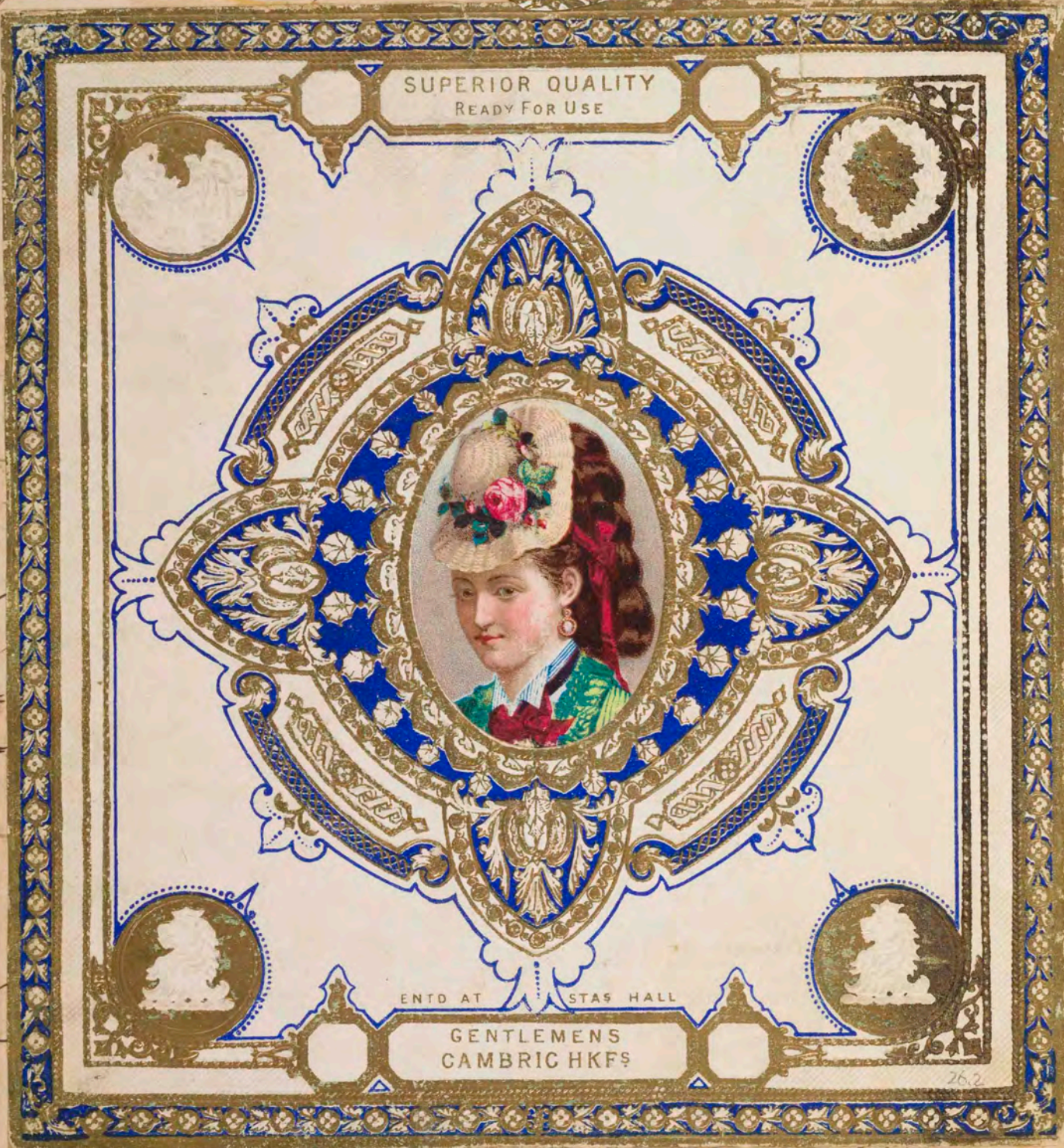
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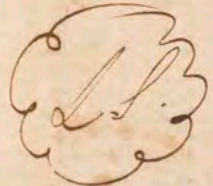


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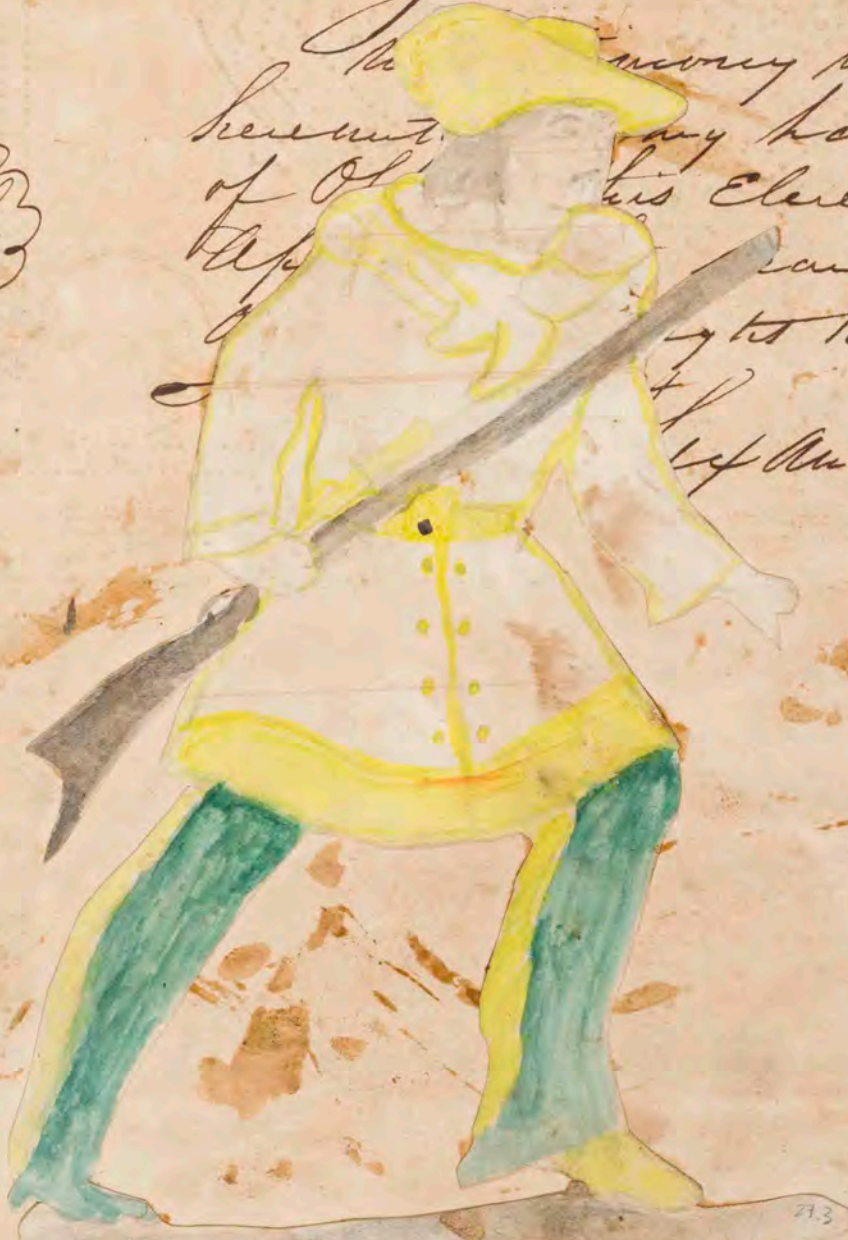
Alexandra Patterson
Not Pub



to all of being elect fore clearly and things all cularly



The money whereof I have
hereunto my hand and seal
of O. H. E. Clerk
of the Court
of the County of And



County of ...
City of ...
By ...



THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

well did further agree that in case of ...
with the said ... and forty five ...
the said ... would ...

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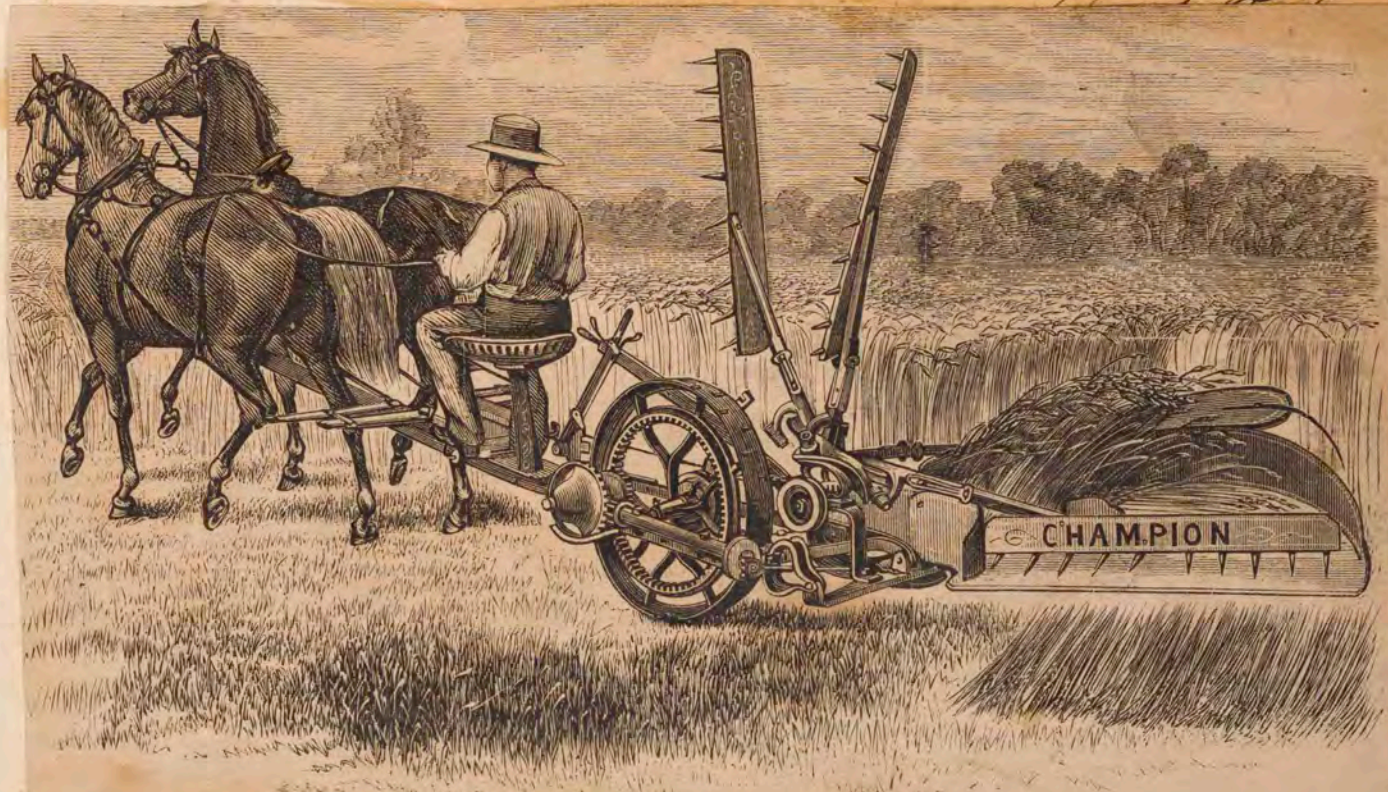


61th day of June
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(99) Let PEDRO AND HIS GUINEA-PIGS. and size of Office at City
West this 61th day of June in the year
of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred
and forty Alex Patterson



THE CHAMPION REAPING MACHINE IN OPERATION IN THE WHEAT-FIELD AT SCHENCK'S FARM, JULY 6TH.

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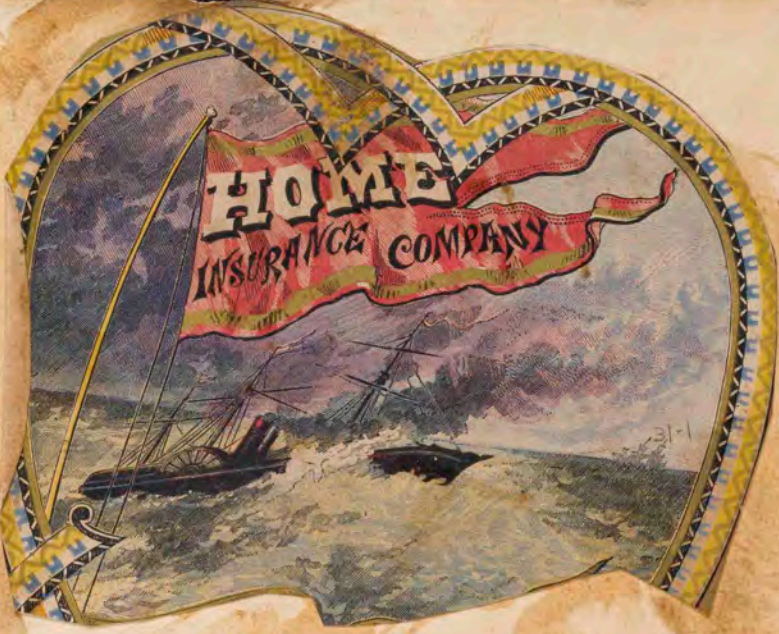
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W.C. Talbot



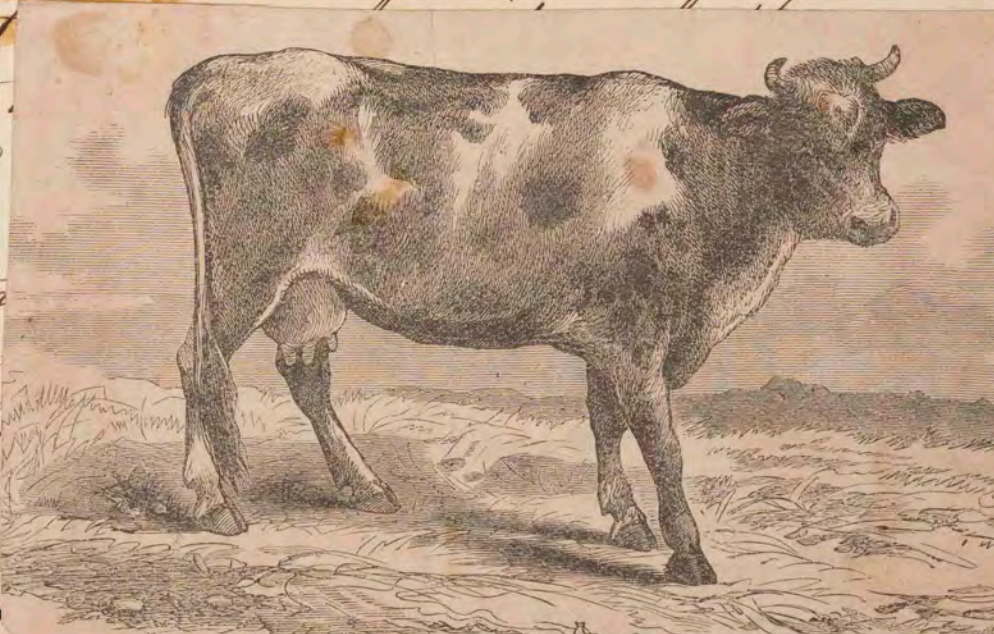
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—SPRUCE CREEK TUNNEL.



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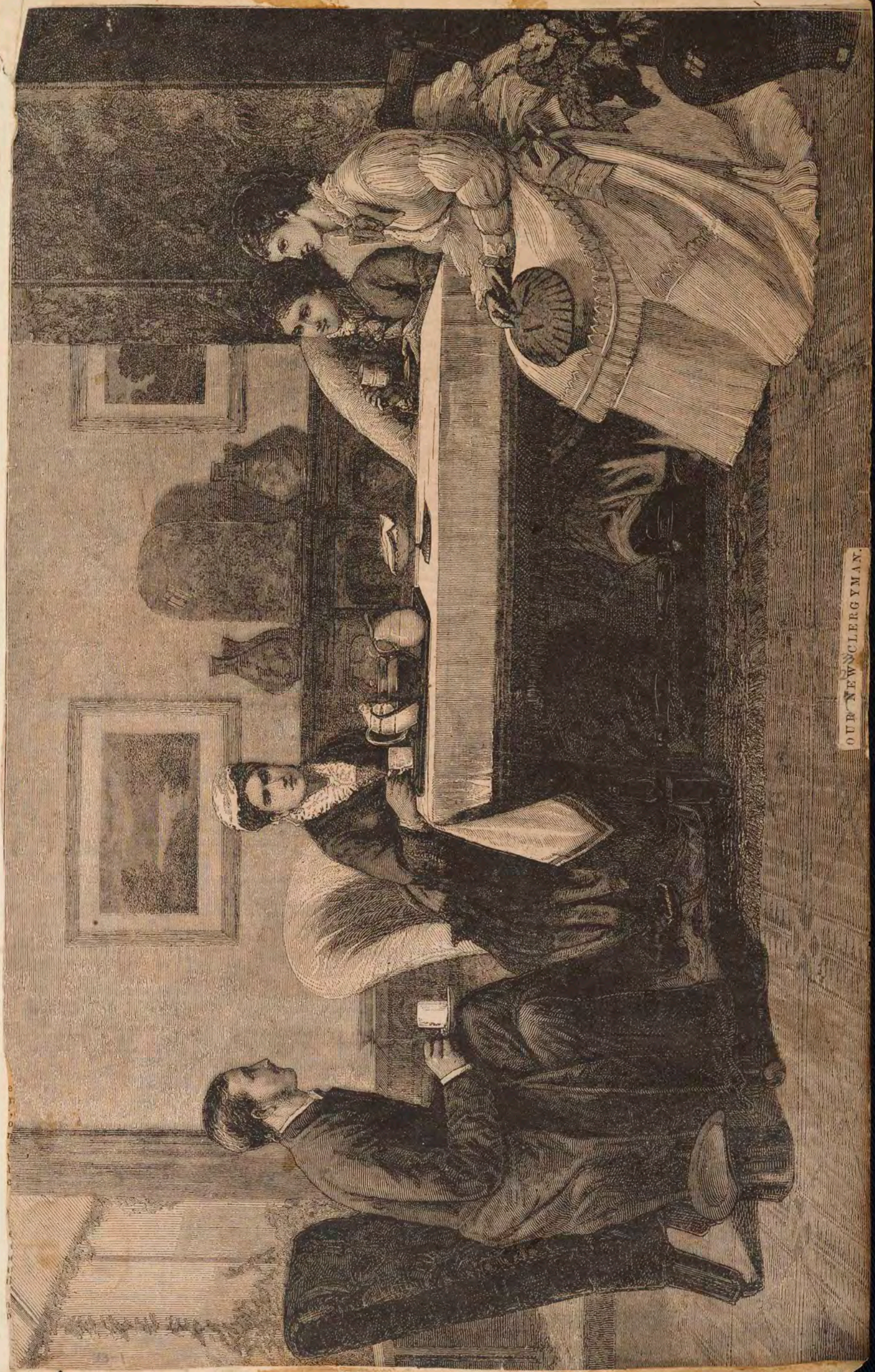


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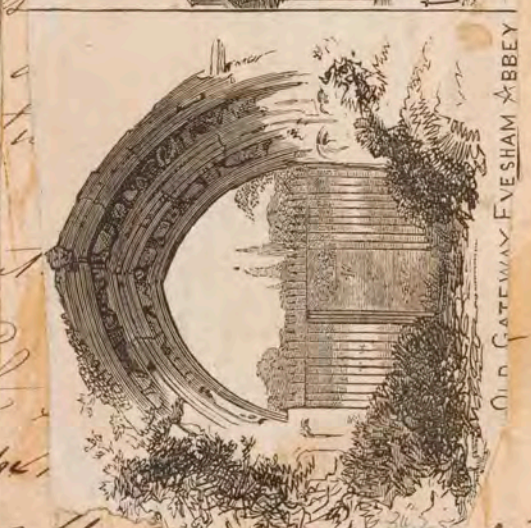
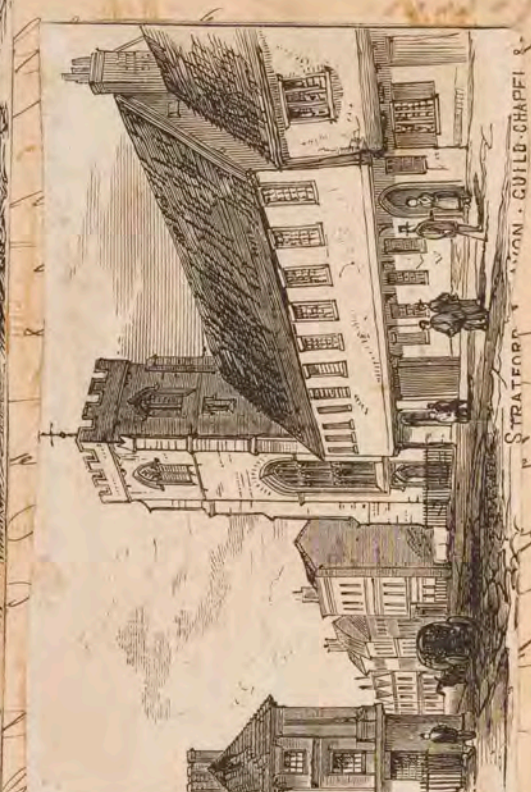
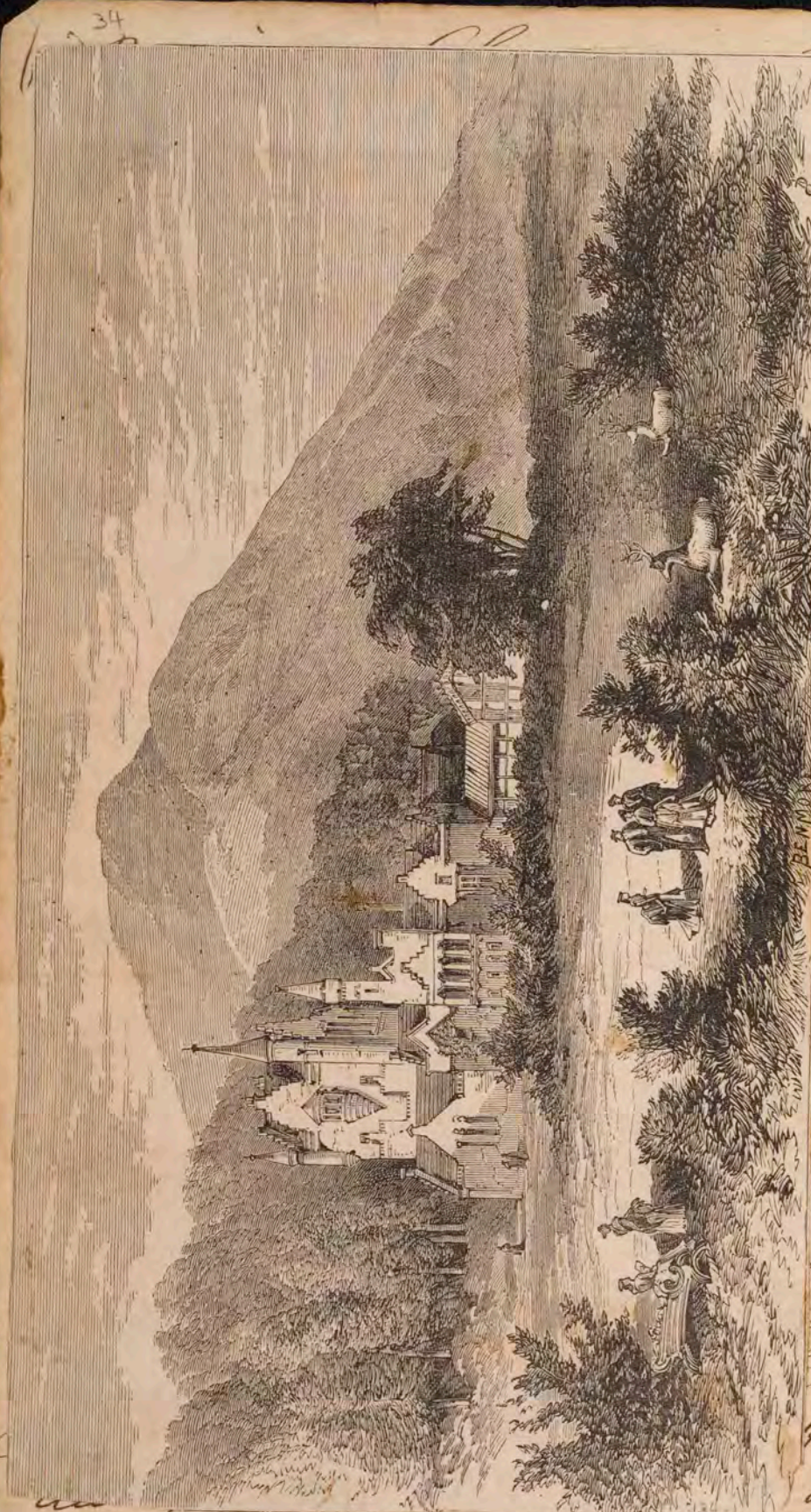
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England.—H. R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE OPENING THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.
T. P. M. and came to meet



OUR NEWSCLERGYMAN



ITALY.—KING VICTOR EMMANUEL ON HIS WAY TO OPEN PARLIAMENT.



Thomas Hendrick Master of the H. Elandy Master



THE CAPTURE OF TWEED—THE BAY OF VIGO, SPAIN, AND FORT SAN SEBASTIAN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY S. NEWMARCK.]

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Master
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of the members of the crew seven tons
or thereabouts declared to have sailed from Hallou
ell on the 1st day of November now last past having
on board an assorted cargo bound to the West where
Experienced severe gales on the passage shifted
deck load and received some slight damage
Hans & Co fearing damage and loss he enters this
his note of protest to be effected when and where
he may think proper to do Hereto Hall
Done before me this
5th day of Dec 1840

My
Nephew of 29





THE SILENT HOUR.

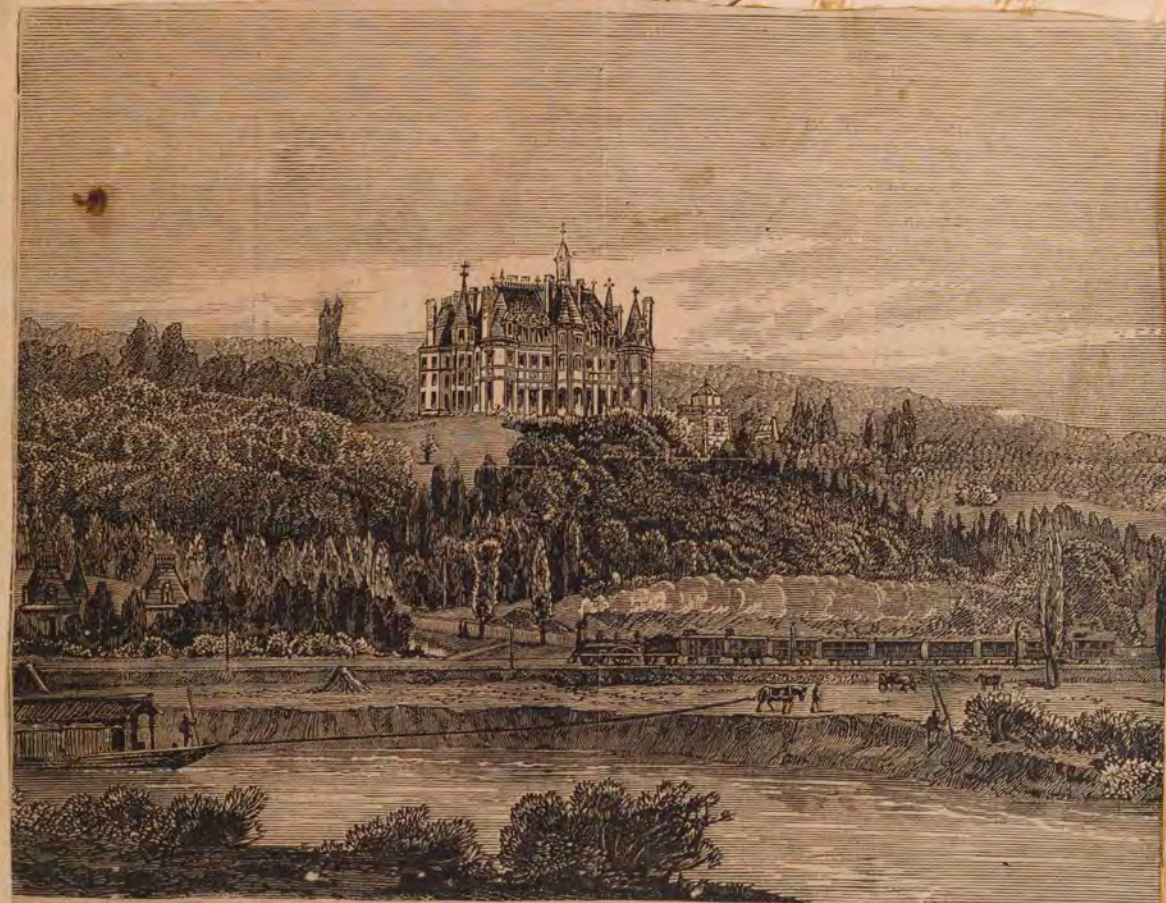
"When shall you come home, mummy, darling?"
 "Not till the middle of the night, my love!"
 "Not till the middle of the night!—when the clocks strike nothing?"



RUSSIA.—THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE SOUTH.



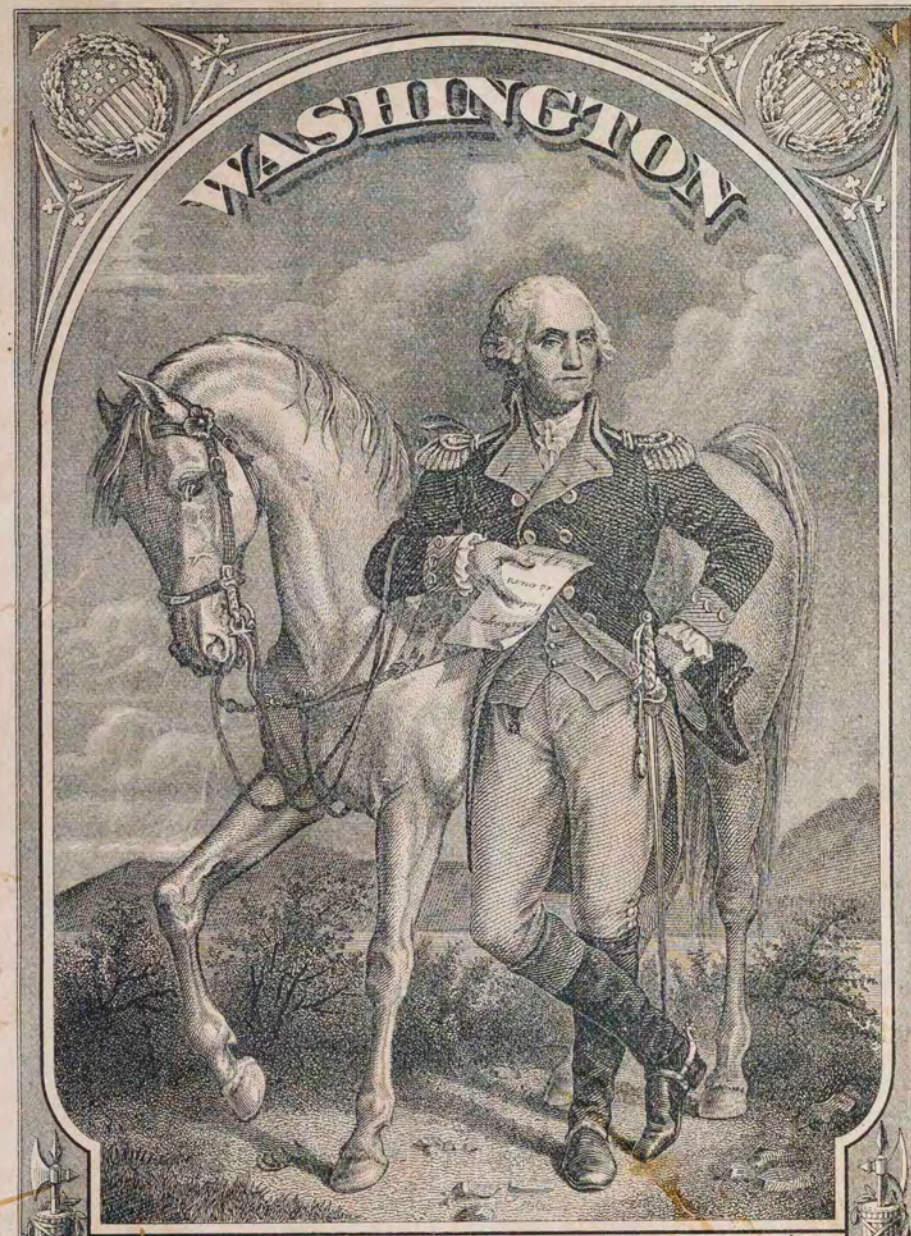
RUSSIA.—THE CZAROWITCH, THE FUTURE EMPEROR.



FRANCE.—CHATEAU BOURSALT, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WIDOW CLICQUOT PONSARDIN.—SEE PAGE 330.

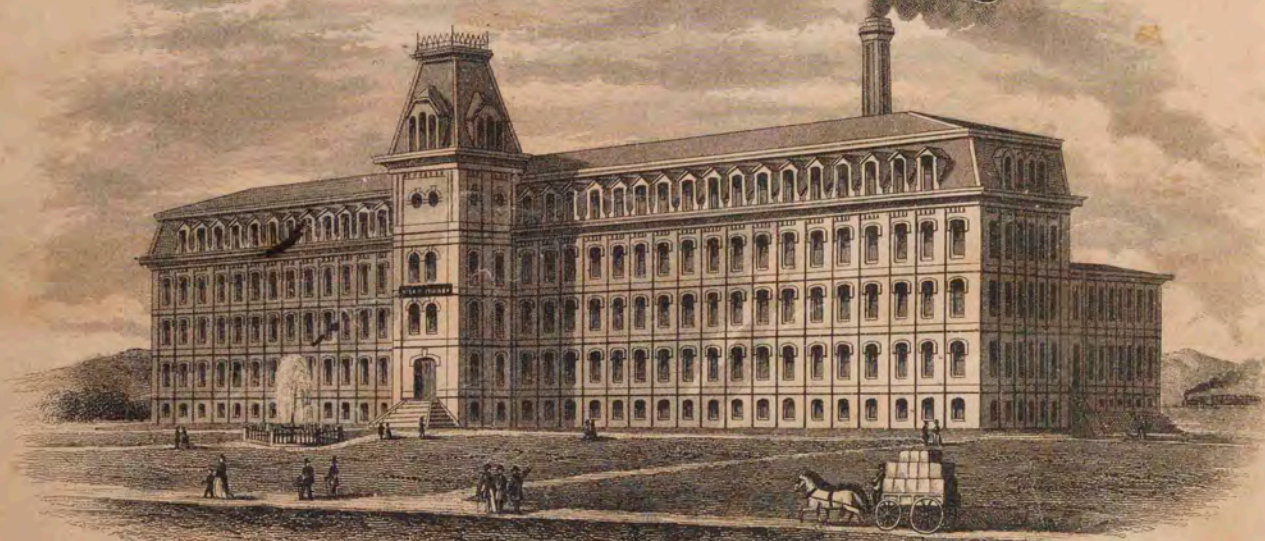


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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—THE JUNIATA.



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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—IN THE PACK-SADDLE ON THE CONEMAUGH.



CENTENNIAL RACING TROPHY—TIFFANY & CO.



THOMAS CARLYLE.



BRONZE URN.

46-1



JARDINIERE.

46-2

Philip's Master, Peter M.
 Lewis 2nd Mate
 Learn an
 Florida of New York
 said Motay solemnly
 holy Evangelist of Al
 say they set sail on
 Florida at the Port of New York on Monday the
 15th day of February now last past having on board
 an apparel cargo and boms for Ahalachicola
 and that nothing material occurs worthy of
 note here until Tuesday the 2nd day of March
 begins with moderate breezes and fine weather
 all day sails set at 3 PM when the Florida
 coast M... Moderate breezes & thick



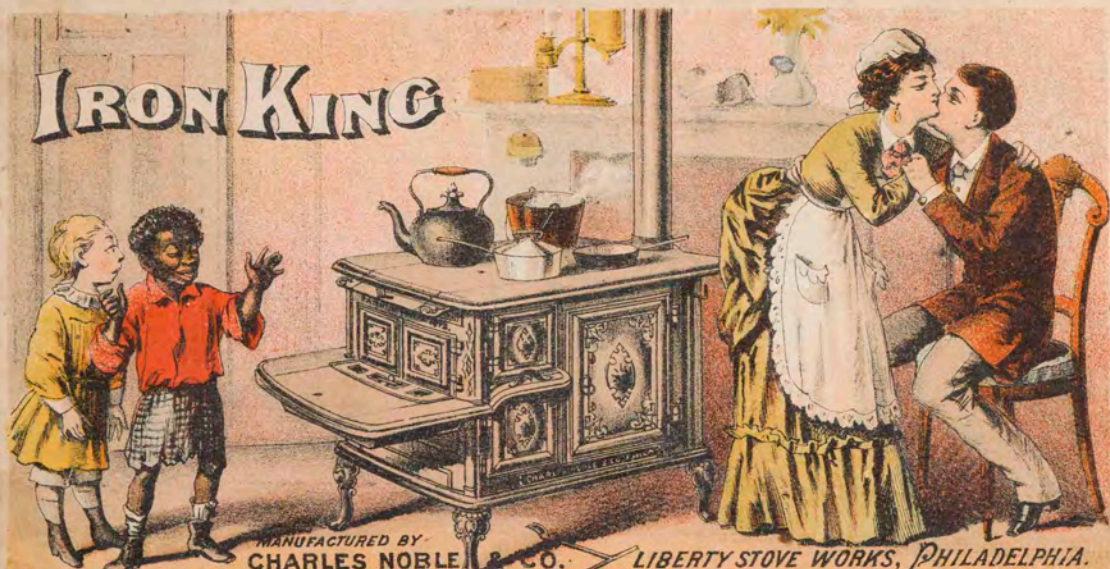
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looks

SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA
SMOKING TOBACCO



IRON KING



The Dress of Women.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE, an English woman with a very vigorous mind, contributes to the *Contemporary Review* for January a noteworthy paper on "The Little Health of Ladies."

Her point is that a large proportion of women of what are called the higher classes of England pass their years in semi-invalidism; that they are chronic valetudinarians, who make themselves unhappy and bring unhappiness to the homes over which they preside. Though we believe she has never been in this country to observe for herself as to the condition of our women in regard to health, Miss COBBE avers that they are peculiarly fragile. This is an old charge, and perhaps at one time it had some truth in it; but now it cannot be sustained by facts.

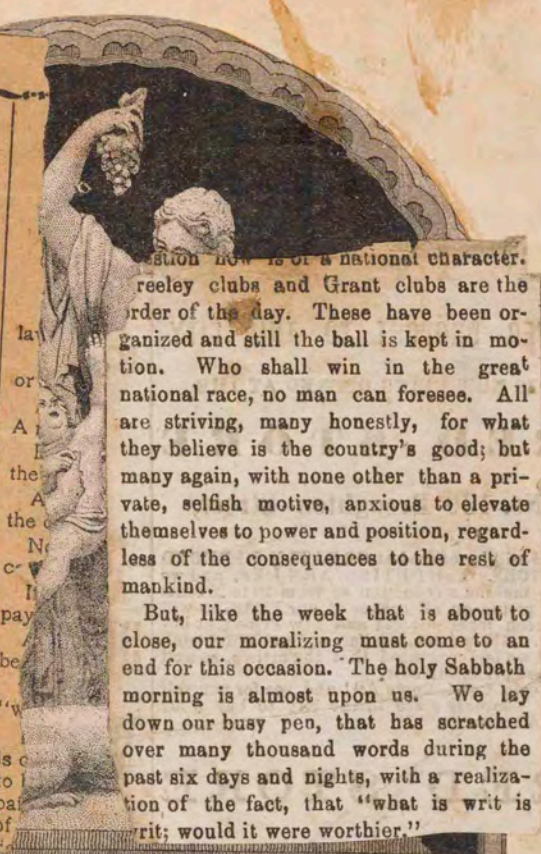
She draws a very depressing picture of a home in which the wife and mother plays the part of an invalid, declaring that if the mistress spends half the day in bed the whole household is sure to fall into disorder, and the demoralizing effect on the children is lamentable. She even goes so far as to suggest that some of these interesting invalids are malingersers, people who keep sick in order to avoid their duties and to gain a sympathy to which they really are not entitled. Perhaps, however, her own high health prevents Miss COBBE from giving due sympathy to those of her sisters who are actually invalids; though it is undoubt-

Symbols of Precious Stones.

In olden times astrologers had much faith in the belief that the destiny of persons born in certain months was governed by the gem of which the month was symbolic. The following is an old astrologer's table of months and the precious stones that correspond to them:

- January—The jacinth or hyacinth, symbolizing constancy and fidelity.
- February—The amethyst, symbolizing peace of mind and sobriety.
- March—The bloodstone or jasper, symbolizing courage and success in dangerous undertakings.
- April—The sapphire and diamond, signifying repentance and innocence.
- May—The emerald, signifying success in love.
- June—The agate, symbolizing good health and long life.
- July—The carnelian, signifying cure of evil resulting from forgetfulness.
- August—The sardonyx or onyx, signifying conjugal felicity.
- September—The chrysolite, symbolizing preservation from folly or its cure.
- October—The beryl or opal, signifying hope.
- November—The topaz, signifying fidelity and friendship.
- December—The turquoise or ruby, symbolizing brilliant success.

Stray Bits of



SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA
SMOKING TOBACCO

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MANUFACTURED BY
CHARLES NOBLE & CO. LIT

Health for the Grown Person.

Are you troubled with either one or all of the following symptoms?—Lowness of spirits, restlessness, sleeplessness, confusion of mind, sour stomach, sick headache, a variable appetite, nausea, or food after eating, a sense of oppression at the pit of the stomach, a burning or smarting sensation of the throat and stomach with low fever, and a constipation of the bowels? If so, it is a form of **Dyspepsia**, a disease productive of more evils, and probably more suffering, than any other, and one that should by no means be neglected. The remedy is to take (not as a worm medicine, but as a general tonic) two teaspoonfuls of Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, after immediately after each meal and at bedtime, keeping the bowels gently open with Dr. JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, and persevering in this course until the disease is removed.

Health for Children.

Has your child a variable appetite, often eating immoderately, craving strange articles, such as chalk, etc.; a habit of picking the nose, excessive thirst, a low fever, a bad breath, pale or sallow complexion, emaciation or wasting away, swelling of the abdomen, great nervousness, fitful sleep, often awakening in terror, grinding of the teeth, twitching of the muscles, a dry cough and headache, accompanied by weakness of the bowels, with cheeks generally flushed? If your child has one or all these symptoms, it is troubled with **Worms**,—dreadful pests,—preying on its delicate system until, through general debility and irritation, the constitution is broken down, and increasing complaints, such as St. Vitus' Dance or Convulsions follow, rendering after life a burden. To save your child, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, according to the directions accompanying it, remembering that it will not only destroy worms, but through its excellent Tonic properties it will rectify the appetite, restore the proper action of the stomach, and rebuild the general health of the child,—qualities peculiar to it, and possessed by no other worm medicine.

For Fever and Ague in Children the Tonic Vermifuge is exceedingly useful, and withal so palatable as to give the parent no trouble in administering it.

Jayne's Expectorant

Is the cheapest, because the most certain remedy for all COUGHS and COLDS, LUNG and THROAT troubles.



EVER BROUGHT TO THIS CITY,
IS NOW BEING OPENED AT THE
RED STORE
No. 139 Broughton Street,
It will be offered at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. The DUTIES ARE OFF, and we are making a reduction of from 20 to 25 cents per pound on all grades of our TEAS, as will be seen from our old and new Price List. All we ask is a fair and impartial trial. We are convinced that the article, as well as the price, will suit. Come On! Come All! and see for yourself at the only place in the city to buy your TEAS is at the
RED STORE



ATLANTIC TIME			MOUNTAIN TIME			PACIFIC TIME				
H.	M.		D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.		
8	16	Morn.	1	7	16	Morn.	1	6	16	Morn.
1	58	Morn.	8	0	58	Morn.	7	11	58	Even.
5	41	Even.	15	4	41	Even.	15	3	41	Even.
3	53	Even.	23	2	53	Even.	23	1	53	Even.
3	44	Even.	30	2	44	Even.	30	1	44	Even.

Calendar—N. States Lat. 42°+						Calendar—S. States Lat. 33°+											
Sun rises			Sun sets			Moon sets			Sun rises			Sun sets			Moon sets		
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6	40	4	48	3	5	6	21	5	6	3	11	6	42	4	46	5	34
6	43	4	45	rises	6	24	5	4	rises			6	44	4	45	rises	
6	45	4	44	5	51	6	25	5	4	6	16	6	46	4	44	5	51
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6	79	4	0	12	0	6	83	5	6	6	16	6	79	4	0	12	0
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6	85	4	0	3	0	6	86	5	6	9	0	6	85	4	0	3	0
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6	89	4	0	5	0	6	88	5	6	11	0	6	89	4	0	5	0
6	91	4	0	6	0	6	89	5	6	12	0	6	91	4	0	6	0
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6	7	4	0	2	0	6	97	5	6	8	0	6	7	4	0	2	0
6	9	4	0	3	0	6	98	5	6	9	0	6	9	4	0	3	0
6	11	4	0	4	0	6	99	5	6	10	0	6	11	4	0	4	0
6	13	4	0	5	0	6	100	5	6	11	0	6	13	4	0	5	0
6	15	4	0	6	0	6	1	5	6	12	0	6	15	4	0	6	0
6	17	4	0	7	0	6	2	5	6	1	11	6	17	4	0	7	0
6	19	4	0	8	0	6	3	5	6	2	0	6	19	4	0	8	0
6	21	4	0	9	0	6	4	5	6	3	11	6	21	4	0	9	0
6	23	4	0	10	0	6	5	5	6	4	17	6	23	4	0	10	0
6	25	4	0	11	0	6	6	5	6	5	25	6	25	4	0	11	0
6	27	4	0	12	0	6	7	5	6	6	16	6	27	4	0	12	0
6	29	4	0	1	0	6	8	5	6	7	0	6	29	4	0	1	0
6	31	4	0	2	0	6	9	5	6	8	0	6	31	4	0	2	0
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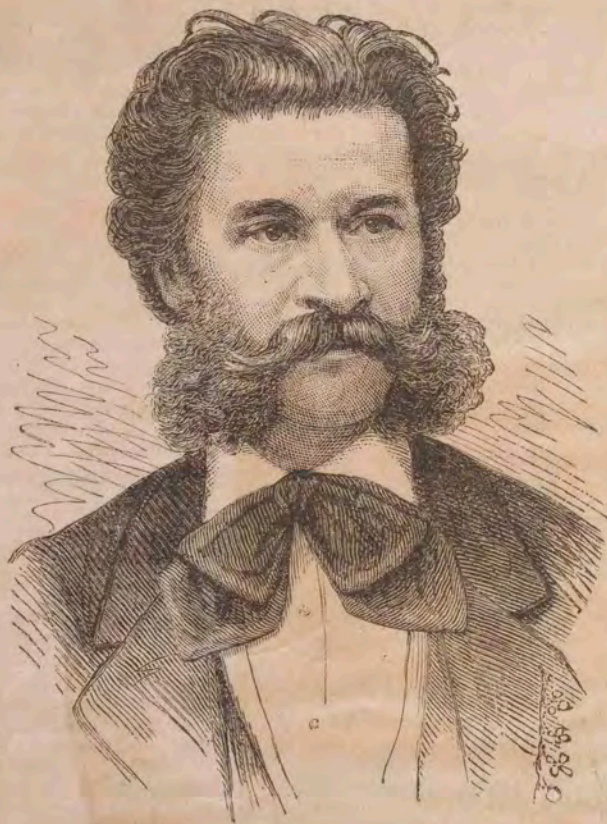
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HUNTING THE CHIPMUNK.

50-1

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JOHANN STRAUSS, THE COMPOSER.

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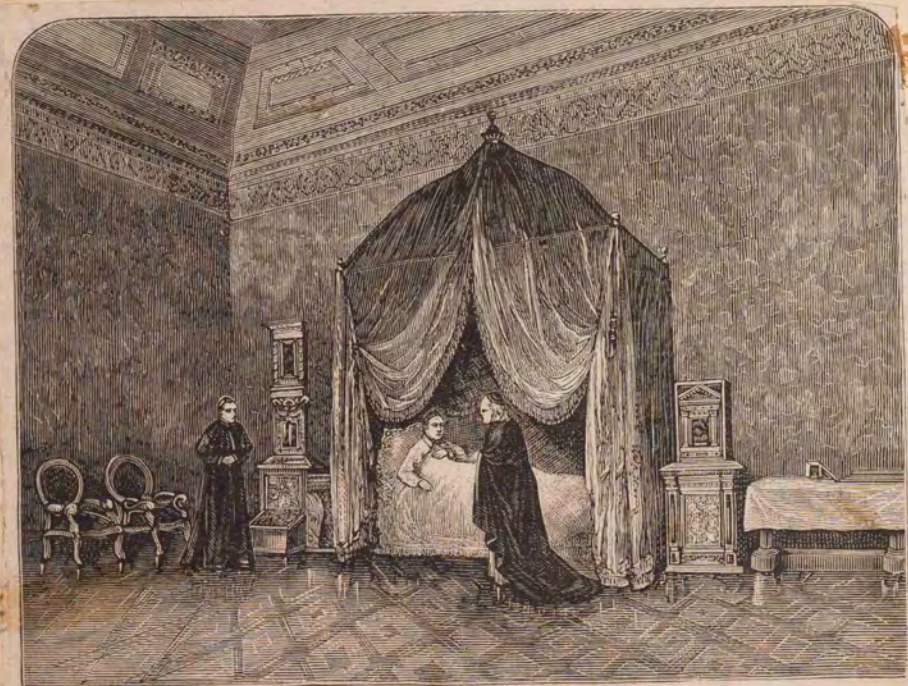
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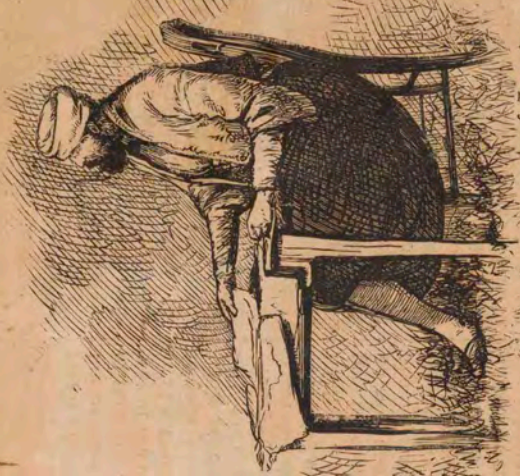
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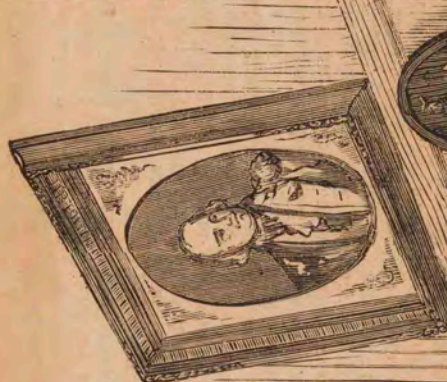
ITALY.—THE FAVORITE RETREAT OF POPE PIUS IX., IN THE VATICAN GARDENS. 52-1



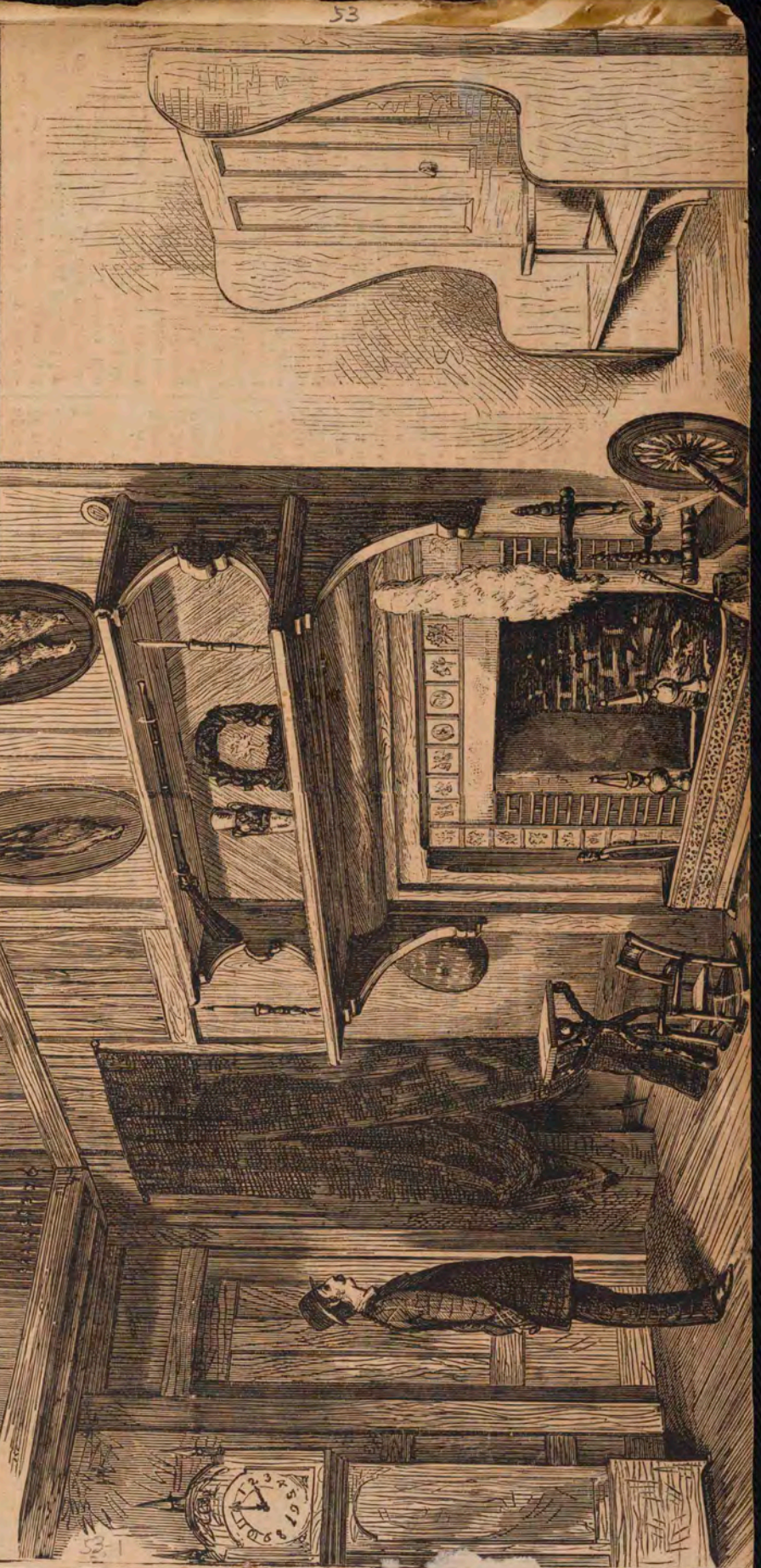
ITALY.—THE BEDCHAMBER OF POPE PIUS IX., IN THE VATICAN. 52-2

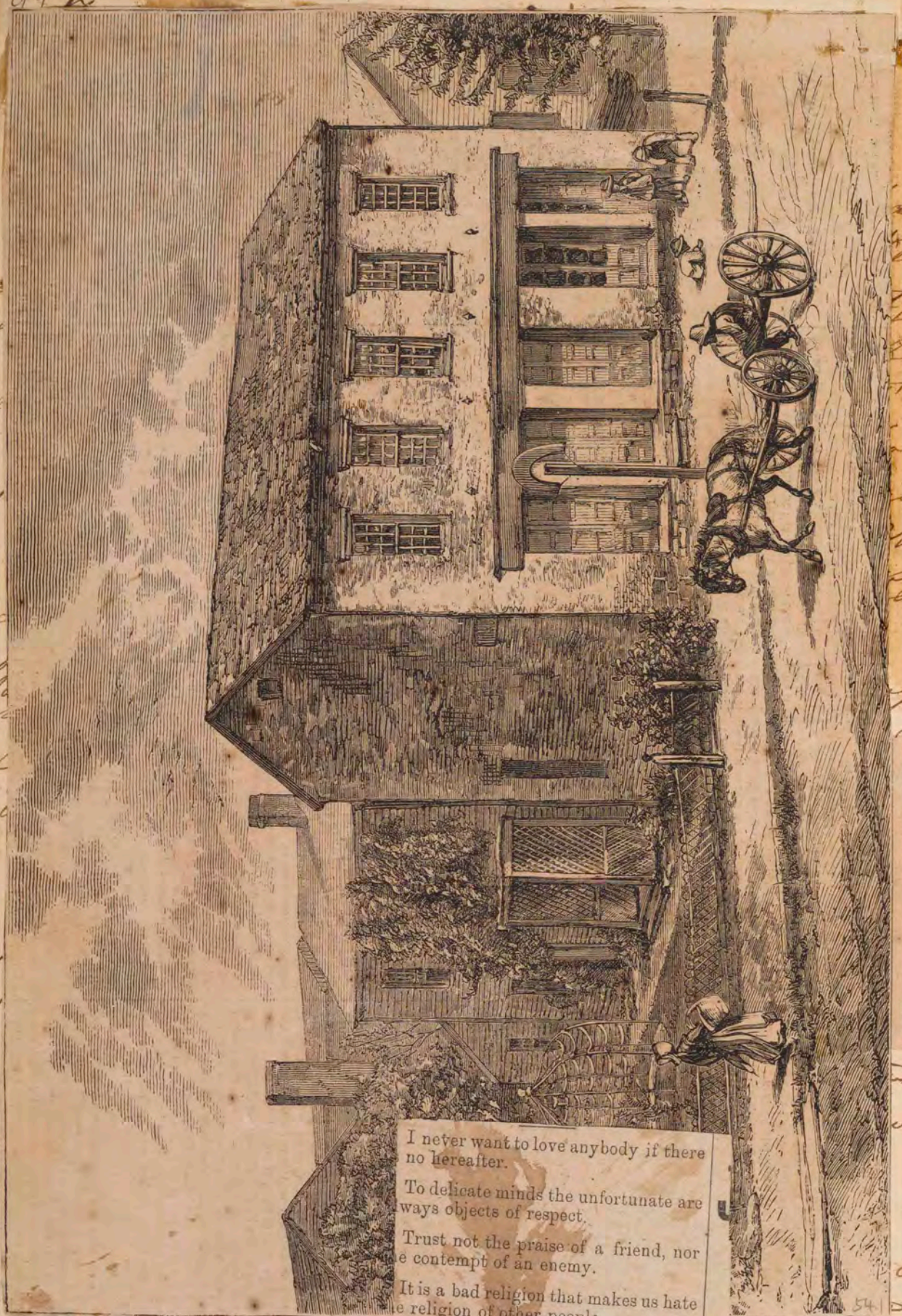


— Maps of Jerusalem —



— Fifty Dollie —





BIRTHPLACE OF GOVERNOR HAYES
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I never want to love anybody if there
no hereafter.
To delicate minds the unfortunate are
ways objects of respect.
Trust not the praise of a friend, nor
contempt of an enemy.
It is a bad religion that makes us hate
the religion of other people.

Calamity is often a whip to virtue
d a spur to a great mind.
A man can't afford to make any mis-
te when he builds for eternity.

It is useless to attempt to cleanse a
team while the fountain is impure.



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR HAYES

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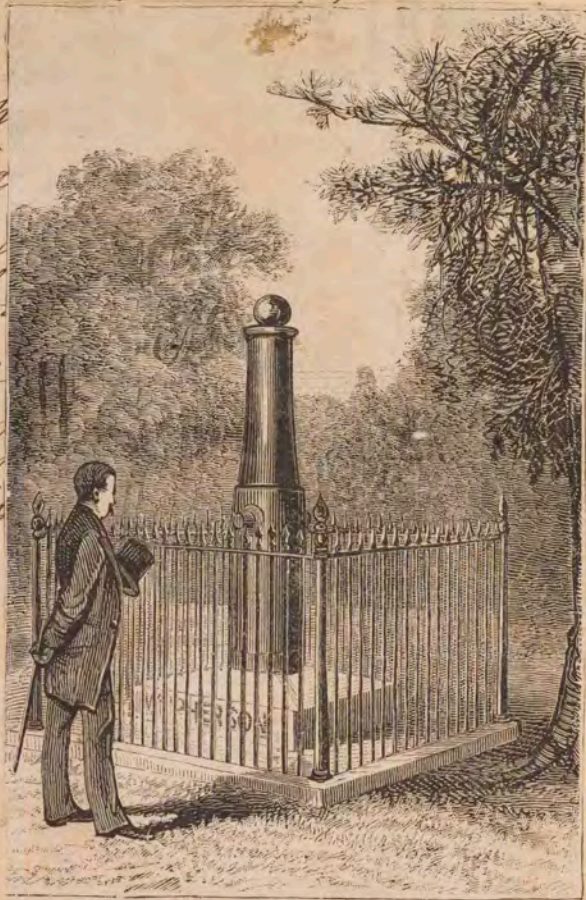
Thom Bell
to Daniel
in soap
Mississippi



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about



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.
NEW YORK.—THE A. T. STEWART MEMORIAL—THE CATHEDRAL OF



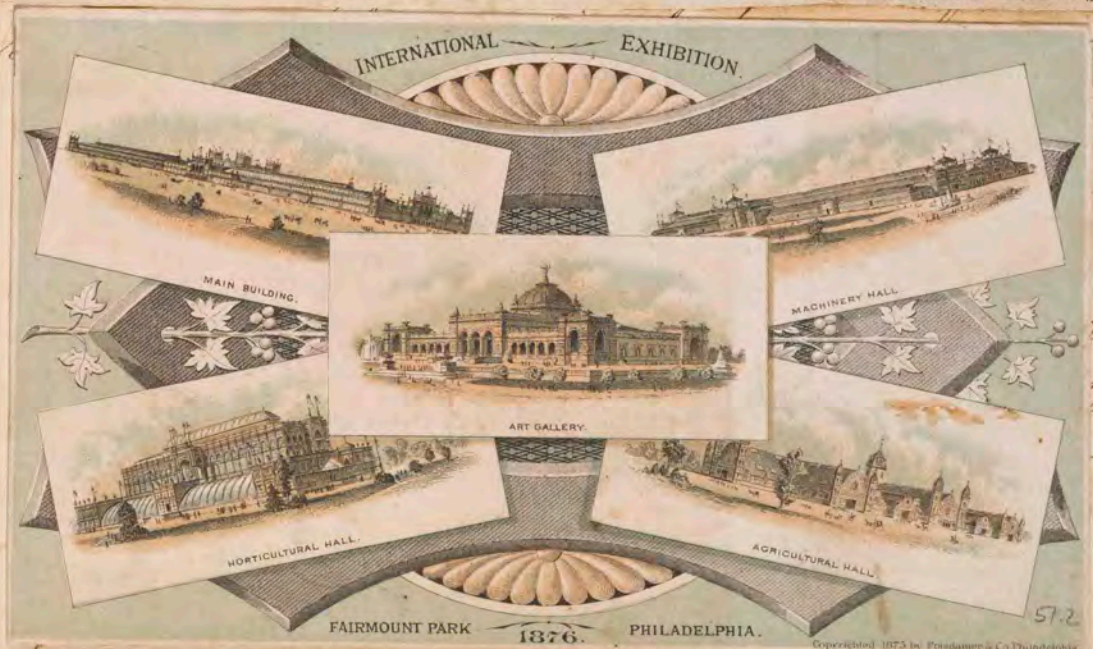
GEORGIA.—MEMORIAL TO GENERAL M'PHERSON, ERECTED ON THE SPOT WHERE HE FELL, NEAR ATLANTA.



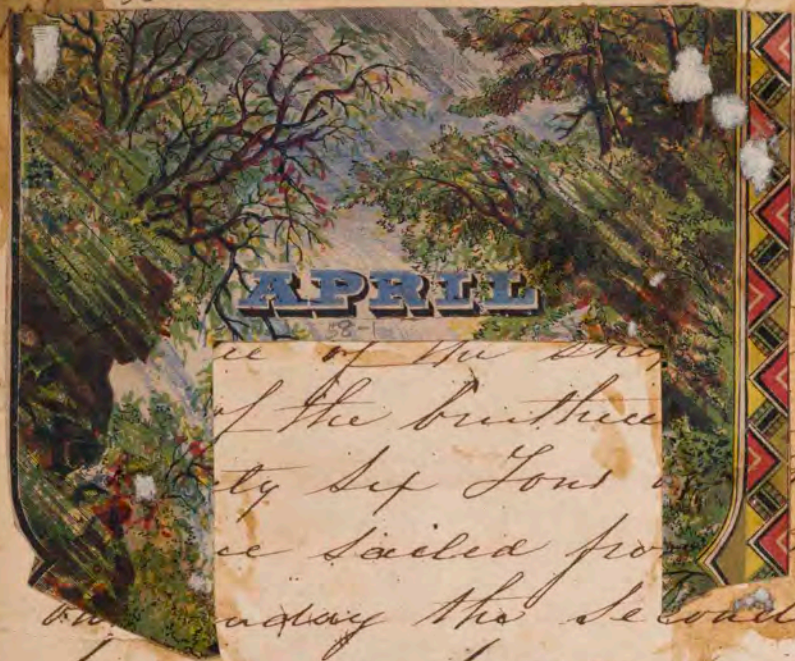
EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.



VIRGINIA.—A SCENE IN THE STREETS OF RICHMOND.—THE DARWINIAN THEORY ILLUSTRATED.—A CASE OF NATURAL SELECTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPHERD.



FAIRMOUNT PARK 1876. PHILADELPHIA.



APRIL

of the ship
of the brethren
ty Six Tons
se sailed from
the Port of New Orleans
on May the second day of May last
having on board a Cargo of Cotton Tobacco
& Staves and bound for Havana on the
morning of the 13th Inst at about 1 O'clock
A.M. Civil times ran on shore on Matanzas
ba Shouls Florida Reef made every effort
to get her off but found it impossible
to do so without assistance on the 15 took
the assistance of Sloop Ludlow Eliza Catharine
Tufas, New York & George Eldridge who com-
menced taking out Cargo. Left the ship in
Sloop Ludlow the evening of the 15th with about
160 Bales ^{of Cotton} on board. (Left the other vessels taking
out Cargo as fast as they could). proceeded
for Key West where we arrived on the 16th
at about 2 O'clock P.M. C.T.

Fearing damage and loss he
enters this his note of Protest to be extended
when and where he may think proper so to
do.

Done before me at
Key West this 17th Day
May 1841

A Patterson
Not Pub

G. Kimball



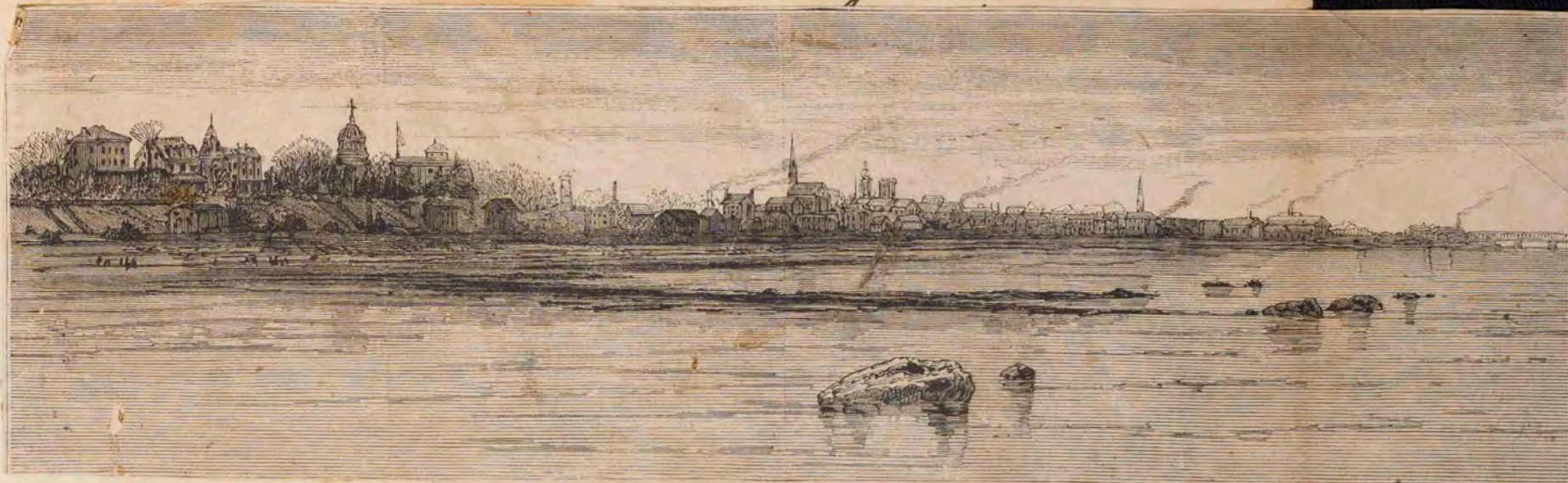
EL AMIGO FIEL DEL HOMBRE.



CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE STATUE OF "THE FREED SLAVE". IN MEMORIAL HALL.



William M. Leo
John P. Sackerson



THE CITY OF TRENTON, AS SEEN FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA SHORE OF THE DELAWARE RIVER.

And therefore the said Gudson Kimball
Master of the aforesaid Ship Ganges of Richmond
doth declare and Protest and by these presents
doth solemnly Protest against all and every Person
or Persons whatsoever whom it doth shall or
may concern and doth declare that all damages
losses and detriments that have happened to the
said ship and the goods of her lading are
and of right ought to be borne by the mer-
chants Freighters Insurers and all others
concerned in any manner whatsoever by way
of average or otherwise the same having occurred
as before mentioned and not by or through
the insufficiency of said vessel the neglect
of said captain or any of his men.

This done and Protested at Key West
the Nineteenth day of May in the year of
our Lord one thousand Eight hundred and
Forty One In testimony whereof I the said
Notary have hereunto set my hand
and seal of Office at Key West
day and year last above written

Alfred Patterson
Not Public

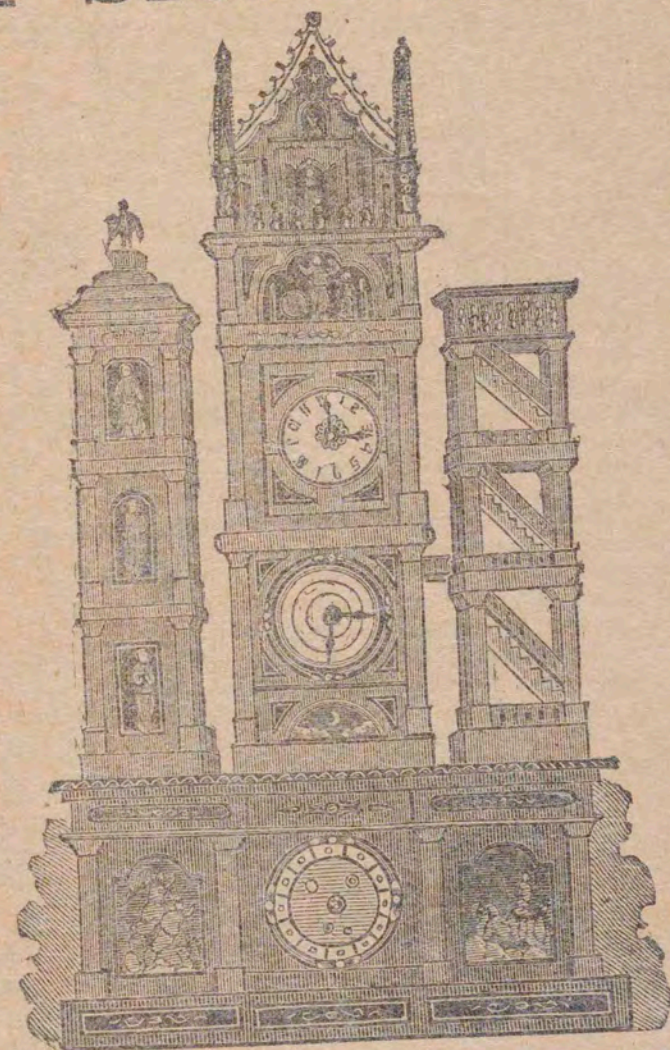
Gudson Kimball Master D.A.
Satterly mate William McLeod Second Mate
John Jackson & James Rogers seaman all of the aforesaid
ship Ganges of Richmond Va being duly and
legally sworn on the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God
do depose and say that the foregoing Statement
of Protest hath been clearly and distinctly read over
to them the said deponents and that the
matters and things therein contained are
just and true in all respects as the same

ARMORY HALL---FOR ONE WEEK.

Commencing Monday, February 11th. Open Day and
Evening, from 10 A. M. until 9 P. M.

ADMISSION.—Adults 15 cents. Children 10 cents.

THE WONDERFUL CLOCK OF STRASBURG.



THE ONLY PERFECT MODEL

—OF THE GREAT—

Astronomical, Musical, Mechanical and Apostolic Clock
EVER CONSTRUCTED.

ROBERT PEARSON,

BUSINESS MANAGER.

Had this reef in that, that was Apr.

115
62
And therefore the said London Kimball
Master of the apothecary shop of Richmond
doth declare and protest and by these presents

DESCRIPTION

Of this Wonderful Piece of Mechanism, which
everybody should see, and which no one having
once seen will ever forget.

This beautiful and gigantic model is divided into four sections, or parts, and is twelve feet in height. The lowest part, or base, stands three feet high, six feet long, by three feet deep. In the centre is the grand Orrery, after the Copernican system, in the middle of which is the golden sun, surrounded by the planets, visible to the naked eye, each planet performing its revolution exactly at the allotted time; the whole encompassed by beautiful and accurate representations of the twelve "Signs of the Zodiac." On the panel to the left of the Orrery is a splendid painting, typifying Day; on the right, "Luna," in her chariot, representing NIGHT; on the sides of the base are also paintings typical of the beginning and end of TIME. Above the Orrery, in a semi-circular dial, are represented the phases of the Moon.

The second section contains the Grand Calendar, calculated for fifty years, from 1851 to 1900. It contains the years, the leap years, the golden numbers, the epacts, the Dominical letters, the months, the days of the month, the days of the week, and the day of the week upon which any date will fall from 1851 to 1900. In the four colques are representations of the Seasons.

In the third section is the dial which marks the hours and minutes; on the right is an angel holding a sceptre; on the left, an angel with the hour-glass. Above the dial, in a niche, stands a figure of FATHER TIME—a scythe in his left hand, in his right a hammer, before him a bell. In front pass the four ages of man—childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, represented by four moving figures. As the hand of the clock points to the first quarter, the child advances to the centre, and Father Time strikes one upon the bell; at the second quarter, the youth approaches, and Time strikes two; at the third quarter, as manhood appears, Time strikes three; at the fourth quarter, old age approaches the goal—Time is silent, but Death strikes the hour. Above the niche at either angle of the case are stationed the Angels of Life and Death.

The fourth section is the superstructure. It is a richly ornamented chapel of the perpendicular style of Gothic architecture, surmounted by elegant flying buttresses and open spires, enriched by gilded crockets and trefoil ornaments. On either side are advanced porticos; in the middle, a large portico, elaborately carved; between are lancet windows with single mullions, crowned with delicate fretwork. On the left of the main body of the clock is a tower, divided into three sections, and surmounted by a cock. The front faces of the sections contain paintings of the Fates; those on the side, the Muses of Astronomy and Music, and a portrait of Copernicus; on the right is the stair tower leading into the clock. The clock strikes in this manner: Every quarter of an hour, as soon as the tones of the bell struck by Father Time die away, a chime of bells is heard ringing a joyous peal, the door in the right portico opens, the music of the organ reverberates through the building, the Apostles appear in procession; as they advance, the Angels of Life and Death simultaneously turn toward them. Meanwhile the centre doors gradually open, and the Saviour advances to the edge of the platform and meekly stands with folded arms. As the Apostles approach, each turns and bows lowly to the Saviour, who blesses each. As Peter approaches, Satan appears, and, by his motions, seems to tempt Peter, who alone does not bow, but turns his back in denial upon his Lord; then the cock in the weight tower flaps his wings and crows in memory of Peter's temptation. Then Satan again appears, and, with eager eye, watches Judas, following him stealthily along the balcony till the door closes on him, and the great bell, which has tolled one for each Apostle, now gives the signal that the procession is over.

These mechanical mysteries are performed every quarter of an hour during the day and evening.

And thus in all respects as the same

63
God do
that they see

HISTORY OF THE MODEL.

This model is remarkable not only for its extreme fidelity to the great original, but for the vicissitudes and fate of its unhappy maker. The ancient city of Strasburg possesses two great points of interest to the traveller—the famous Cathedral, and the marvellous Clock. Proudly does she preserve the one, eagerly yet carefully repairing the ravages of time, and jealously does she guard the other. Since the time when her inhabitants put out the eyes of the maker of the clock, in the fourteenth century, lest he should construct another, down to the present day, at the close of the nineteenth, they have looked with jealous eyes, or threatened with condign punishment all who attempted to investigate its mysteries, or imitate its wonderful movements. Great indeed was their surprise when the jealousy of a rival in the affections of Madeleine Maybaum impelled Fritz Von Angle to disclose to the authorities that their lynx-eyed vigilance had been evaded, and that a model, only one-fifth smaller than their cherished original, was completed by Ulric Goldschmidt, a fellow workman. Ulric was a native of Wissemburg, apprenticed, when an orphan lad some fourteen years old, to Maybaum, the celebrated watchmaker of the Rue des Arcades.

A stranger in the city, his first visit was, of course, to the Church and the world-renowned Clock. Astonished and bewildered, he returned to his master's shop, there to begin his daily life of an apprentice. But his toll was a labor of love. Steadily and earnestly he devoted himself to his art, longing for the time when his maturing mind could grasp the wonderful mechanism of this giant of horology. After four years' hard application to his business, he had far outstripped his fellow apprentices, and was as conversant with all the endless delicate details of the business as those who had grown gray in its pursuit. Kindly the elder Maybaum encouraged the youth, while the gentle Madeleine smiled her sweetest on the fair-haired studious apprentice. Fritz Von Angle, a graceless, idle youth, who, on the strength of his good looks alone, dared to raise his eyes to his master's daughter, saw this, and hated him accordingly. But Ulric heeded him not; engrossed in his business, secure in the affection of Madeleine, he was at peace with the world. Mid-day always found him in the Church; midnight poring over dusty parchments, pamphlets, treatises, and every work devoted to the measurement of time. On his eighteenth birthday, which he had been spending with his master's family, he returned to his lonely chamber, when suddenly a flood of inspiration seemed to fall upon him; he seemed to see the last difficulties cleared from his vision; he saw the secret movements of that mechanism which haunted his life; he started from his chair, and cried with the ancient Greek, "Eureka! Eureka!" "I will make another; other nations shall see what Strasburg guards so jealously; I will be rich, I will return, and then Madeleine will be mine."

After his daily labor he retired to his lonely chamber, and there commenced the darling work of his life. Allowing himself the barest necessities, he devoted the remainder of his scanty resources to the purchase of materials; for six years he struggled on, enjoying the esteem of his master and the love of Madeleine, buoyed up by the hope of final success, and still kept his secret, even from Madeleine. In vain had she questioned him on the cause of his close application to studies; smiling, he answered she should know in time, and would be proud of him some day. Von Angle's jealous soul looked with envy on their happiness, and he determined to mar it. He whispered in Madeleine's ear that Ulric had another lover; but she knew the worthlessness of his character, and boldly answered that he slandered his fellow workman. Incited by hatred and jealousy, he determined to discover the true reason. By stealth and cunning he gained admission to Ulric's lofty, bare, old-fashioned chamber on the very night that Ulric had completed his weary task. Astonishment was the first feeling that mastered him—then hate; he remembered the fate of the maker of the first clock; he remembered the old edict, still extant on the statutes of the city; he rushed to the nearest magistrate and told his vengeful tale. Ulric was arrested, taken from the side of Madeleine, to whom he was breaking the joyous news of its completion. The model was seized by the city and placed with the portions of the old clock in the Frauenhaus. Next day he was arraigned, and sentenced to be banished from the city, never to return to it again. He departed to his native town of Wissemburg, with tearful eyes and breaking heart; but there he found no rest. He thought of Madeleine; he thought of the labor of long, weary years, and he determined, come what may, to regain the model, rudely snatched from him at the very moment when, in the full glow of honest pride, he related to his betrothed the achievement of his wonderful undertaking.

At 4.45
had this gift in that, that was my

115
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And therefore the said London Huntall
Master of the aforesaid Ship Sailed off Richmond
both declare and Protest and in the presence of

Staining his skin, and dyeing his long fair hair, he returned in disguise to Strasburg, and day after day he haunted the building that contained his treasure. Chance at length befriended him. A little politic, though trifling, assistance rendered to the old porter at the Franenhaus led to an acquaintanceship, and after the space of a few days he was installed as assistant porter, he having given the old man to understand that he was in quest of employment. Now was his golden opportunity; with the keys of the building at his girdle, he searched for and at last found his darling model. He embraced it, he wept over it as if it had been a living thing. But, would he worship it in secret? No; he would show it to the world; he would bid defiance to the narrow-minded laws of Strasburg. Armed with this resolution, he commenced the work of carefully removing to a place of safety all the intricate mechanical movements, all the loved figures and statues on which so many happy hours he had patiently wrought; everything in the cases that were portable he concealed, till at last the tall case stood denuded of all that gave it life.

Ten years ago, the boy Ulric stood gazing in speechless wonder at the great clock in the vast Cathedral to-night, the man Ulric, furtively guarding two immense cases, is impatiently waiting for the midnight train to convey him and his dismembered mechanism far from the hated walls of Strasburg.

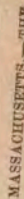
He arrived in Paris, thence to London, his destination. He landed in safety, but penniless, and in ill health. He applied for work, but his ignorance of the language, and his absent ways (for his mind was with the object of his youthful passion, or that which equally shared his thoughts—his model) made him ill suited to his new masters. Finally, driven to desperation by want, he offered his mechanism for sale. No one would purchase it; he explained its meaning—he was laughed at as a monomaniac. Then he fell sick. In his delirium he constantly raved of Madeleine, of his Model, of his master, of all his former life and acquaintances. The kind old landlady, a German woman, wrote to Madeleine, and she, true woman as she was, left her father and her home to minister at the sick-bed of her lover. When he awoke to reason, the first face he saw was that he loved best on earth. By careful nursing he soon recovered, and they were married; but fortune seemed to frown on them, and his utmost endeavors could scarcely keep the wolf from the door. One absorbing thought filled the mind of Goldschmidt: that was—the reconstruction of his clock. By dint of saving and self-denial it was soon completed; but, alas, the privations he had endured, the want he had suffered, his utter helplessness in a foreign land, the unnatural strain upon his faculties, proved too much for his mind, taxed as it had been from too early a period with thoughts and calculations unsuited to his age, so that, on the day a son was born to him, the last remnant of reason fled from him forever. Though they suffered from want, he could not be separated from the work of his hands; so the loving wife and mother, unused as she was to toil and labor, performed the meanest drudgery for their daily crust.

At length death closed the eyes of Ulric Goldschmidt, after a short life devoted with unceasing thought to one object—the fulfilment of the dream of his boyhood. The present proprietor of the Model, being in London at the time, and accidentally hearing the circumstances from a bystander, as the humble funeral cortege passed by, determined that such a mechanical marvel should not be lost. Some days after the funeral he called on the Widow Goldschmidt, who delivered over to him, though reluctantly, this marvellous monument of patience, ingenuity, and devotion to science, for a sum that will enable the widow Madeleine to spend the remainder of her life in competence, and, it is to be hoped, bring up the youthful Ulric to lead a happier life than did his gifted, ill-fated father.

just and true in all respects as the same

63
Evangelist of almighty God do
and say that they set sail on board
the Brig Ada Elisa at the port of
New York on Saturday the 14th day of Oct
having on board a cargo of Honey Sugar
makogony Tushet and bound for N York
Saturday the 16 Begins with light
from the E. got the Pilot on board and
underweigh, at 11 O'clock discharged the
this day Ends with light winds and Rain
Sunday Oct 17 Begins with light
from from the E.M.E.
at 1 O'clock Night, Squally rains, took in
one topgallant sail, double reefed
main sail, At 11 O'clock, tacked Ship
at 2 tacked again. At 6 A.M. set the
topgallant sail and J.B. No Observation
Monday 18th Begins with light winds
from the E. At 2 P.M. tacked Ship and
got the maintop-mast Backstay over
the Mast head. 5 heavy squalls with
rain, double reefed one topsail; took in
J.B. and one topgallant sail. At midday
tacked Ship and at 4 A.M. tacked again
Morning, Squally and rainy
Tuesday 19. Begins with heavy rain
and rain. At 5 P.M. split the main
and fore spencers; heavy squalls; Cleared
the fore topsail and ballance
the mainsail and hauled the fonda
middle part, heavy squalls and rain
At 4 A.M. wore Ship W.B., the mainsail
had two reefs in that, that was split

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that

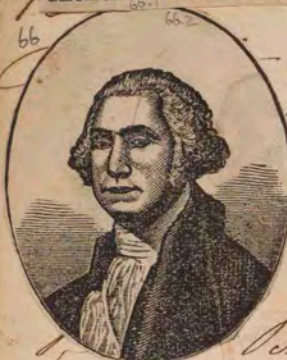


RICHARD H. DANA, third son of Richard E. Dana Jr., was married to Miss Edith, second daughter of Henry W. Longfellow, in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, Mass., on Thursday afternoon, January 10th, according to the rites of the Episcopal Church. Although the hour was four o'clock, the chapel was lighted by gas, and with the lavish floral decorations, presented an unusually brilliant appearance. The occupants of the floor of the chapel were divided into two classes, the guests occupying on the central aisle being filled by the members of the Dana and Longfellow families and a limited number of near friends; all in full evening dress. The guests who held cards of invitation were seated in the rear opening on the side-aisles. The march to the altar was in the following order: First came Mr. R. H. Dana, the groom, on the arm of Miss Edith Longfellow, the bride; best man; then Mr. Longfellow, the bridesmaids; next Mrs. Mary Longfellow, sister of the bride, from Portland; arrived at the altar the party raised itself en masse, the bridesmaids at the left, the best men to the right, and the bride's father at her left and a little to the rear. A marriage service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Grafton, rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston. Both bride and groom uttered the responses with clearness; the ring was exchanged, limited forth the wedding march by Clara Mayer, a happy couple receding their steps down the aisle and left the church.

The bride's dress was of the princess pattern, rich white broad satin, with front of white tulle, trimmed with old rose and orange-blossoms, and with the usual cloud tulle veil. Among those present were President Eliot, of Harvard, with his wife; Agassiz, Professor of Zoology, and wife; Dr. James T. Fields, Jr.; W. D. Howells, Professor William Everett and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dana, and Mrs. Wm. Brewster; Miss M. S. Ford and Mrs. W. W. Whitcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wadsworth, Jr., and Misses Appleton and Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith and Mrs. Appleton, with their daughter. Following the ceremony at the chapel, a reception was given at the residence of the bride's father from 4.20 to 6 p. m.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.



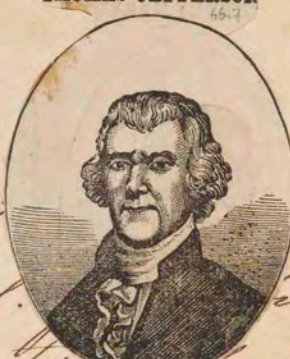
BORN FEB. 22, 1732.
DIED DEC. 14, 1799. 66.3
INAUGURATED APRIL 30, 1789.

JOHN ADAMS.



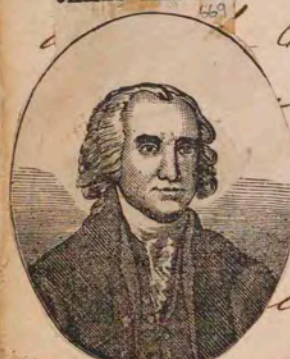
BORN OCT. 30, 1735.
DIED JULY 4, 1826.
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1797.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.



BORN APRIL 2, 1743.
DIED JULY 4, 1826.
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1801.

JAMES MADISON.



BORN MARCH 5, 1751.
DIED JUNE 28, 1836.
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1809.

JAMES MONROE.



BORN APRIL 28, 1758.
DIED JULY 4, 1831.
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1817.

ANDREW JACKSON.



BORN MARCH 15, 1767.
DIED JUNE 8, 1845.
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1829.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.



BORN JULY 11, 1767.
DIED FEB. 21, 1848. 66.5
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1825.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.



BORN DEC. 5, 1782.
DIED JULY 24, 1862. 66.10
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1837.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.



BORN FEB. 9, 1773. 65
DIED APRIL 4, 1841. 20
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1841.

JOHN TYLER.



BORN MARCH 29, 1790.
DIED JAN. 17, 1862. 66.22
INAUGURATED APRIL 6, 1841.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.



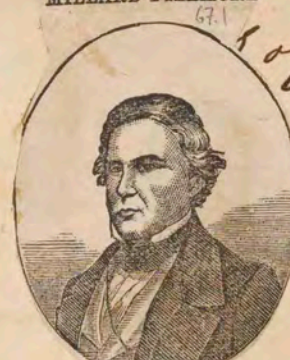
BORN NOV. 24, 1784.
DIED JULY 9, 1850. 66.24
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1849.

JAMES K. POLK.



BORN NOV. 2, 1795.
DIED JUNE 15, 1849. 66.24
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1845.

MILLARD FILLMORE.



BORN JAN. 7, 1800. 67.2
DIED MARCH 8, 1874.
INAUGURATED JULY 8, 1850.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.



BORN NOV. 23, 1804. 67.4
DIED OCT. 8, 1869.
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1853.

JAMES BUCHANAN.



BORN APRIL 23, 1791. 67.5
DIED JUNE 1, 1868.
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1857.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



BORN FEB. 12, 1809.
DIED APRIL 15, 1865. 67.2
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1861.

ANDREW JOHNSON.



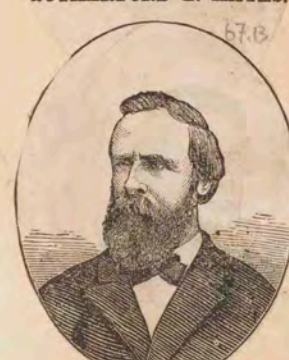
BORN DEC. 29, 1808.
DIED JULY 31, 1875. 67.0
INAUGURATED APRIL 15, 1865.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.



BORN APRIL 27, 1822.
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1869.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.



BORN OCTOBER 4, 1822. 67.14
INAUGURATED MARCH 4, 1877.

of her in from
The P. Crow
To Capt Oliver Cutler Master of the Brig
G. S. Wright. T. N. Porter master of
Sch Columbia and Samuel M. Ship
Wright
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Gen
are regu
board
Gasper
from a
yng a
Vara Es
Exam
hull
Tack
apparel
f
tain
mays
White on Shore on Florida Reef. and make
your Report to me in writing under oath
as Possible
in Testimony whereof I have
hunto set my hand at
Ky west this 1st day of
Nov A.D. 1841
Signed Alexander Patterson
not Pub

62
135
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Moses Edmondson

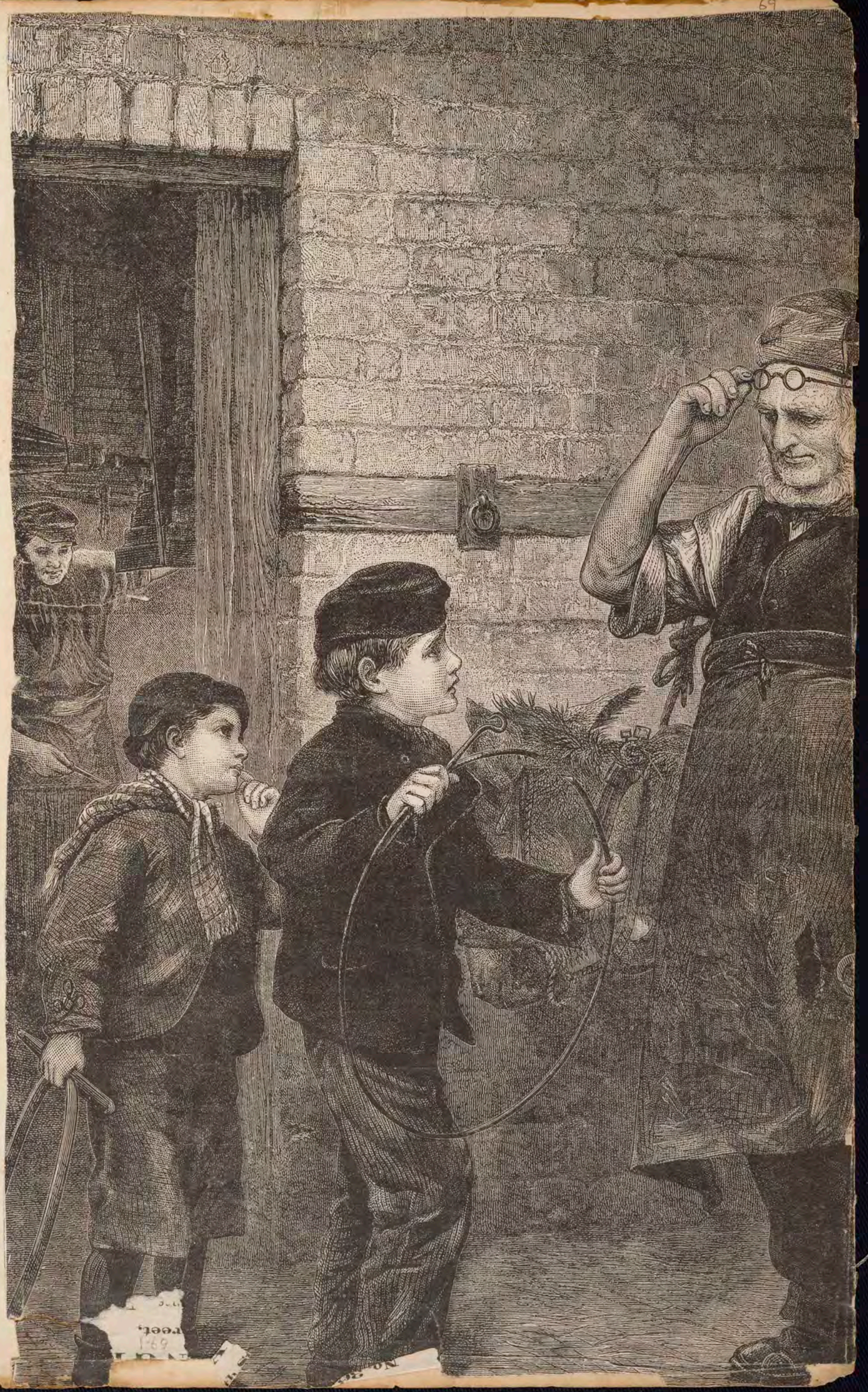
Master of the Schooner, R. K. Call of Baltimore
of the burthen of Ninety Eight Tons or
thereabouts declares to have sailed from
the port of Baltimore on Sunday the 19
October having on board an assorted Cargo
bound for Key West & Tampa Bay
Experienced bad weather on the passage
and arrived at Key West on the 27
th Inst

Suffering damage and
Loss he enters this his note of
Protest to be extended when and
where he may think proper to do
so

Done before me
this 28th Oct 1841

Moses Edmondson

A. Patterson
Not Pub



Statement of John Gould (upon oath)
 Master of wrecking Sloop Geo Eldridge in
 Case of the wrecked Brig Gasper off and for
 Halifax N.S. Thompson & Crome Master
 from Jamaica Touching Salvage for Wrecking
 Sloop Geo Eldridge, Texas & Brookhaven
 on Monday the 25 I Boarded the Brig
 Gasper on Conk Reef Blowing fresh from
 the north a little after Sunrise. I found
 her in 'about five feet water on the
 Sea Side and about seven to windward
 of her - She was nearly head on the reef
 She went up so far that she did not
 roll a great deal - at the time I Boarded
 the Capt was taking out a Ridge and tried
 to heave her off But did not succeed
 Betwixt Seven and Eight I hauled my
 Vessel (the Sloop Geo Eldridge) alongside.
 went and weighed the Brigs Ridge
 and took her Small Bower anchor and
 carried it out with the Sloop Texas Boat
 in a different direction and hove taught
 on it, and kept heaving taught and
 lightening at the same time. kept taking
 out Cargo until the Sloop was full.
 at the same time heaving on the anchor.
 Betwixt two & three o'clock P.M. hauled
 the Sloop from along side, the wind began
 to Blow harder from the northward and
 continued to Blow until we got her off
 at about 3 P.M. after waiting for the rise
 of the tide we then proceeded with Brig
 howard my mast and arrived at about
 4 P.M. on the 26 day of October I had
 Employed 38 men, thirty Eight Men and three
 Vessels - the afternoon and night the Vessel



141 72
 Geo Eldredge is Seventy Six tons
 Questioned by O O Hara British Vice Consul
 1st how much Cargo did you take out
 Answer About 45 to 50 tons logwood and forty
 Bags pimento
 2 have you Examined the Brig and does
 she appear^{to be} strained Answer - she
 does not appear to be strained
 3 what time of tide was it that you
 measured the water alongside
 Answer - the tide had ebbed about one
 hour, this was a few minutes after
 I Boarded
 4 how much did the tide rise that day
 Answer - about two and a half feet
 5 how much did you lighten her
 Answer - about two feet forward
 6 at high water after taking out
 the Cargo from forward do you
 think she was aground aft
 Answer no I think she was not
 7 how many vessels was employed in
 taking out the Cargo
 Answer one Schooner Geo Eldredge
 8 how was the wind
 Answer from the north East
 9 how did the reef lay
 Answer N. E & S. W.
 10 what was the direction of the
 vessel's Bow as to the Bow
 Answer I think the wind was on her Star
 board Beam
 11 do you mean to say that you had
 the whole of the thirty Eight men
 Employed in getting the vessel off
 Answer thirty-four men were Employed on



THE MIDSUMMER EVE BONFIRE IN THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS.

74
With a Cargo of Logwood and Pimento got
ashore on the Florida reef on or about the
twenty fifth instant Before Day light
at ^{about} Day light She was Boarded by the
Sloop Geo Eldridge Texas and Brookheman
that Capt Gauld of the Sloop Geo Eldridge
offered assistance on the part of himself
and others which was Received he then
with thirty four men or thereabouts went
to work to save the vessel and Cargo
by carrying out an anchor lightening
vessel & it then appears that with this
assistance the vessel was gotten off at
about 3 P.M. of the same day, and Brought
safely into the harbor of Key west
Where She arrived on the twenty sixth inst.
it also appears by the testimony of Capt
Gauld and which is corroborated by
Capt Crowe that the wreckers worked
well and in good faith, as the weather
proved after the Brig was gotten off
the Reef. it is likely she would have
been lost without the timely aid of
the wreckers, for he Capt Crowe does
not think he could have got her afloat
in time with his own means - in making
up our award, we shall be governed as
near as possible by the Rules that govern
Courts of admiralty in similar Cases
the property at risk Being Valued by
Sworn appraisers at five Thousand
five Hundred and twenty dollars and
Eight Cents free of all Expenses we are
therefore of opinion that two thousand
dollars will be an Equitable and proper
Salvage - and we the said arbitrators



144
76

Fearing damage & loss he enters
this his note of Protest to be extended when
and where he may think proper so to do
Done before me this
14th day of Dec 1841

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Charles R. Griffith master
of the Brig Laurence of New York of the Panther
of One hundred & Twenty Tons or thereabouts declares
to have sailed from the Port of New York on
Wednesday the 8th day of December last having on
board a cargo of Hay provisions &c. & bound
to St. Marks by the way of Key West & Cedar
Keys. Experienced severe weather on the passage
and arrived at Key West on Sunday the 21st
th Inst

Fearing damage & loss he enters
this his note of Protest to be extended when and
where he may think proper so to do
done before me this
27th day of Dec 1841
A. Patterson
Not Pub

C. R. Griffith



Pumps attended to as usual

Dec 5th fresh Gale from S.E. at 11 PM
breezed up N.E. and squally rain still sick middle
and latter part strong gales with a heavy crop sea
close reefed the Topsail and maintail upel making
a great quantity of water Pumps constantly at
work being in this situation three men sick and
unfit for duty worn out with fatigue and watching
Resolved to make the nearest Port

Dec 6th strong gales from N.W.E. with
a heavy crop sea running split the fore topsail
clewed it up and hauled it. at 5 PM more ship
E by N, three men still sick reefed the fousail
and set it. Middle and Latter part same upel
making much water & Pumps constantly going
repaired the fore topsail and set it upel labouring
much the fore topmast back stay chaffed off in the
wake of the foremast

Dec 7th steady gales from N.E. and cloudy
with a heavy sea at 4 PM split the fore topsail and
fousail clewed them up hauled the topsail repaired the
fousail and set it. men still sick & Pumps
constantly going

Dec 8th fresh Gales from N.E. and
cloudy weather repaired the Topsail & set it middle
and latter part Pleasant Pumps constantly going

Dec 9th fresh Gales from E.S.E. at 6 PM
fresh Gales from the Eastward and Cloudy shortened sail
Labouring back stay chaffed off in the wake of the fore
mast. men still sick & Pumps constantly going

From the 10th to the 13th weather much the
same at 5 30 saw Key Light bore E by N 1/2 N. at 8 30
am took a Pilot at noon anchored and put
off the fore mast went on shore and sent
men on board to shut the Pumps the crew being
worn out completely this Log contains 36 hours

Town of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

William Dunham Master of
of the Brig Liana of Calais Maine of the Bantam
of One hundred & Ninety Eight Tons or thereabouts
declares to have sailed from the Port of New
York on Wednesday the ^{13th} day of April now last past
having on board a cargo of Merchandise
and bound for New Orleans on Sunday mor-
-ning may the first got on shore on Florida
Reef. where it lay for about 24 hours was
assisted by meeting Sloops George Aldridge
and Texas in lightening the Brig and succeeded
in getting off same day and proceeded for
Key West where we arrived on the third
Inst. in company with the two Sloops.

Having Damages & Loss. he Enters this his
note of Protest to be extended when and
where he may think proper so to do
done before me this

3rd day of May 1842

A. Patterson } William Dunham
Not Pub }

To Francis Watlington }
 Edward Dexter & } Port Wardens
 Wm W. Shaw } Ship Master
 Anttman

You are requested to repair alongside, and on board of Brig Laura, Capt. Dunham, lying at the Wharf of J. A. Brown Esq. and others, and survey the hull, tackle, apparel and furniture, she having been on shore on the Florida Reef as reported, and sustained some damage, and make your report to me in writing, under oath - as soon as practicable.

Given under my hand, at
 Key West this 3rd day of May
 A.D. 1842 -

Alex Patterson
 Not Pub

The undersigned Francis Watlington & Edward Dexter, Port Wardens for this port duly Commissioned and sworn, and William W. Shaw Ship Master in compliance with an order to us directed from Alexander Patterson Esq Not. Pub. dated May 3rd 1842 To repair on board the Brig Laura, Dunham Master, now lying at J. Brown's Wharf to ascertain her present condition, she having been ashore on the Florida Reef.

Report. Same day repaired on board said vessel, and after a careful examination of her hull &c. and from the evidence of the Master & Mate, find the Brig ran ashore in moderate ^{& smooth} weather when she remained four & a half hours

and after lightening her about one foot. succeeded in hauling her off. She is now perfectly tight with no appearance of strains, and has not lost or injured any sails rigging &c. &c. We therefore recommend that she proceed to her port of discharge, and there receive such further examination and repairs as be found necessary.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals at Key West this 4th day of May 1842

Signed

Francis Watlington - L.S.
 E. Dexter - L.S.
 W. W. Shaw - L.S.

Sanctuary of Florida

County of Monroe

City of Key West By this Public Instrument of Protest and declaration

Be it known and made manifest unto all whom it doth shall or may concern that on this 13th day of May ^{with the year of our Lord} One thousand Eight hundred and forty two came and appeared before me Alexander Patterson a Notary Public duly commissioned and sworn for the Territory and county aforesaid William Dunham Master of the ~~Brig~~ Brig Laura of Calais Maine of the burden of One hundred & Ninety Eight or thereabouts who made before me the aforesaid Notary a note in City of Protest in due form

And on this thirteenth day of May same year again came and appeared the said William Dunham Master, Mr. S. K. K. Mate, James P. Thickland & Alexander Hobart Seaman all of the aforesaid Brig Laura of Calais Maine

who being by me the aforesaid Notary Solomely
and solemnly sworn on the holy Evangelists of
Almighty god do depose and say that they set
sail on board of the aforesaid Brig Lanza
at the Port of New York on Wednesday the 13th
day of April now last past having on board an
exported Cargo of Molasses and Lard for New Orleans
and that nothing material happened during
the voyage worthy of note here until Sunday
May 1st commences light winds and clear weather
at midnight saw several vessels in shore showing
lights at 2 found no bottom at 4 am no
bottom light bore NW distant 9 miles kept the
Lead going no bottom until 5 am got bottom in
12 fathom kept off SW by S at 7 am found shore
water put the helm back up and kept off SE by S
off a few minutes and struck and stopped at that
time bore the sails aback, the Sloop Texas and
Sloop George Eldridge boarded took the small anchor
and hauled out, Sloop America came alongside
and assisted here taught Hauler, at 8 am
commenced taking out Cargo putting it on board
Sloop Texas and George Eldridge to lighten the
Brig at 12 noon lightened her so as to leave her
off, and proceeded towards Key West, inside the
Reef where we arrived on the 3rd day of May and
came to anchor and after hauled in to the
Wharf this day was at midnight to commence
the Harbour Log. Wednesday 4th May commenced
light breezes and clear in discharging
goods from the Muckers found two hunks
marked E Gunter missing contents unknown
also one Basket Sweet oil supposed to
be lost in putting them on board of the
Sloop from the Brig

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Saml. W. Sisson Master
of the Schooner Southerner of New Bedford Mass.
of the Burthen of Ninety Nine Tons or thereabouts
declares to have sailed from the Port of New Bedford
on the 10th day of November now last past. hav-
ing on board a cargo of sperm oil candles &c.
and bound for New Orleans experienced very heavy
weather on the Passage on the 2nd Inst carried away
fore mast, on the 2nd Inst in going got on shore
on the Florida Reef near Key West in steering
in where she lay a half hour or thereabouts
sticking very heavily aimed in the harbour
at about 7 o'clock PM

Fearing damage and Loss he enters
this his note of Protest to be extended when
and where he may think proper so to do
Done at Key West
This 3 Nov 1842

A. Patterson

G Washby Master of the
Brig Almada of Mystic of the Burthen of one
hundred & Ninety Tons or thereabouts declares
to have sailed from the Port of Key West on Sat-
= day the 3rd day of Dec last having on board
a cargo of Rail Road Iron and bound for Sanien
Geo. on the same day after getting out in the
Gulf he commenced leaking and continued until
I judged it necessary to put back bore of for
Key West at about 2 o'clock PM where we arrived
at 5 PM Fearing damage and Loss he enters this
his note of Protest to be extended when and where
he may think proper so to do
Done at Key West
5 Dec 1842

G. W. Washby

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe

City of Key West
Baker McNamee master
of the Brig Flora of Boston Mass of the burthen of
Two hundred & forty two Tons or thereabouts declares
to have sailed from the Port of Bordeaux, France on
the 13th day of August now last past having on
board a cargo of Wines &c. and bound for Orleans
La. experienced pleasant weather on the passage
on Tuesday Morning Civil Time at 1/2 Past 12 o'clock
got on Shore on the Florida Reef beat over and
came to anchor in channel got under weigh
at about 8 o'clock after sounding out the
channel and at 1/2 Past 8 struck again where
we lay until 2 o'clock the tide being ebb
rusted thumping down and repel leaving some
took assistance of Moor West Point & Levee some
who took out cargo and lighted her off Proceed
for Key West where we arrived on Wednesday night
at about one o'clock

Fearing damage & loss he
Enters this his note of Protest to be extended
when and where he may think proper so to do
Done before me this

5th day of Sept 1842

A Patterson

Not Pub

B. McNamee

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Richard Johnson master of
The Ship Persia of Newburyport of the burthen of
Three hundred thirty Tons or thereabouts declares to have
sailed from the Port of Newburyport on the 1st day
of November last having on board ^{part of} a cargo of
Hay Mackrel & Potatoes and bound for New
Orleans on the 22nd last sea time got on shore
on Florida Reef near Dove Key where we lay
from 11 P.M. until 12 M on the 23rd when we
succeeded after lightening the ship in getting
her off by the assistance of the wreckers
proceeded for Key West where we arrived in
the evening of the 23rd at about eight o'clock
and came to anchor the wreckers in
company

Fearing damage and loss he
Enters this his note of Protest to be extended
when and where he may think proper so
to do

Done before me this
24th day of Nov 1842

A Patterson

Not Pub

Richard Johnson

United States of America
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

By this Public Instrument
of Protest and Declaration

Be it known and manifest unto all whom it doth shall or may concern that on this Twenty fourth day of Nov in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight hundred and forty Two Personally came and appeared before me Alexander Patterson a notary Public duly Commissioned and sworn for the Territory and County aforesaid Richard Johnson Master of the Ship Persia of Newburyport of the burthen of Three hundred and thirty Tons or thereabouts who made before me the aforesaid notary a note in Entry of Protest in due form

And on this 26th day of Nov same year again came and appeared the said Richard Johnson Master Jacob Moyer Mate George Short & ^{Ben} ^{James} ^{W. H. Salisbury} James Banford George Remick Seaman all of the aforesaid Ship Persia who being by me the said notary solemnly and severally sworn on the holy Evangelist of Almighty God do depose and say that they set sail on board of the aforesaid Ship ^{leaving} the Port of Newburyport on the first day of November Inst having on board a part of a cargo of Hay Potatoes Mack ^{and bungs for the Port of New Orleans} all ^{nothing of note here} and that nothing material occurred during the voyage untill

Thursday 22nd day of Nov
Commenced with moderate breezes and hazy weather all necessary sail set

at 10.30 am discovered light water alongside the Ship sounded directly and found five fathoms Judging the Ship to be nearing the Land kept off thinking to get deep water, the weather being at the time fogged by the Sea and line the water to be getting more shoal kept off still and at 11 Pm struck Bottom in 10 1/2 feet water shortly after saw Coral Rocks about one fourth of a mile outside of the Ship, got out a small anchor with about 50 fathoms of Hauler and hove taught and found the Ship had aground. Commenced hoisting out ballast to lighten Ship, and about 11 am the Capt of a Key West Mucker came alongside to ascertain if the Capt required assistance found that it was impossible to get the Ship off and save the Cargo consequently he ordered his Lighter alongside and commenced loading with Bbls of Mackrel

Nov 23 Commenced with fresh breezes from N.E. two Lighters alongside put fifty five whole and seven half Bbls Mackrel & about sixty tons of ballast on board of the Mucker. got one of the Ships large anchors out to the N.E. Eastward and about seventy five fathoms of Chain cable and hove taught, took a stream anchor, and fifty fathoms of Hauler and hove taught on it. with both the Lighters crew and Ship company found the Ship had aground took out more ballast. and at 12 Meridia manned the windlass and Capstem, and with much difficulty succeeded in getting the Ship off the bank

Nov 24th Commenced with light breezes from the North and East, found the Ship clear and in deep water made sail, Pilot came on board to take the Ship to Key West where we arrived at about 6.30 Pm and came to anchor in the Harbour

And the said appears do further severally declare and attest that the said Ship *Perdia* at the time of her departure from the aforesaid Port of Newburyport was tight staunch and strong her hatches well and sufficiently caulked and covered and was full and sufficiently manned and provided with all things needfull and necessary for said intended voyage and the said appears and ships company did their utmost endeavors to preserve the said ship and the goods of her lading from damage and loss

Richard Johnson
Jacob Stoyes
George Short
Benjamin Small
W^m H. Salisbury
James Banford
George Remicks

And therefore the said Richard Johnson did declare and Protest and by these presents doth solemnly Protest against all and every Person or Persons whatsoever whom it doth shall or may concern and doth declare that all damages losses and detriments that have happened to the said Ship and the goods of her lading are and of right ought to be borne by the Merchants freighters Insurers and all others concerned in any manner whatsoever by way of average or otherwise the same having occurred as before mentioned and not by or through the insufficiency of said vessel the neglect of said appears or any of his

Masters

This done and Protested at Key West this Twenty Sixth day of November in the year of Our Lord one thousand Eight hundred and forty Two

JJ

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal at Key West this day and year Last Above Written

Stephen Patterson
Not Pub

Richard Johnson master Jacob Stoyes mate George Short 2nd mate Benjamin Small William H. Salisbury James Banford & George Remicks seaman all of the aforesaid Ship *Perdia* of Newburyport who being by me the said Notary solemnly and severally sworn on the holy evangelist of Almighty God do depose and say that the foregoing Protest hath been clearly and distinctly read over to them the said deponents and that the matters and things therein contained are just and true in all respects as the same are therein particularly alleged declared and set forth

LG

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal of Office at Key West this Twenty Sixth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight hundred & forty Two
Stephen Patterson
Not Pub

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

George I Hall
Master of the Ship North America of New York
of the burthen of ^{hundred} Forty Nine or
threabouts declares to have sailed
from the Port of New York 4th
of Nov. Inst. having on ^{board} a part of
a cargo of ~~Merchandise~~ ^{Goods} and bound
for Mobile & Specimens heavy weather on
the passage in the Sat^h 24th 29th the Ship
struck in about 2 fathoms Water carried
away her rudder & immediately came
to anchor on Tuesday morning after fitting
a temporary Rudder at about 10 o'clock
got under weigh and proceeded on our
Voyage at about 9 o'clock next morning
made Indian Key and at about 10 o'clock
got on shore on the Belles Shoar
Florida Reef made every exertion to
force the ship over on Saturday
evening found the ship making water
commenced lighting her with the ap=
-istance of mechanics and succeeded in
getting the principal part of the cargo
out by day light next morning
between 9 & 10 o'clock left the ship in
sloop Eliza Catherine with the cargo
for Key West where we arrived on
the evening of the same day at 4 P.M.
Same day

Having done and
Left he enters this his note of Protest
to be extended when and where he may
think proper so to do Geo I Hall

28 Nov 1842

United States of America
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

By this Public Instrument of
Protest and Declaration

Be it known and made
Manifest unto all whom it ^{may} ^{concern} ^{shall} or
may concern, that on this ^{thirtieth} ~~thirtieth~~ day of Nov
in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight
hundred and Forty-two, personally came and ap=
-peared before me Alexander Patterson a Notary
Public duly commissioned and sworn for the
Territory and County aforesaid George I Hall
Master of the Ship North America of New York of
the burthen of Forty hundred & Ninety Nine or threabouts
declared to have sailed from the Port of New York 4th
of Nov Inst. having on board a part of a cargo of
Merchandise - assorted - and bound for Mobile.

who made before me a note of
Protest in due form of November
And on this thirtieth day, Nov
year again came and appeared the said Geo
I. Hall master Thos Brantley water Isaac Searcy
Thos Goldsborough W Duffley Thomas Mitchel Seaman
all of the aforesaid ship North America of
New York who being by me the said Notary
solemnly and severally sworn on the holy Evangelist
of Almighty God - do depose and say that they
set sail on board of the aforesaid ship North America
at New York on the fourth day of November Inst
having on board a part of a cargo of Merchandise
assorted, and bound to the Port of Mobile and
that nothing material occurred ^{until} during the Voyage until
the thirtieth of November, This day commenced

with strong Gales from the N N W² and squally weather, at 4 P.M. Little Atump Key bore by compass S N W² 6 Miles Dist. At 5 P.M. Atump Key bore S by E kept her off N by N At 5-30 P.M. Atump Key bore per compass E S E 9 miles dist. kept her off S N by S. At 8-30 P.M. kept her S N W² At 1-30 A.M. kept her S West. At 4 A.M. saw three Ships steering S Westerly. At 6 A.M. have 3 fathoms to 3 1/2 up to 7-30 shoalened the water to 2 fathoms, Ship struck very heavy, Deepened the water to 3 fathoms, Shoalened again to 2 1/2 fathoms, Ship struck and knocked her rudder off just below the rudder case, got out a hawser and bent on a spar for a dreg and tried to steer the Ship off the Bank with the help of sails, Hoisted Signals of distress and the Schoer Ellen of Braintree bound to Mobile took off Fifty Steerage & two cabin passengers, All the men turned to with myself and got out the Launch & took the Mizzen topmast for a Rudder, Let go the Anchor in 3 fathoms of water, kept to work all night getting the Rudder ready for Shipping, At 12 Meridian Lat. Observation 24-27, Long Chronometer 79-13 At 1 P.M. calm weather, got the Rudder shipped at 2 P.M. on the 22^d continued calm until midnight, wind springing up to the N E. At 4 A.M. hove up the Anchor and got underway, the Ship went about 1/2 mile dist & struck in two fathoms of water got out a hawser and a spar to assist in steering, kept canvas on the ship and at 8-30 A.M. she came off, saw some pieces of her false keel, came off the Banks steering W N W Ship being unmanageable in shoal water as soon as she deepened her water steered very well, saw a Brig steering to the S N by W, hoisted a signal of distress, settled down top Gallant sails see she did not gain on us any set them again lowered the pumps and found she did not leak any All hands doing their best Endeavour to get the ship into the first Port Lat Ob 24-21-22^d Nov
Remarks on board Wednesday 23^d This day commenced with light wind and pleasant weather, A Brig in sight =

hoisted the Ensign Union down At the main royal mast head, Ship unmanageable settled down Main and Mizzen topsails Hallowed getting dark hoisted a light she showed none kept it up all night, Weather looking squally, wind increasing took Main top Gall sail & fore ^{and} Mizzen Sopsails At 6 A.M. saw a Ship steering to the N N W, hauled up N by N & hoisted a signal half Mast to the Main kept her so two hours At 9-30 saw the land on Cape Florida Bearing West Lat Obs 24-50 Remarks on Board Nov 24th, This day begins with calm weather, Ship lying on to the Land At 1-30 P.M. Long Island Key bore per compass N N by W dist by estimation 16 miles, At 8 P.M. got into 10 fathoms water, still shoalened, clewed down the mizzen topsail, did not pay off clewed down the Main top Gall sail & Main top sail, head yards being braced sharp Jib sheets to Windward, ~~then~~ shoalened the water to two fathoms Ship struck at 10-30 P.M. Let go the Anchor Ship laboring some, At 4 A.M. found the water rising made all sail to get her off the Bank, At 8 A.M. some boats came off from shore, Ship went ahead about half her length, the next high (25th November) water got the Starboard Anchor 8-30 fathoms of chain, ^{over} hove home the Anchor still kept prep of canvas on her to get her off Ship leaking about four hundred ^{in 24)} strokes per hour At Midnight increased to about five hundred strokes and still 26th increasing At 8-30 P.M. on the 26th found water gaining ship had bilged kept both pumps a giong found did not free her, hailed the Schoop Eliza bathorne Capt Wilson to come to assistance in saving cargo from getting wet kept the port of ships company employed a pumping While getting out the cargo saw that some Oil had bilged yesterday Unknown 27th This day commenced with strong Breeze from the North and flauy, the Schoop Eliza bathorne left the neck at 10 A.M. for Key West with a load of goods & stores stores, Capt Wall & Mrs Wang

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Second mate left the wreck for Key West
at 11.30 A.M. the Schooner George Eldridge came
alongside, commenced getting out cargo
the iron out of the hold ^{the about} ^{water} ^{of} ⁱⁿ ^{hold}
at high water. some men at work stripping
the wreck. and saving all the best advan-
tages, got the Polky Boat out and she filled
with water immediately.

28th Commenced
with strong gales and squally weather,
continued at work stripping the wreck, got
out the Long Boat. finished stripping the
rigging & got out all of the cargo that
could be got with the exception of about
seven tons of iron, which lay in between
decks. The George Eldridge hauled away
from the ship, with the sails & rigging -
cans baggage &c for Key West. The Schooner
Savina went alongside of the wreck for
to take the balance of iron & the Polky
Boat. The mate - myself. went on board
of the G. Eldridge with baggage taking
the Long Boat in tow & proceeded
to Key West. Left the ship with about
seven ~~nine~~ ^{nine} feet of water in the hold

And the said appearance and
ship company do further severally declare
and attest that the said ship north arrived
at the time of her sailing from the aforesaid
Port of New York was tight - staunch and
strong her hatches well and sufficiently
caulked and covered and was full and
sufficiently manned and provided with
all things needfull and necessary for the
said intended voyage and the said

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appearance and ship company did their utmost
endeavour to preserve the said ship and the
goods of her Lading from damage and
loss.

Geo. S. Hall
Thos Brintnell
J. N. ~~W. A. S. W.~~
Math. L. ~~W. A. S. W.~~
Thomas Goldborough
Thomas ~~W. A. S. W.~~
Mark

And therefore the said Geo S Hall did
~~make of the ship and the goods of her Lading~~
do declare and protest and by these presents
doth solemnly protest against all and
every person or persons whatsoever whom
it doth shall or may concern and doth
declare that all damages losses and det-
riments that have happened to the said
ship and the goods of her Lading
are and of right ought to be borne
by the merchants, Freighters, Insurers
and all others concerned in any man-
ner whatsoever by way of average
or otherwise the same having occurred
as before mentioned and not by
or through the insufficiency of
said vessel the neglect of said appearance
or any of his Mariners

This done and protested at Key West
this Thirtieth day of November in the year
of our Lord one thousand Eight hundred
and forty two

Testimony whereof I have hereunto
set my hand and Seal of Office
day and year last above written
R. H. Auden Callison
Not Public

George Hall master Thomas Panture
Mate N. M. Masey 2nd mate Nathaniel Duffey
Thomas Goldborough & Thomas Mitchell all
Seamen of the foregoing Ship North America
of New York who being by me the aforesaid
notary solemnly and sincerely sworn on
the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God do depose
and say that the foregoing Instrument of
Protest hath been clearly and distinctly read over
to them the said deponents and that the
matters and things therein contained are just
and true in all respects as the same are
therein particularly alleged declared
and set forth

In testimony whereof I have
hereunto set my hand and seal
of Office at Key West this thirtieth
day of November in the year of our
Lord one thousand Eight hundred
and forty Two

Richard Patterson
Not Pub

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Richard M. Bullen Master
of the Brig John C. Calhoun of Charleston of the
Burthen of One hundred & Seventeen Tons or
thereabouts declares to have sailed from
Charleston on the 24th Nov now last past
having on board a cargo of Rice and
bound for Havana on Sunday 2^d
November got on shore on the Florida

Reef man Ceasers Creek threw over a quantity
of Bay & Successo Rice to lighten Ship but did
not succeed in getting off until after mid
night when she beat over the reef and we
came to anchor in beating over the reef lost
Rudder Round house &c got under weigh on
Monday morning and tried to steer her
down with her sails but could not work
her saw so many Shoals came too again
at about 10 O'clock on Tuesday morning
muckers came alongside took out a few
Cask of Rice say 8 or ten Cask to enable me
to steer the Brig at about 12 O'clock got under
weigh with the Sloop America steered to steer
the Brig and proceeded for Key West where
on shore and since off reef Leaking about
1200 Strokes per hour aimed at Key West
at about 7 O'clock on Thursday Evening
and came to anchor off the Light

Having damage and Lops he enters
this his note of Protest to be extended when
and where he may think proper so to do
Done before me
this 2^d day of Decr
1842

R. Patterson
Not Pub

Richd M. Bullen

United States of America
 Territory of Florida
 County of Monroe
 City of Key West

By this Public Instrument
 of Protest and declaration.

Be it known and made
 manifest unto all whom it doth shall or may
 concern that on this second day of December in the
 year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and
 forty two came and appeared before me Alexander
 Patterson a notary Public duly commissioned and sworn
 for the Territory and county aforesaid Richard A Bullen
 Master of the Brig John C Calhoun of Charleston
 S Carolina of the brethren of One hundred &
 Seventeen tons or thereabouts who made before
 me a note in Entry of Protest in due form

And on this Fifth day of December same
 year again came and appeared the said Richard
 W Bullen Master E. C. Menden mate William Harris
 & George Baker. Seamen all of the aforesaid
 Brig who being by me the said notary solemnly
 and severally sworn on the Holy evangelist of
 Almighty God do depose and say that they
 set sail on board of said Brig John C Calhoun
 at the port of Charleston on the twenty fourth
 day of November now last past having on
 board a cargo of rice and bound to ^{Havana} ~~Philadelphia~~
 and that nothing material occurred during the
 voyage worthy of note here until Monday
 November 28th commences with a strong,
 breeze and cloudy weather at 3 P M made
 Cape Florida light house bearing S W
 by S distant about 10 miles. at 4 30 lited
 ship and set the topmast steering sail the
 light house bearing West distant about 12 miles

at 5 30 P M the vessel struck and brot up on
 a reef of sand and coral took in the steering
 sail gaff topsail and mainsail, and backed
 the yards, sounded all round and found the
 water to vary from 6 feet to 2 fathoms. seeing
 it necessary for the safety of the vessel, commenced
 lightning her, by starting water cask and throwing
 over the cargo, after throwing over about fifty casks
 of Rice and the like number of bags, finding the
 vessel diving further on the reef stopped lightning
 her. the vessel all the time striking hard and
 making considerable water. at about 3 A M the
 made braces and pintals gave way and it
 came up into the round house. at 4 30 A M she
 beat over the reef. let go the best anchor in 2 1/2
 fathoms and paid out all chain, at 6 A M counted
 and found the vessel to be leaking at the rate of
 1200 strokes per hour. at 10 A M hove up the
 anchor, and attempted to run down along
 the Land, but being unable to keep her head
 off shore anchored again in four fathoms
 at 10 30 having to all appearance parted the
 chain, and drifting fast toward the Land let
 go the other anchor and paid out all chain
 and as the last resort got the keel on the bow
 and bent the keelson. to it ends with a fresh
 breeze from E. N. E. and cloudy weather

Tuesday November 29th fresh breeze
 and cloudy weather sent down the fore top gall
 ant yard and mast and main topmast
 and all the rigging attached thereto. during
 the night equally with rain in the morning
 cut a hole through the staff rail and made
 a steering oar of the main topmast and
 shipped it at 10 A M the wrecking Scho
 Rome, and sloop America came

alongside discharged a few cask of Rice into the sloop and mended the sundlap finding that both flukes of the best bower anchor was gone. and that the chain of the other anchor was foul in such a manner as to render it impossible to clear it made sail and slipped ~~both~~^{the} chains and unshackling the other and letting the anchor go. towing the sloop astern to steer the Brig ends with a pleasant breeze and fine weather

Wednesday Nov 30th pleasant weather got 2 Anchors and one chain from the muckers. and came too at 6 P.M. at 10 a.m. got underway and proceeded for Key West where we arrived on the 2nd day of December.

And the said appraisers do further specially declare and attest that the said Brig John C. Calhoun at the time of her departure from the aforesaid port of Charleston was tight staunch and strong her hatches well and sufficiently caulked and covered and was full and sufficiently manned and provided with all things needfull and necessary for the said intended voyage. and the said appraisers and ships company did their utmost endeavours to preserve the said Brig and the goods of her Lading from damage and loss.

Richard H. Bullen
 C. Murden
 J. W. Berkes
 William Harris

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Cornelius Curtis Master
of the Brig Laurence of Charleston of the Tonnage
of one hundred & twenty tons or thereabouts
declares to have sailed from the Port of
Charleston on Monday the 28th November having
on board a cargo of Mice bound to Mobile
on Thursday the 1st of December got on shore
on the Florida Reef near Ceasar Creek where
we lay for about a half hour in sticking
on the heads and ~~going off~~ ^{backing off} the Reef ~~can~~
away the Knicker came to anchor after
backing off with both Anchors where we
lay for about three hours when we were
assisted ^{by the Spanish Row} after getting under weigh and
steering & Piloting the Brig in getting under
weigh lost the Small Bower about 15 fms
Chain Proceeded for Key West where we arrived
on the 3^d at about 7 O'Clock PM

Leaving Damage and Loss
as this his note of Protest to be exhibited
when he may think Proper so to do
Dec 1842
Cornelius Curtis

On this 8th day of December in the same year again
came and appeared before me the aforesaid Notary the
said Geo S Hall master Thomas Buntack mate & I
many 2^d mate all of the aforesaid Ship North America
who being ^{by me the aforesaid notary solemnly and on the Holy Evangelists} ~~solemnly~~ & ~~seriously~~ sworn do depose and say
that before leaving New York in said Ship there
were two boxes shipped on board of said Ship
said to contain money one marked Wm Sayre
Mobile ^{Pa} of Silver said to contain five hun-
dred & sixty five & one marked C.H.B. ²⁷⁸² ~~3200~~ said
to contain ten thousand Dollars in gold which
boxes were stored in a proper place and at
the time of the disaster of the said Ship the said
boxes when the boxes were looked for in the
place where they were stored, after the wreck
had been at ^{work} a short time the box said to
contain Gold could not be found Immediately
made strict search on board of the Ship
& Wreckers but could find no trace of it
on my arrival at Key West in the weeks
made another strict search but could
not find any thing of the Box the matter
was investigated before the Superior Court
and every possible means resorted too to find
it out where it was but no clue could
be got to it

Wherefore the said Geo S Hall
did declare and protest and by These pres-
ents doth solemnly Protest against all and
every Person or Persons whatsoever whom it
doth shall or may concern and doth
declare that all damages Losses and detrim-
ents that have happened to the said Boxes
are and of right ought to be borne
by the merchants Freighters owners and
all others concerned in any manner
whatsoever by way of average or otherwise

the same having occurred as before
unintentionally and not by or through
any neglect or the neglect of any
of the said officers.
This done and testified as

This House and protested at
Key West this Eighth day of
December in the year of our
Lord one thousand Eight hun-
dred and forty Two

Geo. S. Hall
St. Brintnall
J. Newasey

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

City of New York
The West Master of
the Brig Magnolia of New York of the Brothers of
One hundred & fifty five Tons or thereabouts declares
to have sailed from New York on the 23rd Nov now
last past Lading on board a cargo of assorted Molasses
and Lard. for Key West & St Marks. Experienced
severe weather on the passage, and lost part of
consisting of ^{Twenty four} ~~Twenty~~ ^{Barrels} ~~of~~ ^{of}
Dick ~~boards~~ ^{boards} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Galley~~ ^{Galley} &c.

Heating Damp and Laps.

He Enters this his note of Protest to be extended
when and where he may think proper so to do.
Done before me this 9th day of Dec^r
AD. 1844

Wm West

Chas West;

A. Paterson
Not Put

Secretary of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

A. J. Mulenaer Master of
the Belgian Brig Charles. Duvent. of the birthen of
Two hundred and nine Tons or thereabouts decl-
ares to have sailed from the Port of Havana
^{morning} on the 5th Day of December ~~last~~ ^{Inst} last hav-
ing on board a cargo of Sugar Segars and
Tobacco. Experienced bad weather on Tuesday
night at half past Twelve. O Clock got on
shore on the Florida Reef blowing fresh and
a heavy sea vessel heaving heavily unshipped.
The rudder tried the pump found she made
much water and in a half hour from 4 to 5
feet water in the Hold at daylight Wreckers
came alongside commenced discharging. Cargo
on board of them at about 12 O'clock of the 7
the vessel listed on the Starboard side full
of water. saved all that was possible of
the Cargo and stripped the vessel of every
thing of value and left her at about
Day light on the morning of the 8th and
proceeded for Key West where we arrived
on the 9th Inst at about 9 O'clock P.M.

Having damaged and lost he
enters this his note of Protest to be exten-
ded when and where he may think prop-
-er so to do.

A. J. Muelenaer

Now before us this
 Great Day of Decr 1842
 J. Patterson
 Notary Public

United States of America
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

By this Public In-
strument of Protest and declaration

Be it known and made mani-
fest unto all whom it doth shall or may con-
cern that on this Tenth day of December Instant
in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred
and forty two Personally came and appeared before
me Alexander Patterson Notary Public duly Commissioned
and sworn for the Territory and County aforesaid
A. J. Muelenaer Master of the Belgian Brig Charles
Luent of Antwerp of the burthen of Two hundred
& Nine Tons or thereabouts who made before me the
aforesaid Notary in Note in Entry of Protest in due
form

And on this Tenth day of December same year
again came and appeared the said A. J. Muelenaer
Master C. Notting Mate ~~1st~~ 2nd Mate H. Paus
C. Batcher Matthias Roll & 3 Christian Seamen
all of the aforesaid Brig Charles Luent of Ant-
werp who being by me the aforesaid Notary solemnly
and severally sworn on the Holy Evangelist of
Almighty God do depose and say that they set
sail on board of the aforesaid Brig at the Port
of Havana on the morning of the fifth day
of December Inst having on board a Cargo of
Sugar Cigars & Tobacco and bound for Antwerp
and that nothing material happened worthy
of Note here until the 6th day of December 1842
at 12 O'clock Lat^o 24.53 - Long^o 79.58. Tacked
to the South^o and Eastward at 6 at Night
tacked ship to the N. E. stiff Breeze thick
weather with rain about 12 at Night we

saw white water twice the Sea and in the time
of hearing the dead the vessel struck and knocked
off her rudder she fell off before the wind and
lay head and fast on the reef tied the pumps
and pumped about one hour and found the reef
with five feet water in the hold put the boats over
board and a day breaking came some sneekers
alongside and began to discharge cargo on board
of 2 vessels having one on each side discharging
Cigars Tobacco & Sugar about 11 O'clock in the
morning the vessel heeled over on the Starboard
side with her hatches in the water scuttled
the deck on the Starboard side and took out
all the cargo that could be saved. Stripped the
vessel of sail Rigging anchors Chains and every
thing of value that could be saved took the
crew on board of the sneekers and proceeded for
Key West where we arrived on the 8th Inst at 9 o'clock
P.M.

And the said appears do further sev-
erally declare and attest that the said Brig
Charles Luent at the time of her sailing from the
aforesaid port of Havana was tight staunch
and strong her hatches well and sufficiently
caulked and covered and was full and suffi-
ciently manned and provided with all things
needful and necessary for said Intended voyage
and the said appears and Ship Company did
their utmost Endeavours to preserve the said Brig
and the Goods of her Lading from damage and
Loss.

A. J. Muelenaer C. Notting "Mate"
A. Lohhorn 2nd Mate

J. B. A. u. v. C

Carl Batcher
Matthias Roll

And Therefore the said J. T. Muelnarr did
 declare and protest and by these presents doth
 solemnly protest against all and every person or persons
 whatsoever whom it doth shall or may concern
 and doth declare that all damages, losses and detriments
 that have happened to the said Ship and the Goods
 of her Lading, and and off right ought to be borne
 by the Merchants, Freight, Tonnage and all others
 concerned in any Manner whatsoever by way of
 average or otherwise the same having occurred as before
 mentioned and not by or through the insufficiency of
 fair vessel the neglect of said Officers or any
 of the Mariners.

This done and protested at Key West
 this 10th Day of December in the Year of our
 Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and forty-two

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set
 my hand and seal of office this day and year
 that above writing.

Alex^r Patterson
 Notary Public

J. T. Muelnarr Master, J. Volting Mate, A.
 Liphorn 2^d Mate, A. Pann, Carlo, Patcher, Mattheus
 Puel all sworn of the aforesaid Brig Charles Lard
 of Antwerp who being by and the aforesaid Notary solemnly
 and formally sworn on the Holy Evangelist of Almighty
 God do depose and say that the foregoing Instrument
 of Protest hath been clearly and distinctly read over
 to them the said Dependants and that the matters and
 things therein contained are just and true in all respects
 as the same and therein particularly alleged declared & set forth.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand
 and seal of office at Key West this 10th Day of
 December in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight
 Hundred & forty-two Alex^r Patterson
 Notary Public

Territory of Florida
 County of Monroe
 City of Key West

Gustavus M. Holmes
 Master of the Schooner Quinell of Belfast Maine
 of the burden of Ninety Tons or thereabouts declared
 to have sailed from the Port of St. Jago de Cuba
 on the 25th of September now last past having
 on board a cargo of Tobacco Coffee Sugar &c
 and bound for Boston on the 5th of October
 off Cape Antonio experienced a severe Hurricane
 from the Northward in which we lost four sail
 stow deck Load of Molasses and Lost Haulers
 Trunks &c off deck and rec^d some damage
 in lashed bow by the strength of sea and
 upset much steamed in Hull and rigging
 and sails more or less injured.

Having damage and loss by cause
 this his note of Protest to be extended when
 and where he may think proper so to do
 done before me this 18th day of October
 A.D. 1844

A. Patterson
 Notary Public

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Wm B Long Master
of the British Schooner *Thetis* of Hackton
of the Breaker of a *Twenty one* tons or
thereabouts declares to have sailed from
the Port of Tampico on the thirtieth day
of November now last past having
on board a cargo of Lumber and bound
for Liverpool. Experiencing heavy weather
on the passage blew away one *Infused*
split the main sail and caused a great deal
of foresail upper damages considerably
in her hull - making much water lost
one man on board - Bore up for Key
West to bring the nearest port to repair
damages in crossing the Bar struck heavily several times and
arrived at Key West on Tuesday Morning the 13th Dec^r.
Fearing damage and loss he
enters this his note of Protest to be extended
when and where he may think proper
so to do

Wm B Long

Done before me this
13th Day of Dec^r 1842
H. Patterson
Notary Public

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

John Williams Master of the
Schooner *Joseph Graham* of Charleston S.C. of the
burthen of one hundred forty Tons or thereabouts
declares to have sailed from the Port of Charleston
on Sunday the *Twenty Eighth* day of May
now last past having on board a cargo of Lumber
Bricks &c and bound for Key West Florida. Experi-
enced very heavy Gale from N. N. W. kept labouring
very much and leaking badly on Tuesday 7th Inst
at about 10 o'clock A.M. blowing fresh and thick &
suddenly got on shore on the Florida reef wash
woman Shoals where she lay for about one
hour thrumping heavily which increased her
leak to about 490 strokes per hour succeeded
in getting off and arrived at Key West at
about 10 o'clock same day and came to anchor
off the Wharves.

Fearing damage and loss he
enters this his note of Protest to be extended
when and where he may think proper so to
do.

Done before me this
8th Day of June
A.D. 1843

H. Patterson
Not Pub

John Williams

To Capt W H. Piester George Alderslade
& Sam^r Harvey Carpenter
Lieut^r

You are requested to repair aboard and on board of Schooner Joseph Gorham of Charleston & C Williams master now lying in this Port and examine and survey her hull, tackle &c, ^{and to estimate the probable cost of repairs} she having been on shore on the Florida Reef and make your report to me in writing under oath as soon as ^{practically} possible under my hand at Key West this 8th day of June A D 1843.

Alex Patterson
Not Pub

Report.

The Undersigned George Alderslade Port Warden Mr H. Piester Ship Master and Sam^r Harvey Ship Carpenter in compliance with a request from ^{an order to us directed from Washington D.C.} (John Williams Master) of the Schooner Joseph Gorham) and the 8th day of June 1843 repaired and board said vessel to examine her condition at ^{the wharf at Green's Wharf.}

~~No Report same day repaired~~
on board said vessel and after a careful and impartial examination of her hull and the Evidence of the Master and Mate we find forward her leaking badly her deck load to all appearance well stowed ordered her discharged for examination.

Again on the 15th inst repaired on board she being then discharged and found her water way seams much opened the Keel of bowsprit started and her foremast spruce about five or six feet below the cross trees and the vessel leaking 490 strokes in an hour ordered her home for further examination.

looking squalls came to anchor and fueled all sails at 5.30 made Orange Keys bearing S.W. at 6 A.M. and south shore up the anchor and made all sail & sail in sight at anchor at 7 am left the barks at 8.30 am the Orange Keys bore N.W. distance four miles latter part pleasant

Tuesday June 8th 1843 Commences with light winds and squally with rain and continued through the night latter part pleasant. 9th Commences with squally weather and baffling winds at 3.30 the wind changed very sudden to the S.W. with very heavy rain, at 4 P.M. made the land (Florida Shore) bearing N.W. distant 10 miles Midnight Pleasant Gale and Cloudy at day light Land & sail in sight at 9.45 A.M. struck on a reef of rocks very heavy about 3 miles from land thought it would take the masts out of the Schooner she rolling and twisting and grinding very heavy on the rocks expecting every bump she would take the masts out of her sounded the Pumps and found she made a great deal of water leaking 500 strokes per hour pumped well sail on her to get her off and she ground on the rocks very heavy expecting every moment she would unship her sudden looking at the masts found she had sprung the foremast and started the bowsprit and caused it to chafe the mast very bad and worked the bowsprit loose so that it bumped up and down a foot and worked the Cap of the bowsprit and split it run out ledge and hauled 60 fathoms to try to heave her off and when she went off with a strong breeze was obliged to slip it, the Schooner leaking 500 strokes per hour at 12 Meridian made by West Light house and at 1 P.M. took a Pilot and at three came to anchor in the harbor of Key West vessel still leaking 500 strokes per hour

And the said officers do further severally declare and attest that at the time of the departure of this said schooner Joseph Gorham from the aforesaid Port of Charleston she was tight staunch and strong, her hatches well

and sufficiently Culked and Coined and was full
and sufficiently manned and provided with all
things needfull and necessary for the said Intend
voyage and the said appraiser and Ships Company
did their utmost Endeavour to preserve the said
Said and the goods of her Lading from damage
and Loss.

John Williams
W. A. Meers
Wm. Douglass
Neil Campbell

And therefore the said John Williams did
declare and Protest and by these presents doth solemnly
Protest against all and every Person or Persons what
soever whom it doth shall or may concern and doth
declare that all damages Losses and detriments
that have happened to the said Schooner and the
goods of her Lading are and of right ought to be
borne by the merchants freighters shippers and all
others concerned in any manner whatsoever by way
of average or otherwise the same having occurred as
before mentioned and not by or through the insufficiency
of said vessel the neglect of said appraiser or any of his
manneres.

This done and protested at Key West
this nineteenth day of June in the year of Our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and forty three.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto
set my hand and seal of Office
at Key day and year last above
written

Alexander Patterson
Not Pub

J. G.

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Henry A. Stewart Master
of the Steam Schooner Lion of Hartford Conn
of the burthen of One Hundred & Fifty Tons or there
abouts declares to have sailed from New York on
the 2nd November Inst. having on board Empty Cys
as cargo and bound for Mobile put into Norfolk
to repair damage rec^d in bad weather, sailed from
Norfolk on the 9th and went into Charleston for
fuel and some repairs to Engine sailed from
Charleston on the 16th Inst. and proceeded on
the voyage. Experienced heavy weather on the
passage on the 22nd Inst went into Cape
Florida (having carried away some of the
machinery) to repair in going into the harbor
got on shore where she lay for about three
days, was assisted by Sloop Mount Vernon Capt
Smith in lightening her off and got afloat
on Saturday the 25th Inst and proceeded
for Key West to make repairs necessary
where she arrived on the 26th Inst at about
8 O'clock and discharged the Pilot.

Having damage and Loss he Enters
this his note of Protest to be extended where
and where he thinks proper so to do
Done before me this

27th day of Nov 1843

Alexander Patterson

Not Pub

H. A. Stewart

United States of America
 Territory of Florida
 County of Monroe
 City of Key West

By this Public Instrument
 of Protest & Declaration

Be it known and made manifest unto all whom it doth shall or may concern that on the Twenty Seventh day of November in the year of our Lord One thousand Eight hundred & forty three personally came and appeared before me Alexander Patterson a Notary Public duly commissioned and sworn for the Territory & County aforesaid J. B. A. Stewart Master of the Steam Schooner Lion of Hartford Ct of the Tonnage of One hundred & Fifty Tons or thereabouts who made before me a note in Entry of Protest in due form

And on this Twenty Eighth day of November same year again came and appeared before me the aforesaid Notary the said J. B. A. Stewart Master ^{Wm} Sampson mate Wm Mc Galpin 1st Engineer Mark Hughes 2nd & said Cotton Seaman all of the aforesaid Steam Schooner Lion who being by me the aforesaid Notary solemnly and severally sworn on the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God do depose and say that they set sail from board of the aforesaid Schooner Lion at the port of New York having on board some Empty Keys as Cargo and bound for Mobile Ala Thursday November 2nd got underway and proceeded down the Bay

Friday Nov. 3rd at 2.30 out side of Sandy Hook
 Midnight fresh breezes and increasing sea

latter part heavy NW gales and very rough sea, vessel laboring very heavy and shipping large quantities of water. At Meridian spoken by the Eagle reported leaking badly. He had concluded to haul for Norfolk. Our vessel laboring so heavy we concluded to do so likewise

Saturday ^{Nov 4} Commenced with heavy NW gales and a heavy dangerous sea running. Carried all prudent sail to keep her steady. At 3 PM, parted the main Peak Staysails Block stop aloft, took in and furled the sail. At 7.30 parted fore peak Staysails Block & strap & took in the sail - vessel rolling and laboring very heavy, causing our Boiler to work & straining the Joints of the Steam pipe seriously. Stiff breezes and stormy appearances had a consultation with the Captain & officers and deemed it advisable to make the nearest port. Through the night fresh breezes from NE, and a heavy cross sea from NW. At 4 am spoke the Eagle they reported having 3 feet water in the hold, and leak gaining on them. Our Boiler sprung a leak in the night and flooded the small Engine so badly as to render the Blower almost useless. The fire room also very badly flooded. Latter part under all canvas. Ends cloudy, Hazy weather sun mostly obscured Lat Indiff't Obs 36.57 N.

Sunday Nov 5. Commenced with breezes from ESE and cloudy weather. At 4 am. made Cape Henry Light house bearing west, at 6 passed the Light & stood up the Bay - at midnight anchored abreast the Railway Locks at Norfolk

Monday Nov 6th, Lying at Norfolk until

Tuesday Nov 11th, Commenced with moderate SW winds, clear and pleasant at 30 m past

meridian got underway and proceeded down the Bay. At 3.30 P.M. Cape Henry Light House bore West 3 miles Dist., Light S.E. air and a smooth sea. No obs. sun obscured.

Sunday Nov 12th. Commences with fresh S.W. breeze and hazy weather with a rough rolling swell from S.E., at 3.30 P.M. finding that we made but little headway and vessel rolling very bad, run in to 5 fathoms water and anchored with best bower anchor with 35 fathoms of chain, at 7.30 the wind changed to N.W. at 8 got underweigh at 10 saw Cape Mattamus light bearing S by W. stiff breeze and fine weather all ^{drawing} sail set, Lat 36.34.08 N.

Monday Nov 13th. Commences with fresh breeze and a rough following sea. Fine breeze and cloudy through the night. Satter part fine northerly breeze & fine weather with a smooth sea Lat 32.56.4.

Tuesday Nov 14. Commences with S.W. wind, and clear pleasant weather at 1 P.M. sounding 10 fathoms. At 2 P.M. Cape Roman bearing West. At 9 made Charleston light bearing W.S.W. at midnight anchored off Charleston bar in 7 fathoms water. At 6 am got underweigh. at 9 anchored on the flat, former part of the City. Starboard Engine Pump having broken Yesterday got it ashore to repair. Ends cold and pleasant.

Wednesday Nov 15. Lying at Charleston

Thursday Nov 16 Commences calm and pleasant at 8 am got underway & stood down the Harbor for sea. at 10 am outside the Bar Light house bearing N.W. by W 4 miles Dist.

Friday Nov 17th. Commences clear and pleasant at 2 P.M. St. Croix bore W. at 10 P.M. Light Boat off Port Royal bore S.W. at midnight Lytle light bore N.W. by N. moderate fine weather through the night. At Daylight a fine breeze

sprung up from E.S.E. made all sail. at 10 Do boy light house bore W. by N. Ends, calm & pleasant Saturday Nov 18. Commences with calms and a long rolling Surking sea, from E.S.E. at 1 P.M. the Furnace grate melted down. Had to draw fires and replace them at 3.45. Steam up again at 9.30 Amelia Island Light bore West, moderate fine weather with a heavy rolling swell from E.S.E. at 9 am let all drawing sail. Light air from N.W.E. Dred the fires and let off the water to clean Boilers & Flues. Satter part thick foggy weather. Lat by obs. 29.43 N.

Sunday Nov 19. At 30 m past Meridian it cleared up when we saw the Land. St. Augustine Light house bearing S.W. at 3 P.M. having got steam up again stood on our way, having cleared Boilers Engine & flues in 6 hours. Wind E.N.E. with all sail set, fresh N.Easterly breeze, and a heavy sea through the night, with occasional showers of Rain at 6.30 am. Passed the outer breakers of Cape Canaveral Cape bearing West. Satter part fresh N.E. wind and a very heavy sea Lat 27.59 N.

Monday, Nov 20. Commences with stiff E. Easterly Wind, a heavy sea & fine weather. At 8 P.M. Wind increasing raised the trussail & hauls up to keep off shore. Strong gale and a very heavy sea running through the night. At 6 am. Kept away for the Land at 10 made the Land bearing N.W. by W. to West, Ends, with fresh breeze & a rough sea with clear weather Lat obs. 24.45 N.

Tuesday Nov 21. Commences with fresh N.E. breeze, a heavy sea & fine weather running along the Land at 4.30 P.M. Passed Fort Lau andale at 6. Cape Hatteras bore S by W. at 7 No light to be seen at Key Bi, Cayne Hunter off S.E. & concluded to stand off and on through the night as it was requisite to make a Harbor

to clean Boilers and Engines, & make some repairs. Moderate rough Weather with a rough sea through the night. at 7 Am saw the Land, Bay Biscayne light house bearing WNW, at 8 Crossed in over the Reef at 8.30 near the Bar buoy of Biscayne Harbor. broke a Bolt holding one of the shafts Anchors in 5 fathom water. Ends moderate Pleasant Weather.

Wednesday Nov 22, Commenced clear moderate weather at 4 P.M. got the Engine repaired sufficiently for running in to Biscayne got up steam, and at 5 got underway finding it necessary to make a Harbor as it would require about 24 Hours to repair our Engine and it blowing very fresh outside we considered it dangerous to lay outside through the night we ran in, at 6 inside the Bar, near our intended anchorage got ashore on a reef, Immediately got out our Hedges and by heaving & working our Engine endeavored to get off at 9 tide having ebbed about a foot stopped the Engine to await for a morning tide, stiff N.E. wind, through the night at 5.30 Am, got out our Larboard Anchor with whole length of the chain & with the anchor & Hedges commenced heaving on the rise of the tide, at 8 High Water, having got the vessels head partly round our Anchor broke ground when she went on worse than before, the tide setting directly on the reef ~~water~~ very strong until the water had fallen more than a foot, at 9 the Stoop Mount Vernon, Bay West weather anchored near and boarded us & after consultation we concluded it necessary to lighten the vessel to get off as the tides were rising & jidging it better to employ them and save our Coal than to throw it overboard the Captain Employed them, at 9.30 the Stoop got alongside when we discharged our deck load on board the Stoop & made preparations to get out more Anchors to heave off. Ends with

To Francis Watlington
Benjamin Sarges
Nehemiah Wolfe
James V. Ogden

Leut^{ant}

You are requested to
repair alongside and on board of the Brig Peconic
of New York R. M. Wilbur Master now lying in this
Port and examine and survey her ^{hull} Sackle apparel
and Furniture she having sprung a leak on her
voyage from Mansanilla Cuba for antwerp and
put in to this port for repairs in distress and
make your report to me in writing under
oath as soon as practicable

Given under my hand at
Key West this 26th day of
March A D 1844

Alexander Patterson
Not Pub

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

R. N. Wilbur Master

of the American Brig Beacon of New York of the burthen of Two hundred & Thirty Eight Tons or Thereabouts declares to have sailed from the Port of Mansanilla de Cuba on Thursday the fourteenth Inst having on board a cargo of Makoyony Cedar Honey Tobacco &c and having for Captain & crewed being recruited on the passage on Monday the 18th the Brig commenced leaking badly which required the two pumps to kept pretty constantly going finding the leak increasing concluded to make the first port on Monday the 25th put into Key West bringing 2 1/2 feet water in the hold. ^{with} a report on board came to anchor in the Harbour about 12 o'clock in

Fearing damage and loss he enters this his note of Protest to be extended when and where he may think proper to do

Done before me this

26th March 1844

A. Patterson

Not Pub

Robert ~~Wilbur~~

The undersigned Francis Wallington Port Warden Benjamin Sawyer Ship Master & John A. Wolfe Merchant & James W. Ogden Ship Carpenter in compliance with an Order of the Society from A. Patterson Esq Not Pub to us directed and dated Key West March 26th 1844. to repair on board the Brig Beacon Wilbur Master and examine her present condition she having sprung a leak at sea and put into the port in distress

Report some day repairs on board the said vessel and after a careful and impartial examination, find her making a considerable quantity of water and her hull indicating much strain we also from the master and mate testimony find the Brig sprung a leak on the 18th Inst three days out of Mansanilla Cuba and that the leak increased daily until she arrived in the port, and in still water when it partially decreased that she made in moderate weather about six hundred strokes per hour, and in fresh breeze about three hundred strokes per hour, in consequence of which we recommended she be discharged of her cargo for further examination we also certify that on the same day we examined the condition of her hatches and found them well and sufficiently covered and secured

Again on the 1st of April repaired on board the said vessel she being unloaded, and on examination in the hold, find her entire bottom sides much strained, and indications of a general leak through out them; also indications of heavy straining in the Bilges about the floor heads, and the fastening staves vessel at present making very little water - convinced that the leak is occasioned by the working of the vessel in her frames, we recommend the following repairs as absolutely necessary to make her sea worthy (viz)

One extra Stinger or clamp under main deck beam of white oak to run fore and aft, 5 in by 12 in - from hanging knees to main part run beam, three bilge streaks of white oak to run fore and aft - one floor heads on each side 5 in by 12 in each the entire hull repartured by bolting and all the slack or defective treenails taken out and replaced with new ones rescrewed throughout bottom top and decks, and hoisted in such places as shall be found necessary after which to be repaired &c &c and considering further examination of the vessel on the outside unnecessary by heaving her out, for the present and until the repairs on the top works shall have been completed we make this our report to which we herewith set our hands and seals at Key West this 2nd day of April in the year 1844

Signed Francis Wallington [S] Benjamin Sawyer [S] John A. Wolfe [S] James W. Ogden [S]

United States of America
 Territory of Florida
 County of Monroe
 City of Key West

By this Public Inst:
 :ument of Protest and Declaration

Be it known and made manifest unto
 all whom it doth shall or may concern that
 on this Twenty Sixth day of March in the
 year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred
 and forty four Personally Came and appeared
 before me Alexander Patterson a Notary Public
 duly Commissioned and sworn for the Territory
 and County aforesaid Robert W Wilbur
 master of the Brig Peconic of New York
 who made before me the aforesaid Notary
 a note in entry of Protest in due
 form

And on this Twenty Eighth day
 of March same year again Came and
 appeared before me the aforesaid Notary
 the said R. W. Wilbur master Latham
 Pitch mate Thomas Vincent George D. Peison

Seaman all of the aforesaid
 Brig Peconic of New York who being by me the
 aforesaid Notary solemnly and severally sworn
 on the Holy Evangelist of almighty God
 do depose and say that they set sail on
 board of the aforesaid Brig Peconic at the
 Port of Manzanilla on Thursday the fourteenth
 day of ~~March~~ August having on board a cargo of
 Mahogany Cedar Heavy Tobacco &c. and bound
 for Antwerp and on Saturday the 16th left
 Cape Cruz and proceeded to sea

at 1 P.M. the Pilot left. Cape Cruz bore East 9 miles
 distant from which I take my departure

Sunday 17th Pleasant weather and a fine breeze
 which continues until the 18th at midnight
 fresh breezes and squally took in our royals and top
 Gallant sails a heavy sea on, tired the pumps and
 found the Brig half sprung a leak

Tuesday 19th commences with
 fresh breezes and squally at 8 Breaks away and
 is pleasant middle and latter part fresh breezes
 and cloudy with rain the Brig making
 much water the pumps constantly attended

Wednesday 20th strong breezes and
 pleasant weather at 6 A.M. made Cape Antonio
 steering direct for it at 8 am close in with the
 Cape a number of reefs in sight. the crew employ
 ed repairing sails ends pleasant

Thursday 21st pleasant weather
 and moderate. at 8 saw a Brig on the Color
 ades and went to her with the boat it being nearly
 calm and took from her some old sails and Rigging
 latter part land of Cuba in sight the Brig still
 making much water and the pumps constantly
 going

Friday 22^d commences calm and
 cloudy ^{weather} the Brig Rolling heavy and making
 much water. one of the crew came to the
 Captain and said he believed she would
 go down with us

Saturday 23^d Pleasant at
 midnight a strong Breeze & squally took in
 top gallant sails and trysin on account of
 the Brig Leaking the pumps constantly going
 and leak increasing

Sunday 24th ~~Conservation~~ with flying clouds and a fine breeze at meridian tacked and stood to the north the brig making much water the pumps constantly going crew came aft. to the Captain and said they would not do any thing more for they did not consider themselves safe at sea and the Captain told them if he could not fetch Key West he would run for Fortugas we stood in and made said Key light at 10 o'clock P.M. this day contains 36 Hours.

Monday 25th pleasant weather stood in on the reef and struck on a shoal at 4 Am. at 7 am took a Pilot at 11 am arrived in Key West Harbour and came to anchor. And the said appeared do further specially declare and attest that the said Brig Beehive at the time of her departure from the aforesaid port of Mansanilla Cuba was tight staunch and strong. her hatches sufficiently caulked and covered and was full and sufficiently manned and provided with all things needful and necessary for said intended voyage and the said appeared and ships company did their utmost endeavours to preserve the said Brig and the goods of her lading from damage and loss.

Robert N Wilbur
Latham Titch
Thomas Vincent
George S Pierson

And therefore the said R N Wilbur do declare an Protest and by these presents doth solemnly Protest against all and every Person

the Judge of the Southern Judicial District of Florida having admiralty Jurisdiction is now absent and the said Parties for the settling and determining the said Claim for Salvage have submitted themselves and become bound each to the other by threefold obligations dated the Thirtieth day of July one thousand Eight hundred & forty four in the Sum of Three thousand Dollars. with conditions to stand to obey perform and fulfill, the final award arbitrament & Judgement of us William R Hackley and Alfonsus Patterson, Arbitrators indifferently chosen and Elected and sworn as well on the part and behalf of the said John P Smith and William J English as on the part and behalf of the said John Solomon, to award arbitrate or do and adjudge touching the said Claim for Salvage, and on the said arbitrators having taken upon ourselves the charge of the said award and arbitrament, and having deliberated and at large considered the allegations of the said parties on oath find the following facts as proved and admitted

That the Brig Alucida while on her voyage from Mansanilla Cuba bound to New York and laden with a cargo of Mahogany Cedar and Palm leaf got on shore on the Florida reef at about Two O'clock of the morning of the Twenty ninth day of June now last past at daylight the U.S. Mount Vernon came off to her Capt Smith went on board and offered assistance the brig Laying stern to wind which assistance was not accepted at the time the brig thumping very heavily at the time the Capt making every exertion to get her off finding it impossible he accepted her services went to work and made sail on the brig. had an anchor cast

slipped it and went ahead about two lengths and came head to wind thumping very heavy stated to Capt it would be impossible to get her out without lighening her, finding she could not be got out gave her up to me and it blowing very heavy at the time in squalls and very heavy sea on kept sail on her she forged ahead slowly for a few lengths and Slopes hauled the Sloop Frankford alongside and commenced loading her having the assistance of 17 men found it difficult to lay alongside on account of wind and heavy sea after loading Frankford two began to rise at 2 P.M. Brig striking very heavy and fearing she would bilge employed the Sloop Key West of 90 Tons and Seventeen men, to assist hauled Mt Vernon alongside about 3 P.M. filled her with palm leaf in the hold deck with mahogany & cedar, about the time we finished loading Brig began to go ahead thumping heavy & worked ahead for about 2 hours by the lift of the sea and worked into deep water cast the Sloop off from alongside and made sail on the Brig for Key West, sounded pumps and found 6 feet water in the hold manned the pumps and pumped for 5 minutes and found she had gained 3 inches continued ineffectually as the pumps for 10 minutes more and found she had gained 5 inches on the pumps consulted with the Captain and it was thought best to run her on shore for the preservation of the cargo sounded pumps and found she had gained upon deck 10 inches we then ran her on shore for the preservation of the cargo. we then hauled the Key West alongside sent Sloop Mt Vernon & Frankford to Indian Key to discharge as there were convenient wharves to put the wood upon. Loaded Sloop Key West with

Palm leaf Cedar & mahogany & finished about 8 o'clock hauled Mount Vernon alongside again & loaded her at 4 o'clock hauled Frankford alongside again and worked until 5 P.M. the men being exhausted and at that time the Brig full of water threw off work, next morning finished loading Frankford about 11 A.M. left Brig in charge of 2 mates and all 3 vessels proceeded for Key West, with the Capt of the Brig on board, discharged vessels and whinnies immediately to the wreck, and on the 4th July at 10 o'clock hauled alongside and commenced stripping the Brig, until the other wrecks aimed, one of Plume and Ludlow men on board at work being consorted with Key West, the men at that time up to this wreck in water while saving cargo and the water very offensive from the heat of noon &c. hauled Key West alongside again & loaded, loaded Sloop Frankford which took remainder of cargo and materials, last part of cargo was done up, Sloop Mount ^{reynolds} had gone for Indian for the wood landed there the making seven trips in all, Capt English sworn, has heard the statement of Capt J. P. Smith, and testifies as to the correctness of the same.

Capt Wm Tolman sworn. corroborates the foregoing in all its particulars.

In making up our award on the preceding facts we shall follow as near as possible the rules that govern courts of admiralty in similar cases. The property not large in amount was in eminent danger and the Capt admits that it would have been impossible for him to have saved any of it without assistance. Therefore in our opinion ⁵⁰ ~~half~~ of the said cargo and materials

of the Brig *Alvilda* (the meekus paying half
wharfage and Labour on the same) is a
fair and reasonable Salary, and that
Each party pay their Arbitrators

and we the said arbitrators do
read that the said Job Solomon do deliver
or cause to be delivered to the said J. S. Smith & Co
& English for themselves and all other concerned
therein one half of the said cargo in kind and
also one half of the sales of the said mate
rials after deducting the aforementioned ex
penses, as a full compensation for Salary

In witness whereof we the said
arbitrators have hereunto set
our hands and seals at Key
West this 15th day of July A.D.
1844 *Heleander Patterson* {J.S.}

Wm R Hackley

by
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

I Thomas Lewis master of the
Schooner *Select* of New Orleans of the burthen of
seventy three tons or thereabouts declares to have
sailed from the port of Orleans on the first day
of July last having on board a cargo of provis
ions and bound to Barbados had light winds
and calm weather and a man on board sick
put into Key West for medical aid water and
Land the man and left Key West on Friday
the 17th and proceeded on her voyage on Sun
day morning at about 4 Past three o'clock
ran on shore on the Florida Reef hauled
her off by her Anchor and in standing out
after getting underweigh Rain set on again
when she lay for about 2 hours got her off
again and finding she leaked badly and that
it was impossible to keep her from running
on shore for the preservation of the cargo
she having when we got her on shore 4 feet
water in hold

Leaving Damage and Loss he enters
this his note of Protest to be extended when
and where he may think proper to do so

Thos Lewis

United States of America
 Territory of Florida
 County of Monroe
 City of Key West

By this Public Instrument

of Protest and Declaration

As it known and made manifest unto all whom it doth shall or may concern that on this Twenty three day of July in the year of one Thousand and Eight hundred forty four came and appeared before me Alexander Patterson a Notary Public duly commissioned and sworn for the Territory and County aforesaid Thomas Lewis Master of the Schooner Select of New Orleans of the burthen of Twenty three Tons or thereabouts who made before the aforesaid Notary a note in Entry of Port in due form

And on the Twenty fourth day of July same year again came and appeared the said Thomas Lewis Master George Porter mate S. L. Gates Joseph Marshall Seaman all of the aforesaid Schooner who being by me the aforesaid Notary solemnly and severally sworn on the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God as before and say that they set sail on board the aforesaid Schooner Select at the Port of New Orleans on the second day of July last having on board a cargo of Provisions and bams for Barbados and that nothing material occurred during the voyage worthy of note here until Sunday July 21st Middle part fresh breeze with thick cloudy weather at 10.30 P.M. wind shifted to E.S.E. at 3.30 A.M. got on shore on the Florida Reef got out the Larboard Anchor and hove her off with hard work at 10.20 A.M. got on again when she worked a gradual on the rock, at 12 midday got her off again and made all sail found the vessel leaking so bad called all hands to

the pumps and found that we could not keep her free the water being on the first tier of Boards called the aperture of muckers, by the advice of Capt. Carr thought it best to run her on shore for the preservation of the Cargo there being at that time four feet water in the Hold two mucking upels were employed immediately after we found the vessel was tilted to save the Cargo enter and which was transhipped on board the Wreckers together with the Schooners materials which loading was concluded on the next day 22nd at 4 P.M. got underway for Key West and arrived there on the 23rd Inst at 10 clock P.M.

And the said apperances do further severally declare and attest that the said Schooner Select at the time of her departure from the aforesaid port of New Orleans was tight staunch and strong her hatches well and sufficiently caulked and covered and was full and sufficiently manned and provided with all things needfull and necessary for said Intended voyage and the said apperances and ships Company did their utmost endeavours to preserve the said Schooner and the goods of her Lading from damage and loss.

Thomas Lewis
 George Porter

S. L. Gates
 Joseph Marshall

mark

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Jehudiah A Brown
+ Fernando J Moreno (agent for William H Wall
merchant of the City of Key West) both
shippers on board of the Brig R W Brown late
master now lying in this port and bound
for New York. The said J. J. Moreno ^{agent of aforesaid} having
shipped on board of said Brig Fifty Eight
Bales of Cotton Marked Plume and con-
signed to R S Mantland of New York and
the said J A Brown having shipped on
his account Twenty three Bales Cotton on
his own account and Twenty six bales
of J P Smith the Twenty three Bales
Marked IPS and the Twenty six Bales
Marked IPS the ~~first~~ Twenty three
Bales marked IPS consigned to R S Mantland
of New York and the Last Twenty six Marked IPS
consigned to Mudda Platt in New York
The said cotton was shipped at the
Freight of three Dollars per Bale
and the same having been
put on board of said Brig ^{R W Brown}
the master of said Brig now expects
five per cent premium and that not
being the custom of this place
the aforesaid J A Brown and
J J Moreno, agent for William
H Wall ^{aforesaid} ~~do~~ declare and Protest
and by these presents doth solemnly
Protest against the Proceeding
of the Master of said Brig
and all other Persons concerned
in any manner whatsoever and

they further declare that they Protest against
the said Brig R W Brown proceeding
to sea until the said Bills of Lading
are signed agreeable to the custom
of this City or that he should again
load the Cargo of such part thereof as
is therein particularly named in the
 foregoing Protest

Subscribed before me this:

14th Day Sept at City J A Brown

Attorney

Not Public

Fernando J Moreno
Agent for W H Wall

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Wm C Lully Master
of the American Schooner Orbit of Charleston
of the burthen of Fifty Tons or thereabouts
declares to have sailed from the port
of Charleston on Monday the 2nd
day of September last having on board
a Cargo of Rice and bound for the
port of Mobile on the 3rd instant repel making much
water and pumps constantly going on the 6th
played up some holes and water came over
the water way seams split the sails and
was constantly repairing them having very
heavy squalls and repel making much
water people constantly at the pumps and
in Key West on the 20th at 5 PM and came
to anchor.

Feeling damage and loss he enters
his note of Protest to be extended when
and where he may think proper to do
so before me this
20th day of September
A D 1844

A Patterson
Notary Public

United States of America
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

By this Public Not
summent of Protest and Declaration
Let it known and
Manifest unto all whom it doth shall

or may concern that on this ~~Twenty~~^{Nineteenth} day of September
in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight hundred
and Twenty four Personally came and appeared
before me Abraham Patterson a Notary Public
duly commissioned and sworn for the Territory and
County aforesaid William C Lully Master of
the Schooner Orbit of Charleston of the burthen
of Fifty Tons or thereabouts who made be-
fore me the aforesaid Notary a note in Entry
of Protest in due form and order

And on this Twenty first of
September the same year again came and ap-
peared the aforesaid W C Lully Master
Thomas Hall Mate James Hunter & Peter Forest

Seaman all of the aforesaid
said Schooner Orbit of Charleston who being
by me the aforesaid Notary solemnly and
severally sworn on the Holy Evangelist of Al-
mighty God do depose and say that they set
sail on board of the aforesaid Schooner Orbit
at the aforesaid port of Charleston on Monday
the Second day of September having on board
a Cargo of Rice and bound for Mobile
Alabama and that nothing material
occurred during the voyage until the
3rd day of September found the repel made
much water at the pump constantly going
5th much the same
the pleasant and smooth the repel made
much water found many places open around
water very leaky. played many holes in
the deck and water came over
the water way seams, on the 7th doubled the
compass showed a heavy sea on
and repel leaking badly. found
the wood cross both sides forward stuck
from the stem spikes and water

150
Came on the 8th with the batteries from the
8th to the 15 beating down along the
Florida shore with head winds and
heavy squalls of rain one or the other
of the sails on deck constantly
for repairs the vessel making so much
water as to keep the pump constantly
going cropped the reef by Cape Florida Light
House at sundown anchored in three fathoms
water abreast of Soldier Key 16th and
18 Raining down inside the reef and anchored
at night. People constantly at the pumps
19th the water gained on the pumps at 7 a m
got in smooth water and cleared the upper
of water at 1 P M Anchored in Key West

And the said appears do further
severally declare and attest that the said scho-
-one Orbit at the time of her departure from
the aforesaid Port of Charleston was tight
staunch and strong that her hatches were
sufficiently caulked and covered and that
she was sufficiently manned and provided
with all things needful and necessary for
the said intended voyage and that the said
appears and ship's Company did their utmost
endeavors to preserve the said schooner and
the goods of her Lading from damage and loss

Wm C. Sully.
Thomas Hall
James L. Hunter
Mark

151
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Therman Mayberry Master
of the Barge Highlander of Providence of the burth
en of Two hundred and thirty five Tons or thereabouts
declares to have sailed from Newport on the 31st day
of October now last past having on board a
Cargo of Potatoes Onions Dry goods Oil &c and bound
for New Orleans. on Sunday the 17th got on
shore on the Tortugas where he lay until Monday
at 4 O'clock was assisted by sloop George Eldridge
and 4 privateers
in lightning ship got off and proceeded for
Key West where he arrived on Sunday 24th
at about 5 O'clock vessel leaking badly.

Fearing damage and loss he enters
this his note of Protest to be extended when
and where he may think proper so to do
Done before me this
25th day of Nov 1844

A. Patterson
Not Pub

Therman Mayberry

To Capt J. Watlington John ^{Master} ~~Wood~~ Ship Master
& James R. Ogden Ship Carpenter.
Gent.

You are requested to repair alongside and
on board of barge Highlander of Providence
Therman Mayberry Master now lying in this port
and examine and survey her hull tackle
apparel and furniture she having been on
shore at Tortugas and make your report
to me in writing as soon as convenient
Given under my hand at Key West
this 25th day of Nov A D 1844

A. Patterson
Not Pub

142
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

Gideon Almy master of the
American Schooner Sea Flower of New Port R.I. of
the burthen of Fifty Seven Tons or thereabouts declares to
have sailed from the Port of New Port on the tenth day of
September now last past having on board a cargo of Onions,
Potatoes &c. and bound for Mobile and Key West; experienced
very severe weather on the passage and received much damage
in sails, rigging &c. and arrived at Key West on Wednesday
the 9th instant.

Fearing damage and loss he enters this his note of Protest
to be extended when and where he may think proper so to do.
Done before me this 9th
day of October A.D. 1844.
A. Patterson
Not. Pub.

The Undersigned, Thomas A. Garding, Ship Master,
John S. Hutchinson, Merchant and Thomas Ogle Carpenter,

143
at the instance of Captain Almy Master of the schooner Sea Flower
of New Port repaired on board of said schooner to ascertain the
extent of damage received by her on the said voyage.

And after a careful and minute examination of her hull
tackle, apparel &c. we find the following viz: her Main Jib with
all the rigging attached gone, Flying Jib and Jib boom and geer
gone, Fore topmast and rigging attached gone Foresail very badly
torn and chafed, fore gaff broke, bulwarks started and in some
places gone mainsail badly split in two places and badly strained
and chafed - the hull somewhat strained and injured.

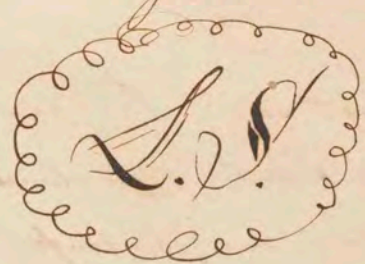
We therefore recommend that such repairs be put upon
her as will enable her to proceed on her intended voyage and that
at the first convenient port, she be supplied with all the above
named articles wanted, and thoroughly repaired.
Sworn to before me this 9th day of October A.D. 1844.

Signed by
Thos. A. Garding
John S. Hutchinson
Thos. Ogle Carpenter

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

I Alexander Patterson Notary Public for
the Territory and County aforesaid do hereby certify that
the foregoing documents are true and correct copies of the
original as recorded in my notarial book of records ("B")

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand
and seal of Office at Key West this ninth day of
October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and forty four.



Alexander Patterson
Not. Pub.

Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

William Hudson Master

of the Brittish Brig Victoria of Nassau of
the burthen of one hundred and Nine Tons
or thereabouts declares to have sailed from
the Port of Nassau on Tuesday the 24th day
of September 1844, having on board a few Cask
of Poter some Logwood &c and bound for
Key West had pleasant weather on the
Passage and arrived at Key West on the
30th and came to anchor in the Stream
where we were obliged to lay some days
in consequence of its blowing fresh on the
4th of Oct hauled into the wharf and landed
some Freight on the morning of the 5th Commenced
blowing very heavily the Brig made
well fast

Fearing damage and loss
he enters this his note of Protest to be exten-
ded when and where he may think proper
to do.

Done before me this
7th day of October
A.D. 1844

W^m Hudson

A Patterson
Not Pub

The undersigned John
D Wood Ship Master Francisco H de Echea Merchant
and Samuel Haney Ship Carpenter in Comp-
liance with an Order from Capt Hudson
Master of the Brig Victoria of Nassau To
repair on board of said Brig Victoria to
ascertain the extent of damage sustained

by her in consequence of the gale of the 5th
Inst. she being in the Harbour of Key West.

Report. Figure head gone and cut water
entirely gone, stem badly chaffed and cut, the
starboard bow badly chaffed and in some
places cut through, the forward chain plates
three of them broken and three badly bent,
the starboard side fore and aft. badly chaffed,
monkey Rail forward entirely gone gangways
bulwarks starboard part, entirely gone quarter gal-
ley on starboard side entirely gone copper on
the starboard side above water badly chaffed
and in many places off, rudder rubbing, curved
work on stem, partly gone stem clairs and,
stern Boat gone; the starboard bow chaffed
the bulwarks on the starboard bow stem in
and gone in several places, the Flying Jib
boom, and Jib boom and Spitsail yard gone
with thin rigging, bowsprit shrouds and the
masting all gone, the lower booms standing
sail booms, boom trons and fore top Gallant
mast gone sails materially injured, with
the Lof of the Jib, flying Jib badly chaffed
one new hauser entirely destroyed (being cut
in several places.) running rigging, materially
injured round house aft partially damaged
and copper on starboard bow more or less in-
jured. — We therefore recommend that
such repairs be put upon her as will
enable her to proceed on her voyage to
Nassau there to be thoroughly repaired,
I sworn to before me this
Seventh day of October

A.D. 1844

A Patterson

Notary Public

John D. Wood

146
United States of America
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

By this Public
Instrument of Protest and Declaration
It is known and made
manifest unto all whom it doth shall
or may concern that on the Tenth day
of October in the year of Our Lord One thou-
sand Eight hundred and forty four Personally
came and appeared before me Alexander
Patterson a notary Public duly Commission-
ed and sworn William Hudson Master
of the British Brig Victoria of Nassau
W.F. ~~after~~ the burthen of One hundred
and nine Tons or thereabouts who made
before me the aforesaid notary a note
in Entry of Protest in due form

And on this Tenth day of October
same year again came and appeared
before me the aforesaid Notary the said
William Hudson Master Robert Dredge Mate
Jamez Belthel Eduard Myer & Demuth Seaman all of
the aforesaid Brig Victoria who being by
me the aforesaid Notary solemnly and
severally sworn on the holy Evangelist of
Almighty God do depose and say that they
set sail on board of the aforesaid Brig
Victoria at the Port of Nassau on Tuesday
the 24th day of September now last past and
having on board a small portion of Cargo
and bount for Key West. pleasant weather
on the passage and arrived at Key West on
Monday the 30th and came to Anchor
in the Harbour when we lay until the

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morning of the fourth it blowing so strong
we could not get to the wharf hauled in
on the morning of the 4th and discharged the
amount of cargo to be landed. The Brig well
made fast. Latter part of this day weather
threatening having every appearance of a heavy
flow took every precaution for the safety of
the Brig so Ends

Saturday the 5th Commenced strong
gales cloudy with rain at day light commenced
blowing heavy and increased to a tremendous
hurricane. at about mid day the Brig started
from the wharf tearing up the wharf and
taking part of it with her and drifted in
in between the two wharves and brot up
alongside of green wharf ^{with two anchors dropped.} the wind at this
time from about N.W.W got out fast I hurried
by to secure her she being then four of the
thorn of the Schooner Empire every exertion
was used to get her astern but of no avail
carried away head cut water lib boom spirt
sail yard flying lib boom and every thing attac-
-ked in a very short time the Schooner was
cut down and sunk and her stem decks
and every part of her cut down by the Brig
to her mainmast she being against the Stone
bulk head forward and the Brig on the top
of her forging her ahead. the Brig Copper
forward runy badly cut and on starboard
side above water fore and aft. when losing
the head gave the first top gallant mast went
over the side the Brig at this ^{time} thrown almost
-set on top of the wharf every sea and it
was impossible to keep a fence between
her and the wharf. her side badly cha-
ffered fore and aft and in some places

though the Quater Gallies knocked off
chain plates Broken Sails and Stem
Boat gone and much other damage
at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon the
gale abated had it continued one hour
longer at its height the Brig must have
sunk at the wharf

And therefore the said
appears do further severally declare
and attest that the said Brig Victoria
at the time of her departure from the
aforesaid Port of Nassau was tight staunch
and strong and was full and sufficiently
manned and provided with all things need-
ful and necessary for the said intended voyage
and that the said appears and Ships Company
are their utmost endeavours to preserve the
said Brig and the goods of her lading from
damage and Loss.

Wm Hudson

Robert A Dudgeon
Duncan his Bethel
mark

Edward Meyer
John Demeritt

And therefore the said William Hudson did declare and
protest and by these presents doth solemnly Protest against all and
every person or persons whatever or whom it doth shall or may concern
and doth declare that all damages, losses and detriments that have
happened to the said Brig are and of right ought to be borne by the
Merchants, Insurers and all others concerned in any manner whatsoever by
way of average or otherwise, the same having occurred as before mentioned, and
not by or through the insufficiency of said vessel, the neglect of said appearer or any
of his mariners.

This done and protested at
Key West this tenth day of October in the year

of our Lord
L.S.

One thousand eight hundred and forty four -
In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand
and seal of Office at Key West the day and year last
above written - Signed

Alexander Patterson
Not Pub

William Hudson master, Robert A Dudgeon mate, Duncan
Bethel, Edward Meyer John Demeritt seamen all of the aforesaid Brig
Victoria of Nassau N. P. being by me the aforesaid Notary, solemnly
and severally sworn on the holy evangelists of Almighty God do depose
and say that the foregoing instrument of Protest hath been clearly and
distinctly read over to them the said deponents, and that the matters and
things therein contained are just and true in all respects as the same
are therein particularly alleged declared and set forth.

L.S.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my
hand and seal of Office at Key West this tenth
day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and forty four -

Signed

Alexander Patterson

A Lone Empress.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes from St. Petersburg: "The Empress is regent of the empire in the absence of the Emperor at the seat of war. Her Majesty is a woman of strong understanding and fine education. She was reared with the expectation of being married into the reigning family of Russia. She is distinguished for kindness of heart, benevolence and amiability of character. Her gay and cheerful disposition is in marked contrast with the habitual melancholy of Alexander. His Majesty would have avoided the war had not the Slavist party been too powerful for him to resist. Since he has been forced into it, he has been oppressed with sorrow at the immense sacrifice of life it has occasioned, the unskillful manner in which it has been conducted, and the corrupt practices which have characterized every branch of the military administration. As I wrote in a previous letter, he is not willing to return to St. Petersburg until the honor of his arms have been redeemed by successes which will obliterate the memory of past reverses. All the Imperial Princes are with him. He lives in a Bulgarian hovel, the midst of all kinds of discomforts, as his sons are housed in tents which, rainy weather, are enveloped by sea of mud. The great palace at the capital with their luxurious equipments are, for the most part, closed, the Empress dining in her own apartments. There are no receptions, no balls and no court entertainments of any kind. Some of the large rooms are occupied by the Red Cross Society, who, under the superintendence of the Empress, daily meet there to prepare lint, bandages and stores of different kinds for the relief of the Russian wounded. Her Majesty plies the needle as dextrously as the noble dames under her orders, and sets an ample of Christian charity that all seek to emulate. Regent though she be, she rarely presides over a council, and leaves everything to Count Miliutin, the Minister of War."

150
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West

John Mattet

master of the American Ship Atlantic
of New York of the burthen of seven
hundred Tons or thereabouts declares
to have sailed from the Port of Liverpool
England on the 4th day of September hav-
ing on board a cargo of salt and dry
goods and bound for New Orleans had
pleasant weather most of the passage
on the 4th day of October just got on shore
on the Florida Reef the weather very
thick & Rainy and blowing Fresh when
she lay to till for about 3 hours when
she beat over the reef came to an
anchor it blowing a complete Hurric-
ane. cut away the masts and rode it
out. was assisted by wreckers in saving
Cargo & and arrived at Key West on
Sunday 13th Just and came to anchor

Leaving damage and loss he
enters this his note of Protest to be ex-
tended when and where he may think
proper so to do

Done before me this
14th day of October 1844

A. Patterson
Not Pub

J. Mallat

151
The Undersigned, John D. Wood and Francis Watlington Shipmasters,
Asa J. Tift Merchant and Samuel Harvey Ship Carpenter in compliance
with an order of survey from Alexander Patterson Esquire Not. Pub. dated
Key West Oct. 14th 1844. to repair on board and examine the condition of
the Ship Atlantic Mattet master, as she now lies in this Port - she having
been ashore on the Florida reef - We Report - same day repaired on

board said vessel, and after a careful and impartial examination, and from
the evidence of the Master, corroborated by many of her passengers, We find the
Ship went ashore on Friday the 1st Oct. Inst. at 4.30 P.M. blowing fresh and
squally she thumping heavily - Succeeded in heaving her afloat at 1.30 o'clock Am
Saturday 5th The wind increased to a violent gale it became necessary to let go
best bower and stream, at 7 o'clock P.M. it blowing a hurricane, Parted small bower
chain and stream cable - It became necessary to cut away the mast for the
preservation of the ship and lives, at 7.30 P.M. cut away the lanyards of main
and fore Rigging when the masts went over the side, carrying the Mizzen mast
head, topmast &c. jib boom, cap and end of bowsprit with them - Immediately after
cutting away the masts, the ship drove on the Reef, where she lay thumping violently
and leaking very badly - during the severity of the gale, and until the 9th Inst. at
4 O.C. P.M. when we, a second time succeeded in getting her afloat; Immediately after
the gale on the wreckers having come to our assistance, manned the pumps afresh (she
then having six feet water in her hold) and after severe labor succeeded
in freeing her, and keeping her so, by keeping both pumps constantly going - until
our arrival in this port yesterday the 13th Inst. at o'clock P.M.

The situation of the Ship as she now lies in this port is such as to
corroborate the testimony above stated - Her entire masts, spars, standing and
running rigging, sails &c. entirely lost, with exception of Mizzen Rigging, crossjackyard
broke off of ends about 12 ft. and stump of mizzen mast which are much injured
Small bower anchor and nearly the whole chain - stream do and nearly the whole
cable lost - Bowsprit cap gone and end of bowsprit wrong off - The hull showing
much strain in starboard side and hogged - Larboard side not quite so much -
Waterways strained - The copper at the waters edge and in sight very much chaffed
and cut in places - The cargo consisting of Salt very much nearly if not entirely all
destroyed by being dissolved; and from the length of time the ship was ashore; and
from the evidence of divers employed to examine her bottom - their report of which is
hereunto attached; and from the severity of the Hurricane, the length of time the
Ship was ashore and the dangerous reef on which she grounded, we are of the

opinion that her bottom is severely if not vitally injured -

In testimony of which we have hereunto
subscribed our names this 14 day of Oct
A.D. 1844 -

William Roberts
John Pinder
Wm Cuny

I Having been employed to dive under the
bottom of the American Ship Atlantic Mallet master, she
having been ashore on the Florida Reef, Do Report under oath -
That, (the water being too thick & muddy to see any part of
the damage) by feeling with our hands ascertained the fore foot
and false keel entirely gone, the main keel much cut and
chafed by the rocks - & in many places only from two to three inches
of it remaining clear of the garboard - found on the larboard side
forward in the seam next the garboard a hole cut entirely through
the plank which we filled with bagging & soap intending to stop
the leak -

The Copper sheathing much cut & chafed in places
throughout the bottom -

(Signed)

Wm ^{his}
mark Robert

John ^{his}
mark Pinder

Wm ^{his}
mark Cuny

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourteenth
day of October A.D. one thousand eight hundred and
forty four -

United States of America
Territory of Florida
County of Monroe
City of Key West
of protest and declaration

ss: By this public instrument

Be it known and made manifest
unto all whom it doth shall or may concern that on this fourteenth
day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and forty four personally came and appeared before
me Alexander Patterson a Notary Public duly Commissioned and
sworn for the territory and County aforesaid John Mallet master
of the American Ship Atlantic of New York of the burthen
of seven hundred tons or thereabouts who made before me the
aforesaid Notary a note ⁱⁿ and entry of protest in due form and
order

And on this nineteenth day of October in the same
year again came and appeared the said John Mallet master
Minors & McQuinn mate Daniel Beebe 2^d mate

Nicholas Turner seamen all of the aforesaid ship Atlantic
of New York who being by me the aforesaid notary solemnly and
severally sworn on the holy evangelists of Almighty God do depose
and say that they set sail on board of the aforesaid ship Atlantic
of New York from the port of Liverpool England on the fourth day
of September now last past, having on board a cargo of salt, dry
goods &c and bound for New Orleans Louisiana and that nothing
material occurred during the voyage worthy of note here until Friday
October the 4th 1844.

This day commenced with moderate breezes and
clear pleasant weather At 4 P.M. the Moggell rock bore abeam distance
about 1 1/2 mile at 4 P.M. took in all studding sails and braced up
sharp on the wind - At 6 P.M. Cat Key light bore per compass E.S.E.
distance about 8 miles; Midnight light breeze and cloudy Cat Key light
bore per compass N.E. 1/4 E. distance about 14 miles At 3 A.M.
squally with heavy rain, took in fore main and mizen top gallant sail,
flying jib and main top mast stay sail, hauled up the main sail and
lowered the Spanker down, at 4 A.M. set main top gallant sail and
main sail, at 6 Do set fore top gallant sail and spanker, at 9 A.M.

Some of the monasteries of Italy and France will send curious inventions to the Paris Exhibition. A Florentine friar has constructed a watch only a quarter of an inch in diameter. It has not only a third hand to mark the seconds, but a microscopic dial which indicates the days of the week and month, and the proper dates. It also contains an alarm, and on its front cover an ingeniously cut figure of St. Francis of Assisi. On the back cover two verses of the "Te Deum" are distinctly cut. A monastery in Brittany, France, will contribute a plain looking mahogany table, with an inlaid draughts or chess board on the surface. The inventor sets the pieces for a game of chess, and sits alone at one side of the board. He plays cautiously, and the opposite pieces move automatically and sometimes checkmate him. There is no mechanism apparent beneath the table top, which seems to be a solid mahogany board.

LIGHTNING STRIKING DOWN AN INCORRIGIBLE SCOFFER IN A HOUSE OF PRAYER.—A startling event that occurred on Wednesday night last in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Leiter's Ford, Indiana, is regarded by many people in that State as a direct interposition of Divine Providence for the punishment of the scoffer. A revival had been in progress in the church for two weeks. Elias Bidinget, a married man, about twenty-five years of age, and Robert King, had been disturbing the meetings by making sport of those who led the services. On Wednesday night about seventy-five persons were present. During the exercises Bidinget and King began to create a disturbance. Mr. Jones, the minister, went to expostulate with them, laid his hand upon Bidinget's shoulder and urged him to change his way of life. Bidinget replied with an oath that he would never change his ways. A few moments afterward, while Michael Shadle, a member of the congregation was leading in prayer, lightning flashed into the church, extinguished all the lights, killed Bidinget, and prostrated King upon the floor. King, as soon as he returned to consciousness, called upon the spectators to pray for him, and declared himself converted. The occurrence resulted in swelling greatly the ranks of sinners seeking salvation into that church.

SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION AMONG THE INDIANS.—The fact that a sewing machine had been purchased by some Indians was mentioned in the *Bee* a day or two ago as proof that civilization was advanced among the red men. The machine was purchased from the agent about two months ago by Henry Rice Hill, Chief of the Winnebagoes and Captain of the Indian police of Dakota county, for his daughter, aged eighteen years. The family have been living in camp near Florence Lake, for about two months past, and during that time the daughter, who is rather good looking, and who dresses in Indian style, has visited the rooms in this city to receive instructions in operating the machine. At times she was accompanied by a dozen or more of her folks, who wanted to see the machine work. Having become proficient in its management the machine was, a day or two ago, taken to her home. We suppose that she will now subscribe for a ladies' fashion monthly. Her father is very proud of her, and will no doubt soon buy her a piano.—*Omaha Bee*

Dean Stanley has been telling a story of his own boyhood and Gladstone's. "There is a small school near Liverpool," he said, "in which Mr. Gladstone was brought up before he went to Eton. A few years afterwards another little boy proceeded to that same school—a little boy whose name I will not mention, but who subsequently went when a young man to see its master, and in the course of conversation with that master, he said to him: 'There is one thing in which I have not in the slightest degree improved since I quitted your establishment, and that is casting up figures.' Well, the old master replied, 'nobody could have been more incapable than you were at school with your arithmetic, but I will tell you a very curious circumstance: Mr. Gladstone, when he was here, was just as bad at casting up figures as you were, and are; but you now see what he has become.' When it was that the right honorable gentleman was enabled to master his former incapacity and to become the great arithmetician whom we all know he is, I am not aware; but the change did take place, and I have found in it a striking example and a cheering encouragement to those who are dull in youth not to despair."

The Czarina of Russia had not seen the Czarowitz, her husband, for eight months when she surprised him lately by meeting him unexpectedly at Dunaburg. She arrives first—a bright young lady, resembling her sister, the Princess of Wales, but looking rather stronger. An onlooker gives an animated description of the scene: Though courteous to all, the Czarina is evidently nervously impatient for the arrival of her husband. She has not much longer to wait; all at once the shouting outside begins, her face becomes radiant, and, wrapping herself in the magnificent rotonde of blue fox fur, she hurries to the platform, amid renewed hurrahs and clamorous cries of joy. Her eyes are eagerly fixed on the two red globes of the approaching engine—there is a shrill whistle, much puffing of steam and the train rolls slowly into the station. The Czarowitz, little guessing the surprise in store for him, descends, saluting as he passes the long file of soldiers drawn up on the platform. Suddenly he sees her; then all else is forgotten—the station, the soldiers, the crowd of people—and the wife is in her husband's arms, held in a long embrace. Then, like a roar of thunder, louder than the last, burst forth deafening shouts, mixing up with the national hymn.

"The Law of Papal Guarantees."

St. Louis Republic.

According to late advices from Rome, King Humbert will only give his consent to the formation of a new cabinet "on condition that the foreign policy remain unchanged, and the law of Papal guarantees and the fundamental laws of the State be maintained." So far as the law of Papal guarantees is concerned, this announcement is simply an endorsement of the recent decision of the Council of State, which declared that said law is practically a part of the constitution, and therefore cannot be repealed, modified or repudiated. As the relation between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in Italy hinge on these guarantees, a brief summary of them will be interesting. They were made necessary by the consummation of Italian unity in the establishment of the capital at Rome, and the consequent abolition of the temporal power of the Papacy.

There are nineteen articles. The first three relate directly to the supreme Pontiff. They affirm the inviolability of his person and provide the same penalties for assaults upon him, or conspiracies with intent to assault, that are attached to similar offences against the King. Everywhere within Italian territory he is entitled to, and must be received with, the honors of royalty. The fourth and fifth articles settle upon him an annual income of about \$650,000, and assign for his perpetual use the palaces of the Vatican and the Lateran and the villa of Castel Gandolfo—the latter some fifteen miles from Rome. The sixth article secures the personal liberty of the Cardinals during the interregnum caused by the death of the Pope, and promises government protection to conclaves and Ecumenical Councils. The seventh and eighth articles forbid the entrance of police or other civil officials into any Papal residence, conclave or council without the permission of the Pope; and also prohibit the seizure or examination of all papers relating to the spiritual sovereignty of the Holy See. The ninth article insures to the Pope the full exercise of all his spiritual functions without interference or supervision by the civil power. The tenth article protects all ecclesiastical agents, who may assist the Pope in these functions, from judicial inquiry and prosecution. The eleventh article places those envoys who may be accredited by foreign governments to the Papal court on the same diplomatic footing with envoys to the court of the King. The twelfth article protects the Pope's correspondence from scrutiny or detention. The thirteenth article exempts the ecclesiastical seminaries in Rome from the surveillance of the Minister of Public Education. The last six articles are devoted to the relations between Church and State. There are to be no restrictions on the meeting of priests. The government has nothing to do with clerical appointments, or with the authorization of clerical edicts. No appeal can be made to the civil power against any spiritual or disciplinary acts of the ecclesiastical authorities, but the civil power neither executes nor recognizes them. No ecclesiastical enactments in opposition to civil laws, or injurious to public order or private rights, are permitted.

Thus far the Italian Government has faithfully observed the guarantees, and the declaration of King Humbert in regard to them—supplementing, as it does, the decision of the Council of State—shows that they will be respected and enforced in the future as in the past. The Papal policy under the late Pope ignored them altogether, thereby rendering any union between the church and the State impossible. It remains to be seen whether Leo XIII. will imitate the example of his predecessor in this respect.

A GOOD STORY.

Alex. H. Stephens and Bob Toombs.

New York World.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennet for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter, Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennet side and Robert Toombs, then Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved the number of his visits, their value according to local custom, and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it.

"No," said Peter, "I hired you to speak in my case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stephens told him to make a speech himself if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter Bennet, "if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me."

Senator Toombs promised, and Peter began: "Gentlemen of the Jury: You and I are plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these 'ere lawyers and doctors will git the advantage of us. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place; but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury."

"Now this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him to come an' to doctor my wife's sore leg. And he come an' put some salve truck onto it and some rags, but never done it one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors, sure enough, but this man don't earn his money; and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did, for a negro boy as was worth \$1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"I don't!" thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter, with slow accents of a Judge with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded: "As I was sayin', gentlemen of the jury, we farmers when we sell our cotton has got to give vally for the money we ask, and doctors ain't none too good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor, no how."

The physician again put in his oar with: "Look at my diploma if you think I am no doctor."

"His diploma!" exclaimed the new-fledged orator, with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheepskin, and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man who now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I p'int out to ye that he ain't no doctor at all."

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out: "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor!"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, "an' she said as how she thought you wasn't."

"Ask my other patients," said Doctor Royston.

This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied with a look and tone of unutterable sadness: "That is a hard saying, gentlemen of the jury, and one that requires me to die or to have powers as I've heard tell ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the Angel Gabriel down to toot his horn before his time and cry aloud: 'Awake, ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice?' Am I to go to the lonely churchyard and rap on the silent tomb, and say to um as is at last at rest from physic and doctor bills: 'Git up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was buried up by some doctors?' He says ask his patients, and gentlemen of the jury, they are all dead! Where is Mrs. Beazly's man Sam? Go ask the worms in the graveyard where he lies! Mr. Peake's woman Sarah was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed, and he had the corpse ready. Where is that likely Bill as belonged to Mr. Mitchell? Now in glory, a' expressin' his opinion on 'Royston's doctorin'! Where is that baby gal of Harry Stephens? She are where doctors cease from troublin' and the angels are at rest."

JUDGE LEONARD'S CUBAN MISSION.

A Romance in Real Life Ends in Despondency and Death.

A New York Times special from Washington says: The visit of Judge Leonard to Havana was purely personal and private, and was of a peculiarly interesting, delicate and romantic character. Some time ago, at the city of New Orleans, he met a young lady, a native of Cuba, who was visiting this country with her parents, and between whom and Judge Leonard a warm attachment sprang up, which ripened into love. A marriage engagement was the result, but the parents of the young lady, in consequence of her youth, opposed the match, and Judge Leonard was not permitted to see the object of his affections except in the presence of her parents. When the time arrived for the departure of the Cuban and his family from New Orleans the young lady manifested some reluctance to return home, but an arrangement was finally made by which she and Judge Leonard were to be permitted to hold free and unrestricted correspondence through the mails. After her departure Judge Leonard wrote her several letters, to which no answers were received, which naturally annoyed him very much, and gave rise to the suspicion that his letters had been intercepted and the young lady prevented from communicating with him. After a long interval he received a brief letter from the lady, which simply stated that she had not heard from him since her return to Cuba, and that she could not hear from him. This brief letter bore evidence of having been hurriedly written, and its broken and soiled condition led Judge Leonard to suspect that it had been carried some distance by a negro to be secretly mailed. After writing other letters and waiting anxiously for replies, he became convinced that the parents of the lady were not acting in good faith, and he determined to visit Cuba. A week or two before his departure he called on the President, and, informing him of his trouble, requested the President to write a personal letter to the Consul General requesting him to ascertain, if possible, the situation and whereabouts of the lady. The President did so, and in due time Judge Leonard received a cable dispatch from Havana, which informed him that "Maria had been sent to a plantation in the country." This dispatch was not signed by the Consul General, but bore the name of a party unknown to Judge Leonard. This added to his perplexity, and he determined to set out at once for Cuba. He called on Senator Mantilla, the Spanish Minister at Washington, and making known to him his trouble, obtained a letter from that official to the Captain General of Cuba, recommending him to do whatever was proper to aid Judge Leonard in his delicate mission. The sympathies of Mrs. Mantilla were also enlisted in behalf of Judge Leonard, and that lady wrote such a letter as a lady should write in such a case, urging the Captain General to do everything possible to unite the lovers. With these letters Judge Leonard sailed for Havana, where he duly arrived. Nothing has been heard from him directly until to-day, when a friend in this city received a letter written by him from Havana on March 7th, in which he said he had seen the lady in presence of her parents. No details as to the success of his mission were furnished, but from the general tone of despondency pervading the letter his friend believes he failed to obtain the consent of the parents to his addresses to their daughter.

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set man the lower Octo same from stay over anch cham and along ship the same wate rowe fet down main Royal yard to yards and paid out 70 feet Saturday Oct 5th 1844. Cir At 2 P.M. commenced blowing heavy rain, stove quarter boat all our sails, at 7 P.M. the stream hauer ship driving to on the bottom in the hollow At 7.30 pm wind from N. She drifted on Commenced in the pump well - Ship m Commenced moderating at day light moderate breeze cleared away the long boat and got her ready to put over the side - got quarter boat over. at 9 A.M. Capt. Mallet went after a wrecker, the Light ship boat came alongside and took aboard the light ship 5 Cabin and 2 stowage passengers - Crew and passengers variously employed getting Cargo and fresh water out of the lower hold - Mer. took an altitude of the sun Latitude 25° 13' North, Light ship bearing 6 points N. by E. dist 3 1/2 miles

Horace Greeley as a Borrower.

N. Y. Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.

Much has been said of late concerning Greeley's folly in lending such enormous sums to worthless applicants who only repaid him with ingratitude. This was a remarkable weakness, but it may to a certain degree be explained. Greeley was, during the first seven years of his New York life, a poverty-stricken adventurer, who failed in every effort. He had many hopes of making the *New Yorker* a success, and, indeed, it was the best weekly ever published in this city, but it was swamped by the hard times which followed the panic of 1837. In 1840, he found himself without a dollar, and was glad to engage in the service of the Whig party as editor of the *Log Cabin*.

The salary was twenty dollars per week for six months, which was considered very liberal pay. When the campaign was over Greeley determined to start the *Tribune*, but unfortunately he had no capital. He tried every way possible to obtain a moneyed partner, but was unsuccessful. McElrath had a few hundred dollars, and at last Greeley was glad to accept him, especially as he was a ready business man. When all other applications had failed, the ambitious editor remembered a noted resident of Jersey City who had large resources, and he determined to try another effort. He therefore made a call on this man (the late Dudley S. Gregory), and having mentioned his case, asked for the loan of \$1,000. Alternate hopes and fears moved his breast until he saw Gregory fill up a check for the amount, and the editor departed with a light heart. This loan enabled him to start the *Tribune*, which was the great success of his life, and gratitude so wrought upon him that he determined never to refuse any similar application. This rule not only bound him permanently, but its power so increased that at last he lost all ability to refuse. He paid Gregory with his first earnings, and after that he lent indiscriminately to all who cared to bleed him. When a loan was solicited, he always recalled the scene when he, too, was a borrower. He remembered how he then felt the immense importance of those little words, yes and no. If Gregory had uttered the latter, the *Tribune* might never have been more than a young editor's dream. That fatal word, however, was not spoken, and Greeley ever afterward followed Gregory's example, though it cost him one hundred times the amount of the original loan.

A BONANZA QUEEN'S JEWELS.

Mrs. Bell's \$250,000 of Glittering Gems in a Maiden Lane Firm's Vaults.

New York Sun.

A few days ago the *Sun* printed an account, taken from the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of the real wardrobe prepared by Worth, of Paris, for a bonanza queen from the Pacific coast, who is about to visit Europe for an extended tour. The wardrobe is the finest owned by any lady on the American continent, and cost a fabulous sum of money. The lady referred to is Mrs. T. P. Bell, of San Francisco. She is a native of Boston, is about twenty-eight years of age, and the wife of Mr. Bell, one of the directors of the Bank of California. He is also largely interested in silver mines with Wood, O'Brien, Mackey, and others, and is said to have an income of \$60,000 a week. Mrs. Bell is now at the Hoffman House in this city, and will start for Europe about the 1st of April. She appeared at the charity ball, flashing with diamonds from the crown of her head to the buckles on her shoes, and created an immense sensation. Few knew who she was, and fewer still the value of the gems she displayed. Her jewels are now in the vaults of a Maiden Lane jewelry firm for safe keeping, and to undergo some alterations before her departure for the Old World. A reporter of the *Sun* was permitted an inspection of this glittering array yesterday. The sight was dazzling. It is the largest and most costly collection of gems owned by any one lady in the United States.

There is a stomacher and chateleine of diamonds that is perfectly bewildering to look upon. In the golden belt alone are 850 diamonds. The chateleine is composed of stars and crescents of exquisite workmanship, descending to the bottom of the skirt. It contains 1,973 diamonds. A tiara of diamonds is fashioned into crosses, with one huge black pearl in the centre that alone cost \$5,000. There are two armlets, with star pendants of diamonds to match the stomacher, each containing fifty large stones. Two bracelets matching the last named article contain gems of the purest water, weighing from two to four carats each. A necklace of huge stones and star pendants cost \$76,000. The central "spark" weighs in carats, and other stones weigh from three to eight carats each. None are of less weight than three carats. There are just 240 diamonds in this trifling article of adornment.

A large emerald and diamond necklace of magnificent workmanship, has two hundred and fifty large diamonds and an equal number of emeralds. There are large diamond and emerald ear drops to match the above. Bracelets of emeralds and diamonds complete this set. An article of adornment that would make half of Murray Hill sigh with envy is a coral and diamond necklace. The coral is of a fine pink hue, and the diamonds are of large size and great brilliancy, attaining a striking and dazzling contrast. Ear drops and two bracelets of the same complete the set. A butterfly hair ornament has the body of the insect composed of a fine long pearl of yellowish white. Pearls, sapphires, rubies and emeralds compose the wings. There is a second butterfly hair ornament. A fine large opal, of magnificent colors, compose the body, while the wings are made of diamonds, pearls and rubies, arranged to represent the national colors. A vinaigrette of solid Roman gold has a solitary diamond in the centre resembling a fair sized calcium light. In this superb collection are such trifles as two sapphire diamond eardrops, weighing eleven and a half carats each, which cost \$50,000; a chateleine watch set in gold with turquoise diamonds and rubies; four magnificent diamond and sapphire rings; and two large diamond shoe buckles to match the necklace. The total value of this fortune in jewels is \$250,000. It is to be expected that this product of the American bonanza era will make a sensation when she appears not alone among the effete monarchies of the other side, but in the English and French capitals as well. It is understood that she will endeavor to make life endurable abroad by the aid of such accessories as a \$100,000 letter of credit, maids, nurses, and so on.

HAYES PICTURED BY A FRIENDLY PEN.—In the White House sits a man of mediocre ability and attainments, one whom I believe to be thoroughly honest and sincere in his purposes, possessing much sound sense and judgment, with not a little appreciation of the popular necessities of the time, but weak and wavering in action, hesitating and unreliable in pursuing even his avowed ends. Confessedly the compromise candidate of his party, he owes his position not to the vote of his countrymen, but to a fortuitous and unprecedented series of events, to a second compromise of absolute justice with public necessity. Recognizing this fact, appreciating the shadow which darkens his title, President Hayes was bound by every dictate of honor, by every motive of expediency, to administer his office primarily for the benefit of the whole people, without special regard to party interest. Such seems to have been his desire and such the governing principle of his course, and yet how widely he has failed to come up to the just expectations of his most sincere well-wishers, even to the standard of his own avowed purposes, is only too apparent.

Fiction in the Bible?

Dr. Holland's Editorial in Scribner's for March.

The oldest novel in existence is probably the Book of Job. We presume there may be some men left who still read the Book of Job as a veritable history, but those who are capable of judging will simply place it at the head of the realm of fiction. That it is divinely inspired we do not dispute. Indeed, the establishment of its divine inspiration as a fact, rather than the acceptance of it as a matter of faith, would only strengthen the position we have always held, viz., that the highest fiction is that which the most competently carries the most valuable burden of truth. The writer of the Book of Job was a man who, in the dawn, as it were, of human history, revolved in a catholic, cultured and reverent mind the unequal dealings of God with men. Why did the good man have trouble? Job was an excellent man, "perfect and upright," stripped of every good, and the art by which the writer presents him as, one after another, his possessions are taken from him, and his friends discuss with him the great problem that vexes him, with all the machinery of dialogues between the Almighty and Satan, and the Almighty and Job himself, surpasses all the art of later times. Such imaginations and such descriptions, such conversations and arguments, such marvelous characterizations as are to be found in this great book can be found nowhere else in the whole range of literature. It is a book that has commanded admiration as well as the profound reverence of the greatest men who have ever lived, and it is a novel in all its essential features, even though we call it a poem.

The Book of Revelation is a novel, so far as it is an attempt to convey the truth through typical forms and scenes and events. It is no record of facts, but a panoramic representation of conceptions addressed to the imagination. In short, it is a fiction of art—what ever may be its origin, whether divine or human—by which certain great, shadowy thoughts and ideas are attempted to be represented to the mental apprehensions or the faith of men. There are many devout believers in the inspiration of the ancient Scriptures who regard the story of the creation and the fall of Adam, rehearsed in the Book of Genesis, as anything but a literal representation of historic facts. The essential truth is in the narrative, but it is represented in such a way that the simplest mind can apprehend and make use of it. The Song of Solomon is a very exquisite essay in the art of fiction. If the books of Esther and Ruth are historical, they are certainly nothing to us but stories with morals, and very strong and beautiful stories they are. The names of Ashurbanus and Mordecai, and Haman and Esther are nothing but names to the present reading world, which mean no more than those of Daniel Deronda and Ralph Nickleby and Clarissa Harlowe. Boaz and Ruth might be Abelard and Heloise, or any other lovers. The two stories are to us simply stories, having no significance beyond a particular form of art by which they convey to us the moral lessons with which they are charged.

I have heretofore set my office at Key West this tenth year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

Richard Patterson
No. 111 Pity

THE FLORIDA WAR.

A Relic of the Olden Time—The Muster Roll of the Richmond Hussars and Richmond Blues in the Campaign of 1836.

The following from the *Augusta Evening News* will be of interest to our general readers:

A valuable and interesting souvenir of days that are gone has been presented the Richmond Hussars by Captain Pritchard, of the Washington Artillery. It is an engraving representing the departure of the Augusta volunteers for Florida, in 1836.

The steamer is just leaving the wharf, and the waving and cheering of the crowd on the bridge and banks, coupled with the cannon's roar, makes a parting salute. An extract from the journal of a volunteer in the Florida campaign of '36 is annexed, explaining the departure and scene.

The muster rolls of the two companies—the Richmond Blues and the Richmond Hussars—are annexed, and all the names are well known in Augusta. Most of the brave men are gone, and very few are now left with us.

Among those still living we find the names of Captain Robertson, Corporals M. P. Stovall and John B. Campbell; Henry R. Casey, James M. Dye, Joseph Marshall, Wm. McLaughlin, who is now an active member of the Oglethorpe Infantry; General M. A. Stovall, who was the youngest of the party, being then only fifteen years old; Alexander C. Walker and Wm. T. Thompson, now the veteran editor of the *Savannah News*.

These men are well known in Augusta, and are among the most prominent in the community and State. Then they were dashing, brave young fellows, with life's battles untried, full of enthusiasm and freshness of youth. The Blues were commanded by Capt. F. M. Robertson, who is now a physician in Charleston, and the Hussars by Capt. Samuel Bones.

The relic is highly prized by Captain Clark, of the Hussars, and it has a conspicuous place in their elegant hall. It is neatly framed with an outer rim of red typical of the donor, Captain Pritchard, Augusta's artilleryman, and an inner rim of black, in memory of the brave men who fought and fell in their enthusiastic devotion to their country.

Jolly Tars on a Land Cruise.

During the autumn of 1836, a first class frigate was paid off at the Washington navy yard—an unusual thing, because it was not a depot. The city was taken by storm by the discharged men, and one may say that business was suspended for a week. A party would hire a hack, fill it, and two or three climb upon the roof, or as they termed it, the deck, and ride about town, occasionally stopping at a groggery to "stow ballast."

Of course they attended the theatre. The old National, now no more, was then in its glory. One evening the play was "The Bleeding Nun." When she comes upon the stage, and, alluding to the murderer, exclaims: "Alas, he has escaped!"—"No!" sang out a sailor in the pit, "there he is behind that door! we'll catch him for you!" and with that, leading a forlorn hope, he rushed on, captured, and dragged the trembling disciple of Thespis to the footlights, and the interference of the manager only prevented them from summarily punishing him.

President John Quincy Adams was a warm friend of the drama. At this time he was a nightly attendant. The tars found out some how or other, that he was in the house, and cheers were proposed. The cheering lasted an hour; when, lo! a commotion was heard at the door, and in comes Jack with a waiter covered with cakes and all sorts of confectionery—after him another, with a waiter of ices—then four or five, bearing waiters with every kind of liquors, all of which were passed up to the President's box. The old man declined as long as he could, but had to partake.

Then the provisions were passed around the audience; the play was disregarded, and loud cheering for the crew of followed. Mr. Adams slipped out as soon as possible, but the theatre was not closed until three o'clock in the morning. That evening the danseuse came very nigh making her fortune, from the showering of gold pieces on the stage. She danced between the pieces, and was encircled thirteen times! The night will never be forgotten in Washington.

The Czar is said to be sick, nervous, emaciated and wasting away rapidly. It is intimated that he has not long to live. After Victor Emanuel the Pope. After the Pope the Czar. So they go, one man-off after another.

A Refusal to Fight.

John Farrago, a Pennsylvania militia captain, once declined to fight a duel in these words:

SIR—I have two objections to this duel business. The one is lest I should hurt you; the other is lest you should hurt me. I do not see what good it would do me to shoot you. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I could not eat you. Why, then, needlessly shoot you down? A buffalo would make better meat than you. For, though your head may be delicate and tender, it wants that firmness and consistency that takes and retains salt. It might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or opossum; but I do not like barbecued meat.

Besides, it would seem a strange thing for me to shoot at anything that stands still to be shot at, as I am accustomed to shoot at things flying or running or jumping. Were you on a tree, now, like a squirrel, trying to hide yourself in the branches, and I could spy through intervening boughs and leaves, I think I should enjoy taking a shot at you. But as it is, there is no skill or judgment in either discovering you or bringing you down.

As to myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything harmful. I am afraid you might hit me. I shall consequently stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols take some object, such as a tree or door, about my dimensions. If you hit that send me word, and I will publicly acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might also have hit me. Yours truly, JOHN FARRAGO.

An Imperial Christening.

St. Petersburg Correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

Yesterday there was much ringing of bells and firing of cannon, and fireworks in the evening. All this display was over a very small matter, indeed—a matter of ten or twelve pounds—the first born of Grand Duke Vladimir, who was baptized according to the rites of the Russian Church. The little fellow, who made his appearance immediately after his father returned from the seat of war, received the euphonious name of Boris Vladimirovitch. As the Greek baptismal rite requires the total immersion of the infant, it is to be hoped that the water used was duly warmed, for the day was one of the coldest experienced this winter. The bushy whiskers of the "mushiks" stood out stiff in their crystallized glory of frozen breath, and the soldiers turned out on parade were muffled from head to foot, their "bashlyks" or camel hair capes drawn tightly over head and shoulders, so that nothing of their showy uniforms could be seen. The happy father of the occasion, of whom I caught a glimpse as he emerged from the imperial chapel at the Winter palace, is a noble looking fellow, his bronzed features set off by a fresh scar on the side of the forehead. During the battle of Metzhka, in which he participated under command of the Czarevitch, his brother, a Turkish bullet grazed his head and failed by less than an inch to send him after his cousin, the late Duke of Leuchtenberg. Grand Duke Vladimir is not yet thirty, and has been married four years to a German Princess.

Mrs. Hayes told a reporter in Ohio a few days ago that she finds Washington a delightful place of residence. "The White House," she said, "is such an elegant home; the rooms are so large and so splendid that I am perfectly in love with it. Just now, too, the conservatory is filled with such a profusion of magnificent flowers! I brought some cut flowers with me for the especial benefit of my friends."

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A Remarkable Duel.

New York Journal.

A correspondent in the South writes: "Once in a while duels are fought in which a lady is a purely incidental cause. Such a duel took place in South Carolina, in 1853, between Messrs. John Dunovant and J. D. Legare. These gentlemen were devoted friends. Legare was attentive to a young lady of beauty and worth in the upper part of the State. The two friends went to the village where she lived, to get some shooting. They were, of course, frequent visitors at her father's house. One day Legare imagined that he detected a sudden coldness on the part of the young lady and the family towards himself. In questioning his friend as to the probable cause of it, he asked him if he had ever made any remarks about him to any of the family. Dunovant replied that he had said nothing of consequence; that on one occasion he had been asked if Legare ever drank, and had answered that he sometimes did. Legare at once attributed the change, real or supposed, in the behavior of the lady to this statement or admission on the part of his friend. A prolonged discussion ensued. Dunovant was disposed to be conciliatory, while Legare was very much angered. The issue between them was finally narrowed down to a demand on the part of Legare that Dunovant put in writing precisely what he had said to the father of the lady. Dunovant declined to do this. He contended that the demand was an implied insult. Legare persisted, and, upon Dunovant's remaining firm, sent him a challenge. Dunovant promptly accepted it, and the details of a meeting were arranged. Dunovant was a very poor shot with the pistol. It is said that on the evening before the duel he went out to practice, and, literally, could not hit a barn door. Legare was a capital shot. From the very first, however, Dunovant contended that he would kill Legare at the first fire. He never modified his assertion, but said all the time: 'I will kill him when I draw the trigger.' "When the men were on the ground a curious thing occurred. When the second who was to give the word called: 'Are you ready, gentlemen?' Dunovant responded in a firm, steady tone, 'No.' He then drew a small pen-knife from his pocket, opened it deliberately, and, fixing his eyes squarely on Legare, walked toward him. When he had traversed only two-thirds of the intervening distance he stopped, and, reaching down, cut off a small twig that stood between him and his opponent. He then returned to his position, shut his knife carefully, and returned it to his pocket. Without taking his eyes off of Legare, he announced 'Ready,' and said to his second, 'I am going to kill him.' "The men being in position, the command 'Fire! one—two—three!' rang out upon the air. A ring of smoke sprang from the nipple of each pistol, and Legare dropped dead in his tracks. Dunovant stood for a moment as if he were carved in stone, and then dropping his arm slowly, turned to his second unhurt."

When your little child tells a lie, don't rush at him or her as though the whole solar system was going into bankruptcy. Be honest with the child; tell it you have told hundreds of them yourself, and it don't pay. A tyrant will always have liars for children. I thank mother nature that she has put ingenuity enough in the breast of a child, when attacked by a brutal parent, to throw up a little breastwork in the shape of a lie. Suppose a man as much larger than you are, as you are than a five-year old child, should rush at you with a voice of thunder, "Who broke that plate?" there is not a man or woman of you but what would swear that you never saw the plate, or that it was cracked when you got it. So, I say to you be honest with them, and you will succeed in bringing up children who will be an honor to themselves and to you.—Bob Ingersoll.

Before the Fall of the Bastille.

Taine in Contemporary Review.
During the four months preceding the fall of the Bastille, there were more than three hundred riots in France. They occurred from month to month and week to week in Poitou, Bretagne, Touraine, Orléanais, Normandy, Isle de France, Picardy, Champagne, Alsace, Burgundy, Nivernais, Auvergne, Languedoc, Provence. On the 28th of May, the Parliament of Rouen announces pillages of grain, "violent and bloody fights, in which several men on both sides have been killed," throughout the province, at Caen, St. Lo, Mortain, Granville, Eyreux, Bernay, Pont-Audemer, Elbeuf, Louviers and places besides. On the 20th of April, the Baron de Bezenval, military commandant of the Central Provinces, writes: "I again send to M. Necker a picture of the frightful condition of Touraine and Orléanais; each letter that I receive from those provinces contains a detailed account of three or four riots suppressed with much difficulty by the troops." And throughout the whole extent of the realm the same spectacle is to be seen. Generally, as is natural, the women are the ringleaders. At Monthery they have ripped open the sacks of corn with their scissors. Each week, on market day, as they learn that the loaf of bread has risen three, four, seven sous, they cry out with indignation. At that price, with the poor wages earned by their husbands, and the want of work besides, how are they to feed their families? Crowds gather around the sacks and the doors of the bakers; in the midst of vociferations and abuse, a rush is made; proprietor or shopkeeper is pushed aside, thrown down; the commodity is in the hands of the purchasers and the hungry; each snatches what he wants, pays, or does not pay, and runs off with his booty. Sometimes the attack is a joint and premeditated one. At Bray-sur-Seine, on the 1st of May, the villagers gather from a circuit of four miles, armed with stones, knives, and sticks, and numbering four thousand, force the laborers and farmers who have brought in the grain to sell it at three livres, instead of four livres ten sous the bushel, and threaten to begin again next market day; then, consequently, the farmer will not return, then the market place will be empty, and soldiers will be required to prevent the pillaging of the inhabitants of Bray. At Bagnols, in Languedoc, on the 1st and 2d of April, the peasants, armed with cudgels and assembled by beat of drum, "traverse the town threatening bloodshed and conflagration, unless corn and money may be given them." They search for grain in private houses, share it among themselves at a reduced price, "promising to pay for it next harvest," compel the Consuls to put bread at two sous the pound, and to augment the daily wages by four sous.

A Mock Duel.

A mock duel was arranged a few days since between two students of the University of Virginia—one a son of United States Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, and the other a son of General Bradley T. Johnson, of Richmond. The plot was admirably arranged, beginning with a quarrel while playing a game of billiards. Hot words followed, and Cockrell, according to the programme, called Johnson a liar. The latter sprang furiously at Cockrell, but, notwithstanding his terrible efforts to get at him, mutual friends succeeded in keeping him back. It was then arranged for a duel with knives near Monticello. The students not in the secret of the hoax assembled in large numbers to witness a bloody affray, but witnessing the flashing of the knives, the courage of the spectators failed, and they ran away. The principals in the affray were about to be arrested when they confessed the whole thing was a hoax.

cutting she being free from the Bayou High

Anecdotes of Victor Emanuel.

An English paper says: Of Victor Emanuel, as of all popular Kings, a great many anecdotes are told. People take an interest in every, even the slightest, peculiarity of such sovereigns, and the late King of Italy had a great many peculiarities. He never ate in public, for instance. He sat out all state dinners, at which he was obliged to be present, with his hands resting on the hilt of his sword, without tasting anything, except, perhaps, some trifle at dessert. His long and superabundant moustaches were the cause of this abstemiousness. He made up for it, however, in private, when he could bind up his obstructives on each side of his face, without becoming a laughing stock. He was no gourmand, and his contempt for the art of cookery was a constant thorn in the side of the court cooks, which, for them, deprived life of one-half of its attractions. Nothing more depresses an artist than not to be appreciated at the value he sets upon himself. Victor Emanuel's meal consisted of meat dishes, and of those he preferred game shot by himself. Fruit and native wine completed the repast. In the Palazzo Pitti, in Florence, he allowed the state apartments to remain empty, and installed himself in a couple of rooms on the ground floor. He did the same at Rome in the Quirinal, where the whole palace was at the entire disposal of inquisitive strangers. In spite of his well known physical bravery, he had a superstitious dread of the Quirinal, the former dwelling of the Popes. The first night after his government was transferred to Rome he dared not sleep in the palace, but went to pass the night *incognito* with a friend in the country. He smoked half-penny cigars, those cigars which the Italians pretend poison the air of their country. They have been named after their greatest minister, Cavour. The King was frequently seen in the streets of Turin, Milan, Genoa, Florence and Rome. As it was understood that he was out *incognito* no one seemed to recognize him, though every child knew him quite well. Like Haroun Al Raschid, he went by night and alone into the poorest and most distant quarters of Turin. There he heard with his own ears the opinions of his subjects, and admired unimpeded the beauty of even his most lowly countrywomen. We cannot close these reminiscences without giving the story of the English correspondent who some years ago went prowling around the Palazzo Pitti, anxious to get into the King's apartments and write a description of them. At last he went up to a gentleman who was leaning against a side door smoking, and asked him how he might be able to get a sight of the King's rooms. "Come in," said the gentleman, who showed and explained everything to him. He then invited him to sit down, offered him a cigar, and on his departure shook hands warmly with him. It was only some time after he had left the palace that it dawned upon the correspondent that the King himself had been his guide and entertainer.

The present Czar has realized the dream of the Romanoffs; and the results of the war waged by him may be summed up in this way: Out of the debris of the Ottoman dominions he has created a Slavic Empire, which, under the names of Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria, virtually becomes an anapage of the Russian crown. At the same time he has secured possession of the mouths of the Danube and the command of the shores of the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles and the mouth of the Aegean Sea. This great achievement was worth the sacrifice of some 80,000 men, and the Russian people have shown that they do not consider the loss of life too great, by the enthusiasm, verging on delirium, with which they greeted the return of the Czar from the theatre of war and the news of the signing of peace.

Earl Russell.

Another great leader, who was born in the last century, and has taken a most active part in making and moulding the history of the present, is slowly but surely passing away. Earl Russell, better known as Lord John, was born in the same year as the late Pope, and but twelve months ago took an active interest in public affairs. In his youth he paid a visit to Wellington, in the early days of the Peninsula campaign, and was the hero of the reform bill. He now keeps his bed, taking nourishment with difficulty, and unable even to read or write. His death, which cannot be delayed long, will create the greatest feeling all over Great Britain. He is a great landmark of the past, but he has lived his day. He is the father of Lord Amberley, who, with his wife, paid a visit to Washington during General Grant's administration, and died soon after his return home, leaving instructions in his will that his children should be brought up without any religious convictions whatever, and thus left perfectly free and unbiased in their choice of creed until they arrived at the age of discretion, and could choose their own creed. This clause of the will the old Earl, who is now dying himself, managed to set aside or evade. He is now eighty-three years old. Fifteen years ago he used to sit on the same bench in the House of Commons with Mr. Gladstone. The latter was then a very nervous man, and every time that Lord John took off his broad brimmed felt hat and gathered the folds of a gigantic red bandanna handkerchief around his nose, preparatory to a "blow," Gladstone could be observed collecting himself to resist the shock of the explosion. They were never very warm personal friends.

The Emperor's Empress.

The Emperor died of a violent excess of anger against a Senator who had offered him a Valentinian, the first Roman Emperor of that name, while reproaching with great passion the deputies from Quadi, a people of Germany, burst a blood vessel and suddenly fell lifeless to the ground. "I have seen," said Tourtello, a French medical writer, "two women perish, the one in convulsions at the end of six hours, and the other suffocated in two days, from giving themselves up to the transports of fury." The celebrated John Hunter fell a victim to a paroxysm of this passion. Mr. Hunter, as is familiar to medical readers, was a man of extraordinary genius, but the subject of violent anger, which, from the defect of early education, he had not learned to control. Suffering during his later years under a complaint of the heart, his existence was in constant jeopardy from his ungovernable temper, and he has been heard to remark that "his life was in the hands of any rascal who chose to annoy him." Engaged one day in an unpleasant altercation with his colleagues in the board room at St. George's Hospital, London, he was by one of them peremptorily contradicted; he immediately ceased speaking, hurried into an adjoining apartment and instantly fell dead. When the fit of anger is of long continuance or frequent recurrence, it often lays the foundation of some serious and lasting afflictions; thus many cases of palsy, of epilepsy, of convulsions, and of madness may be traced to violent anger and ungovernable temper. Dr. Good cites the case of the unfortunate and insane Charles VI. of France, "who being violently incensed against the Duke of Bretagne, and burning with a spirit of malice and revenge, could neither eat, drink, nor sleep for many days together, and at length became furiously mad as he was riding on horseback, drawing his sword and striking promiscuously every one who approached him. Finally the insanity became chronic, fixed upon his intellect, and accompanied him to his death."

WHAT IS THE USE?

BY M. T. F.

I.
What is the use of railing or song,
Or crying to Heaven the whole day long?
Close the coffin-lid. Life is wrong.
What is the use? What is the use?

II.
Why scourge my soul with the scourge of song?
What avail is my singing long?
Or low or tender, or blither or strong?
No soul listens! What is the use?

III.
Who cares if my song is foul or sublime;
If I soar to the gods or lie bedded in slime;
If the blood drip out of my heart in rhyme?
Who cares; and what is the use?

IV.
Yet the ore I offer is not all gross,
Though tears may tarnish its yellow gloss;
But where is the profit, or where is the loss?
And what is the use? What is the use?

V.
O world that is bitter! O world that is sweet!
Tender and thorny to different feet;
Soft as a rose flow'r; hard as a stone;
Many are loved, but others are lone.
What is the use? What is the use?

VI.
What are my tears to soften or save?
Only as rain that rains on a grave;
Only as rain that rains on the waves?
What is the use? Ah, what is the use?

VII.
What is my singing now to my dead—
My clay-cold dead in a clay-cold bed?
The dirge is done and the prayer is said.
Oh, what is the use? What is the use?

"ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING."

The noisy streets are supremely green,
And all the clouds are in order;
And each has green for its border.
Arrah! But the land is all ablaze.
The bells have sounded their warning,
And the only tune the wide world plays
Is "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Each lad appears all neatly dressed—
No mottearch ever was bolder—
With a spray of shamrock in his breast
And a sash thrown over his shoulder;
And the lass she smiles upon the lad,
And turns no more in her scolding,
For she couldn't resist his suit, beaded,
On "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Och! sure but the streets are a gay sight,
The people are all so frisky!
With here and there a bit of a fight,
The result of a drop of whisky.
If Mike and Pat come out of a spot
With eyes of their own adorning,
Devil a bit do they care for that
On "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

You may traverse the world from Northern
main
To the hills of the hot equator;
You may go from Sahara's desert plain
To Vesuvius, close to the crater;
You are certain to find an Irishman there,
If you come with never a warning,
And he's sure to be humming the darling air
Of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

But, though you find him in distant parts,
And whether at sea or on dry land,
The tenderest spot in his heart of hearts
Is reserved for the Emerald Island.
The soul of his birth is his proudest boast,
And he'll give you a whack for a warning,
If you fail to respond to his patriot boast
Of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning!"
—Matt. McArd.

MAUD MURDER.

Maud Murder worked at raking, fifty
And cleaned her forty cents a day.
Her clothes were coarse, but her heart was strong,
And so she worked in the sweet sunning.
Singing as glad as a bird in May
"Barbery Allen" the live-long day.
She often danced at the far-off town,
And wandered if eggs were up or down.
And the sweet song died of a strange disease,
Leaving a phantom taste of cheese.
And an appetite and a nameless ache
For soda water and a ginger cake.
The Judge rode slowly into view—
Stopped his horse in the shade and threw
His finest out, while the blushing Maud
Marvelled much at the kind he "chawed."
"He was dry as a fish," he said with a wink,
"And I thought that a good square drink
"Would brace him." So the cup was filled
With the crystal wine that the old spring spilled;
And she gave it to him with a sun-browned hand,
"Thanks," said the Judge, in accents bland.
"A thousand thanks! for a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand"—but there he laughed.
And the sweet girl stood in the sun that day
And raked the Judge instead of the hay.

Pio Nono—February 7, 1878.

It was in Sinigaglia, at a shrine.
An aged woman knelt, and bowed her head;
Upon her face a sorrow half divine,
As to her neighbors worshipping she said,
In mournful accents, "The good Pope is dead!"
Then she recalled his gentle ways and face,
When but an unbleeding priest his flock he fed
With words of wisdom and exceeding grace,
And tears fell fast as tenderly she said
To sobbing kindred, "The good Pope is dead!"
What he had done for comfort of the poor,
The widow and the orphan, and to spread
The joy of heavenly love from door to door,
Thus she remembered as, with reverent head,
She still repeated, "The good Pope is dead!"
Along the bay the winter sun shone bright,
And o'er the crisp, cool waters gaily sped
The lateen sails, like wings of life and light,
While fervently with heaven her sad voice plead
For saintly glory for the good Pope dead.
Above her rose the vast Cathedral's dome;
From niche and vault shone many a sculptured
head.
Of Saints who toiled to build a mightier Rome
Than Caesar knew; unheeding then she said,
Filled with his presence, "The good Pope is dead!"
So shall all people say, forgetting strife,
As o'er the world the mournful tidings spread,
How well he walked the thorny ways of life—
And o'er the darkest paths the sweetest shed
Of love and gentleness—the good Pope dead!

For the Savannah Recorder.

To Miss Mary Anderson the Actress.—A Paraphrase.

BY "VOL" OF SAVANNAH.

Farewell to thee Mary! though vanished thy
features,
Thy smiles like a rainbow are arching my
soul.
And thy form like the movement of heavenly
creatures,
Keeps my eyes as I drink from this full
flowing bowl.
The throng who looked over the footlights
admir'g,
Can see thee still young, as time moves along,
And the drama of Ingomar, love thoughts
inspiring,
Still widens thy fame, and inspires our song.
The Theatre's walls are vocal no longer.
Hushed is the music and ended the strain,
But then the dull present bright fancy is
stronger,
And makes me still dream that I see thee
again.
Again from the gallery, on the curtained stage
tracing,
By the glittering gas light, regilded and
bright,
I see walking grandly,—now pensively pacing,
A form young and fair in the silvery light.
Now when the curtain relentless with pace
unabating,
Arises, that fancy like vision is flown
For Mary—has gone and no longer is waiting,
The gallery is dark, deserted and lone.
Then fare the well Mary! in the moonlight
retiring,
I smile thus to think as time glides along,
Thou wilt still be, as ever, bright memories
inspiring,
The dream of my nights and the theme of
my song.

*are requested to repair
of New Orleans now
bring a leak on her pa
make your report to me*

*Given under my hand this Twenty fifth
day of Nov. A.D. 1844.*

*A. Patterson
Notary Public*

Pale, blood-stained, who are these, that are
thriving the throne of God?
Their faces are ashen with anguish, their gar-
ments soiled from the sod;
Wide and wan as a sunless ocean, the multitude
stands,
With silent lips, and with piteous eyes, and
with praying hands.

There is none that speaks, and none that stirs
in the numberless hosts;
Like the still white clouds in starless heavens—
an army of ghosts;
Slain in the battle some, with the curses of war
in their mouth;
Some in wantonness slaughtered; some stricken
of hunger or drouth.

Who will stand for them, who will plead for
them, there at the throne?
Are they not all God's children, whom Christ
has claimed for His own?
Sinners—but all are sinners, and who can tell
their doom?
If there be room in hell, yet in Heaven is there
not room?

Like the motes of dust from a sunbeam, when a
sudden wind has blown,
Like the stars from the presence of God, when a
universe is o'erthrown,
They are gone from our gaze, they are gathered
and garnered for bliss or pain,
Woman an warrior, Turk and Christian, slayer
and slain.

Is there no sign, then, is there no wonder, is
there no cry?
Are the dead as a wind that passes, are they
gone as the waves go by?
Listen! is there no sound of a sobbing shakes
the air,
And the wail of an unseen multitude, waked
from a mute despair!

Do we dream, or are dead men weeping, as they
wept in the world below,
For the seeds of war untrodden, and the bitter
harvest of woe,
And the guiltless herds that are marched, like
the beasts, to a sacrifice,
That can save not them, nor their rulers, from
the hell of falsehood and vice?

And they weep that they see no end, and they
cry that the end should be!
Ah, God! send down Thine angel, that the rest
die not as we!
As Thou didst send Thy Son, to die that sin
might cease,
Send down one lowest of angels, only to breathe
of Peace!

To breathe Thy Peace in the counsels, where
the rulers, unconcerned,
Stake for a perilous glory the honor that Peace
has earned;
And the happy homes of a nation they stake
for a statesman's pride;
Oh, send Thy Peace! oh, save them, for whose
sakes the Saviour died!

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Not a hand has lifted the latchet
Since she went out of the door,
No footstep shall cross the threshold
Since she can come in no more.
There is rust upon locks and hinges,
And mould and blight on the walls,
And silence faints in the chambers,
And darkness waits in the halls—
Waits as all things have waited
Since she went, that day of spring,
When in her palid splendor
She dwelt in the Court of the King.
With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful, frozen beauty
The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
But they died long, long ago—
Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
That seemed through the dark to glow.
The garments she left mock the shadows
With hints of womanly grace,
And her image swims in the mirror
That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
Where the sunshine riots outside,
And the winds are merry and wanton
With the summer's pomp and pride,
But in this desolate mansion,
Where love has closed the door,
Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter,
Since she can come in no more.
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Version Authorized by the Confederate President—Denial of the Female Disguise Story—Colonel William Preston Johnston's Account of the Affair.

Richmond Correspondence New York Herald.

Innumerable stories of the flight and capture of Jefferson Davis have been published both North and South by writers in both sections. Until now, however, Jefferson Davis' own account has never been in print. The Southern Historical Society Papers in its March issue, will contain a full narrative of that memorable affair, written by Major W. T. Walthall, the private secretary of Mr. Davis. It is known here that this article was gotten up under the eye of Mr. Davis, and under his special supervision, and it is therefore regarded as Davis' own account of his flight and capture. The writer says:

On the evening of the second day (which was the 9th of May) preparations were made for departure immediately after nightfall, when Col. W. P. Johnston returned from a neighboring village with the report that a band of one hundred and fifty men were to attack the camp that night.

Meantime his horse (Davis') already saddled, with his holsters and blanket in place, was in charge of his body servant and he himself was lying clothed, booted and even spurred, when, a little after daybreak, the alarm was given that the camp was attacked. Springing to his feet and stepping out of the tent, he saw at once, from the manner in which the assailants were deploying around the camp, that they were trained soldiers and not irregular banditti, and returning, he so informed Mrs. Davis.

As we have said, the President was already fully dressed. He hastily took leave of his wife, who threw over his shoulders a water proof cloak or wrapper, either as a protection from the dampness of the early morning, or in the hope that it might serve as a partial disguise, or perhaps with woman's ready and rapid thoughtfulness of its possible use for both these purposes. Mrs. Davis also directed a female servant, who was present, to take an empty bucket and accompany him in the direction of the spring, his horse, on the other side of the camp, being cut off from access by the interposition of the assailants.

He had advanced only a few steps from the door of the tent when he was challenged by a mounted soldier, who presented his carbine and ordered him to "surrender." The answer was: "I never surrender to a band of thieves." The carbine was still presented, but the man refrained from firing—it is but fair to presume from an unwillingness to kill his adversary—while the President continued to advance. This was not from desperation or foolhardy recklessness, but of deliberate purpose. * * * Observing that the man, who was finely mounted, was so near as to be considerably above him, he had little apprehension of being hit, and believed that by taking advantage of the excitement of the shot, he might easily tip him from the saddle and get possession of his horse. The feasibility of this design was not to be tested, however, for at this moment Mrs. Davis, seeing only his danger, and animated by a characteristic and heroic determination to share it, ran forward and threw her arms around his neck, with some impassioned exclamation, which probably none of the parties present would be able to repeat correctly. The only hope of escape had depended upon bringing the matter to an immediate issue, and, seeing that this was now lost, the President simply said, "God's will be done," as he quietly turned back and seated himself upon a fallen tree, near which a camp fire was burning.

A letter, written by Colonel William Preston Johnston, late aide to Mr. Davis, to the writer of the article, Major Walthall, confirms this statement:

on board. he took us in two days on the

LEXINGTON, VA., July 14, 1877.

Major W. T. Walthall, Mobile, Ala.:

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter has just come to hand, and I reply at once. Wilson's monograph is written with a very strong animus, not to say virus. It is in no sense historical. It bears upon its face all the marks of special pleading. He states as matters of fact numberless circumstances which could not be of his own knowledge, and which he must have picked up as rumor or mere gossip. Single errors of this sort are blemishes; but when they are grouped and used as fact and argument, they become what you truly call them, "calumny."

For instance, Mrs. Davis is represented as leaving Richmond with the President. My recollection is that she left some weeks beforehand. Breckinridge left on horseback, and went to General Lee, rejoining Mr. Davis at Danville. I do not doubt that all the account of "the preparations for flight" is purely fictitious. His statement of the conditions of the armistice is incorrect.

You will have the facts of our retreat and capture from many sources. My best plan is to tell you only what I know and saw myself. The testimony is chiefly negative, but in so far as it goes will probably aid you. My understanding was that we were to part with Mrs. Davis' train on the morning of the 9th. We did not, and the President continued to ride in the ambulance. He was sick and a good deal exhausted, but was not the man to say anything about it. The day previous he had let little Jeff shoot his derringers at a mark, and handed me one of the unloaded pistols, which he asked me to carry, as it incommoded him. At that time I spoke to him about the size of our train and our route, about which I had not previously talked, as he had said nothing and did not wish to force his confidence. It was, however, distinctly understood that we were going to Texas. I, that day, said to him that I did not believe we could get West through Mississippi, and that by rapid movements and a bold attempt by sea from the Florida coast we were more likely to reach Texas safely and promptly. He replied, "It is true—every negro in Mississippi knows me." I also talked with Judge Reagan and Colonel Wood on this topic. The impression left on my own mind was, however, that Mr. Davis intended to turn west south of Albany; but I had no definite idea of his purpose whether to go by sea or land. Indeed, my scope of duty was simply to follow and obey him; and, so long as I was not consulted, I was well content to do this and no more. I confess I did not have great hopes of escape, though not apprehensive at the time of capture, as our scouts, ten picked men, were explicit that no Federals were near and that pickets were out. Both of these were errors. On the night of the 9th I was very much worn out with travel and watching, and lay down at the foot of a pine tree to sleep.

Just at gray dawn Mr. Davis' servant Jim awakened me. He said, "Colonel, do you hear that firing?" I sprang up and said, "Run and wake the President." He did so. Hearing nothing as I pulled on my boots, I walked to the camp fire, some fifty or less steps off, and asked the cook if Jim was not mistaken. At this moment I saw eight or ten men charging down the road toward me. I thought they were guerillas trying to stampede the stock. I ran to my saddle, where I had slept, and began unfastening the holster to get out my revolver, but they were too quick for me. Three men rode up and demanded my pistol, which, as soon as I got out, I gave up to the leader, a bright, slim, soldierly fellow, dressed in Confederate gray clothes. The same man, I believe, captured Colonels Wood and Lubbock just after. One of my captors ordered me to the camp fire and stood guard over me. I soon became aware that they were Federals.

In the meantime the firing went on. After about ten minutes, maybe more, my guard left me, and I walked over to Mrs. Davis' tent, about fifty yards off. Mrs. Davis was in great distress. I said to the President, who was sitting outside on a camp stool, "This is a bad business, sir." He replied, supposing I knew about the circumstances of his capture, "I would have heaved the scoundrel off

his horse as he came up, but she caught me around the arms." I understood what he meant, now that he had proposed to dismount the trooper and get his horse, for he had taught me the trick. I merely replied, "It would have been useless."

Mr. Davis was dressed as usual. He had on a knit woolen visor, which he always wore at night for neuralgia. He wore cavalry boots. He complained of chilliness and said they had taken away his "Raglan." I believe they were so called, a light aquascutum or spring overcoat, sometimes called a "waterproof." I had one exactly similar, except in color. I went to look for it, and either I, or some one at my instance, found it, and he wore it afterward. His own was not restored.

As I was looking for his coat, the firing still continuing, I met a mounted officer, who, if I am not mistaken, was a Captain Hodson. Feeling that the cause was lost, and not wishing useless bloodshed, I said to him, "Captain, your men are fighting each other over yonder." He answered very positively, "You have an armed escort." I replied, "You have our whole camp; I know your men are fighting each other. We have nobody on that side of the slough." He then rode off. Colonel Lubbock had a conversation nearly identical with Colonel Pritchard, who was not polite I believe. I can learn from Colonel Lubbock about it.

Not long afterward, seeing Mr. Davis in altercation with an officer—Colonel Pritchard—I went up. Mr. Davis was denunciatory in his remarks. The account given by Wilson is fabulous, except so far as Mr. Davis' remark is concerned, that "their conduct was not that of gentlemen, but ruffians." Pritchard did not make the reply attributed to him: I could swear to that. My recollection is that he said in substance, and in an offensive manner, "that he (Davis) was a prisoner and could afford to talk so," and walked away. Colonel Hamden's manner was conciliatory, if he was the other officer. If am not mistaken, the first offense was addressing Mr. Davis as "Jeff," or some such rude familiarity. But this you can verify. I fled just afterward to reconcile Mr. Davis to the situation.

On the route to Macon, three days afterward, Mrs. Davis complained to me with great bitterness that her trunk had been ransacked, the contents taken out and tumbled back with the leaves sticking to them. * * * I never heard of Mr. Davis' alleged disguise until I saw it in a New York Herald the day I got to Fort Delaware. I was astonished and denounced it as a falsehood. The next day I was placed in solitary confinement and remained there. I did not believe it possible that these ten days could have been passed with our captors without an allusion to it if it had not been an afterthought or something to be kept from us.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

Columbus Enquirer-Sun of Saturday: "We saw yesterday by private letter dated January 20th, which arrived here on the 14th instant, that Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, Minister to Brazil from the United States, is delighted with his surroundings. As he was about to land in Rio de Janeiro a number of his countrymen met him in a tug, conveyed him ashore and escorted him to a carriage and thence to a hotel, where preparations had been made for his reception. In a few days he met the Minister of Russia, with whom he was well pleased. He was introduced to the Emperor Dom Pedro, in front of the throne. His address to the Emperor was received with great enthusiasm by his own countrymen, many of whom were present. We understand that the Emperor thinks very kindly of Mr. Hilliard. The latter is very much impressed with the sound sense and general intelligence of the former. Mr. Hilliard also met the Empress. When this letter was written, January 20th, it was mid-summer in Brazil."

at 4 o'clock some at 4.30 Steamer Shark ship struck and damaged mind laps. sets and

THE FASCINATING DUCHESS.

MARK TWAIN'S ADVENTURES IN THE JARDIN MABILLE—A DANCE THAT WAS TOO HIGH-TONED FOR ENJOYMENT.

On my arrival at Paris I inquired what was the best place to spend an evening, and was told that the most aristocratic place of resort was the Jardin Mabille. I took a cab and proceeded thither. I found myself in a beautiful garden, brilliantly lighted. There was a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, a fine band was playing and a quadrille forming. While I was gazing about a gentleman asked me if I wished to dance. I said that I would like to, but that I was a stranger and not acquainted with any of the nobility present. He smiled and said the French nobility were exceedingly affable and obliging, and that he would be pleased to introduce me to a lady of high rank and varied accomplishments, who would dance with me if I wished. Then he presented me to the young Duchess d'Assafotida (that's as near as I could catch the name).

I had never stood face to face with a duchess before, and therefore felt diffident and ill at ease. This graceful creature understood my case at once, and within two or three minutes made me feel perfectly at home—more than at home, I may say. I never met a lady so easy to get acquainted with as she was. It must require a high cultivation, only to be attained in the upper ranks of society, to give one such self-possession as hers. This duchess smiled upon me in the most encouraging way, and tapped me on the shoulder with her fan, and then she looked up into my face and charmed away all my embarrassment with a burst of cheery laughter that was full of happiness and garlic.

Next, she took my arm, beating time to the music with her fan, and still uttering that fragrant laughter. And next she put her arm around my neck. This was somewhat unexpected, I must say. It made me feel blissfully uncomfortable. I enjoyed it, but at the same time, I was afraid it might attract attention. I intimated as gently as I could that the duke, her father, might be in the crowd somewhere; but she only laughed more odorously than ever. I feared the paternal duke might invite me to breakfast on pistols and coffee. I like coffee, but I do not consider that it improves it to mix it with hardware. This I hinted to the duchess, and she received it with one of those peculiar laughs of hers that was perfectly smothering.

Just then the music struck up furiously, the duchess exclaimed, "Come!" and dashed away with me. The crowd closed up to our set, and walled it on every side. I had never before seen so much curiosity displayed in a mere quadrille by disinterested parties. Dukes and duchesses began to prance to and fro in the dance with wild energy of purpose and extravagance of purpose.

I began to get interested. I glanced across, my partner was just turning; she miscalculated the length of her limbs and lifted her dress accordingly; she came prancing over; I saluted forth to meet her, and when we were within a yard of each other, I wish I may never be believed again if she did not kick the hat off my head! I stooped to pick it up and a noble aristocrat fell over me; others followed him—both ladies and gentlemen—and I never saw such a chaos of struggling limbs and frantic drapery since the benches broke down at the circus when I was a boy. It was pure good fortune that nobody got hurt.

When I got out I went to my place at the head of the quadrille and stayed there. I had lost confidence; this dance was too high-toned for me. It had peculiarities about it that were new and unexpected. I had seen plenty of quadrilles, but I had never seen one with the variations before. The duchess resumed her mad career, and the rest of the nobility danced just as she did. Each sex seemed to have but one object in view—to outdo its opposite in violence of action and eccentricity of conduct. These French people are very Frenchy. If I had not known that these people were the flower of the French nobility I should have thought that they began their education in a gymnasium and graduated in a circus.

Take any one running up along the reef

The first time the duchess halted by my side for a moment, I whispered to her to calm her gushing spirits, not to meddle with her dress, and, for public opinion's sake, not to step so high. I said she could get over as much ground at a moderate gait; and beside, the noble grand duke, her father, might happen along at any moment. I might as well have talked to the wind. She only laughed that characteristic laugh of hers, that silvery laugh that I could recognize anywhere if I were to the leeward, and then, bending a little she grabbed up the sides of her apparel with both hands, began to jerk it to and fro in a violent manner, threw her magnificent head back and skipped furiously away on an Irish jig step, all excitement, wild hilarity, distracted costume, frenzied motion! A spectacle to seal the eye-balls and to astonish the soul of a hermit! And when she reached the centre she snatched her cumbering dresses free and made a kick at the head of a tall nobleman that fairly loosened the scalp on the top of his head. I fled the scene, exclaiming, "What can she mean by such conduct as those?" I admire Paris; but, in my opinion, the ways of its nobility are not what they ought to be.

FRENCH INGENUITY.

A Prussian General not long ago visited Princess Metternich on her admiration of French wit and ingenuity, declaring that he failed to find traits so strong as they had been represented. "Give what you will to French people," answered the princess, "and I will wager they will make of it something pretty, elegant and witty." "Well, Princess," said the General, with scornful complacency, "here is a white hair I find on my uniform. I give to you *carte blanche*; send it to Paris." The lady accepted the challenge and sent the hair straightway to a Paris jeweler, telling him that it was to be made into a gift for a Prussian. A week afterward she received a casket which she presented to the General, saying: "Pray to God that your hair may not break." It contained a massive gold necklace, with a medallion on which were enameled the arms of Prussia; to the medallion were suspended by the white hair two smaller lockets in black enamel on which were inscribed, in tri-color letters formed of rubies, sapphires and diamonds, these words: "Lorraine-Alsace."

BONAVENTURE.

The beautiful tract of land bearing this name, was first settled in or about the year 1760, by Col. John Mulryne, who came to this country from England and removed from Charleston, S. C., to Georgia. In 1761, this property, by the marriage of Josiah Tatnall, of Charleston, S. C., with Mary, the daughter of Col. John Mulryne, came into the possession of the Tatnall family; Gov. Tatnall, of Georgia, being born there in 1765.

This marriage is of peculiar interest, since from its date the avenue of beautiful trees, which form the pride and chief feature of interest of the place. The trees were planted about that time, and a tradition has it in the forms of the letters M and T, the initials of the families Mulryne and Tatnall. The majority of these trees are of the Live Oak species, with but few others. The latter have long since passed away, but the sturdy oaks, with their hoary beard of moss, still defy the gales of the Atlantic and wintry blasts; and their rustling leaves whisper a ceaseless lullaby to the quiet and peaceful sleepers at their feet.

In the year 1847, this property passed by purchase into the hands of Capt. P. Wiltberger, and with him originated the idea of devoting Bonaventure to its present and final use. His remains sleep under the foliage of its trees. Circumstances prevented for a time the execution of this wish, but it was taken up by his son, the late Major W. H. Wiltberger, and the present Cemetery Co., in 1869, was the result of his efforts. The first man buried at Bonaventure was the wife of Gov. Tatnall, who died there in 1803, being soon followed by her honored husband.

This brief sketch was kindly furnished by Com. Josiah Tatnall and Major W. H. Wiltberger, and must be of interest to all those visiting the place.

161.4 J. N. W.

succeeded in getting N. E. at 9.30 P. M. App south part N. E. impose of closing air es and cloudy weather had by since we left raining getting over the then much the same

YOUNG GIRLS.—Our young girls do not understand the witchery of bright eyes and rosy lips, but set off their beauty by all the artificial means which lie in their power, never reflecting that by so doing they destroy their principal charm—that of innocence. Their rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her teens need only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adorning are more for the matron, her dress gaining in ample fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The seasons teach us something here, if we go to nature for an object lesson. How different her charm from the deep, maturing summer, when the hues are decided, and the air is loaded with perfume from a thousand censers. The school girl is only on the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day, and discard artificiality for nature.

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General Benjamin Huger.
We regret very much to notice in the Charleston papers the death of Major-General Benjamin Huger, which occurred in that city on Friday last. The deceased was well known throughout the South, but specially in this section of Georgia, where he has still living a large number of relatives and friends.

He was born in Charleston, S. C., on the 22d of November, 1805, and was, therefore, at his death seventy-two years of age. He graduated with distinction at West Point, N. Y., in 1825, and was assigned to duty in the artillery branch of the service. In 1831 he was transferred to the ordnance corps, and after serving in command of Fort Monroe, Virginia, and various other prominent positions, he was made Chief of Ordnance to Gen. Scott in Mexico, where by his gallant and meritorious conduct he was three times brevetted.

On the outbreak of the late civil war he was Inspector of Ordnance in the United States army, but believing, with the large majority of his Southern fellow-citizens, that his allegiance was first due to his State, he hastened to resign, and tender his sword and services to the Confederate authorities. They were gladly accepted, and he was commissioned a Brigadier-General without delay, and assigned to the command of Norfolk, Virginia, where he organized his department with marked ability, and was soon promoted to a Major-Generalship. He then took the field actively, and remained in the army until the end of the war, at which time he was on duty in what was known as the Trans-Mississippi Department, under the command of Gen. Kirby Smith.

After the war General Huger purchased a fine farm near Warrenton, Fauquier county, Virginia, where he has resided ever since. He never forgot his affection for his native State, however, and it was meet and right that he should die on her soil, where he was surrounded by his family and a large circle of relatives and friends. He is another one of the distinguished sons of the old South—a loss of men passing rapidly away. May he rest in peace.

THE HON. WM. HALSTED'S DEATH.

One of New Jersey's Oldest Lawyers—His Political and Military Career.

TRENTON, March 4.—The Hon. William Halsted died in this city to-day in his eighty-third year. He was born in Trenton in 1795. He was a brother of the late Chancellor Oliver S. Halsted. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1812, and was admitted to the bar as attorney in 1816, as counselor in 1819, and as sergeant at law in 1834. He was the oldest member of the New Jersey bar except ex-Judge Eimer. He practised law in Trenton all of his life. For ten years he was Prosecutor of the Peace of Hunterdon county, being the first appointed under the law of 1824 by the joint meeting of the Legislature. From 1831 to 1832 he was a reporter of the Supreme Court, publishing the seven volumes of "Halsted's Law Reports."

He was an active Whig in politics, and was elected a member of Congress in 1835. He served through the session of 1837-39.

He was a life-long communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and belonged to the Low Church party. He was a bitter opponent of Bishop Doane, and was one of the prosecutors in his celebrated ecclesiastical trial. He had a most extensive practice in the courts of the State until 1861. Then he raised the first regiment of New Jersey cavalry volunteers, and was commissioned Colonel. He was a bitter opponent of railroad monopoly. After the war he became totally blind, and lived in retirement.

A Medal from a King.

From the Rush City Post.

F. S. Christensen, member of the Minnesota House of Representatives from this district, has just received a medal of honor from the King of Denmark, for services rendered to his country in the war with Germany in 1864. The medal is beautifully executed. On one side is the King's head in bas relief, and the inscription, "Christian IX., King of Denmark," and on the other is inscribed, "For Services in the War of 1864." The medal was accompanied with a diploma, stating that it is to be worn on the left breast, with a red and white striped ribbon attached to it.

A Great Meteor in England.

In November, 1877, a great meteor was observed in England, and Mr. Tupman has only recently completed the investigations and calculations which he undertook relative to this extraordinary celestial visitor. He received about ninety direct and original communications on the subject, and forty or fifty newspaper paragraphs. The bolide first became visible to observers at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Tynemouth, Sunderland and York at eight o'clock twenty-four minutes in the evening. The gentlemen who noticed it are remarkably in accord in their observations. The appearance of the meteor was then that of an ordinary shooting star, and it was at the great height of ninety-six statute miles, vertically over a point thirteen miles north of Derby. Descending in the air at the inclination of 39 degrees to the surface of the earth, when at a height of forty-eight miles exactly over Liverpool, it became intensely brilliant, and that was the moment when it attracted general attention. People as far distant as Essex, Roscommon, Edinburgh, Bristol and Queenstown, 200 miles from it, describe it as being nearly as large as the full moon, and greatly exceeding it in brilliancy. Persons sitting in rooms with blinds down were frightened by the flood of light which suddenly found its way in. The meteor exploded with great violence over the Irish Sea, twenty miles north-northwest of Llandudno, Wales.

The total length of its path was 185 miles, which was traversed in about eight seconds, or with a velocity of 17½ miles per second. The streak left in the air extended 40 miles along the track, and was not less than 2,000 feet in diameter. The noise of the explosion was heard at great distances, and at Chester it resembled a tremendous peal of thunder, people running out of their houses to see what was the matter. One curious circumstance is that a body capable of producing such a commotion should be suddenly reduced to nothing but dully incandescent dust or ashes, which slowly fell a short distance vertically downward.

Cleopatra's needle has had a strange eventful history, even if we leave out of account the few thousand years of its Egyptian career. After looking down for centuries with stony indifference on the gradual fading of the glory of its builders and their descendants, it is now removed to fresh scenes and a strange people. It has escaped the waves of the Bay of Biscay, to which a violent storm caused its abandonment. It has been rescued from the auctioneer's clutches, whose services were demanded by the sailors who brought it into port. This mysterious and shapely stone, covered with the records of the honors and triumphs of ancient kings, and perhaps an object of worship in its time, has been spared the humiliation of a valuation as simply old stone for building material. Sir Robert Phillimore, who has fixed its value at \$125,000 and decided that salvage shall be paid on that amount, has brightened its tarnished honor. It can now regain equanimity after its perilous wanderings and settle itself comfortably in its new quarters. It is not likely that privations have permanently injured its constitution, and, possibly, English civilization will, like the Egyptian, decay and die in its presence before it will yield to the ravages of time.

The Great Pyramid—Theory of its Divine Origin.

From the Congregationalist.

Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, is the leading expounder and advocate of the new interpretation, and his name lends great weight to the views he has adopted, which are shared by many others.

It seems that the Great Pyramid, on being subjected to rigid scientific examination, without and within, yields a great number and variety of facts, measurements, and other qualities, which, to say the least, are singularly coincidental with other facts, measures, and qualities relating to religious history and other departments of knowledge, in a way to suggest, if it do not prove, how the structure may, or must, have been planned by some mind conversant with things to come; so leading to the conclusion that the architect of the Pyramid was God Himself, who inspired its details, as He did those of the Ark, the Tabernacle, and the Temple, and sealed up in its dumb stones and strange passages and chambers an attestation of the other revelation. It was to give to the world in the written Book.

An Old Minister Retires.

The fact that the Rev. Dr. STEPHEN H. TYNG has decided to retire from the rectorship of St. George's Church, in Stuyvesant square, on the first of next May, is a very interesting one. Dr. TYNG is now an old man, hard on to eighty. He has been a pretty persistent worker, and has succeeded in building up a very notable parish in New York.

Twenty-five years ago there was no clergyman in New York who exceeded Dr. TYNG in reputation. He had a remarkable extemporaneous facility, and he engaged the attention and secured the respect which sincere convictions, ably and persuasively presented, are sure to win. He was the champion of what is known as the Low Church cause in the Episcopal Church. Though he preached with more grace and what is called nowadays culture than the revivalists of his day, FINNEY, KNAPP, and the elder BECHER, for instance, displayed in their appeals to sinners, still Dr. TYNG inculcated the same doctrines which they tried to enforce on the people. He was a strict Calvinist, and never split theological hairs for the benefit of men who strove to get to heaven by a short cut. Both heaven and hell were actual states of being to Dr. TYNG rather than places simply imagined by the poets and prophets. They were the real abodes of the righteous and the unrighteous.

During the vigor of his manhood, the now venerable rector of St. George's waged a bitter and persistent fight against the advance of ritualism in the Episcopal Church. His voice was often heard in the General and Diocesan Conventions of that denomination, protesting against what he regarded as purely Romanist tendencies in the communion to which he belonged. He saw that Arminianism was steadily advancing, and he did his best to stop its progress; but, probably, as his years began to accumulate, he lost something of his interest in the fight. At any rate, it has been a long time since Dr. TYNG appeared as the champion of Calvinism in the Episcopal Church.

He has probably seen, what is the fact, that the party known as the High Church is bound to win, and that he is practically out of the contest. We present to the Rev. Dr. STEPHEN H. TYNG our compliments, and hope that his seventy-eight years will be greatly increased before the record of his death appears in these columns.

Our Minister to China.

From the London News.

It appears that a series of scandals of unusual character and magnitude is likely to engage the attention for some time to come of the political world, both in China and in the United States. There are few names so well known and respected in American diplomacy as that of Seward; and we regret to learn that the gentleman bearing that name, who was for fourteen or fifteen years Consul-General at Shanghai, and who now occupies the responsible position of American Minister at Peking, is charged with having committed various acts of corruption in his official capacity. These charges have been preferred against him by Mr. Myers, late United States Consul-General at Shanghai, and have been preceded by the trial and conviction of Mr. Bradford, Vice-Consul at that place, for offences of a serious character. Unless Mr. Seward resigns and his resignation be accepted by the Senate, he will in all probability, according to precedent, be impeached before that body. Mr. Seward has enjoyed so high a reputation in China that his friends are naturally reluctant to believe that he will not be able to make a complete answer to the accusations which his late colleague has brought against him. As a nephew of the eminent statesman whose public services form part of American history, Mr. Seward appeared marked out for diplomatic preferment, and we hope that he will yet justify the confidence which his Government have hitherto placed in his integrity. It is said that some of the disclosures which have been recently made at Shanghai have relation to the Woosung Railway, that mysterious project which during the last two years has done so much to embitter the relations of the local Chinese authorities with Europeans. Mr. Bradford was one of the original promoters of the railway, and no doubt the American Government will take pains to ascertain whether there is any truth in the allegation that the influence of some of its representatives has been improperly exercised in connection with that undertaking.

Archbishop Purcell on Victor Emmanuel.

From the Boston Advertiser.

Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati preached a sermon on Victor Emmanuel in that city on Thursday last, and dealt very leniently with the avenger who destroyed the temporal power of the Pope. He declared that the late King had only a seeming and not a real difference with the Pope, and that he was forced to accept the avowed greater claimants, the people being determined on having a King, just as the Israelites were set upon a similar purpose when Samuel permitted them to choose Saul.

Who Wrote the Music of the Marseillaise?

One of the most attractive pictures at the Centennial Exposition was "The First Singing of the Marseillaise." The artist is a Frenchman, and threw into his work national feeling as well as artistic genius. The scene is in a room furnished in the fashion of a hundred years ago. A family group, to which has been added some friends and neighbors, is assembled there. A young lady sits at the piano playing, but while her fingers are busy her eyes follow those of the company, and are fixed upon a young soldier standing in the centre of the apartment, singing with soul as well as voice. The light of inspiration is in his face; his right foot is thrown forward, his right arm flung into the air, his whole form seems to quiver with excitement. He looks as if he were leading a band of heroes to the charge. Listen, and you can almost hear the burning words ringing from his lips like the blast of a trumpet. It is Rouget de Lisle, chanting the new born hymn of revolutionary France, the grandest national hymn the world has ever heard, or is ever likely to hear. Here is its history—and the text of the picture—as told by Lamartine in his "Girondists."

There was at that period a young officer in garrison at Strasburg named Rouget de Lisle. Sought for from his two-fold talent of musician and poet, he frequented familiarly the house of Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, Mayor of Strasburg. The wife and young daughters of Dietrich loved the young officer. They inspired his heart, his poetry, his music. They were the first to execute his ideas scarcely dawned, confidants of the lisping of his genius. It was in the winter of 1792, scarcity reigned at Strasburg. One evening Dietrich looked at De Lisle and said to him: "Abundance is wanting to our feast; but what matter if enthusiasm is not wanting to civic fetes and courage to the hearts of our soldiers. I have still a last bottle of wine in the cellar. Let them bring it and let us drink to liberty and the country. Strasburg is soon to have a patriotic ceremony. De Lisle must draw from these last drops one of those hymns which carry to the soul of the people the intoxication from which they have sprung." The young girls applauded. It was midnight, and the night was cold. De Lisle was a dreamer. His heart was moved, his head warm. The cold seized him. He returned staggering to his solitary chamber, slowly sought the inspiration one moment in the palpitations of his citizen's heart, at another on the keys of his instrument, composing one while the air before the words, then the words before the air, and so associating them in his thought that he did not himself know which of the two, the note or the verse, was born first. Overwhelmed with this sublime inspiration he fell asleep with his head on his instrument, and did not awake till daylight. The wife and daughters of the old patriot had not arisen. Dietrich awoke them. He called together a few friends quite as impassioned as himself for music, and capable of executing De Lisle's composition. The eldest daughter of Dietrich accompanied. Rouget sang. The hymn of the country was found. The unfortunate Dietrich, a few months after, marched to the scaffold to the sound of the notes composed at his fireside, from the heart of his friend and the voice of his daughters.

Now comes Lord Houghton, in a letter to the London Times, saying that "the late Baron de Bunsen used to assert that the 'Marseillaise' was an old South German, or perhaps Alsatian, air, adapted by Rouget de Lisle." Turning to the American Cyclopaedia, we find the following more particular statement:

"The record of musical scholars within the last quarter of a century, both in France and Germany, seem to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the melody of the 'Marseillaise' was not composed by Rouget de Lisle, but was copied by him from the *credo* of the Fourth Mass of Holtzmann of Mursberg, who composed it in 1776; and it was first heard in Strasburg, in the hotel of Mme. de Montesson, in 1782."

We are afraid, says the St. Louis Republican, that Lamartine's romantic story will have to be put on trial for its life, and the chances for a triumphant vindication are not as many or as bright as we wish they were. Yet Lamartine undoubtedly thought he was telling the truth, and had sufficient facilities for getting at the truth. It scarcely seems possible he could have been led astray so far; yet it ought not to be difficult to settle the matter one way or the other. It will be observed that Bunsen, according to Lord Houghton, thought the air was South German or Alsatian; and, as we understand him, of a secular character. "The musical scholars in France and Germany," according to the Cyclopaedia, claim that it is the *credo* of a mass. Between the two there is a vast difference. Which is the right theory? Moreover, Bunsen says it was "adapted" by De Lisle, while the musical scholars say he "copied." Between adaptation and copying there is very considerable difference. Which did De Lisle do? Some musical antiquarian should forthwith set at work to answer these questions. Holtzman's Fourth Mass can certainly be found, and a single glance at the *credo* would be sufficient. If it is the music of the Marseillaise, pure and simple, it must have roused the congregations that heard it like a battle-cry; and we wonder that the name and fame of the author has sunk so far out of sight.

We are inclined to think De Lisle, if he stole at all, stole by retail, not by wholesale. In other words, that he took Holtzman's idea, but varied it to suit his purpose, and that the variations are better than the original theme. However, the subject is an interesting one, and should be thoroughly investigated by those who are competent for the task.

The Carnival of Venice.

Appleton's Journal for March.

There comes a time to the sea city when the heaviness of mid-winter vanishes from the hearts of the people, and in its stead appears a budding hope, like a dim intuition of the approach of spring. The impressionable Venetian nature reveals in its external shows the emotions that are at work under the surface of the city's life. Thus the burst of triumph at the departure of the winter, which has not yet given place to the tender silence of the spring, finds its symbol in the mirth and riot of the carnival.

The fishermen who toil in storm and wind out upon the treacherous lagoons deny themselves their daily share of plenty in order that they may spend freely in carnival. The women, stringing beads in the doorways, work faster as the merry time approaches, that the children may have at least one treat of panna and fritole. The girls, sewing in dark back rooms, toil for weeks far into the night for the sake of the one day's masking with their lovers. The children in the streets cover their faces with paper masks and cry out to the passers-by in the hoarse voice that the city's traditions have consecrated to the mad season. In the narrow by-ways hang worn garments of silk and satin covered with gold and lace. They flash together in the sunlight that steals down between the houses—the broad coat of the old noble—the threadbare velvet trains of dead and gone great ladies—the torn gauze skirt of some poor dancing girl.

As the time of the carnival draws near, the faces of the people color with hope and excitement. The women leave their households and pour into the sun warmed streets, brave in scarlet and yellow shawls, with heavy braids coiled about their heads. On their necks and wrists are the long, slender gold chains that have come down through generations of toiling womanhood. The young girls stroll in groups along the *rievs*, glancing from under their powdered lashes at the stalwart gondoliers. Their trains sweep far behind them, and large fans protect them from the western sun.

The boatmen don their festa shirts and deck their worn, broad hats with feathers. The fishers patch afresh their old blue coats, and mend the rents in their red Greek caps. The peasants leave their low cabins among the dead vines and press into the town with baskets of eggs and fowls, that are to be traded for their lodging in the days of the carnival.

From the sleepy old towns of the interior come the pale citizens. They have a dispirited, listless look, as though they had dwelt all their lives under the shadow of a past that had weighed oppressively upon them. They are haggard and pinched and wishful-eyed. There is shabbiness in the thin, well kept silks of the women, their over large, well cleaned gloves, and their fashions of twenty years back; in the threadbare cloaks and rusty, once elegant hats of the men; in the rude, home-made jackets and trousers of the grave-eyed little boys. They are courteous and dignified. They gaze at the merry shows of the carnival as though they felt that naught could dissipate the gloom of the past. For them life is less real than the dreams of the old market places and cathedrals of their homes. The Venetians jostle them in the crowds and laugh at their poor finery; and they, all unconscious, smile in a forlorn, lost fashion, and wander on as those who feel that the world has left them behind forever.

The crowd strolls on, day after day, along the broad path by the side of the lagoon, where wooden booths have been erected, with gay flags streaming from their roofs. Flaring pictures lean against the boarded fronts; saints performing miraculous cures; wild beasts devouring their keepers. On the thresholds stand weather-beaten men and women in fanciful garments, who call out to the wondering people to enter and behold the greatest marvels of the latter world for ten centimes.

Wherever there is an open space in the crowd the people stop and gather about the jugglers and charlatans, who shout themselves hoarse over the elixirs in which they deal. Sometimes in the thick of the throng there is a gleam of bright satin and a confusion of brawny limbs in coarse cotton coverings. It is a family of acrobats tumbling in the sunlight to earn their scanty supper. They twist their supple bodies into strange shapes so long as the crowds of laughing sailor lads and gondoliers encourage them with kindly cries. Then they gather up the coins that fall upon the pavement, and wrap their shabby cloaks loosely about their dingy finery. The women lift their babies from the ground, the men shoulder the implements of the profession, and the poor souls move off, followed by the straggling crowd to another open space, where the fishers are waiting to be aroused from their sun-watched slumbers.

AN IMMENSE INCOME.—The Duke of Norfolk is said to possess in England more actual acres than any other landowner. To say nothing of the house property which he possesses in London, he has land in the counties of Sussex, York, Surrey, Norfolk, Derby, Suffolk, Stafford and Nottingham. These estates cover on the whole close on 45,000 acres, and in the Doomsday book their value is set down at £1,350,000 gold a year. When we add that the town of Sheffield belongs in great part to His Grace, and that he inherited the accumulations of an eight years' minority, it will be seen that \$1,500,000 gold a year must be rather less than the actual amount of his income. But no matter how great that income may be, no one has ever used what he inherited with greater judgment or with greater consideration for the wants of others, and if there was ever a man endowed with this world's wealth who deserves to be happy because he has so often conferred happiness upon others, surely the Premier Duke of England is that much to be envied person.

Sketch of the Four Randolphs of Virginia—The Regular Business.

The regular monthly meeting of the Georgia Historical Society was held last night at Hodgson Hall, Gen. Sorrel, First Vice-President, presiding in the absence of Gen. H. R. Jackson, the President.

The society room was filled with members and their lady friends, who were desirous of hearing the address announced to be delivered by Mr. W. S. Bogart on "The Four Randolphs of Virginia."

Shortly after eight o'clock Mr. Bogart was introduced, and taking his position at the stand, addressed the meeting as follows:

Mr. President and Members of the Historical Society:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Nine years ago I read before a dozen members of this society, at its April meeting, the larger part of this paper, which now, partly rewritten and somewhat altered, I have the pleasure to read before a larger auditory.

My subject is the life and career of one branch of the Virginia Randolphs—the four great names of Williamsburg—a family the ablest, and the most widely ramified of all the Virginia households. Whether we look at this family, in the two centuries of its residence here, in the light of social rank, intellectual ability, political influence or physical vigor, we shall not find its superior, scarcely its equal; and so it has seemed to me both profitable and pleasant to gather from books, records and traditions the facts and incidents that illustrate and honor at least one branch of this wide-spread family. If I can present this grouping in such a way as to interest you, I shall not have wasted your time, and shall have done what I can to commit to the written page traditions that are fast fleeing away.

As preliminary, then, to my purpose, permit me to go back to the founder of the Randolphs in this country, as he lays deep and broad the foundations of his home on the banks of the James; and then to interest you, if I can, in that little borough where a scion, severed from the primitive stock and planted under the genial influence of culture and society, took root, reproducing two illustrious generations—a borough of small population—in fact a mere village—yet for eighty years the metropolis of Virginia, and associated with all her glories.

William Randolph, a native of Warwickshire, and nephew of the poet Randolph, who was the friend of Shakespeare and adopted son of Ben Jonson, came to Virginia about the time of the restoration of Charles II., and settled at Turkey Island, on the upper James. I wish I had time to describe his fine old seat, or even to designate the interesting places, historically and socially, that lie above, below and around it. I must also pass by with only this allusion, the dispute years ago about Randolph's early social position in Virginia, having been charged with being a carpenter by occupation, if not by trade, and with having built houses and barns for the neighboring planters, either in person or by contract. I say I cannot enter into this dispute, save to suggest that, from circumstances known to me, perhaps the charge grew out of a larger question, whether the original settlers of Virginia were in greater proportion of aristocratic origin, or of the middle classes in rank and of the Puritan bodies in politics and religion—in short, predominated. I dismiss it, therefore, with the following statement, as indicating my own opinion. If Mr. Randolph was a carpenter, bred to the trade in England, or following it for a livelihood, it is difficult to see why he should be called gentleman (Latinized *gentilis*), or how he became one of the Governor's council, or one of the dignitaries named in the first charter of William and Mary College, and on the list of its first visitors. In this list appeared the names of four clerks (clergymen of course), five esquires, and nine gentlemen; among the latter William Randolph. Be this as it may, we find him before a score of years married to an heiress, Mary Isham, of Bermuda Hundred, not many miles below Turkey Island, and there was born the first generation of a prolific household. If then he was a *novus homo*, the great men and the noble women of his blood bear witness to the vigorous intellect, the strong will, the high-toned honor, and the courteous manners of their Randolph progenitor.

On their handsome estate the couple lived to a good old age—the patriarch living till his eightieth year. On his tomb is the simple inscription, "Col. William Randolph, of Warwickshire, but late of Virginia, gentleman, died April 11, 1711." Having acquired in a long life, large landed estates, and holding of course the social position that belongs everywhere to large landholders, he gave to his sons, as they grew to man's estate, separate plantations, and so these sons were spoken of in order of birth, as William of Turkey Island, Thomas of Tuckahoe, Isham of Dungeness, Richard of Curles, Henry of Chatsworth, Sir John (not a planter) of Williamsburg, and Edward of Bragg, 1692-1711.

Four of these sons rose to high official position in the colony, viz.: William became a member of the Governor's Council and the Treasurer; Isham was Adjutant General; Richard succeeded his brother William as Treasurer, and Sir John was Attorney General, Treasurer and Speaker of the House of Burgesses.

The two daughters were Mary, who married John Stith, and was the mother of Rev. Wm. Stith, the historian of Virginia; and Elizabeth, who married the first Richard Bland, and was the mother of Richard Bland, the Virginia antiquary, as he was called, and also of Mary Bland, afterwards the wife of Col. Henry Lee. Their son Henry married Lucy Grymes, Washington's "Lowland Beauty," whose son called Henry Lee, Jr., was the father of Robert E. Lee. Thus our noble chevalier is the great-great-grandson of the old patriarch of the clan "Randolph," and I am sure he was not ashamed of his ancestry.

So wonderfully ramified are the descendants of William Randolph and Mary Isham, and so interlaced are their connections, that I have ventured upon a genealogical chart of a few of the early generations, which shows the names and relationship of very many of the prominent men and women of Virginia in the last century. All of the Virginia Randolphs, I am assured by one who ought to know, are sprung from this stock. They are numbered by thousands and scattered all over the country, most of them bearing other names, but showing, even at the end of two hundred years, an unusual physical and mental likeness. I cannot, for obvious reasons, display this chart now, it being on so small a scale, but you will get a better knowledge of what it shows from my statement of the following relationships than from any personal inspection.

From this chart, we see that Peter Randolph (Attorney General), Jane Randolph (mother of Thomas Jefferson), John Randolph (father of John of Roanoke), Peyton Randolph (President of the first and second Continental Congress), John Randolph (Attorney General), Rev. William Stith (Historian of Virginia), and his wife Judith Randolph, Richard Bland of Jordan's (the Virginia antiquary), and Theodorick Bland of Cowson's, were all first cousins, being all grandchildren of the patriarch.

Also, that Beverly Randolph (Attorney General), John Randolph of Roanoke, Edmund Randolph (Governor of Virginia and United States Secretary of State), Colonel Henry Lee (father of Light Horse Harry), Theodorick Bland, Jr., (Colonel of the cavalry regiment of which Lee was Captain), and his sister, Frances Bland (mother of John of R.), were third cousins, being great-grandchildren of the patriarch.

Also, that John Marshall (Chief Justice of the United States), Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., (Governor of Virginia), and his wife, Martha Jefferson, Maria Jefferson (wife of John W. Eppes), Harry Lee (of the Legion) and John Randolph of R. were fifth cousins, being great-great-grandchildren of the patriarch.

A curious result of these intermarriages is that John of Roanoke is the great-grandson by his father, and the great-great-grandson by his mother, of the patriarch.

Even after this long preface I beg your permission, before entering on my subject proper, to take you to that classical village in Tidewater, Virginia, where the first of the Randolphs, whom I am now commemorating, settled, even before his manhood, and where the others were born and grew up to their greatness and distinction.

Isolated now, as it was a century ago, and approached only by the same highway from Hampton to Jamestown that has been traveled for two hundred years, and has witnessed the gayest pageantry of the colony, on a ridge flanked by the James and the York, and not more than five miles from either, stands the village of Williamsburg, the oldest borough and next to Hampton the oldest continuously occupied place in Virginia.

How many of you, most of whom have traversed Virginia I am sure, have ever visited it? Walked its fine old avenue—Duke of Gloucester street—peeped into the "Apollo" ball room and political council chamber in the Raleigh Tavern, alternately the scene of gaiety and statesmanship, stood under the hidden trees of Earl Dunmore's palace, beheld at one view the waters of the York and the James as they hurry to the Chesapeake, from the top of the Lunatic Asylum, which four years ago completed its centennial, and is the oldest public insane asylum on the continent of America, worshipped within the walls of old Bruton Church, two centuries old this very year, looked upon the ruins of Virginia's old capitol, far better deserving than Faneuil Hall to be called the cradle of American liberty, or entered the precinct of the oldest college, save Harvard, in the United States, whose buildings were destroyed by Sir Christopher Wren, where for years whites and Indians studied together—the latter being forcibly held by Governor Spotswood as hostages for peace—and handled the rich volumes of its library, bearing many of them, the sign manual of Louis XVI., or admired on the lawn the rich statue, in court dress and sword, of Lord Botetourt, Governor from 1768 to 1771, the first Governor-in-Chief and Captain General that had deigned to govern in person since Lord Culpeper, a century before.

How many of you? Very few; possibly none! You have visited again and again

Richmond, dearer to us of this generation because the home of our too short-lived Confederacy. Summer after summer you return to the health-giving springs of that magnificent valley where nature's luxuriance has long ago covered up the carnage of a dreadful war, and which now smiles as sweetly as though Mars had never trampled the domain of *ceres*; perhaps you have worshipped at some of Virginia's patriotic altars, like Mt. Vernon and Monticello, or the graves of those twin heroes, whom we yet mourn, that sleep in their mountain home, the one in the crypt of his college chapel, the other in the open cemetery of his beloved village; but how few of you have ever seen that narrow strip of territory called the "Eastern Shore," the habitat of the purest English community in the United States, so isolated that two centuries ago it was allowed a quasi independence, and even the name of the colony in the early writers was "Virginia and Accomac;" or penetrated to the bottom of those peninsulas, where Virginia's heroes were born and their heroic deeds were planned, where British dominion first took a firm foothold in America at Jamestown, on the north bank of the James, or where, a few miles away on the south bank of the York, its flag was finally furled. How different are tastes! Spots most interesting to the antiquary are not the most frequented. Tourists are more numerous than students, and admirers of nature far outnumber those who love the places hallowed by culture, refinement and virtue. Why, then, should we wonder?

Aside from its age, and its classic fame as the seat of William and Mary College, two circumstances distinguish Williamsburg. No American city has witnessed so much of the pomp of vice-regal rule. Virginia, a century ago, was a vice-royalty—England's first and favorite colony—and the mother country governed it with courtly splendor. Had I time I would like to read to you the account of one of these pageants, say that of Lord Botetourt's inauguration as Governor in 1768, perhaps one of unusual splendor, for the reason I have already given; or describe one of the grand entertainments which the Virginians gave to the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, showing thereby, though on the very verge of rebellion against the Parliament, their loyalty to the Crown.

The British Barons and Earls who represented majesty here, reproduced, on a small scale, the parade of the English court, and Williamsburg became a miniature St. James. The Governor was the King, the Council the House of Lords, the Burgesses the Commons, the Reverend the Commissary, the Lord Bishop of London, Bruton's Chapel St. Paul's Cathedral, and William and Mary Chapel Westminster Abbey. Hence to the loyal Virginian a visit to Williamsburg was a visit to the fountain head of authority, and to his mind, its grand scenes of civil and military display represented, however feebly, the splendor of monarchy at home.

The other circumstance distinguishing Williamsburg is the great political principles and constitutional enactments which have originated here. To Virginia is really due the credit of the revolutionary struggle. Her statesmanship devised the plan and marshalled the principles of the revolution. Her statesmen started and guided the movement. These plans and principles, so far as they had a local origin, emanated from Williamsburg, for it was here that her statesmen counseled and acted. Her old capitol, now disappeared, a few broken bricks being its last relics, was, if not the birthplace of these principles, the theatre of their first display. Here was the laboratory of State documents, whose influence has traversed and impressed the world.

It was here that the third Virginia convention in May, 1776, instructed their delegates to propose in Congress the declaration that "The United Colonies are free and independent States," the first step, unconditional and irrevocable towards liberty, that was made in the revolution! It was here that Virginia's "Declaration of Rights," the masterpiece of George Mason, whom Mr. Madison calls the greatest statesman of the age, the model of all similar papers, the superior of the English declaration by Somers, was written, discussed and passed. And last, to the perpetual honor of this capitol, it was here that there came from the pen of the same George Mason, the first written constitution of a free commonwealth in the history of men. Why then should Faneuil Hall be called the cradle of American liberty?

When Williamsburg became the capital, in 1698—though its origin as a town goes back to 1632—Governor Nicholson had so little of the Jacobite feeling, or was so shrewd a courtier, that he enlarged and modified the ground plan in the form of a cipher or monogram composed of W. & M., the initials of the new sovereigns. No vestige of this plan now remaining, the fact has been disputed, but the statement is corroborated by Beverly, who says: "In Spotswood's time (1710-1732) the streets of the town were altered from the principal forms of W's and M's to much more conveniences."

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The main street is a noble thoroughfare—running east and west—three-fourths of a mile long, and terminated by the capitol and William and Mary College. This street divides York and James City counties, and still bears its ancient name of Duke of Gloucester street. It was so called from the young Duke of Gloucester, the last of Queen Anne's seventeen children, and the only one that survived infancy, who died in boyhood (July 1700, aged 13,) while under the tutelage of Marlborough and his Duchess. Midway in its length, an avenue turns northward to the Palace, as the Governor's house was called. Though the main building was accidentally burned by the French troops just after the battle of Yorktown, the premises with the flanking outbuildings still bear the name, and the avenue is yet called the Palace Green. "The double row of noble entablatures, lining this avenue was a century ago in its prime, and their branches were hung on the King's birth-night with variegated lanterns to illuminate the approach to the Governor's Ball."

The Earl of Dunmore was the last Royal Governor occupying this palace, and one of his last acts was to issue an angry proclamation against "a certain Patrick Henry, Jr." Little did he dream that this same Patrick Henry, Jr., would after his abdication and flight be his successor, and, as the first Republican Governor of Virginia, would occupy the halls from which he had fled.

In the rear of the palace the grounds of several hundred acres were laid out as an English park and planted with foreign trees, many of them "lindens," the first brought to this country, being imported by Dunmore from his native Scotland. A few of these trees still remain in their beauty. Some years ago when the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray visited Williamsburg, having ascended the James river by a curious coincidence in the steamer "Patrick Henry," his first inquiry as he alighted from the stage was for the "Palace," and he hastened thither to behold the scene of his grandfather's struggle and flight and to pluck a branch from the lindens transplanted by his grandfather's hands.

One sentence, *à la* Thackeray, from the pen of a young Virginian gives us a taste of the high life of the old regime, and enables me to acquiesce in my paper any further mention of Williamsburg:

"His Excellency the Royal Governor reigned at the palace in vice-regal glory; the streets were alive with chariots drawn by their four or six glossy horses, and driven by the phreatic black coachman in gold lace and livery; the 'Raleigh,' with its fine ball room (the 'Apollo') was the resort of the gaily-dressed bucks of the colony, many of them students of the worshipful College of William and Mary, who figured in magnificent waistcoats, all covered with flowers in gold thread and reaching to their knees, in coats embroidered and splendid with chased buttons, in snowy silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, in queues tied with gay ribbons, and a snow storm of powder on the hair."

Hither then, I am now ready to say, came to live the John Randolph, who, with his two sons and his grandson, born here, from the remarkable group that I write about. Of themselves they make an illustrious household, but when we remember that they are but a branch of a luxurious tree, we can form some idea of the vitality and richness of the root that bore such abundant fruitage.

With these preliminary remarks Mr. Bogart then proceeded to give in detail various interesting accounts of the prominent gentlemen named, and was listened to with great interest, and at the conclusion of his address was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

CHANGES OF TIME.—In Asia Minor we tread upon a soil rich in interesting and splendid recollections, with an existing population completely debased by ignorance and slavery. The glory of twenty different nations that once flourished here has been extinguished; flocks wander over the tomb of Achilles and of Hector; and the throne of Mithridates and the Antiochuses have disappeared, as well as the palaces of Priam and Cræsus. The merchants of Smyrna do not inquire whether Homer was born within their walls; the fine sky of Iona no longer inspires either painters or poets; the same obscurity covers with its shades the banks of the Jordan and the Euphrates. The republic of Moses is not to be found. The harps of David and Isaiah are silent forever; the wandering Arabian comes, indifferent and unmoved, to rest the poles of his tent against the shattered columns of Palmyra; Babylon has also fallen beneath the stroke of an avenging destiny, and that city which reigned supreme over oppressed Asia, has scarcely left behind it a trace that can show where the ramparts of Semiramis were raised. "I have seen," says a traveler, "the accomplishment of that prophecy, 'Tyre, the queen of the nations, shall be made like the top of a rock, where the fishermen shall spread their nets.'"
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The Great Pyramids.

This world renowned structure has attracted, during the last twenty years, and to a very unusual degree, the attention of scientific men. And the interest has increased to an intensity unprecedented by the fact that the scientists of Paris, who have been investigating the subject, find themselves at length compelled, in the very face of that arrogant philosophy which has affirmed that miracles are impossible, to acknowledge that the necessity for a miracle is actually involved in its construction. We had been intending to prepare an article for the purpose of bringing the subject before our readers, but the following communication which we transfer to our columns from the Philadelphia Presbyterian Journal is so much to the point, and so satisfactory, as to leave little to be desired so far as a brief sketch of the whole matter is concerned. We have, moreover, ascertained, greatly to our satisfaction, that the learned President of Central University is about preparing one or more lectures on the same interesting theme.

The great pyramids of Egypt is the most ancient existing structure ever built by the brain and hand of man. It is 484 feet in height, and 761 feet square at the base. Its solid contents of stone are 80,000. This would build a wall 3,000 miles long, one foot thick and five feet high. It is built of 206 layers of stone, in blocks 7 feet wide and 8 feet long, and diminishing in thickness with the height from 5 to 14 feet. The summit consists of a level platform, about 16 by 18 feet. Its foundation is on the natural rock. Its sides were originally cased, or veneered, by a finer stone; but this has all been broken off, and the bare limestone remains without. Some of the inner chambers are lined with granite and other stone, highly polished.

Herodotus says it took ten years to quarry the stone, and then 100,000 men labored twenty years to construct the pyramid.

This pyramid differs from all the rest in its numerous chambers and avenues, great and small. The principal ones are the Queen's Chamber, the King's Chamber and the Grand Gallery.

This grand and enduring structure has ever been a wonderful enigma to conquerors and philosophers. A Coptic tradition declares that if you could annihilate the Great Pyramid, you would more than consume all the wealth of Egypt.

It has commonly been supposed to have been the tomb of kings.

Professor Piazzi Smyth, Royal Astronomer of Scotland, has devoted a great portion of ten years to the study of this mystery with the aid of other scientific men and the best instruments of modern invention.

By careful measurements of angles, sides and proportions, he concludes that it discloses principles of science far ahead of its age, and also historical and prophetic dates, showing that like the tabernacle of the wilderness, it was built by divine inspiration.

Professor Smyth says: "Divine inspiration must have energized its builders. After modern science had been allowed by the Almighty to wax strong in the world, and has, like Jeshurun, grown fat, and kicked against Biblical authority, declaring on its own flat alone that a miracle is impossible, lo, that very modern science is involuntarily the chief agent in proving by the contemporary Great Pyramid that a miracle did occur in the early history of mankind."

He believes, with some other Bible scholars, that Isa. xix. 19, refers to this pyramid.

I will give some results of his studies, with only a few hints at the processes.

Modern astronomy traces back the precession of the vernal equinox, and reveals that just 2,170 years B. C., Taurus, the chief star of the pleiades, was on the local meridian, and the pole star, Draconis, was at its lowest culmination, three degrees and forty-two minutes from the pole, looking directly down the entrance passage of the pyramid. This has not recurred since that time, and it will never recur again. From this and some other facts the date of the pyramid is fixed at 4,040 years ago.

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The pyramid standard of measure, like the French metric system, has a nature reference. The pyramid cubit is just one tenth-millionth the semi-axis of the earth, while the modern metric system less wisely adopts one ten-millionth of the surface meridian from the quarter to the pole. This cubit is 25 inches, the original Hebrew cubit as used in the tabernacle.

The problem of squaring the circle by multiplying the diameter by 3,141.59 is repeatedly found. Double the vertical height to make it correspond to the diameter, and multiply by the above figures, and you have exactly the circumference of the pyramid. Five cubic inches of earth, mean density, form the pyramid standard of weight. The heat standard is the mean temperature of the earth's surface, and the exact temperature of the centre of the pyramid, that is 50 degrees.

The coffer in the King's Chamber has exactly the capacity of the ark of the covenant in the tabernacle. Mathematical reference is also found to the lava and molten sea in Solomon's temple.

The number of days in the week and year are traced, and the jubilee number 50. The sun's distance is found to have been reckoned at 91,000,000 miles, which corresponds to the best calculations of modern science. Professor Smyth believes also that one of the chambers has reference in its dimensions to the New Jerusalem of the apocalypse. The date of the flood and the dispersion is traced in pyramid inches. The earthly life of Christ is reckoned 33 years, 4 months and 13 days.

Professor Smyth claims especially that the Great Pyramid has a Messianic character, especially designed for the last time.

The first ascending passage is found to be 1,542 inches long, measuring the years of the Jewish dispensation to the first appearing of the Lord. Entering, then, the Grand Gallery 33 inches, we find a well-like opening, representing the grave of the Saviour. Following the Grand Gallery 1,815 inches, we find a step raising about 36 inches, perhaps presenting the holy alliance of that year. Thence on 1,882 inches we meet the southern wall, which impends about six inches. A plumb line from the top touches the floor at 1,876 inches. From that date the impending wall is supposed to betoken the near impending judgments of the end of the age. Luke xxi. 25-28.

From here there is no escape except by "a distressingly low passage," or by a half concealed exit above, available only to beings with wings, and leading into a strange chamber, the ceiling of which is exquisitely smooth and true, in polished red granite, and of the same length and breadth as the ceiling of the King's Chamber below.

Professor Smyth regards this as prophetic of the first resurrection and the taking up of the Church from the midst of the terrible judgments that await the coming of the Lord, Isaiah xxxvi. 19-21; 1 Thess. iv. 13-18. The work of this profound scholar and devout believer is surely worthy of candid and careful study.

A Bishop Bricked Up.

The St. Petersburg News publishes a poem on the subject of a tradition said to be cherished by the inhabitants of Sophia. When the Turks entered that city, upward of four centuries ago, numbers of the inhabitants took refuge in the churches, and especially in the cathedral, where, however, the Turks continued to cut them down. The Bishop remained praying at the altar, where the Turks, unwilling to disturb him, bricked him up. The people of Sophia believed, and according to the poet, continue to believe that the good Bishop did not die in his narrow place of confinement. It was written in the decrees of Providence that he should stay there until a Christian army came to deliver him, when the wall which enclosed him having been pulled down, he would walk out as well as ever. The time for liberating him is now declared to have arrived.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

By the Rev. Timothy Harley—Delivered in the Baptist Church, Savannah, February 24, 1878.

One of the noblest sentiments in human nature is the love of country; and I do not envy the man whose emotions have never been inspired by the spirit of true patriotism. "Breathes there the man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land!'"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned As home his footsteps he hath turned, From wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go, mark him well; For him no minstrel raptures swell; High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, Despite those titles, power and pelf, The wretch, concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Tributes to the power of patriotism are found in every language. Among the ancient Hebrews, how pathetically the captive exiles sang of Jerusalem, the centre of that dear land which they preferred above their chief joy. Homer was the voice of all Greece when he said, "A glorious death is his who dies fighting for his country." Ovid wrote for the Roman, "Love of country, more powerful than reason itself." Horace also says: *Dulce est decorum est pro patria mori*. It is sweet and glorious to die for our country. Petrarch must be pardoned for his partiality when he prays, "O my own Italy! turn, Lord, on this thy chosen land thine eye." Yriarte says for the Spaniards, "Do you know why the one praises the other so highly? Because they are compatriots." Heine sings for the German:

"Ancient manners, ancient German
Virtues, and heroic deeds!
Valiantly each son of Hermann
Waves his sword and proudly bleeds.
And at home, no labour heeding,
Woman piles her gentle hand,
Tends the sacred wounds all bleeding,
In defence of fatherland."

Voltaire is all French when he exclaims, "How dear is fatherland to all noble hearts." Cowper is all English when he apostrophizes, "England, with all thy faults I love thee still, my country!" Goldsmith, when a traveler through Europe, found this same sentiment wherever he went:

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home."

A lyricist of the present century sings of old Scotia:

"Her thistle shall cease in the breezes to wave,
And the floweret to bloom on the patriot's grave,
Ere we cease to defend, with our heart and our hand,
The freedom and faith of our ain native land."

Campbell has well wailed the exile's sorrow for the Emerald Isle:

"Erin! an exile bequeathes thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields—sweetest Isle of the Ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing about with devotion—
Erin mavournen—Erin go Bragh!"

A native poet has fitly expressed American patriotism in that hymn which may be called the national anthem:

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

But it is not patriotism in the abstract that I intend to exhibit to-night, it is the true patriot; and none was ever worthier of the name than the uncrowned King George of America, the gallant Washington. Many bear his name, but how few possess his nature among the living to-day!

Great man! "thou shouldst be living at this hour!"

The world hath need of thee. We're selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power,
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The twenty-second of February is a day to be held by every American in proud and perpetual remembrance. For on that day, in the year 1732, an old family tree, whose roots had taken hold on six centuries, and which had been transplanted by the banks of the now classic Potomac, gave birth to a bud that in the fulness of time blossomed into a flower, whose immortal beauty shall flourish till the sun himself shall fade. The violet of spring may decay, and the last rose of summer fall from its stem; but perennial freshness and fragrance will never depart from the name of George Washington. True, he was born in the eighteenth century, but he belongs to no one era; he is the possession of all time, and eternity has adopted him as her own. True, he was born in Virginia, but he belongs exclusively to no State, no section, no country; he is a child of man, a chief among ten thousand of an universal brotherhood. This was enthusiastically expressed in a certain meeting. One voice proclaimed him "Virginia's Washington;" another cries, "Nay, America's Washington!" when a third voice exclaimed, "Nay, the world's Washington!" As men, therefore, regardless of nativity or nationality, we do honor to the man who is worthy of the admiration of the world.

The boyhood of Washington was what every boyhood should be, a season of playful simplicity and athletic sport, blended with intellectual growth and mental improvement. Through the influence of those best educators, a good father and a gracious mother, the child also grew in the fear of God and the favor of man. Several oft-told and trite anecdotes are related of his early life, which illustrate the principles of probity and truth which had been interwoven with the warp and woof of his moral nature. Something, too, of martial ardor was kindled in the young spirit which gave his very amusements a military air. The playground became a *campus martius*, his schoolmates were his soldiers, the games were drills and sham fights, and he, of course—for "the child is father of the man"—was the commander-in-chief of the forces. When eleven years of age he was summoned to the bedside of his dying father, and felt the sharpness of a first sorrow. But there remained to him the angelic guidance and guardianship of a fond but faithful mother. How much the noblest men of the world have been indebted to the formative virtue of maternal affection none but the Omniscient can compute. The boy continued the schoolboy, and with practical objects in pursuit, fed his mind on such substantial pabulum as would supply the sinews of warfare and work. At the same time he cultivated habits of self-control and polite deportment, without which the ripest scholar is but a pedantic snob. Meanwhile, the military society in which he moved, with its recitals of cruelties and campaigns, battles and bombardments, roused his passion for chivalrous enterprise, and when fourteen years of age he evinced a desire to enter the navy. This flame was fanned by the ships of war which frequently anchored in the Potomac, and there was but one thing to be obtained; he would embark—that was his mother's consent. This was at first given; a midshipman's warrant was secured, his luggage was on board the boat, when, at the last moment, the maternal heart faltered.

How could she part with her eldest son, and resign to hardship and danger her promising boy? He saw her solicitude, and to his eternal honor, relinquished his design and returned to school. And so in solving mathematical problems and surveying the neighboring land, for two years further he fitted himself for his life to come. He was not fifteen when his mind was excited by some unknown member of the softer sex; and I am sorry to say his passion seems, for some reason, to have caused him painful perturbation. Can you conceive of the champion of American liberty bound about by the bands of female beauty, and led captive in the chains of a fair one's charms? In March, 1748, Washington set out on a surveying expedition through that lovely valley, where rolls the beautiful river which the Indians named Shenandoah, or "the daughter of the stars;" and he so well acquitted himself in this undertaking that he received the appointment of Public Surveyor, a profitable post, which he occupied for three years. Often during this period he was an inmate of Greenway Court, the seat of the self-ex-patriated Lord Fairfax; and the youthful visitor's time went gaily by amid indulgence in field sports and the excitements of the chase, relieved by the literary conversation of the charming Baron. One of the least creditable chapters in the history of this country concerns the dispossession of the aboriginal owners of the soil. Between the French and the English, the poor Indian was with little ceremony defrauded out of his native territory. The Saxon and the Gaul urged their rival claims to certain tracts of land, and no peaceful adjustment being possible, there

was a final appeal to the arbitrament of war. Virginia was divided into military districts, each having its Adjutant General, charged with the duty of organizing and equipping the militia, and to one of these important posts Washington was appointed when only nineteen years of age. He diligently fitted himself for his new trust by receiving instruction in military tactics, and exercising in field evolutions and the use of the sword. In September, 1751, he accompanied his sick brother Lawrence on a visit to Barbadoes; but the change, including a subsequent trip to Bermuda, failed to restore the invalid, who returned home to die in July, 1752. Thus was devolved on George the new responsibility of an executor, and he proved himself worthy of implicit confidence. During this time the difficulties with the red men were unsettled, and in 1753 an officer was needed by the Lieutenant Governor of Virginia to execute a mission that would require sagacity to negotiate with the white man, and courage to cope with the untutored savage. Washington was pointed out as fully qualified, and was accordingly chosen. He set out in due time for the headquarters of the Indians and the Frenchmen with whom he was to treat; and having accomplished his mission, started for home bearing a sealed reply from the French commandant. After a chapter of perilous adventures with treacherous Indians and treacherous foe, he reached Williamsburg early in 1754, and made his report. This expedition is noteworthy as affording early evidence of those talents for civil and military command which enabled him to achieve such redoubtable exploits in after days. The evasive reply which he brought from the French Chevalier led to further measures; and an honorable post was again assigned to the incipient hero, whose star was rising with increasing resplendency. And he deserved to shine, for his beams were of the celestial light. This his own unaffected utterance will show: "The motives that have led me here are pure and noble. I had no view of acquisition but that of honor by serving faithfully my King and country." Such at the age of twenty-two was Washington's noble declaration of disinterestedness, out of which grew a certain other declaration at a subsequent date. The Lieutenant Colonel, for such was now his rank, set forth at the head of about one hundred and fifty men, to resist the encroachments of their French antagonists. Before long a sharp skirmish took place, and for the first time Washington was in a hot fire, amid the whistling of balls, and some shedding of blood. His own loss was one man killed close by his side. The loss inflicted on the enemy was ten killed, besides twenty-one taken prisoners. How inspiring to the young commander must have been these first fruits of victory! But one swallow does not make a summer, and this brief encounter by no means closed the contest. Still his courage was invincible. The enemy was numerous, and he was in sore need of reinforcements; but his young blood was fired, and he resolved to "fight with very unequal numbers rather than give up one inch of what he had gained. But the superior forces of the foe were too many for him, and having capitulated the fort behind which he had entrenched himself, he returned to Williamsburg with his report to the Governor. Soon after this, owing to some obnoxious measures taken by the representatives of Majesty, Washington quitted the service and retired to the quietude of domestic life. The truth is that questions of military rank were being agitated, involving the relations between imperial authority and colonial privilege, and presaging a revolt that would ripen into resistless revolution. So Washington was at Mount Vernon again, by his mother's side, resuming those peaceful pursuits of agriculture in which he had taken early delight. But his retirement was brief. The hostility of the French on the Ohio had roused the British lion, which now shook his tawny mane and stood in an attitude that boded angry business. It was a time for action, and Washington was wanted. He therefore readily offered his services to General Braddock, whom the home government had sent out from England in charge of the campaign, and was cordially invited to a volunteer position on the General's staff. This expedition of Braddock issued in a most disastrous defeat, and in his own melancholy death; but it afforded fresh evidence of the wisdom and bravery of his illustrious *aid de camp*, whose marvellous escape in the midst of terrible slaughter, seemed prophetic of that greater work which he was later ordained to fulfill in the time to come. Again he sought his rural abode, but had scarcely reached it when he was recalled and placed at the command of all the forces of the Virginia colony. He vigorously set about securing a reformation of the militia laws which had been inefficient; and prohibited, under severe penalties, every form of excess within his camp.

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His men were thoroughly dis-
ciplined in the tactics of ordinary warfare,
and also in bush-fighting, the chief mode of
Indian strategy. But, though the troubles
on the frontier were increasing, and the
lives of many were being sacrificed by the
marauding savages, nothing of any im-
portance was attempted for many months,
owing to the cross purposes of Governors,
the delays of Generals, and the inefficiency
of existing systems of attack and defence.
Washington, disappointed in his patriotic
designs, mortified by the inglorious defeats
of the British commanders, misinstructed
by the Governor of his own province, and
undermined in health through long con-
tinued toil and anxiety, relinquished his
post and again retired to Mount Vernon
about the end of the year. The next
year, 1758, brought many changes.
Washington, improved in health and
spirits, was once more in command,
a new Governor was appointed for Virginia,
and William Pitt was at the head of the
British administration. The result of this
year's decisive measures was the termination
of the troubles on the southern frontier, and
the end of French domination on the con-
tested Ohio. Washington's military career
now closed for awhile; peace being restored
to his native province, his great purpose was
attained. Thereupon, followed by the ap-
plause of his fellow soldiers and fellow citi-
zens, he retired to private life, and on the
6th of January, 1759, was married to Mrs.
Martha Custis, the woman of his choice,
amid the joyous hospitality of the good days
of old.

But here we must pause. Hitherto we
have traced the patriot's pathway somewhat
in detail. To continue in the same line to the
end of his brilliant career would consume
more time than we have at command.

Besides, we have done enough for our
present purpose, which is to show that
George Washington was essentially a man
who lived, not for himself, but for the good
of his country; and was possessed of those
sterling and sublime elements of character—
truth, faithfulness, devotion to duty, and the
fear of God—which make any man great,
and which, amid surrounding darkness,
shine forth as stars of the first magnitude.
Henceforth his path was onward and up-
ward, brightening as he rose. In the home,
where he had been the obedient son, he be-
came the faithful husband and the tender
parent of the two children committed to his
care. In the sanctuary he was the reverent
worshipper and the devout communi-
cant. In business he was exact and scrupu-
lously honest. So much so that every ship-
ment that bore his brand was exempt from
customary inspection in West India ports.
In the Legislature his magnanimity was only
equalled by his modesty. In every sphere,
whether private or public; in every office,
subordinate or supreme—as Major of a
squad of militia or as President of the United
States—he was the same disinterested, val-
orous, righteous hero.

My brothers! if ever there was a time
when the strong elements of Washington's
character needed to be reproduced, it is
now. The foundations of this great Ameri-
can commonwealth, which he labored,
sword in one hand and trowel in the other,
to construct, are suffering assault from the
legions of selfishness and dishonesty. On
every hand we hear of the repudiation of
just debts, the violation of solemn agree-
ments, and the utter disregard of the most
sacred obligations. From the chief magis-
trate to the meanest official in the nation,
it is the exception to find a man who
does not, in a greater or less degree,
owe his election to bribery, intimidation,
manipulation of votes, or some other form
of political corruption. Offices are bought
and held by the purchasers for repayment of
the price with compound interest. Business
is ruined by speculation and swindling; and
upright men find themselves poor, while un-
principled traitors grow rich by selling the
truth for shekels of silver. Everywhere
commercial men complain of stagnation, and
innocent women and children are made
almost to starve. Literature is prostituted
to the love of gold, and talent is degraded
to the lust of power. Social life is embil-
tered through fashionable extravagance and
attendance on bankruptcies, while religion
languishes and devotion dies simply because
men cannot serve God and the devil. There
is money enough for gluttony and gambling,
for wine and women, but none for philan-
thropy or piety, none for the good of man or

the glory of God. If all this be true—and who
will dare a denial?—where shall we find
the remedy? The land is full of Bibles and
preachers, sanctuaries and sermonizings.
We have balm in Gilead, and we have physi-
cians here; why then is not the health of the
daughter of our people recovered? The
question is, are all these agencies wielding
their legitimate influence? They are not;
and I solemnly believe, my brothers, the
reason of our retrogression to be that much of
our domestic and public education has be-
come a mere stepping stone to marriage in the
one sex, and to money-making in the other;
and that our great moral instrument for
the grinding of theological dogmas. The
great eternal principles of truth and justice,
the pillars of universal government, have
been superseded by questions of creed and
custom, doctrine and ordinance, which
have distracted the church and dis-
gusted the world. A man's goodness
is gauged by his orthodoxy. Church
membership covers a multitude of sins;
while the most exemplary man is
classed with vagabonds and villains, if he
refuses to pronounce some sectarian shibbo-
leth. I love the church of God, to me "a
Christian is the highest style of man;" and
the assembly of true saints is the nearest
approach to my idea of a heaven-born
brotherhood. But the kingdom of God is
not theology, it is righteousness; it is not
controversy, it is peace; it is not fear of
punishment, it is "joy in the Holy Ghost."
"For modes of faith let graceless zealots
fight; his can't be wrong whose life is in the
right." Man's great duty here is not to
speculate on God, but to be God-like; not
to pry into the mysteries of eternity, but to
improve the realities of time. For while we
are dreaming of a heaven above, we are
doing nothing to make a heaven below.
With terrible irony hungry, half-naked chil-
dren are singing of a happy land,
far, far away; we might bring that land a
little nearer by making this a little happier.
While we are discussing the hell hereafter,
we are forgetting the hell that exists around
us already; the perdition of falsehood, the
damnation of dishonesty, and the devils of
drunkenness and passion that torment the
wretched on the earth. My brothers, the
remedy for national ills is to be found in a
return to those everlasting principles of
moral uprightness which made George
Washington the father of a national family
whose history among the peoples of the
earth is unexampled and unique. And it is
only because the corner-stones of the mag-
nificent edifice are being struck away that
the whole fabric threatens a fall. Repair
the foundations, and the building will stand
till the crack of doom.

American citizens! freeborn sons of the
patriarch who with a great sword obtained
this freedom, by the memory of the man
whose merit you are proud to acknowledge,
by the name which in every land has be-
come a synonym of truth, of honesty, of
devotion, of patriotism, by the father of
this country, I charge you, his sons and
daughters, walk worthy of your illustrious
progenitor. I pray you be true. Be yours
the life-long oath to speak and act the
truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the
truth, by the help of God. I pray you be
honest. Be yours the inflexible rule that
one hundred cents make a dollar in pay-
ment as well as in receipt, and never
count a debt discharged till you have de-
livered the very last mite. I pray you be
generous; for all the law is fulfilled in one
word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy
neighbor as thyself. And in the name of
Him who is a greater than Washington,
whose patriotism was the love of every
country, whose philanthropy was the love
of every man, in the name of Jesus, I pray
you turn from darkness to light, and from
the power of Satan unto God, that you may
receive forgiveness of sins and an inheritance
among them that are sanctified by faith that
is in Him. Are any of you citizens of hea-
ven? Let your future conduct give the
answer. The lights of the world are only
known by their shining.

"Angels he calls you; be your strife
To lead on earth an angel's life,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die.
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your master's midnight call."

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The American *Enquirer* thus catalogues a few of the wonders of the American continent: The greatest cat-act in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet.

The greenest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave, of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 400 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the Mississippi. It contains 5,000,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe.

The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific railroad, over 8000 miles in length.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Potos Knob of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard college for orphans, Philadelphia.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, New York. Its length is 40 1/2 miles and it cost \$12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

The most beautiful city in the South is Savannah. And the most noted and attractive cemetery, is Bonaventure.

The greatest mass of solid granite in America, is the Stone Mountain in Georgia; and the most wonderful Railroad is the Macon and Western, running 100 miles without crossing a creek or river.

THE MAZARINE BIBLE.—At a meeting of the Connecticut Historical Society, in Hartford, the chief interest gathered about the exhibition of one of the rarest and most valuable books in the world. Dr. Trumbull brought out the Mazarine Bible, belonging to the collection of the late George Brinley. This is one of the only two copies in America, and there are only six in the world. It was printed in 1455. Two years ago, two copies were sold at auction in London in the same sale, and one printed upon paper brought \$14,000, gold; the other, on vellum, brought \$20,000, gold. Usually a vellum copy of any work brings four or five times as much as a paper one; but the history of the Mazarine Bible raises the value of the paper copies relatively to those on vellum. Guttenberg printed the first copies in 1455, and those were on paper; in 1456, Frust got possession of the types, and his edition was partly on vellum. These consequently, are not so completely "original."

HOW TWO LAWYERS SWORE OFF.

A TALE WITH A MORAL, IF NOT A MORAL TALE.

"I swore off once—let me see—yes, I was twenty-six years ago—yes, twenty-six years ago last first day of January, Church Blackburn and I swore off."

Judge Cady pushed aside his judicial ermine, and, leaning his arm upon the desk, the tears welled up from his soul into his eyes as he pondered on those happy days.

"You see," pursued the judge, forcing back the lump in his throat, "you see Church Blackburn and I were great friends. He had a law office adjoining mine, and we were together a great deal. Well, Church used to drink considerable, and as I used to take an occasional drop myself, says I to him one 1st of January, 'Church,' says I, 'let's swear off.' 'Agreed,' says he, 'I've got sick of wearing this red nose of mine around town, so let's quit this miserable drinking and lead the virtuous lives of total abstinence men.' Well, we swore off and agreed that whichever one of us first broke the pledge should buy the other a suit of clothes. For six months I kept the pledge like a Spartan hero—I never quailed before the blandishments of the white-robed bartender, and Blackburn seemed to be doing well, too. We were together just as much as ever, and I never caught him taking a drink of liquor in all that six months' time. Twice a day we used to go down to the Planter's House saloon and get a couple of big lemonades to cool our parched throats, and show the boys how true to our resolutions we were. Now, all this time Blackburn's nose was just as red as ever, and I couldn't understand why this change of life should give it more tone of repose. Well, one hot July afternoon we dropped in at the Planter's and ordered our big lemonades as usual. The bartender fixed 'em up as usual, but when I tasted of mine I spit it quick-like and a shudder ran all over my body. 'Look here,' says I to the bar-keeper, 'you've put gin on this lemonade.' Well, you never saw a man as scared as that barkeeper was. He looked at me and then at Blackburn, and then leaning up against the bar, pale as a ghost and speechless as a mummy. And Blackburn turned red and white, and all sorts of colors at once, and tried to stammer out something, and failed ignominiously. 'What does this mean?' 'I gave you the wrong tumbler,' faintly moaned the semi-comatose barkeeper. Then Blackburn came out like a man, made a clean breast of it, and I couldn't help laughing when I heard how outrageously I had been duped. Why, for five long months, twice a day, Blackburn had been drinking gin and lemon to my lemonade. He had made an arrangement with the barkeeper, and guzzled away, time and again, until at last, by some awkwardness, the barkeeper had given me Blackburn's gin instead of my lemonade."

"Well, you got the suit of clothes?" "Yes, and Blackburn paid for 'em, like a little man! Humph, 10 o'clock; call the court to order, Mr. Marshall."

GENERAL LEE'S ADVICE TO OFFICERS' WIVES.—I have heard General Lee relate the following incident: At a dinner party given by General Taylor shortly after his accession, General, then Captain Lee, chanced to be on the right of Mrs. Bliss at the table. They were discussing army life, the separations it entailed and how hard it often was for an officer's wife to know what to do, whether to follow her husband or stay with her mother. "Of course, Captain Lee," said Mrs. Bliss, "like all men, you think a woman should leave all and cling to her husband." "Not so, madam," said he, "my advice is, stay as long as you can under your mother's wing. You never can have more than one mother, but a pretty woman can always supply a husband's loss." Years afterward he was again at the right of Mrs. Bliss at a dinner party, but Colonel Bliss had died in the meantime; his widow had married again, and of course bore a different name; and Captain had become Colonel Lee. After discussing several subjects, she laughingly said, "Colonel, do you remember a piece of advice you once gave me?" "Indeed, I do, madam. It has been in my thoughts all day, but I would have never dared to remind you of it. You followed the advice, I see."—New York Herald Correspondence.

Emmet's Romance.

There was one phase of Robert Emmet's career, says the *Augusta Chronicle*, which seems to have escaped in a great part all of the speakers at the recent centenary celebrations, and that was his love for Sarah Curran, the daughter of the illustrious advocate who was present at the trial, but, at that time, ignorant of the tie existing between his child and the patriotic prisoner. Some of the correspondence between these lovers fell into Curran's possession, and he became at last aware, after the conviction of Emmet, how completely his daughter, whom he idolized, had given her heart to the young hero who was about to die. We are told by the chroniclers of the day that a few hours before the execution Curran received a letter from Emmet, in which he related the story of their attachment. "I would rather," he said, "have the affections of your daughter in the wilderness of America, depending upon my two hands for subsistence, than to occupy the most exalted station earth could give." To Richard Curran, Sarah's only brother, he wrote as follows: "Oh, Richard, I have no excuse to offer for the love I bore your matchless sister, but that I intended as much happiness for her as the most ardent love could have given her. I did not love her with a wild, unfounded, transient passion, but it was an attachment increasing every hour, founded on admiration of the purity of the mind, respect of her talents, and her amiable, loving nature. My loved and adored Sarah. It was not thus that I thought to requite your affections! I had hoped to be the object to which they might cling through a long and happy life; but a rude blast has destroyed all our hopes, and her affections have fallen on a grave."

The sentence that condemned the man to death was the death-blow to the woman who loved him and who was, in every way, worthy of his love. Through all the dust and tears and blood of revolution her sweet face shone like a star, and it was to be near her that Emmet periled his safety, and made possible the tragic drama that will survive the pyramids. When his relics were laid at rest, awaiting the judgment of God and posterity, Sarah Curran was the sole mourner who could not be consoled. She wept for him continually, and from the hour that her hero ceased to exist she began to fade, and welcomed the early grave to which she speedily journeyed. Travel helped her not; friends and family availed her nothing; the soft airs of Italy brought no health to her cheek or peace to her soul. She drooped and died. She slept in death to awaken in Heaven, where her lover had gone before. And so, forever and forever, as the name of Emmet is remembered, that of Sarah Curran will not be forgotten. The poet who cast his wreath of immortality upon the devoted man's last resting place was equally thoughtful of the woman who loved and was faithful to him even in the tomb. And with Moore, the generous and affectionate of all lands will echo:

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morn;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

Mrs. Hayes has received from New York a memoir of her silver wedding in the shape of an oval cameo brooch, set in platinum, with four diamonds about the cameo upon which is cut a medallion of the President.

serially in London between 1829 and 1834. "Persons," said he, "seem to think that it costs but little money to become thoroughly versed in entomology. Here are seven volumes that cost me over \$200. And there," opening the book and laying his finger on the page, "is the first trace of the potato bug."

It was an extract from a paper read by Thomas Say before the Academy of Sciences in 1824. While travelling with Nuttall, the well-known botanist, in what was then called Missouri Territory, which included Kansas and Colorado, he found the bug feeding on the wild solanum, a sort of scrubby tomato, with a prickly leaf, and not fit to eat. The country was then entirely unsettled, and nobody knew that the insect would eat potatoes. Mr. Nuttall said that it seemed to thrive best on the upper Missouri. Apparently the same beetles were observed along the Arkansas river, and as far south as Alabama, but later investigations proved them to be a distinct species, known as the juncta. While they thrive on the wild solanum, they cannot live on potato vines. Their resemblance to the genuine bug is so close that it requires an experienced eye to distinguish them. The black line on the side is broader than that on the potato beetle, the lines being joined at the end. This is the only outward difference. Lately another striped beetle, colored like a quadron, has been discovered in California. Scientists have not yet found out what it is going to do.

The potato bug evidently sprang into existence near the Black Hills, or the Big Horn country. For centuries it fed upon the wild solanum, its nurseries being limited by the quantity of food. The solanum is found along the Rocky Mountains, as far south as New Mexico. The Pike's Peak excitement broke out in 1858. There was a rush for gold. Men came together from every State in the Union. One out of a hundred turned his attention to farming, and tried to feed the ninety-nine who were digging for gold. Potatoes were planted, and the pest of the solanum found a more palatable food. It got more nutriment from one acre of potatoes than from a hundred acres of solanum. Every potato field in Colorado was covered with them, and the farmers in the new territory stood against their numbers.

They began to travel East. In 1860 they appeared in Kansas. They must have been carried there in wagons, for they are heavy bodied insects, and can fly but a short distance, as was shown by the millions afloat along the coast last year. No sooner had they struck the potato fields of Kansas than they began to increase in proportion to the supply of food. The same year they appeared in Nebraska, and in 1861 crossed the Missouri and invaded Iowa. Within three years they spread through that State, and jumped the Mississippi into Illinois. "I remember," said Mr. Fuller, that in 1865 Walsh and Riley, entomologists from Missouri, sent me several potato beetles found near Rock Island. Here they are." He drew a case of beetles from his cabinet and pointed them out. At first, he said, the farmers were not alarmed. They did not regard the beetle as a stranger, and averred that it had always been there. They had confounded it with the juncta, and thought it had turned a new trick in eating potatoes the same as schoolboys learn to chew tobacco. It was not until 1865 that the lamented Walsh discovered that the bug, notwithstanding its very strict resemblance, was entirely distinct from the juncta, and that while both fed on the wild solanum, but one thrived on the potato.

"How do you know," the writer inquired, "that the juncta does not feed upon the potato?" "Well," said the good-natured entomologist, "it sometimes costs something to find out something. I sent to Alabama and got the juncta in all its stages, larve, grubs, and beetles. I sent twice before I could get them alive. The first time, owing to bad packing, they were smashed in the Post Office. I put them in boxes in cases and tried their tastes for various plants. Those fed on potato leaves ate a few at first, but gradually grew weaker and weaker until they died. This proved that they might possibly feed on potato vines if starved to it, but in the end they would be sure to die."

The most singular feature in the advance of the potato bug is that they have crossed the Mississippi and marched east in five separate columns. The northern column has been the most rapid in its movements, the southern lagging away behind, showing that a cold climate is the best suited for the propagation of the pest. They were found in the southern corner of Wisconsin as early as 1862, and spread over the State quite rapidly. In 1867 millions of them were blown into Lake Michigan from northern Wisconsin. A northwest wind sent them ashore in southwestern Michigan and northern Indiana. In 1868 they began to propagate in Indiana, and in July of that year the second brood raised in Indiana appeared in Ohio. Their progress eastward from that time was very rapid, and in 1873 they were discovered in eastern Pennsylvania. All the time they increased in numbers with the ratio of potato fields. Their rate of speed up to last fall has averaged over seventy miles a year. The bug is not found south of Maryland. The hot weather kills it, and it will never appear in the Gulf States, because it cannot live there.

"During all this time," continued Mr. Fuller, "entomologists were warning the people and urging them to take steps to prevent the spread of the pests. No action was taken. The bugs had their own way, and the Northern States have become their feeding and breeding grounds. If the farmers had listened to the naturalists, whole States might have been saved. As late as 1870 a Canadian found bodies of the bugs on the shore of Lake Huron. Charles V. Riley, of Missouri, mentioned this in a report. He told the Canadian report, for ten years past, had cost millions of dollars, and was a pain of my life within thirty days of my age. It is to prevent the spread of the pest, I have seen tears you have led me astray; ent your decay."

be past, can last, delight, light; the cold soil; your God!

MUCH TOO AGREEABLE.

She was one of those women you couldn't quarrel with. She was that able that her old man got tired of it.

Arnold. sentiment which unity for y of the and solid nonumen uring ne venture, tone nor bed, which and we s who he le consu d isered oman the work. ance. The railroad company selected can beats strongest and fastest engine; and he suffer the French police hired the services of first am "Belgian voyageur," which is of the best breed of homing pigeons. At the moment that the train started, the lit- field, title messenger with the document he Mar- fastened to him, was tossed out of a the dmile high, for a minute or two he circled and about as if in search of bearings, and ded brthen took a straight course for London. His apparent hesitation led the railroad officers to feel confident in their own stretch every nerve, and they scored a mile for every minute. But in the hazy, sunny atmosphere, and borne along by the West wind, the bird beat the train by twenty minutes—a time allowance representing eighteen miles. He accomplished in fifty-six minutes what the engine was seventy-six minutes in accomplishing.

MAN'S MANNERS.—Politeness is to a oke man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. The very tones in which he asks for a match of to light his cigar, is often more potent than those of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manners has often made hundreds successful, while the best of men by their hardness and coolness have done themselves an incalculable injury, the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career through life would scarcely have been worth recording. He Drove of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. It is a trait of character well worth cultivating. Never forget the value of true politeness.

in the money sentiment of women serts that "women have mor and more imagination than Otway exclaims, "Oh, woman woman! Nature made thee to mea. We had been brutes you."

UTH. a written by ther of John d away; osted and gray; ght is no more; growed all o'er; ay visions have our recall; ye shall fall; I have seen; tears you have led me astray; ent your decay i be past, can last, delight, light; the cold soil; your God!

as follows e and e the cargo

DONT'S FOR HUSBANDS.

Don't think when you have won a wife however, that you have also won a slave. on his hands. n't think that your wife has less feel- of the George t. your sweetheart. Her relation- on his royal neck. is simply changed, not her ty vanities were trampled. field. Charles the Second, at ues can dispense with der of it, he had thought of tics of life toward her and have excter a species of appreciates those things for "Fay ce que voudre," but the .at home. Had occur to the Merry Monarch. before mar- Once again, and in the reign of than would be monarch the first George, an attempt will. to obtain the re-admission of ladies to t she is an der. In an address to the Earl of Pembroke grudge- Anstis urged their claim in a strain of grateful, as quent penny-a-lining delightful to students, the will the English language. This supplication cause some little talk, and in 1731 a report was spread that Queen Caroline entertained an idea of con- ferring degrees and stars of honor on ladies of quality. There appears no valid reason why she should not have done so, if the saying of a late nobleman be as clever as it was thought. He declared that he coveted the garter "because it was the only English order given without reference to merit." Neither the supplication of Anstis nor the wish of George the Second's am- able queen was spontaneous. They were sug- gested by the foundation of the Austrian Order of the Starry Cross, the most ancient of purely feminine orders of chivalry.

A Russian order for women was established in 1714 by the Czar Peter, in honor of Martha Rabe, a Livonian woman, the wife of a Swedish dragoon, who, after a variety of unedifying adventures, induced the Czar to make her Empress of Russia, under the name of Catherine the First. Originally men were received into this order, but at a later period the decoration was strictly confined to ladies. The order is divided into two classes, the number of the grand crosses being limited to the princesses of the imperial family, and twelve noble ladies of the highest Russian aristocracy. This order has, within a few years, been conferred on three English princesses—the Princess Helena, the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and the Princess Beatrice. The grand cross, adorned with diamonds, is worn across the right shoulder toward the left side, by a broad poppy-red ribbon with silver stripes. This ribbon was formerly blue—but *souvent femme varie*. On the ribbon is embroidered the equivalent in Russian for "For Love and Father-land." The reverse is very curious, showing at the top of an oval, at the foot of are seen in the act of carrying them up as food for their young. Above are the words, "Equet munia comparis," in allusion to the services rendered by the young Catherine to the much older Peter. The costume consists of silver stuff with gold embroidery, and with hat and bow of green velvet.

Every Russia has another decoration for ladies and you were in 1828 in memory of you married her. She the Emperor married a man' and don't deceive her, 1716

MY ANSWER. Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing Ever made by the hand above; A woman's heart and a woman's life, And woman's wonderful love! Do you know you have asked for this priceless As a child might ask for a toy. Demanding what others have died to win, With the reckless dash of a boy? You have written my lesson of duty out, Men like you have questioned me, Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul, Until I shall question thee. You require your mutton shall always be hot, Your socks and your shirts be whole; I require your heart to be true as God's stars, And as pure as is Heaven, your soul. You require a cook for your mutton and beef; I require a much greater thing— A seamstress, you're wanting for socks and e out; get There, 1713

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade From my soft, young cheek one day; Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves, As you did 'mid the blossoms of May? Is your heart an ocean, so strong and deep, I may launch my all on its tide? A loving woman finds heaven or hell The day she becomes a bride. I require all things that are grand and true, All things that a man should be; If you give this all, I would stake my life To be all you demand of me. If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook You can hire—and little to pay; But a woman's heart and a woman's life Are not to be won that way. 170-3

future President had a pleasant ride. 1718

my thoughts all day, but I would have never dared to remind you of it. You followed the advice, I see."—*New York Herald Correspondence.* P.O. 4

equals slothful and ill-temper-
 marries? If she now thinks
 to work, is it safe to
 as to that — cut a medallion
 she began with
 Our

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

The following lines were written by
St. George Tucker, stepfather of John
Randolph, of Roanoke:

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, you are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, you are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, your gay visions have
 lown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye shall fall;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bath'd in tears you have
 been;
Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God!

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HUMOR.—When Abraham Lincoln was a poor lawyer he found himself one cold day at a village some distance from Springfield, Ill., and with no means of conveyance. Seeing a gentleman driving along the Springfield road in a carriage, he ran up to him and politely said: "Sir, will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" "With pleasure," answered the gentleman. "But how will you get it again?" "Oh, very easily," said Mr. Lincoln, "as I intend to remain in it." "Jump in," said the gentleman, laughing, and the future President had a pleasant ride.

Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light; 143
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God!

"COME UNTO ME."

BY ELIZABETH KIRK.

A sweeter song than e'er was sung,
By poet, priest, or sage;
A song which through all Heaven has
And down thro' all the ages,
A precious strain of sweet accord,
A note of cheer from Christ our Lord;
List! as it vibrates full and free,
O grieving heart, "Come unto Me."

O vision, provision, sweet command,
Vouchsafed the weak and weary;
A light to find on either hand,
A light for prospect dreary,
A friend who knows our bitter need,
Of each endeavor taking heed;
Who calls to every soul oppress'd,
"Come unto Me: I'll give you rest."

"Come unto Me." The way's not long
His hands are stretched to meet the
Now still thy sobbing, list the song
Which everywhere shall greet thee,
Here at His feet your burden lay,
Why neath it bend another day,
Since One so loving calls to thee,
"Oh! heavy laden, come to Me!"

A sweeter song than e'er was sung
By poet, priest, or sage;
A song which thro' all Heaven has
And down thro' all the ages,
How can we turn from such a strain,
Or longer wait to ease our pain?
Oh! draw us closer, Lord, that we
May find our sweetest rest in Thee.
—Congregation

LOST.

Went rose by the wayside hung,
Dew-glittering on the morning air,
Pure, scarce-conscious perfume flung;
I looked, and found the floweret fair;
I sought with sudden zest
Wear its beauty on my breast,
The trembling petals at my touch
Sweeter, subtler fragrance shed;
'Tis strange I loved that flower so much,
And—it was dead.

A high mood when thought hath wings
And finds alone its speech in song,
Struck an old harp's slumbering strings
And drew an idle hand along;
He deemed the careless cords had caught
He life note that my spirit sought,
Till sudden on my startled ear,
'Tis dream-accents woke,
Alack! I bought the rapture dear—
The string had broken.

heard a wild bird on the shore
Singing a wild song to the sea,
And bold the burden that it bore,
And sweeter than all else to me;
And the bird to hear
Its magic minstrelsy more near,
Untamed, the captive's swelling throat,
No one song his whole soul cast,
Too well I know his loveliest notes
Had been his last.

And yet, while memory hath power
To count the hours too vainly spent,
The fragrance of that faded flower,
That harp's last dying music, blent
With the wild bird's weird death-song will
Haunt every waking moment still,
Teaching my heart the bitter cost
Of all the eye of hope hath seen,
Of all that life hath won and lost—
That might have been.

Too Late.

From the Cyprus
Laid and my sherry wine,
Beside the blazing fire,
'Tis very late, 'tis very fine,
A vintage to inspire
Sick pines as a poet might weave,
And, weaving, strike his lyre,
Lisp the same, but would you think,
To hear the glasses rhythmic clink,
I'm counting even while I drink?

It seems too late, too late, I muse,
This sherry rare and mellow,
Why did I not drink it more,
To smile, while yet a fellow
Was young and strong and lusty-limbed,
Before his face grew yellow
With indigestion? Ah, the wine,
The enervating now is mine,
But gone the taste which made it fine!

I know this velvet-covered chair
Is wondrous soft and easy,
But what of comfort can I share
Grown corpulent and wheezy?
Ah, could I thus have stretched my limbs
When life was fresh and breezy,
But now—well, now I've learned to doubt
If anybody's yet found out
A chair that's easy for the joint!

Woodcock and turtle, quail on toast,
These things of feasting savor,
And yet the same old fish and roast
Have lost for me the flavor.
I could have relished these things once,
Had fortune smiled with favor;
But now, with dainties served in sight,
With all the palate can delight,
I've lost the sauce of appetite.

Because I drive my coach and four,
The girls are proud to meet me;
They come unbidden to my door,
And with a kiss they greet me;
They throw their arms about my neck—
Yes, that's the way they treat me!
But passion's flames are all unknown;
The lips which were mine, I owe
The nectar of the kiss has flown!

And so I sip my sherry wine,
Beside the blazing fire,
And though 'tis old and very fine,
Sad thoughts it doth inspire,
For sitting here, in luxury, I lap,
Of fortune's smile I tire,
And I would give my broad estate
For any boon bestowed by fate,
Which did not come too late, too late!

THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD.

There grew a poppy in a plot of corn,
And three men went thereby, before the heat
Had drawn from out the field beneath their feet
The freshness of the dew-drops and the morn.
Then did the loveliness of that lone flower
Strike in upon the sense of all the three;
And one, a youth, spake in that thoughtful hour,
And said: "Methinks this poppy well might be
Some rich dark southern beauty, sleepy-sweet,
Girt with a bending ring of gracious mien."
The second, one that was of riper years,
Made answer: "Nay, a blood-red banner, torn
By steel of strife, and blown with winds of war,
And guarded round by ranks of shining spears."
Then spake to them the third, whose head was
hoar:

"Death comes to love and war; what aid they
then?
This flower has one speech only unto me,
That man is as the grass, and all his pride
Of war, and beauty of love shall suddenly
Fade like the flowers in the sad autumn-tide;
The wind sweeps over them, and they are gone!"
And then upon those three went silent on,
And the low sunlight lay unbroken by shade,
Until a maiden came, who hummed a song
For very gladness, as she tripped along.
The freshness of the morning in her eyes;
Nor was she moved as they, in anywise,
To any thought of that which makes afraid,
But stopped and plucked the poppy from the
ground.

And set it on the whiteness of her dress,
And so passed on, with added loveliness.
No hidden inner meaning had she found,
Nor thought of strife or death to make her sad—
The sole sweet beauty was enough for her;
She took God's thought, the poppy, and was
glad—
So was she Nature's best interpreter.
—The Spectator.

I am Weary of Life.

In youth we set out with pleasing anticipations
Of the treasures that beauty, wealth and
fame, scatter along the pathway of life. As we
journey on, briars and thorns beset us, "Man's
inhumanity to man" which were it not, the
weary lengthening lane we are travelling
would be an avenue of dainty delights.

I am weary of life, and the hope that I
nourished,

No longer lures me on;
Each illusive dream dim its strife which I
cherished.

Alas! is now past and gone,
The glittering visions that gilded life's
morning,

In rapture and beauty is o'er,
I wander as one who the white crested billow,
Hath cast on a desolate shore.

As the loveliest flowers that adorn the valley,
In winter's blast sicken and die;
And the majestic oak, by the lightning
when riven,

Waves no more its green branches on high,
As tossed on the waves by the merciless
tempest.

The proud barque sinks into the deep,
A heart on which presses the cold hand of
sorrow

Lingers here only to weep.

Oh! had I the magical ring of Aladdin,
I'd hie to some fairy isle,
Where the gloom of the cypress, he'er would
sadden,

Nor wrest from the brow a smile,
To bask on the banks of life's beautiful river,
Nor sorrow, nor care I ween,
In musical rill and sigh of the zephyr,
Would ruffle its floral sheen.

'Tis past oh! that ever glittering vision,
Had dallied so joyously,
Where unbidden dreams in festal derision
Doth revel in gayless glee,
As follows the tempest that howls in the
winter.

The redolent flowers of spring,
May life's darkest hour be turned to gladness.
In the changes that time doth bring.

God Our Only Refuge.

BY JOHN D. DONELAN.

If in this dark and dismal land,
No friendly one would wish to guide,
When all our worldly schemes so grand,
Fall from the pinnacle of pride;
When all around shade wintry grow,
Beneath our once long summer sky,
And none their mercy would bestow,
It seems 'twere then a joy to die.

And yet, alas! it is not true,
Man then with self is left alone,
None for his earthly friendship sue,
And none his wretched fate bemoan;
And then how few the fretful minds,
Of such, can that estrangement brave,
For soon, alas! earth's gentlest winds,
Mourn over a sad suicide's grave.

And what's the cause of such despair?
Why seek the heart the hell-grave's breast?
Leaving this cold unfriendly sphere,
To go not where, so they're at rest.
Has God created man in vain?
That he should thus now scorn His name?
And with contempt hurl back again,
The soul which He alone can claim?

Ah! such have never knelt to Thee!
Thou good, Thou true, Thou only One!
Who in hours of adversity,
Will not the prayers of mortals shun.
But doubt of Thee, has been their bane,
Whilst wallowing in fortune's couch,
And knowing naught of worldly pain,
What of Thy power should they avouch?

But, oh my God! if now to Thee,
They should but raise the tearful eye,
And murmur oft entreatingly—
"We only on Thy love rely!"
How soon Thine arm that still'd the storm,
And caus'd the wrathful winds to cease,
Sheds rainbow hues around each form,
That hope the sorrow may appease.

THE BALLAD OF THE CANDY MAN.

How doth the zealous candy man
Employ his ingenuity
By moulding for the tiny boy
Strange shapes of incongruity.

He stands upon the street all day,
With sweets the taste to gratify,
And scorneth not small bargains, which
A single cent will ratify.

And when the dust, in blinding clouds,
Blows o'er his sweet wares crazily,
The candy man in sorrow plies
His feather duster lazily.

But when the rain begins to fall,
He mourns such weather fervently,
And as the rain and dust unite,
He eyes the wreck observantly.

While small boys eat such things as these,
They all will suffer painfully,
Whereat the well-paid candy man
Will stand and smile disdainfully;

But waxing wealthy on their cash,
Continuing his rascality
By selling candies that are vile,
Regardless of morality.

Interesting Relic of the Past.

The following communication was recently found among the papers of the late Dr. R. D. Arnold. It was addressed to him as editor of the Georgian, with the request to publish it in that paper, which, however, was not done. It bears date Oak Grove, January 26, 1896, about the time of the departure of the troops from Savannah to Florida, and the author, if we are not mistaken, is the same eccentric gentleman who some years ago celebrated a certain Fourth of July solus, accounts of which are familiar to our readers. We give it without change of orthography or style, and think it will be read with interest:

The patriotic young men
Of the county of Glynn
On hereof the massacre
That in Florida had been,
They assembled at Bethel
With their implements of war,
To go and join the Floridians,
In the Seminole war.

There was twenty odd in number,
All in the prime of life,
Who left their friends and relatives,
But not one of them a wife.

There were lawyers, doctors and planters,
And some of other trades,
And from every appearance
Where a set of jolly blades.

They left their home and firesides
With feelings of delight,
And from every manifestation,
Will not refuse to fight.

Should an opportunity offer
And a Savage show his face,
The Glynn County Volunteers
Will not themselves disgrace.

From age and infirmities
Many could not go,
Tho' we're willing that our children
There spirit now may show.

By defending of the helpless
Wives, children and aw,
By joining of the Floridians
In the Seminole war.

May God in his mercy
Aid them in the cause,
And may there be such
As to obtain there country's applause.

And all other volunteers
Who have come from near and far,
Who have gone and join'd the Floridians
In the Seminole war.

GLYNN.

NICOTINA.

In the noontide of youth, when to sigh was to
sin,
And the lips uttered all that was whispered
within;

When in youthful complacence we still were en-
crusted,
And even in woman confidently trusted,
One day I discovered—delightful to hear—
My best friend had run off with my false Dul-
cinea.

And not only that—a kind friend must disclose
That they had been flirting right under my
nose.

I waved him away, but concocted in private
A horrid revenge, if I could but contrive it.

But somehow or other it faded away,
And I lived an old bachelor, contented to stay,
Till one day, O ye gods! I yielded at last
To a love that at birth made a blank of the
past.

Once deceived I was cautious; but months wore
away,
And constant my sweetheart remained as the
day.

More worthy, more lovely she grew every hour,
As a bird in the spring opens out into a flower.
Her outlines in curves of delicious repose
Had the arch of a swan's neck, the grace of a
rose.

There floated around her an incense as rare
As when Hours encumber the languorous air.
Her whiteness more white than the snows from
above.

Grew warm with the whisper of innocent love;
Her breath more congenial than words can ex-
press.

And her lips—sport for Bacchus—were made to
caress,
But alas! ere the blossom to fruit had grown
ripe

I lost her—last summer—my pet meersch-
aum
pipe!

HOW TO KEEP AN UMBRELLA.

"Len' me yer umbrella a minnit?"
Such was the exclamation of Jones, as
he rushed into the office of Squire Lick-
shingle.

"Certainly, certainly," said the squire,
laying down his newspaper and taking a
fresh chew of fine-cut; "glad to accom-
modate you." And he opened a drawer
in his desk and began rummaging through
his legal forms and blanks.

Jones darted into the corner, seized the
green gingham relic, and was preparing to
fly with it.

"Stop! stop! stop!" said the squire,
raising his hand majestically; "not too
fast, young man. Wait till I make out
the necessary papers."

Jones dropped the umbrella. On his
corn, of course. After pumping his lame
foot up and down, and tying a handker-
chief in his countenance and undoing it again,
he echoed:

"The necessary papers?"

"Yes," said the squire, sternly, "the
necessary papers," and he continued his
search among the blanks.

The right one found, he filled it out in
a jiffy, and handed it to Jones to sign.

As Jones read the paper his knees
knocked together. It was a mortgage on
his house and lot as security that he would
return the umbrella in good order within
fifteen minutes. He faltered:

"Wh-why, squire, I only want to bor-
row your umbrella to run across the street
with. I'll fetch it back in two seconds."

The squire shoved his spectacles up over
his bald spot until they formed two sky-
lights in his intellectual roof, and looking
Jones full in the face, said:

"You only want to run across the street.
You'll return in two seconds. Young
man, that's what they all say. I take no
stock in it. Man wants but little here be-
low, but when he wants his umbrella he
wants it. I have known people in my
time who have listened to the song of the
siren, who came to borrow umbrellas until
she has transformed them into a people
without an umbrella between them and
the pelting storms. I am not one of that
kind. I have lived a long time. I have
accumulated a fortune. Why? For the
simple reason that I have not spent my
substance in buying umbrellas. That um-
brella which you hold in your hand is
certainly not of uncommon beauty, nor is
it of great value. It is simply a gingham
umbrella. A green one at that. But it
answers the purpose for which, etc. I have
had it since I was a boy. Why? Because
no man has ever taken it beyond the
range of my vision without first signing
over his estate that he would return it in
good condition. It may not seem neigh-
borly, but it's business. Here is the mort-
gage; there is the umbrella; without beats
the rain of heaven. You have your
choice." And the old man resumed his
newspaper.

Jones thought of his wife and babies,
and the pleasant home that was all his
own. Then he looked at the rain that
was pounding at the doors and windows,
as if to get in out of the wet. A glance at
his new overcoat and Jones was decided.

"I'll risk," he said, and stepping to the
desk with measured tread and slow, he
clapped his name to the mortgage and was
off with the umbrella.

Chicago's first frame house was built in
1831. Seven years later there was "a
hosting little city of 6,000 inhabitants."

The people were all going crazy over
the cultivation of morris multicaulis or
mulberry trees, with which to feed silk-
worms, there being a great mania at that
time for raising silk, but it soon, like all
other manias of speculation, subsided as
suddenly as it had arisen. The American
speaks of a man down East who refused
\$5,000 for one mulberry tree, and after-
wards sold one-quarter of it for \$10,000.
Buds from it sold for \$5 each.

General Lafayette had visited Illinois in
1825, and the people hadn't got over talk-
ing about the great event in 1830.

The first newspaper ever printed in
Illinois was the Illinois Herald, at Kas-
askia, in 1809.

Sangamon county, in which there were
then only a few log cabins, embraced the
entire northern portion of the State in
1821. The county had nine representa-
tives in the Legislature in 1836, and they
were called the "long nine," measuring in
the aggregate fifty-four feet. Abraham
Lincoln was one of the nine.

Kentucky, once so justly proud of the
great men who represented her in Congress,
has sadly fallen from a high position to an inferior
place. The seats that CLAY and CASSIDY
and GUTHRIE and GARRETT DAVIS and JOHN W.
STEVENS filled with so much honor and credit
in the Senate, are now occupied by JAMES B.
BROWN, elected by the influence of the Whiskey
ring, and by THOS. C. MCCREERY, who will be
succeeded by CERRO GORDO WILLIAMS, as the
embodiment of the wildest vagaries of the West-
ern madness on finance.

In the House, the MARSHALLS, MOREHEAD,
BRECKINRIDGE, BOYD, GARNETT DUNCAN, JOHN
WHITE, UNDERWOOD, BUTLER, GREEN, and oth-
ers who impressed their names on the history
and body of the times, are followed by a class of
men who succeed to their distinctions as night
succeeds day. This marked change is not
however confined to Kentucky. It is too com-
mon. DAVES squats in the chair of WEBSTER
and CHROME and JOHN DAVIS and SUMNER;
OGBURN stands in the place of DOUGLAS;
SALTSBURY in that of CLAYTON; DENNIS in that
of NETHERBY JOHNSON; WITHERS in that of WAR-
REN; COCKRELL in that of BENTON; ROT-
LINS in that of WEBB; GORDON in that of
BERNARD; MERRIMAN in that of MASON;
and BARNUM in that of JOHN M. NILES. The
decline is not sectional, nor is it limited to party.

KATE CLAXTON'S MARRIAGE.

The Well-Known Actress Becomes
Mrs. C. A. Stevenson.

The following concerning Miss Kate Clax-
ton, who played in Savannah in the early
part of the season, definitely settles the con-
flicting reports about her marriage, concern-
ing which there has been much said. The
article is from the New York Star of the 5th
Instant:

"We wish to be married," said a hand-
some young fellow to the Rev. Dr. Hough-
ton, on Sunday last. There were prelimi-
nary inquiries to be made and legal docu-
ments to be procured, and there was some
gentle demurrage to marrying them at all,
but the upshot of it was that Mrs. Kate G.
Lyon became Mrs. Charles A. Stevenson.

This marriage is one of those stories of the
infelicities of theatrical life which are con-
stantly forcing themselves upon public at-
tention. In itself it is a little romance. A
few years ago Mrs. Kate E. Lyon, who was
then the wife of a broker in comfortable
circumstances, Mr. Dore Lyon, took it into
her head that she was best fitted to shine
upon the stage. The husband reluctantly
yielded to her solicitations, and she entered
the "stock" of Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre.

For awhile her abilities did not shine so con-
spicuously as she must have desired, and
subsequently she left Daly and went to the
Union Square. Playing an ingenue part in
"Leda Astray," Kate Claxton was fortunate
in making a good impression, and in the
"Two Orphans," which came soon after,
she made a "hit" as Louise, the blind
girl. In this part she shivered
so successfully that people used to
imagine that she had a lump of ice con-
cealed somewhere about her costume. It
was not the cold, however, to which she
owed her good fortune, so much as to the
heat of the Brooklyn Theatre fire. Her es-
cape from the flames on that occasion, and
its adroit management by her agent in the
newspaper accounts of it, gave her a very
wide reputation, and though a fire in a the-
atre in Washington, and the burning of the
Southern Hotel in St. Louis while she was a
guest in the house, caused some wicked
people to call her "a fire fiend," she made a
great deal of money out of the dangers she
was compelled to encounter.

The most noteworthy gift, however, which
came of it all, was Mr. Charles A. Steven-
son. He had been a "walking gentleman"
at Wallack's, playing such roles as "Captain
Hawtree" in "Caste" and other parts till he
went into the Union Square Company. It
was then that two affinities met. The lead-
ing man in the company treated Miss Clax-
ton disrespectfully one day, and Stevenson
knocked him down, or tried to. Chivalry
and gratitude added their claims to affinity.

An engagement in Chicago followed. Mr.
Dore Lyon went to Chicago, and meeting
Stevenson and his wife together, he did not
make a very successful fight of it. And
now there has been a wedding, and Mrs.
Kate E. Lyon is Mrs. Charles A. Stevenson.

"We wish to be married," said Mr. Steven-
son to Dr. Houghton.

"Have you ever been married before?"
inquired the clergyman.

"Never."

"Have you ever been married?" he asked
the lady.

"Yes."

"Are you a widow?"

"No, sir. I am divorced."

It was only the story which the newspa-
pers had told so often before, but yesterday
morning they contained the simple an-
nouncement:

"On Sunday, March 3, by the Rev. Dr. E.
C. Houghton, Mr. Charles A. Stevenson to
Mrs. Kate E. Lyon."

And so they start on the voyage of life
together.

A Silver Wedding.

SPRINGFIELD, GA., February 28.—Editor
for Morning News: The silver wedding
of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Riesser, who
forty years ago were united in the holy
bonds of wedlock, was celebrated at their
residence in Effingham county by their
many children and grandchildren to-day.
This family are remarkable for the rarity
and novelty of the case. For what
couple to-day watch with parental solici-
tude over seventeen children, the young-
est of whom is twelve years of age, and
twenty-one hopeful grandchildren? There
has been but little sickness and not a
single death in the family.

Early in the morning the guests began
to appear, and at eleven o'clock a con-
course of people had assembled, which
presented more the appearance of a camp-
meeting rendezvous than a family meet-
ing. The early part of the morning was
spent in giving and receiving presents,
which were appropriately donated to the
father and mother by their children.

But finally the scene was changed, and
the sound of the dinner bell summoned
the guests to a spacious hall, where a
bountiful repast had been prepared by
the parents, composed chiefly of the fruits
of their own industry.

After dinner the time was spent in
pleasant conversation and social inter-
course until another summons came,
which again brought the crowd together,
when refreshments were given that satiated
the thirst of all. The sentiments
suggested by the occasion were presented
in a few appropriate remarks by one of
the sons-in-law.

Mr. Riesser is indeed a practical farm-
er. He may be properly termed the pio-
neer farmer of Effingham county, always
having taken the lead in the introduction
of new plans and ideas. Well may he
boast that he "eats not the bread of idleness"
or of fraud, and that his gains are
not wrung from his fellow man by the
devices of avarice or extortion; that his
joys have been elevated and his sorrows
alleviated by the cheering voice and sweet
smiles of his beloved wife.

Mrs. Riesser is the impersonation of
charity and benevolence. She watches
with maternal care over her household,
and rules with wisdom and affection her
domestic circle. Of her it may truly be
said:

"None know her but to love her,
None name her but to praise."

Mr. and Mrs. Riesser are both appar-
ently in the prime of life, and bid fair
for many years of earthly enjoyment.

NEBUCAADNEZAR.

Personal Reminiscences.

A writer in the St. Louis Herald recalls
when, in 1846-7, he and many other actors
boarded at the house of a Widow O'Brien
in Baltimore; rates \$2 50 a week. Sala-
ries ranged from \$5 to \$12 a week. When
they had a few red cents to spare Mike
O'Brien, the boy, was sent out for a
pitcher of beer. (At present he is Gen-
eral Superintendent of the Southern Ex-
press Company.) Mike and another boy
used to quarrel nightly for the privilege
of carrying the basket to the Museum,
the salary attached to this important po-
sition being 25 cents a week. (The other
boy is now known to the profession as
Theodore Hamilton.) A very careful
young actor, who was playing second
comedy parts, got \$7 a week, besides
\$2 50 for helping to paint scenery. (The
present generation know him as Joe Jef-
ferson.) Another useful young man,
subsequently known as Dolly Davenport,
got \$6. A third was considered to be
more valuable and easily commanded \$8.
His name was John B. McDonough.

John K. Mortimer was another member
of the company, while of the ladies the
most distinguished got no less than \$12 a
week. Subsequently she married an ex-
pressman named John Hoey, and enter-
tained a President at her humble cottage
at Long Branch.

Little pair Squally

John S. Jenkins tells a story of the Metropolis disaster free from the hackneyed generalities and full of interesting details. Although a locomotive engineer prior to his going away, he has all the mystic nautical phrases at his tongue's end, for during the rebellion he sailed the seas over as a midshipman in the Confederate navy. He is blue-eyed and light-haired and broad shouldered, and tells his tale graphically: "At 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening the Captain expressed himself as delighted with the breeze. At 8 o'clock the engineer said to me, 'Come with me; I have time now to show you the engines.' At that time there was only a stiff breeze. I went down into the engine room, and word was then passed to oil the shafting; the oiler ran back and cried out, 'There are four feet of water in the shaft alley!' That was the first we knew of the leak and the storm did not become a gale until four hours later. More interesting incidents happened during the time we were on the wreck than would fill a big book. After the mainmast had gone by the board, the whole side of the ship fell out, up to twenty feet forward of the boiler. I came forward on the hurricane deck, between the stack and boilerhouse, and saw Alexander Barclay and his son hanging on to the forward rigging, and when I asked the lad, who was only eight years old, to allow me to lash him to a board, as it was madness to remain on a sinking vessel, he turned around and said: 'Papa has no board lashed to him, and I don't want to get ashore unless papa does.' He would not allow me to assist him. Shortly afterwards the father with the boy in his arms jumped overboard, and both were drowned. When the vessel first struck the shore, First Officer Dickman said that he would not allow two hundred souls to perish, and asked permission from Captain Ankers to take a line ashore. The second mate said that he 'couldn't make it.' Dickman replied, 'I can try.' 'You can't live,' said the second mate. 'Well, if I don't I will have done my duty.' I must obey the order of my superior officers, but I can't stay here and see these people drowned.' Mr. Cozzens, the second mate, carried the ladies from the cabin to the deck on his back. Mrs. Myers, struck by a wave, was lying almost senseless on the deck, with a life-preserver around her. I saw one of the passengers leaning over her and trying to take the preserver from her. I told him to stop, but he said: 'Every man for himself.' I snapped my revolver at him four times, but the caps were damp and would not explode. Finding he did not desist I struck him with my fist and almost knocked him overboard. Mrs. Myers was shortly afterwards drowned, and her husband, knowing of her death, slipped through his life-preserver, and I am positive, held his head under water, while with one hand he held on to the rail. One man swam ashore with a Free Mason's badge between his teeth. He said it was a gift from his father. Mrs. W. O. Harrison (formerly Helen F. Snyder) was washed forward almost senseless. She was the last victim from the cabin passengers, as her brains were shortly afterwards dashed out, when the third wave struck the vessel. After Captain Harrison was washed ashore he worked like a trooper for the relief of the survivors, and it was not until he discovered that the negroes or ghouls of the coast had stripped the body of his wife of all her clothing and left a saturated blanket covering the naked corpse, that he gave way and dropped on his knees in despair."

At the opera in Paris the other evening a colored feminine very elegantly dressed, sat in one of the boxes, surrounded by other dark-visaged persons, it was the Princess Cella, daughter of Soulouque, once Emperor of Hayti, and her family. The Princess lives most of the time in England. Soulouque could write his signature only, and could read nothing but print. He declared himself Emperor in 1849, and created among the negro population four hundred nobles, of whom four were Princes, fifty-nine Dukes and twelve Marquises. The others were Counts, Barons and Knights. He also created two orders for men—one military, that of Saint Faustin; the other civil, the legion of honor; also two for women, those of Sainte-Madeleine and Sainte-Anne.

Gallipoli, where the last remnant of the field army of the Turkish Empire is assembled, was the first town occupied by the Turks in Europe. It was captured in 1555, by Orkhan, the son and successor of Othman or Ottoman, who is usually regarded as the founder of the Turkish Empire. The town of Gallipoli was held by Orkhan for two years, and served as the base of operations of the first Turkish expedition against Constantinople. This latter enterprise was in so far successful that the suburbs of Constantinople were captured, and were only evacuated upon payment by the inhabitants of a heavy ransom. With the money thus obtained Orkhan rebuilt Gallipoli, which had suffered very greatly during its siege, and several of the public buildings which still exist in the town were then constructed. At the same time the Janissaries were organized by Orkhan, who also assumed the title of Sultan. The success achieved by Othman, the father of Orkhan, in Asia, and which enabled the latter to cross the Hellespont and lay the foundation of the Turkish power in Europe, is attributed by Turkish historians to a dream. Othman, according to them, was visiting a Sheikh named Edeballi, with whose daughter he was in love, but whose consent to his marriage he had not been able to gain, when one day he dreamed that he was reposing on the same couch as his host. Suddenly the moon seemed to emerge from Edeballi's body and enter his own breast. Instantly there sprang from his loins an immense tree, rapidly acquiring fresh size and foliage until its branches shaded Europe, Asia and Africa. The leaves of the tree were long, pointed and glittering like sabres. Suddenly a wind arose and directed the points of all these sabre-like leaves toward the principal cities of the universe, but especially toward Constantinople, which, placed at the junction of two seas and two continents, resembled a noble diamond set between two sapphire stones and two emeralds, forming the precious jewel of the ring of a vast dominion that circled the entire world.

An Indian Legend.
There was once a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good genii wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her: "Daughter, in the field before us the ears of corn, in the hands of those who plucked them in faith, shall have talismanic virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once, and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shalt thou retrace a single step." In quest of thine object, select an ear full and fair, and according to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee as a talisman. The maiden thanked the good genii, and then set forward upon her quest. As she advanced she saw many ears of corn, large, ripe and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtues enough; but, in her eagerness to grasp the very best, she left these fair ears behind, hoping that she might find one still fairer. At length, as the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner, and the ears very thin and shriveled. She now regretted the grand ears she had left behind, and disdained to pick from among the poor ears around her, for here she found not a single ear which bore perfect grains. She kept on her way, but alas! only to find the stalks more feeble and blighted, until in the end, as the day was closing and the night coming on, she found herself at the end of the field without having plucked an ear of any kind. No need that the genii should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly when too late, as how many in all climes and in all ages, in the evening of life call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked in their season.

Mrs. Hayes has received from New York a memoir of her silver wedding the shape of an oval cameo brooch, in platinum, with four diamonds at the corners upon which is cut a medallion the President.

Editor Morning News: Peradventure some hypercritic honoring these humble lines by his perusal, may feel constrained to inquire, "Hæcine philosophum decet?"—do these things become a grave philosopher? But rising thus from my narrow bed, wherein I have many centuries peacefully slumbered, I cannot expect that my themes of discourse, and likewise my ancient diction, should meet no aspersions amid the narrow mindedness of these days of wise foolishness. Mean-while, as saith Mercerus, *si male locut a est opera scribendo, ne ipsi locuti in legenda*; if I have spent my time ill to write, let them not be so idle as to read, I will strive to avoid, as far as may be, all hard to be understood sayings, and also false and obsolete spellings; but should I inadvertently trip in this latter, I crave the friendly reader's forgiveness. I would willingly offend no one: *si quisquam offendatur*, as was said to Dorphus: *et si vii vinolict, non habet quod expostulet cum eo qui scripsit*—if any be displeased or take ought unto himself, let him not expostulate or cavil with him that wrote it, but, on the contrary, let him be angry with himself: *qui declaravit hoc ad se proprie pertinere*—who betrayed that this applied to himself. Pintarch hath scandalously asserted, "*musicus multos magis dementat quam vinum*"—music causeth much more madness than wine. Perhaps the saying of Theophrastus were more true, "*animi morbi vel a musica curantur vel inferuntur*"—diseases of the mind are either cured or brought on by music. Howsoever this may be, a curious case hath come to my observation. I fear lest this word be misspelt epistle which is printed in your last newspaper. The commencing of this above-mentioned epistle hath perplexed me sore. It is there said, and very justly, "A man cannot fight against destiny;" the author then adds, "Nor can I." From which it doth appear the author *non est vir*, in which event he or she is most probably a *mulier* (woman) for perchance the author *non est homo*, and if this be so, I conceive not what manner of being the author is, involved in those several uncertainties, I must needs exercise great caution, lest by incorrect gender in the use of the pronoun *is, ei, id*—he, she, it—I unintentionally afford grounds for umbrage. If I err not, some person with nothing more profitable to do, and perhaps (I humbly crave his pardon) *capillus a vana gloria*—a little puffed up with vain glory—hath written already somewhat concerning this person of uncertain gender and his or her performance upon the harpsichord I believe, or upon some other musical instrument. Now this presumptuous critick pronounced the performer to be skilled in sweet sounds, *musicus doctus*, but not so much so as three others whom he named, as Masters Liszt, Rubenstein and Bulow—Teutons, it seemeth to me; but this by the by. Afterwards another idler also wrote elsewhere, with evidently well-meaning intentions, but he rashly increased the number of *musica docti* superior to the uncertain performer as to gender, making these superiors four instead of three. I suppose three of these were the above mentioned; as to who occupies the fourth place, I grope darkly. Is it allowable for an old blunderer meekly to suggest that it may be that blind Egyptian jewsharper, Uncle Tom, the son of the worthy Madam Harriet Beecher? Throughout the world, *per omnis terris*, many struggle for excellent attainments in music; and assuredly to be appointed as fourth or even fifth in all the world should be high, however, enough for most men, and be truly would have expected the performer, who, like men, cannot fight against destiny, to show his most grateful appreciation of the great compliments paid him. But he did not so, seemingly rather preferring to remain in *obscuritate inclusus*, pent up in obscurity, displaying his skill in music to the rows of admiring benches, and to the eagerly attentive walls, which, 'tis said, have ears. I desire, ere I return to the place from whence I came, to offer some advice to those two musical sages who have unwittingly no doubt, incurred such unmeasured and unmeasurable scorn from the indignant performer. I make bold to alter slightly the words of Asinius in employing them. "*Non facile aut tutum pro aliquo scribere, qui non optat*"—it is hardly safe to write in favor of one who doesn't ask you to do it.

One by One the Roses Fall.
From the Boston Herald.

Considerable excitement was caused at Central Hall, Salem, last week, by the thorough exposure of James M. Allen, the alleged inventor of the remarkable feat of producing natural flowers. A committee of three were chosen to examine the specimen and see that nothing was secreted on his person. While attending to this duty, they asked a gentleman whether the flowers held in his hand, which he raised to his eye, the committee insisted, and secreted in its folds was found a number of flowers. Without making any explanation, the medium immediately departed by the back entrance.

Japanese Miracle-Workers.
Among the arrivals yesterday, on the steamer City of Peking were two priests from the interior of Japan, claiming to be endowed with miraculous powers. They are on their way to the Paris Exposition with a party of their countrymen, conducted by two English gentlemen who have for several years resided in Japan. A reporter interviewed these gentlemen last evening. They told him that the priests are religious enthusiasts, who profess, through the power of faith and by the medium of prayer, to be enabled to do the most remarkable things—such as are recorded in the Christian gospels as in the power of the followers of Jesus—referring to those passages which speak of their being able to remove mountains, and to swallow deadly poisons without harm. One of the miraculous things that these priests are able to do is to walk with naked feet over the edges of swords ground to the keenness of a razor, and also over a bed of live coals. They never attempt this without a formal and fervent appeal to their divinity for protection, and they assert most positively that it would be impossible for them to perform the work they do without divine interference in their behalf. They intend to exhibit these remarkable powers in Paris during their stay, and will challenge the devotees of the Christian or any other faith to do the things that they do. In answer to an inquiry whether they would exhibit their powers in this country, the gentlemen said that such was not their intention.

"THE LAST WITNESS."
An Interview With the Only Person Now Living Who Saw the Book of Mormon Brought Forward.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.
The only one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon resides at Richmond, Mo. His name is David Whitmer, and he is known among the Latter Day Saints as the "last witness." A correspondent, who is one of the "Saints," interviewed "the last witness" recently. Whitmer is described as seventy-five years of age, five feet ten inches in height, well proportioned, and possesses good physical abilities. I found him, writes this correspondent, in a pleasant mood and very communicative on various topics. In reply to a question by me as to his present views as a witness to the plates of the Book of Mormon, he said: "I was 'plowing in my field, when I heard a voice saying: 'Blessed is the name of the Lord and those that keep his commandments.' After I had plowed one more round, the prophet and Oliver Cowdery came along and said: 'Come and be one of the witnesses.' We passed through a clearing and sat on a log. While there a light appeared, which grew brighter, until an angel stood before them with the plates and other things. The angel turned the leaves so that we could see the engravings, etc. We then heard a voice saying that those things were true, and that the translation was correct. This was about 11 o'clock a. m." Mr. Whitmer also showed me the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon, written by Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery, Emma Smith and Christian Whitmer. This fell into the present owner's hands at the death of Oliver Cowdery, and is now held as a choice relic. Mr. Cowdery died at the residence of Mr. Whitmer, in Richmond, Ray county, Mo.

The Early Life of Henry M. Stanley.
From the Philadelphia Centinel.
Ever since that illustrious Mr. New made his brilliant speech at the late dinner given in honor of his native land, at the New York Academy of Music, he has been the subject of much speculation. It is not surprising, therefore, that the whole secret of his early life should be known to Stanley's real name was John Rowland, that he was born near Denbigh, in Wales, in 1839, and that he was educated at the Denbigh School. He was the son of a poor farmer, and he was educated at the Denbigh School. He was educated at the Denbigh School, and he was educated at the Denbigh School.

The Biggest Statue in the World—A Bell that Has Not Been Rung in Twelve Hundred Years.
Japan Correspondence San Francisco Bulletin.
We have just returned from a visit to Nara, one of the capitals of the empire, distant about thirty-six miles. We drove at a brisk trot for an hour before a break occurred in the line of houses, when we crossed a branch of the Uji river by a bridge about a thousand feet long. We entered a long street of what was once, a thousand years ago, a great city. Away up the slope of the hill it is covered, wherever we went, with walls and pavements as indestructible as the hill itself. Granite stairs lead into the wild forest which now covers the site of vast temples of wood—broad avenues, whose rocky pavements were worn smooth by the feet of devout pilgrims before Christ was born. Here were erected, one thousand two hundred years ago, the largest bronze figure the world has ever known. It weighs four hundred and fifty tons, and the third temple now covers it without apparent injury to the immense statue. We went around it, but could not estimate of its size. Our Minister at Tokio told me that it was sixty feet from the seat of lofty leaves to the top of its head, and that a man could climb through the nostril. An officer is said to have taken a chip of the casting, and an analysis of it gave five hundred pounds of gold in the alloy. A great halo of gilded wood sets off the dark features as they are revealed in the shadows of the roof. To-day we rode to Lake Bewa, distant about seven miles, and our route lay along the great Tokaido. The road is about twenty feet wide, well macadamized with the inevitable walled ditch on either side. It is the great thoroughfare from Osaka to Tokio, and from the lake to Kyoto it was a continuous stream of travel, many cattle, and a few horses laden with goods of every description. We entered the town at the south end of the lake, and were taken to a flight of stone steps to climb to a temple that overlooked the lake. We ascended them, found ourselves on the plateau excavated in the side of the mountain, and turned to look upon the largest lake in Japan. It is sixty miles in length, but narrow at the south end. It is surrounded by rich alluvial lands. Our guide next led us to see a bell, which, he told us, had not been rung in twelve hundred years, and pointed to a small wooden building at the head of a flight of wide stone steps. We looked in through wooden bars, well worn by curious visitors, and saw supported on a strong wooden table a bell about four feet high, with a bad crack, which seemed to have been caused by fire. It has on it a few plain figures as ornaments. Our guide informed us that it was seventeen hundred years old and that it had hung in an ancient Shinto temple that once stood where it now lies. For five hundred years its tones floated over the placid lake, and called the people along its shores to worship. Then came a catastrophe, and twelve centuries have passed.

THE ART OF LISTENING.—Persons who talk are always in danger of talking too much; the better they talk, the greater the danger. Nearly all men and women who have gained the reputation of eminent conversationalists have been little else than monologists, and monologue is as deadly a foe to conversation as incurable stupidity. We get tired, after a while, of hearing the most eloquent speech if it comes from one mouth, and we inwardly pray for what has been aptly called a few flashes of silence. How many brilliant people there are in society whom all their acquaintances fear on account of their gift of utterance! Everybody dreads to broach a topic, lest the sparkling talker should exhaust it and his hearers, and still be talking on. The passion for speech, like other passions, grows by indulgence, and at a certain stage of development, becomes so morbid as to require neither sympathy nor response.

How a Young Jewess Left Her Home and Was Baptized as a Christian.
New York Sun.
Lucy Sherek, a pretty young Jewess, aged seventeen, daughter of parents who are firmly attached to the faith of their fathers, has for a year been receiving Christian instruction in the Appleton Mission, in Kent avenue, Brooklyn. She left her parents' bent on becoming a Christian, and has followed the instruction given her by Miss Emma Holmes and other teachers in the mission with zeal. Her disappearance from her home at 125 Ninth street, on February 8, created much commotion among her friends, who already knew of her intention to renounce Judaism. She had been a saleswoman in Benjamin Wade's fancy goods store at 198 Grand street, and was much liked. She left a note saying that she was anxious to become a Christian, and knowing that she could not remain at home and adopt the Christian faith, she had decided to go to live in a Christian family. She did not tell where she was going, and Mr. Jourdan, Superintendent of the Appleton Mission, which she had attended, refused to disclose her whereabouts. The family had experienced much trouble with an older daughter, Fannie, who, renouncing her faith, had married an Irish Catholic named Gallagher, and had adopted his faith. They had already had many words with their daughter Lucy about the same subject, telling her that her conduct would disgrace them in the eyes of their people, and would be a standing reproach to them. Mr. Sherek did not learn of his daughter's stopping place until Wednesday. Then he heard that she had been living with a Mr. Ross, and that she expected to be baptized on that evening in the Appleton Mission. Both parents attended the mission on Wednesday night, and heard the Rev. Reuben Jeffrey, pastor of the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church, preach on the subject of baptism from Romans, vi., 4. After this service the baptism was opened, and Miss Sherek, dressed in black, relieved at the neck and elbows with white linen bands and in front with a white rose, was led to it by the Rev. Dr. Jeffrey. She stepped into the water. The minister bathed her temples, and then asked: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" She answered in a loud voice, "I do." She then chose the name of Ruth, and the minister saying: "I baptize thee, Lucy, as Ruth Sherek, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," gently lowered her into the water, dipped her beneath the surface, and lifted her up again. The sobs of the parents were audible during the service. She was congratulated and kissed by her Christian friends, and departed with them, her face radiant with happiness. She professes her willingness to return to her parents, provided that she is received as a Christian; else, she will go to live with the sister who has become a Catholic. Mr. Jourdan, of the Mission, believes the young woman to be an earnest Christian.

We learn something about three ladies from as many writers of society gossip. The wife of Col. Ingersoll is tall, with a prominent nose, large dark eyes, and heavy hair. She is as heterodox as her husband. Loo Dufferin is very charming, with "finely cut regular features, almost classical in the outline; her eyes are of a deep Irish blue and her hair of a dark brown, and her unaffected manner, like magic, draws a people to her." Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, little, with reddish blonde hair. This is how she looked on a recent occasion: "She was dressed elegantly in black silk and wore rather more jewelry in the shape of gold and diamonds than was exactly good taste, considering the surroundings. Imagine such a woman, so dressed, striding straight as an arrow, moving rapidly about the room with short, quick, nervous steps, and talking like a buzz saw under full heat, her only pause happening at the end of each sentence."

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

Anniversary of Washington's Birth—Grand Military Celebration.

The Shooting Contests of the Several Organizations—Victors and Prizes—The Blues and Chathams at the Social Board.

Contrary to the fears of some and the predictions of Old Probabilities, yesterday, the 22d of February, the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the patriot and statesman, dawned most gloriously and beautifully. Fairer weather could not have been desired, and the delightful, balmy breezes were extremely grateful to the soldiery in their short parade. The occasion was celebrated with possibly more than usual enthusiasm, and the friendly spirit of rivalry that had been rife within the past week or so among the several organizations in regard to full ranks resulted in the various companies being well represented, and the First Regiment made a better appearance than on several previous parades. The Savannah Volunteer Guards Battalion and the Georgia Hussars also presented a very fine appearance. The streets were thronged with people, and enthusiasm was everywhere observable, there being an evident determination to make all that was possible of the occasion, the weather having proven so favorable.

THE FIRST REGIMENT.

The companies comprising the First Volunteer Regiment, under command of Col. Clifford W. Anderson—to-wit: Savannah Cadets, Captain John W. Anderson; Oglethorpe Light Infantry, Captain Robert Falligant; Republican Blues, Captain Geo. A. Mercer; German Volunteers, Captain Schwarz; Irish Jasper Greens, Captain Flannery—with full number of field and staff officers, assembled on South Broad street, the right resting on Whitaker, at 9:30 o'clock, where the command was formed. Shortly before 10 o'clock the regiment moved off down South Broad street to Bull to Bay, to Drayton, to South Broad, to Habersham, where a long train of cars on the Coast Line Railroad were waiting to convey them to the Schuetzen Park, where the target contests for prizes were to take place. The command was halted in front of the Police Barracks, and the companies filed off singly, and occupied the cars in order. By this method the entire regiment had embarked in less than ten minutes and started off in fine style, with the playing of drums and fifes and merry songs.

SAVANNAH VOLUNTEER GUARDS.

This splendid battalion of three companies, under command of Major W. S. Basinger, assembled at their armory, where the line was formed, and, accompanied by their fine brass band, made a short parade, and then proceeded to the intersection of South Broad and Habersham streets, where they took a train of cars which had been formed immediately behind the train of the First Regiment, and were conveyed to the Cathedral Cemetery. From thence they marched to Brewton Hill, where the target contest and the big oyster roast took place.

GEORGIA HUSSARS.

This popular company, under command of Capt. R. H. Anderson, assembled at their usual rendezvous on South Broad, corner of Abercorn street, where the corps were formed. They as usual made a dashing appearance and crowds flocked to see them move off. Although surrounded by so many fine looking men, not the least observed of all observers was the new young marker, Master Robert Guerard, who sat his horse well, and gave promise of becoming a good trooper. The Hussars, after a parade on the Bay, proceeded out to the Fair Grounds, where preparations had been made for their annual contention and for a full enjoyment of the day.

THE FAIR GROUNDS.

The Georgia Hussars reached the Fair Grounds about half-past eleven o'clock, and shortly afterwards preparations were made for the contest for prizes. The train which arrived at half-past twelve brought out a number of ladies and gentlemen who were anxious to witness the contest. We also observed on the ground several carriages and vehicles, and the club portion of the grand stand presented quite an attractive appearance.

The following named gentlemen were selected as judges: Messrs. R. M. Demere, W. L. Wakelee, A. G. Guerard, J. W. Schley and Frank Winter.

The contestants were divided into three classes, each having three runs, and the result was as follows:

FIRST CLASS.	
Sergeant Schley.....	12 15 13-40
Private Geo. Schley.....	12 16 12-40
Private J. M. Farr.....	13 12 8-33
Private G. H. Remshart.....	8 12 16-26
Sergeant T. P. Alston.....	19 14 16-51
Lieutenant G. B. Pritchard.....	11 17 13-41
Captain R. H. Anderson.....	13 11 10-34
SECOND CLASS.	
Captain G. C. Gaillard.....	6 7 3-16
Sergeant Gordon.....	7 8 8-23
Private W. R. Pritchard.....	9 12 9-30
Private Thomas Ballantyne.....	3 3 4-10
THIRD CLASS.	
Private J. R. Phillips.....	0 2 2-4
Private R. E. Mims.....	6 5 4-15
Private Sanders.....	3 1 1-5
Private J. T. Kollock.....	8 7 6-21

After the regular contest, Master Guerard, the young marker, and Master Willie Schley, each were allowed a run, and each took a head, and were greeted with the encouraging plaudits of the ladies.

After the close of the contest, the company was formed, and proceeding down the track just beyond the grand stand, were wheeled, and under command, "Forward, trot, gallop and charge!" with sabres drawn, went by the grand stand in dashing style. The corps then left the track, stabled their horses, and dismounted proceeded to the grand stand, where they were formed in line facing the seats on which were gathered the ladies and other spectators.

THE PRESENTATION.

The official announcement of the result was then made by Mr. R. M. Demere, who declared Sergeant T. P. Alston winner of the medal, and the first prize, a very handsome silver-mounted revolver; Private W. R. Pritchard, Jr., winner of the second prize, a pair of brass stirrups, and Private J. T. Kollock winner of the third prize, a fine sabre belt.

The official announcement having been made, the winners were ordered to the front and centre, when honorary member Dr. Wm. Duncan stepped forward and said:

Private Alston: The duty of presenting you with the trophies you have this day won has been imposed upon me, and I have consented to discharge it with great reluctance. Reluctance because I feel my inability to perform it in a manner that is satisfactory to myself and that the merits of the occasion demand. I can, however, congratulate you upon your success in having won the honor of wearing this elegant medal of your company, and of obtaining this handsome accompanying prize. Whilst your contest has been interesting and exciting, I may remark that some of the ladies have hinted there is room for improvement by some of you in skill and horsemanship. Again, however, congratulating you on your success, I take pleasure in presenting you these handsome prizes.

The other prizes were then presented Private Pritchard and Kollock, and the victors were ordered to their posts and the company dismissed.

Thus ended the pleasures of the day at the Fair Grounds, and the Hussars were in a few minutes on their way, in groups and couples, to the city. A number visited the Schuetzen Park and Brewton Hill, to see their friends of the First Regiment and the Guards.

BREWTON HILL.

The Savannah Volunteer Guards, on arriving at the Cathedral Cemetery, disembarked, and the battalion being formed, proceeded to Brewton Hill by the dirt road, a distance of about one mile, which march was very much enjoyed by the men. Upon reaching their destination the Captains of the companies drew for choice of targets, which matter was soon decided, and the shooting commenced at once. The distance shot was one hundred yards, and the ring target was used; the number of shots fired three, and the best possible score fifteen. The prizes offered were a red plume, which is worn by the best shot in the battalion for one year (first prize), and a handsome gold locket; second prize, a set of sleeve and shirt buttons; third prize, a beautiful scarf pin. The best shots in each company were as follows:

COMPANY A.	
Sergeant G. C. Heyward.....	3 3 5-11
Sergeant John H. Fox.....	3 3 4-10
Corporal N. Lang.....	3 3 4-10
Private A. B. Calder.....	2 4 4-11

Sergeant Heyward won the company prize, which was a very handsome gold pen and pencil.

COMPANY B.	
Private W. T. Moody.....	5 5 4-14
Sergeant Major Jos. Phillips (Co. B.).....	4 4 4-12
Corporal E. J. Keiffer.....	5 4 3-12
Corporal W. F. Reed.....	4 4 3-12
Private Geo. Allen.....	4 4 3-11

Private W. T. Moody having made the best shot in the battalion, won the gold locket, and will wear the red plume until it is won by some one else, if he fails to get it at the next contest. The three members who made ties of twelve had to shoot off to determine who would win the two remaining prizes, and decided to take one shot each, which resulted as follows: Phillips 5, Keiffer 4, Reed 3. Sergeant Major Phillips, therefore, won the second prize and Corporal Keiffer the third.

COMPANY C.	
Lance Corporal J. T. Rossignol.....	4 2 5-11
Sergeant J. F. Kollock.....	4 3 2-9
Corporal V. E. Gaudry.....	3 4 2-9
Lance Corporal E. T. Hunter.....	2 4 3-9

All the prizes were won by Company B, and the red plume is retained by them, this being the fourth year they have had the honor of carrying it.

After the target practice by the companies

the officers joined in a friendly contest, with the following result:

Major W. S. Basinger.....	2 2 2-6
Adjutant Lieutenant W. E. Johnstone.....	3 4 3-10
Quartermaster Lieutenant M. A. Barie.....	2 2 4-8
Captain P. N. Raynal, Co. A.....	3 0 0-3
Lieutenant H. H. Woodbridge, Co. B.....	0 0 2-2
Lieutenant C. Barnwell, Co. A.....	2 2 2-6
Lieutenant L. C. Strong, Co. A.....	0 0 2-2
Lieutenant J. W. Fretwell, Co. A.....	0 3 2-5
Lieutenant W. P. Hunter, Co. C.....	0 0 4-4
Lieutenant A. McNulty, Co. B.....	4 5 3-12

The companies were then formed and marched to a shady grove, near the residence of Captain T. F. Screven, where were found three large fires, and near each of them a huge pile of fine oysters, and colored men busily engaged roasting them. The arms were stacked, and the order given to break ranks and "go for the oysters," which was obeyed with wonderful alacrity. After doing full justice to the hot, juicy bivalves, the members gradually left the fires and sought repose under the trees and enjoyment in a smoke.

Before leaving the grounds Major Basinger announced that by some oversight the prizes had been left in the city, and would be presented at a future time.

About four o'clock the assembly was sounded, and the corps started for home, returning over the same route by which they had reached the grounds.

After reaching the city, they marched through the principal streets, and then to their hall, where they found a substantial lunch and some good punch awaiting them. What disposition they made of it can easily be imagined, as all were hungry, thirsty and tired after their long march and hard contest.

Major Basinger, called to his feet, spoke briefly, yet forcibly, of the appearance of the corps, and closed with an eulogy of Captain T. F. Screven, whose name was toasted amid fervent applause. Captain Raynal and Private Allard Barnwell also spoke in response to calls, and were followed by Private T. B. Catherwood, who called the attention of the Guards to the contest going on at Cathedral Hall for the possession of the handsome sword which is to be awarded the most popular commissioned officer.

In response to his appeal, the Guards formed, headed by their band and drum corps, and marched to the hall, where they deposited a solid vote for Captain P. N. Raynal, after which they disbanded.

SCHUETZEN PARK.

The train of cars, with the members of the First Regiment, which left the intersection of South Broad and Habersham streets at 10:15, reached the Schuetzen Park about 11 o'clock. All the arrangements for the shooting contests had been completed, the targets were in position, and but little time was required to settle the details. The teams to shoot for the regimental prize, the gold medal, and an elegant gold lined silver goblet, presented by the field and staff, were formed of the three best shots in each company, as determined in the shooting for company prizes. The Creedmoor target was used, and the distance was one hundred yards. The following shows the scores of the several companies:

REPUBLICAN BLUES.

Captain Mercer.....	10
Lieutenant Dancy.....	11
Lieutenant Morrell.....	9
Sergeant Muse.....	3
Sergeant Withington.....	2
Sergeant Charlton.....	3
Sergeant Maccaw.....	10
Corporal Lufburrow.....	3
Corporal M. Dixon.....	11
Corporal Whitesides.....	11
Private Russell.....	7
Honorary Member Russell.....	8
Veteran King.....	8
Veteran A. Marmelstein.....	8
Veteran Companiac.....	10
Veteran Smith.....	10
Veteran Glatigny.....	6
Veteran Ferguson.....	4
Lance Corporal Dancy.....	3
Private Helper.....	8
Private Brown.....	7
Private E. F. R. Grayson.....	6
Private J. J. Thompson.....	6
Private W. B. Adams.....	8
Private Malligan.....	9
Private Tilton.....	7
Private Bashior.....	6
Private Young.....	7

Lieut. Dancy having made the best score; was awarded the company prize, the gold medal, and the individual prize, an elegant silver service, consisting of pitcher, salver and two goblets.

The prize of a silver goblet, offered by the company for the best shot in the drum corps, was won by Brutus Edwards on a score of 3.

It injured in running

SAVANNAH CADETS.

Captain J. W. Anderson.....	7
First Lieutenant H. M. Branch.....	12
Third Lieutenant W. M. Mills.....	18
Second Sergeant R. S. Moll.....	18
Third Sergeant L. E. McCarthy.....	16
Fourth Sergeant A. B. Collins.....	19
Fifth Sergeant W. N. Nichols.....	19
First Corporal E. W. Cubbedge.....	17
Second Corporal F. W. Dasher.....	7
Third Corporal R. P. Lovell.....	37
Private A. Banks.....	4
Private E. S. Derby.....	6
Private J. J. Derby.....	5
Private M. G. Bond.....	10
Private W. T. Hill.....	4
Private W. T. Hill.....	43
Private E. B. Mell.....	34
Private T. S. Matthews.....	3
Private J. C. Manning.....	14
Private J. H. Norris.....	2
Private G. L. Garsed.....	11
Private W. E. Silva.....	15
Private W. E. Story.....	5
Private J. D. Titcomb.....	5
Private W. G. Workman.....	13
Private W. E. McCullum.....	2

IRISH JASPER GREENS.

Sergeant Daley.....	8
Sergeant McNally.....	2
Sergeant Reynolds.....	6
Corporal Kelly.....	2
Corporal Hennessy.....	7
Private Broderick.....	9
Private Conihnan.....	11
Private Duignan.....	5
Private Ennis.....	4
Private Geoghan.....	3
Private Gleason.....	4
Private Goette.....	8
Private Ham.....	2
Private Houlihan, T.....	5
Private McCabe.....	9
Private McMahon.....	7
Private Naughton.....	4
Private O'Neil.....	2
Private Spellman.....	4

OGLETHORPE LIGHT INFANTRY.

Robert Falligant.....	7
S. W. Branch.....	9
S. W. Landersham.....	8
J. G. Pournelle.....	4
W. D. McMillen.....	6
C. A. Drayton.....	2
W. H. Bennett.....	6
B. T. Cole.....	10
A. J. Franklin.....	9
J. E. Lambett.....	6
J. B. Mell.....	2
A. Myers.....	10
J. T. Roman.....	3
M. P. Usina.....	3
W. P. Wells.....	7
W. M. Sneed.....	6
H. L. Davis.....	7

In the shooting off of the tie between B. P. Cole and A. Myers the former scored 8 and the latter 5, and thus became the winner of the company's prize of the gold medal.

GERMAN VOLUNTEERS.

Sergeant Jaugstetter.....	12
Corporal Bube.....	4
Corporal Hastadt.....	4
Corporal Long.....	6
Lance Corporal Ruckert.....	3
Lance Corporal Wendelken.....	4
Private Hohenstein.....	5
Private Lindenstruth.....	6
Private Lubs.....	6
Private Mastick.....	10
Private Sievers.....	6
Private Von Glahn.....	6
Private Lange.....	6
Private Umbach.....	8
Private Coleman.....	4

REGULAR TEAMS.

As stated, the three best shots in each company constituted the team to contend for the regimental prize, and this contest was anticipated with great interest. The team was composed of the following, and their score is annexed:

Private Smith.....	4 4 4-12
Corporal Whitesides.....	3 3 3-9
Corporal Long.....	4 4 2-15
Private Herschbach.....	4 4 2-15
Sergeant Nichols.....	5 3 3-11
Private Broderick.....	4 4 4-12
Private Conihnan.....	0 0 0-0
Sergeant Mell.....	4 3 4-11
Sergeant Jaugstetter.....	5 3 3-11
Private Lange.....	2 0 3-5
Private Meyer.....	3 0 0-3
Private Mastick.....	4 3 2-9
Private Franklin.....	4 3 3-10
Private Cole.....	3 2 3-8

It will be observed from the above that Private Smith of the Blues, Private Herschbach of the Cadets, and Private Broderick of the Greens, tied on 12—the highest score. The tie was shot off between these three, when Private Smith made 6, Private Herschbach 11, and Private Broderick 5. Private Herschbach of the Cadets therefore became winner of the regimental prize, and the announcement was received with cheers.

THE OFFICERS' PRIZE.

The next and closing feature of interest was the contest between the officers of the regiment for a magnificent silver bowl and match-stand of unique design, offered by Lieut. Gemunden. Additional interest was given to this contest by the fact that two ties were made by Lieutenants Dancy and Morrell of the Blues. The score was as follows:

Colonel Anderson.....	0 0 0-0
Major Brooks.....	3 0 2-6
Colonel Olmstead.....	2 2 3-7
Adjutant Bacon.....	5 3 3-11
Commissary Gaillard.....	0 0 2-2
Lieutenant O'Connor.....	2 0 0-0
Captain Anderson.....	0 3 2-5
Lieutenant Branch.....	2 3 0-5
Lieutenant Mills.....	4 4 4-12
Captain Mercer.....	4 2 3-9
Lieutenant Dancy.....	4 4 4-12
Lieutenant Morrell.....	4 4 4-12
Lieutenant Reilly.....	0 0 0-0
Lieutenant McGrath.....	0 3 0-3
Lieutenant Kennedy.....	3 4 5-12
Captain Falligant.....	0 3 0-3
Lieutenant Branch.....	2 0 5-7
Lieutenant Landersham.....	3 0 3-6
Captain Schwarz.....	0 0 4-4
Lieutenant Overst.....	0 0 4-4

The above shows a tie between Lieut. Mills and Lieut. Dancy and Lieut. Morrell, on a score of 12. On the shoot off, Lieut. Mills made six, and Lieuts. Morrell and Dancy again tied on 12, when it was decided to settle the contest between them by one shot, and Lieut. Dancy made 4 and Lieut. Morrell 3, the former thus becoming the winner of the officer's prize.

After the close of the several contests, which was about 5 o'clock, the regiment, with the exception of the Blues, who, after

shooting, had returned to the city to meet the Chathams, was formed near the dancing pavilion, and marched to the little grove in the grounds to the right of the restaurant, where they were brought to a halt and drawn up in line for the presentation.

PRIZES PRESENTED.

Private Herschbach, of the Cadets, was then summoned to the front and centre to receive the handsome gold medal as the best shot of the First Regiment, which trophy he is entitled to wear until the next annual contest. When Private Herschbach had taken his position Colonel Charles H. Olmstead, former commander of the regiment, advanced and thus addressed him:

Private Herschbach, of the Savannah Cadets:

Upon me, by invitation of your command, has devolved the pleasing task of presenting you with the medal won by your superiority as a marksman. I call it a pleasing task, for not only is it gratifying to award a prize so fairly earned in so arduous a contest, but I also rejoice in the opportunity which the occasion gives me of once more standing face to face with the gallant First Georgia, and of identifying myself with the men who for so many years it was my pride to command.

I look around and see among your comrades the faces that memory associates with all of the highest attributes of soldiery, unflinching courage in action; patient and patriotic endurance of hardships and privations; faces that recall the midnight march, the cheerful camp fire, the hotly contested skirmish line, the dreary trenches. Mingled memories, some sad, some glorious, but all knitting my heart to the First Regiment "as with hooks of steel." I see, too, a younger generation rising up to take the places of those of us whom Father Time is gradually shelving. A generation as yet untried in actual warfare, but giving evidence by their soldierly bearing and zeal, that, if even put to the test, the honor of our dear old mother Georgia will not suffer in their hands.

The contest, sir, in which you have been pronounced the victor, has been one of no trifling import. In every age, in every clime, among every people, such competitions have held a high place, and our honorable fame has been the portion of those who, by their excellence in the use of the weapons of warfare, have proved their worthiness to bear them. The warlike pastimes of Scythia, the rough games of the Greeks and Romans, the tournaments of the middle ages, with their wealth of pomp and glorious circumstances, the rifle matches of Switzerland, and the Dolly-mounds and Creedmoors of the present day, all bear testimony to the universality of this desire to excel in the soldier's art. There must be a deep foundation for this, and we find it in the conviction that here is a bulwark for liberty and right—here a sure defence for "altars and firesides." Especially is this the case in a country like ours, where the chief dependence of the State is upon a volunteer system, whose ranks are filled with her best citizens, ready to serve their native land with all the devotion engendered by an ardent and intelligent patriotism.

To you rightfully belong the honors of this contest, to you the distinction of being the best shot in the regiment, and in the name of your officers, comrades and friends I most heartily congratulate you upon the result of your efforts.

But I should also remind you that this position, to be retained, must be contended for again. Year by year eager hearts, steady nerves and keen eyes will come to this ground prepared to test your marksmanship to the utmost.

It is, perhaps, too much to anticipate that the first place will always be yours, but your skill to-day is sufficient guarantee that you will ever be among the best.

So may it

It remains for me but to place upon your breast this beautiful token of your triumph, and to admonish you to wear it as worthily as you have won it.

The prize offered by the field and staff to the best shot in the regiment, an elegant large silver goblet, on the conclusion of Colonel Olmstead's remarks, was presented Private Herschbach by Lieutenant S. B. Adams in a neat little speech, in which he alluded to the harmony that had characterized the contest, and the spirit of friendly emulation.

After the presentations the regiment was marched to the gate of the Park and took the train of cars to the city, reaching here about six o'clock. The command was dismissed on South Broad street and the several companies proceeded to their respective armories where certain convivial business was attended to.

CHATHAMS AND BLUES.

About half-past three o'clock the Chathams, under command of Capt. J. F. Wheaton, assembled at their armory, where the company was formed in line and then proceeded to the Park extension, where they were exercised in drill for about an hour, displaying great proficiency, and making a splendid appearance.

At half-past four o'clock they left the Park and marched to South Broad street, and halted in front of the Police Barracks to await the arrival of the Blues from the Schuetzen Park. In a brief while the cars made their appearance, and the Blues disembarked at the corner of Habersham, and forming in line in the old Washington Legion style, escorted the Chathams on a parade through the principal streets. Both companies made a handsome display and attracted great admiration. After the parade the Chathams were escorted to their armory, where the Blues made them adieu for a few hours, the arrangements being to entertain them in the evening at the Blues' hall. It was generally remarked that the two companies have rarely made a better show since their reorganization than on the parade yesterday afternoon.

Thus ended the celebration of the day, and a more enthusiastic or enjoyable one has seldom taken place of late years.

THE BLUES' SUPPER AND THEIR GUESTS.

The armory of the Blues was very neatly decorated by the lady friends of the corps for the supper tendered their comrades of the Chathams, and presented a very attractive appearance. The tables were tastefully dressed and were loaded with the substantial and delicacies of the season, prepared by that well known caterer Kate Anderson.

At eight o'clock the company assembled in uniform, and, after forming, accompanied by the Guards' band, proceeded to the armory of the Chathams, who were in waiting. The gallant artillery corps were then escorted to the banquet room of the Blues, and with usual honors were invited by Captain Mercer to take seats at the festal board. The discussion of the good things was immediately entered upon with zest, the very efficient committee of the Blues giving every attention to their guests and members, and rendering the occasion thereby most highly enjoyable.

Among the specially invited guests were Colonel Charles H. Olmstead and Colonel C. W. Anderson. The active, honorary, veteran and pay members of the Blues were out in force, and, as the Chathams were well represented, the gathering of the two companies was large and most sociable.

The guests were each presented with very neatly and handsomely gotten up bills of fare, which were furnished as a compliment by Mr. E. J. Purse, one of the old and honored members of the Blues, and only the press on our columns prevents us from giving it in full.

A Last Glimpse of Pope Pius IX.
What an Observing American Girl
Saw and Heard in the Sombre Hall
of the Vatican—The Funeral Cor-
tege to St. Peter's.

Baltimore Gazette.

We present by permission the following extract from a private letter written from Rome to a lady in this city by a brilliant young lady well known in Baltimore society, who is now in the Eternal City. It will be seen that the writer enjoys, by reason of the friendship of distinguished persons in Rome, privileges not accorded to newspaper correspondents, and she has thus been enabled to describe scenes that have not appeared in print. It will be seen also that the letter was not written for publication, but with a haste of enthusiasm which has its own charm:

ROME, February 10, 1878.— * * * *
Miss B. and I went out for a walk yesterday morning on the Pincio. I never knew a day more exquisite. A sirocco was blowing and the sky a blue that I never saw equaled, with not a cloud and only the new moon, seeming to dance like a fairy skiff in the deep blue sea. We walked and talked, trailing our dresses before the statues of Caesar and Scipio, and over the walks of the fatal Melusina, running in our talk a wide gamut, turning from the chat on Belisarius and the view of the wall where he asked alms, to questions of the day, of beaux, and life, and dress! While we were sauntering along a carriage drove past us very hurriedly. I stepped aside to see the occupants when a lady called quickly to the driver and said, "Mademoiselle W.," excitedly, at the same time. It was Signora Taussig di Spagna, who came to us and said she would give us, through an exceedingly influential friend, a private view of the Pope; that we must hurry and dress in black, for we were late. We hurried into that carriage, and in a short time were on the way to the Vatican, I wearing as a veil that pretty black lace scarf which you gave me a year ago. When we got over to the Vatican the crowd was immense; contadini and princes standing before the closed doors, before which a body of the Swiss Guards were doing incredible duty. But before the name our good ciccone gave we passed through the throng into the grand inclined sala that leads to the Scala Regia; then we turned into side ways. The Signora looked at her directions and carried us through narrow steps and halls, all private, until suddenly, like a flash of light, we were ushered into a grand hall (the hall of the consistory), where there were a crowd of soldiers (the Noble Guard), each dressed superbly; the Swiss Guards, with their long battle axes; Princes, with their suites, among whom were Borghese, Barbarnai, etc., each in full Papal Court costume, and the Cardinals and their followers—they are so picturesque in their violet silk gowns, trimmed with red buttons and facings—and Bishops and priests, and the flunkies in powdered hair and red satin dress; oh! it was a wonderful sight, in that grand hall; a lordly palace, indeed, with these moving pictures; I felt as if the old Florentine pictures were dissolved and were wandering around in fragments. There were very few ladies, all dressed in deep black, gloveless, and most of them in tears. Streams of monks were constantly passing by us with candles in their hands and rosaries. How I longed for you, for it is one of the great events of history, and I was feeling the stylus mark the leaf. When we got there they said it was too late; that the holy father was to be dressed to be carried into St. Peter's to be exhibited, but the signora pushed her way again through some narrow labyrinth of entries and corridors, and at last tapped at a door, said some open sesame, and lo! we were entered into the Pope's court room. Only a few Bishops and high dignitaries were there, and some priests singing the requiem. In the room adjoining the court room lay the Pope. The Prince and Princess Borghese entered by another door as we did, and, of course, had precedence of us. She was weeping bitterly and he looked very solemn; his breast covered with orders.

We five entered the room (the room about as large as your bed room) at the same time, the Borgheses just in front. Every one fell on their knees, and, of course, I did too, only while they bowed to the earth, or rather very cold marble floor, and prayed—I looked. The Pope had a really grand and noble face in death; very tranquil; not a smile, but a sort of inner life and radiance in the face that was very striking. He lay on a small bed that was covered with red satin; a cross at his head; dress: a cream-colored chasuble with red slippers, a small black cap on his head; four candles by the bed only; a cross in the room and a few chairs, and behind the bed five priests who change with each other perpetually and keep up constant prayers for the repose of his soul. Then there were two Swiss Guards, in full uniform, and several of the Noble Guard, some men of the "Order of the Cape and Gown," and two grand looking old Cardinals. Then every one walked (I mean of our five) around the bed and looked at the sweet, noble face and kissed his foot—I doing as everyone else. When I kissed the foot a curious impression ran through me. I felt somehow as if I were touching the sceptre of death. I had some laurel leaves in my pocket that I had pulled on the Pincio, which, while I was on my knees, I pulled out and touched to his foot, thinking it would make it an interesting souvenir, and also the Borghese touched something to his feet—white gloves they were—which now are sacred. Then we walked back into the Sistine chapel, where mass was going on, and through the spacious hall and then came home. While we were there (at the Vatican) we heard that the great procession of the removal of the Pope's body from the Vatican down into St. Peter's was to take place at *Ave Maria*. We were anxious to stay in the Vatican, hoping to have the chance of seeing it, but I dared not stay from one to six in those cold, cold rooms, and said I would come home and leave Miss B., but she would not let me go home alone, and so we both gave it up.

While we were at our dinner the husband of the signora we were with in the morning came in with a rush, and said: "I will take you to the Vatican and let you see the procession; there will not be fifty people besides yourselves." Of course we rushed. When we got to the Vatican we passed through very much the same experience, only it being night, or rather dark, everything was much more striking and weird. We got lovely positions in the hall of the consistory near the grand Scala Regia, and there we waited nearly

about 10 minutes

THE CORONAL OF POPE LEO XIII.
ROME, March 3.—Pope Leo XIII. was crowned in the Sistine Chapel to-day. The ceremony commenced at 9:30 o'clock in the morning and terminated at 1:30 p. m. The Cardinals, prelates and diplomatists accredited to the Vatican, and a few other persons, were present. The Pope was afterward carried to his apartments, blessing the spectators on the way. A few houses are illuminated to-night.

The *Opinion* reports that the Council of State, in response to a question of Signor Crippi, President of the Chamber of Deputies, as to whether the Italian Government had the right to modify the Papal guarantees, rendered a decision that the laws of the Papal guarantees possess a constitutional, organic character.

When Cardinal Simoni was about to resume his office as the Pontifical Secretary of State, the Catholic powers and some Cardinals protested against his restoration, because of his reactionary tendencies. Cardinal Simoni thereupon resigned and Cardinal Franchi was appointed in his place.

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A Recent Interview.

His Holiness Pope Pius Nono was received by his illustrious predecessor, St. Peter with a smile of cordial welcome. "You have had a long and tranquil reign," said the Saint. "I trust you have left the affairs of our holy Church in a flourishing condition on earth?"

His Holiness assured St. Peter that the Catholic faith was never more firmly rooted and grounded, and the influence of the Church never more firmly established than when he left Rome; in fact, that Macauley was right when he said that she would yet exist in undiminished vigor when that New Zealander was making his celebrated sketch of St. Paul's.

The Saint looked pleased, and said to his Holiness, "I am glad to hear so favorable an account of your spiritual reign; was your temporal reign equally successful?"

"Not in all respects," replied his Holiness; "still I left behind me about twenty-four millions of money."

"Indeed," said St. Peter, "we touched no such sum as that in my day. To whom did you entrust such a vast hoard?"

"To the Rothschilds," said his Holiness, hesitatingly.

Something like a frown overspread the features of the Saint. "The Rothschilds," said he, with deliberation, "are they not Jews?"

"I believe—that is to say—I think—yes—they are," said his Holiness, with still greater hesitation.

"And do you mean to tell me," said the Saint, sternly, "that you, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, deposited the contributions of our holy Church with the descendants of those men who reviled and spat upon and cruelly put Him to death?"

"Well—ah!—yes, I did."

"Why did you?" said the Saint, sternly. "You should have had a powerful reason."

"I did have a very powerful one," replied his Holiness. "The truth is, St. Peter, I did not know any Christians whom I was willing to trust with so much money."—*New York Herald*

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P. Rytinje*

A correspondent of the London Times has furnished the following statement, made by William Clark, now living in Thetford, Suffolk:

"I was born on the 25th of December, 1793, at Hopton, near Thetford, in Suffolk. I enlisted on the 8th of May, 1815, in her Majesty's Twentieth Regiment, then lying at Waterford. I joined the depot at Newport, Isle of Wight. Seven thousand men were then lying there. After seven months at Waterford, we went from station to station in Ireland, and on the 14th of February, 1818, we were sent to relieve the Fifty-third Regiment, which had accompanied Napoleon to his exile in St. Helena. We arrived in St. Helena about the 10th of May, 1818, and remained there till six months after the death of Napoleon, who died on the 5th of May, 1821. We had to lie on the floor, one blanket to each man, which we placed half under and half over us. Sir Hudson Lowe refused the petition of Col. South to allow bedding—'this would make them sleep too soundly.' At midnight (6 o'clock P. M.) the guard formed closer in, and all out-pickets were joined to Boney's guard. Guards, pickets, and all amounted at night to sixty-three or sixty-four. About a mile from our regular quarters were three guns, at a point we called Break-neck Valley. Sir Hudson Lowe's quarters were at a mile and a half's distance from Napoleon's. A Captain either of the Sixty-sixth or the Twentieth Regiment was always stationed inside Boney's compound, and it was his duty to see him once every day. Boney knew this was the case, and while he would not report himself, he would give him opportunities of seeing him, unless he was sulky. He was very sulky sometimes, perhaps would not show himself for several days. The Captain on the watch would signal accordingly; and after two or three days Sir Hudson would come riding up with his staff, ring the bell, and ask, 'Where is Napoleon?' 'In his study.' 'Tell him I want him.' Perhaps after a time he would show himself, without coming to the Governor's."

At the beginning of the year 1821 Sir Hudson sent Napoleon orders to occupy four rooms which were completed in the new State Prison. Napoleon, with his Generals, came and looked at the apartment, and said, (as was reported), 'I am ordered by Hudson to occupy this place, but I will never live a day in it.' He returned to his old quarters, and the next day reported himself sick to Dr. Arnott, the physician of our (Twentieth) regiment. He was never seen afterward by any guard or sentry; never, in fact, came out from his house again till he was brought out to his grave, about seven weeks afterward. I was one of twelve who carried him to his grave, a mile and a half distant, perhaps rather more, from his house. A Lieutenant of our regiment, (Lieut. Connor), a Sergeant under him, commanded the funeral party. The body was laid in a coffin of tin, this placed in a leaden coffin, this in a mahogany coffin covered with superfine black cloth. Mr. Darlan (storekeeper) told me that 1,000 yards of black cloth, valued at a guinea a yard, were employed to drape the three weeping willows which were at the spot, at which he had requested to be buried. The small spring at which he procured his drinking water was at the same spot. A Chinaman had been employed at \$1 a day, to fetch each morning two silver goblets of this water, holding a pint and a half each. The whole garrison was in attendance at the funeral. All had passed through his chamber previously as he lay in state.

Boney was the finest man I ever saw; the calves of his legs, and his cheeks too, you might see them shink as he was walking, and yet he had not the ruddy, healthy look our people had. He would carry a stick, about as thick as my walking-stick, with an iron stud at the end, and if he saw a weed he would always spud it up, anywhere where he went. Four nights out of seven I was on sentry, and would fall asleep while walking and stray off the path; and that my hair would stand on end with fright and raise my cap, for I knew if I were caught napping I was safe for 300 lashes. I have heard men say that their sufferings from want of rest in St. Helena were more trying to them than the hardships of a campaign.

Napoleon died on the 5th of May, 1821. Two priests were in attendance. We who had to lift the body were not allowed to touch the coffin until a priest had sprinkled us with holy water. We started at 3 o'clock. The coffin was very heavy. We carried it six at a time, and the men that were lowest down in carrying him suffered all the punishment. I was one of these. All the garrison was assembled about the Emperor's quarters and followed him to the grave, the bands playing a dead march. It was reported that Napoleon had requested to be buried with the honors of royalty, twenty-one guns; but the Governor ordered nineteen guns to be fired, the number assigned to a General. We carried the body where a cart with oxen could not go; but in certain parts of the distance the men were relieved, and the body drawn upon a cart. The Roman Catholic priests who had been in attendance on him conducted the funeral service. The actual funeral took place at about 6 P. M. Nine or ten of us had been employed for three days in excavating in the rock a cavity seven feet deep and eight feet square. The rock was blasted, and where the powder had made the sides uneven it was filled in, and the cavity smoothed all round. In the cavity thus made by sappers and miners, assisted by my own labor and that of others, flagstones were inserted in the rock and formed into a canopy of box, which received the coffin. The coffin was covered over with large flagstones, and the four corners were bored and filled in with melted lead, which fastened them firmly together. The remainder of the excavation was filled in with the rubble and leveled, and a mound resembling a common grave raised above it. An iron palisade was placed round, and sentry kept over it night and day until all the troops were withdrawn. They were gradually withdrawn, and our regiment left six months after the funeral.

The Marquis of Lorne, Victoria's son-in-law, has prepared a new version of David's Psalms, and a popular brand of whisky has been named after him; but a Chicago Times letter asserts that he is mercilessly snubbed by all his royal relatives. Call no man happy who marries the daughter of a Hempress.

Every man of full age on the island, whatever his ordinary occupation, was required to have arms, and to carry them on occasion; and Sir Hudson Lowe from time to time, at intervals of a month or six weeks, would require them to muster in a body. The Duke of Reichstadt was at this time in America, and the idea was that possibly a rescue might be attempted from that quarter. The Comptroller of seventy-four guns, was in the harbor, and kept guard there. Two sloops of war were always cruising round. A circuit of perhaps three-quarters of a mile was assigned to Napoleon, and he would occasionally, though rarely, make the excursion. There was a sentry at every twenty paces all round the house, when, after guard, they were brought nearer. Sometimes Napoleon's horses were brought to his door fully caparisoned, but a very seldom mounted them. His long Hessian boots were stuck in the stirrups. The Generals, his friends, if they wished to pass this boundary and to enter the town, about three and a half miles from Boney's quarters, were accompanied by a sentry of the Twenty-first Light Dragoons, or, if on foot, by any soldier appointed to the duty.

I believe, if ever any man died broken-hearted, it was Boney. He had been low-spirited, and had not taken his usual exercise for some time before he was ordered to take up his quarters in the new State Prison. To be sure, it had the name of a prison; but I saw into the drawing-room and dining-room, and they were beautiful. It was built by the sappers and miners and by 400 Chinamen, and they were all of different trades. Mr. Darlan told me that Napoleon left the funeral party 1,000 francs, but Sir Hudson Lowe said it was more than he dared to give to grant it. Napoleon also would have given to each man of our regiment a gold chain to hold his picket and brush, but we were not permitted to accept it.

Justice to True Heroism.

Atlanta Tribune.

It should always be a matter of pride to every patriotic Georgian—and that pride should be made manifest in a substantial manner—that this State gave to the country one of the bravest and most chivalrous soldiers that ever drew a sword on any battle-field or poured out his blood freely in defense of his flag.

That officer was the lamented Major General William Henry Talbot Walker, who fell in the bloody "Battle of Atlanta," July 22, 1864, as he was gallantly leading his Confederate troops against the enemy's forces. From the time he graduated at the West Point Military Academy (1837), his life was freely offered in the service of his country. He graduated in July, and in December of the same year was terribly wounded in the fierce battle with the Seminole Indians at Okeechobee, Florida. Again, in the Mexican war, he fought with unsurpassed daring, and was at one time left for dead on the battle field. But, finally, through his immense will power, he recovered to such an extent as to be able to re-enter (in feeble health) the service, which he left December 20, 1860 (as Major of the Tenth Infantry), to join his fortunes with those of his native State, by whom he had been presented with a "sword of honor" for his gallantry in Florida and Mexico.

General Walker was "every inch a soldier," and to the science and art of war his entire life was devoted and all his best energies consecrated. One of his children, Cadet Freeman V. Walker, of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., is a candidate for one of the vacancies at the West Point Military Academy, and we are glad to learn that the worthy young gentleman is being endorsed for that appointment by Senator Gordon and Hon. Alexander H. Stephens. Georgia could not better honor her dead hero than thus to perpetuate his noble name and untarnished fame in that institution and that army to which his sublime daring and faithful services added a brighter glow of heroic brilliancy.

POWER OF A LITTLE CHILD.—Two men engaged in an angry dispute on a San Francisco street, during which one shook his fist beneath the other's nose and appeared to have worked himself into a fever heat of passion. Just then a little girl, almost an infant, who had been going by, but stopped, apparently paralyzed by the man's fury, moved quite close to him, and looking up into his face, inquired: "What makes you so cross, mister?" It was so unexpected that the man evidently experienced a complete revulsion of feeling. Gradually his countenance cleared, and finally was lit up with a smile as he patted the little peace-maker's head, and remarked as he moved away, ignoring the other man altogether: "I guess you're right, little pet."

Mr. H. G. Wright, of the Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist, now in Washington City, in his editorial correspondence pays the following merited tribute to one of Georgia's noblest daughters:

There may be a few votes cast against General Gordon at the approaching Senatorial election in Georgia, but if the proposed sixteenth amendment to the Constitution (allowing women to vote and hold office) was in force, and Mrs. Gordon was a candidate for the position, she would be returned by a unanimous vote. I know that ladies do not like to have their names paraded in print, and it is not often that the *Chronicle and Constitutionalist* offends in this particular, but I trust Mrs. Gordon will pardon in this letter a very feeble tribute to her merits as a wife and a woman. As a wife she has been, indeed, in the words of the Good Book, a help-meet to her husband, and he owes much to her perfect love and untiring devotion. She accompanied him during all the years of the war, never leaving his side, except when he received a summons to battle. She endured the hardships, the privations and the dangers of the camp and the march with the fortitude and the nerve which invariably accompany the possession of good blood. She has clung to him just as closely in his political career since the war, and, to my mind, has been of as great assistance to him as was the wife of another distinguished Georgian to her husband in the fierce party conflicts of ante bellum days. Her talent, her tact, the dignified simplicity of her manners, above all her gentleness and kindness of heart, win hosts of friends for her and for him as well. To me there is nothing which calls for higher admiration than a pure, good woman walking hand in hand with the lord of her heart along the flinty paths of life and aiding him in his struggles with the world. Such is Mrs. Gordon, and it is impossible for one to be in her society without being made better for the association. She is, indeed, a perfect woman, nobly planned, and if the good wishes of others avail mortals, she should be also the happiest woman that lives beneath the stars.

A BRAVE AND NOBLE WOMAN.

The older citizens of Savannah and of Florida will remember the late Col. Wm. Whistler, of the First Regiment United States Infantry, who was distinguished in the earliest Indian wars in Florida. His widow, Mrs. Julia Whistler, has lately died at Cincinnati, Ohio, having reached the advanced age of ninety-two years. Her prolonged military career was most remarkable. She was born in Massachusetts, but was the daughter of a Captain in the British army. She married Ensign Whistler in Detroit, Mich., and soon after they built a fort on the site of the present city of Chicago—then a wilderness—and remained there five years. From that time forward she accompanied her gallant husband in all his perils of frontier service, and spent sixty-two years of her life amid the "pomp and circumstance of war," or in camp or garrison. She could relate her own experiences from the war of 1812 down to the close of the Mexican war. She never had a settled home, but lived, from time to time, in almost every section of the country. She had visited during her lifetime all the States of the Union, and three years ago went to Chicago to view for the last time the spot where, seventy years before, a brave young woman, she helped to fight the Indians. Tender and devoted as she was brave and enduring, Mrs. Whistler always was the soldier's friend and nurse. Probably no such remarkable woman has died in this country during the present century, and yet she has quietly and unostentatiously gone to her eternal reward. Such noble women need no funeral honors nor monumental shafts to make known their greatness. They live for "Duty" not for "Fame."

Pope and Emperor.

The following extract from a sketch of Pius IX., by Louis Muhlbach, published in the New York Herald, will be found of interest. The period to which it refers is the revolution of 1830.

The news which had reached Spoleto from Rome became more and more alarming. The Pope, it was asserted, was a prisoner at the Vatican; he was there guarded by the insurgents, the Swiss Guards having taken to flight. Some of the latter, it was added, had joined the Carbonari. The people of Rome were under arms, and the revolution had a successful issue.

"The revolution cannot prove successful, God is with the people," exclaimed with animation the Bishop of Spoleto, while he courageously proceeded toward the market place of the city. There he called a meeting and enjoined the authorities and Pontifical servants not to give way to sedition. He denounced all traitors and rebels, and expressed a conviction that truth would prevail and conquer the revolutionists.

His prophecy was destined to be fulfilled. The very next day the tidings received from Rome confirmed the notion expressed by the Bishop of Spoleto. The rebellion had been suppressed and the faithful had rallied around the Holy Father. When the first panic had subsided, all had united and fought against the rebels; moreover, succor had been received from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the insurrection had thus come to an untimely end. "The Carbonari have been beaten." "The Carbonari are flying in all directions." Such were now the reports from Rome, and, it was added, "No mercy must be extended to fugitive rebels." "A duty devolves on every loyal citizen to arrest the rebels and to hand them over to the proper authorities." "No mercy, no pardon, must be granted to rebels and their leader." With the view of hiding the fact that he had acted hitherto with much hesitation, the Gonfaloniere of Spoleto was now displaying an excess of zeal. His subordinates, in search of fugitive rebels, had been ordered to arrest them wherever they could be found, and the police readily re-echoed the popular cry, "No mercy to rebels and mutineers."

A FUGITIVE HARBORED.

These and similar expressions grated on the ears of Bishop Mastai while sitting solitary in his study. Twilight had set in and he was still musing and speculating over the probabilities to which error and faithlessness might lead. He clearly saw that a number of youths were exposed to the risk of expiating foolhardy acts with their blood. The Bishop was interrupted in his meditations by a slight noise, and when inquiring into the cause of the interruption he discerned the shadow of a man against the door of his library.

"What do you wish of me?" demanded the Bishop.

The stranger went on his knees and imploringly cried:

"I desire to ask your Eminence to extend pity toward me, and to grant me protection. I am a fugitive and they pursue me. Police agents are on my track, but I was enabled to pass unobserved through a wicket, and thus reach the Episcopal Palace. Have mercy on me, Eminence, save me from an ignominious death."

Simultaneously with these piteous words might be heard outside the cry of the myrmidons of justice, howling as before: "No mercy toward insurgents."

"Listen to that," exclaimed the young man. "No mercy! I am lost, unless you protect me."

The mild features of the Bishop were encouragingly turned toward the youth; he spoke softly to him:

"Thou hast entered my house, the house of the servant of God; 'tis the Lord sends you to me, and He desires me to grant you protection. I will aid thee, and thou shalt not be given up. Thou canst remain here until the darkness of night will render it safe to make good thy escape."

The young man fervently clasped the Bishop's hands, sobbing thanks to him who was willing to save his life.

"Rise, my son," continued the Bishop, "and if thou art hungry, let me know it; food is at thy disposal."

"Your Eminence, I have had no food for the last twenty-four hours." (180.)

Without loss of time, the Bishop betook himself to fetch bread, wine and fruit of various kinds. "Eat and fortify thyself," said the Bishop, "and if thou canst pray, do so. I will leave thee until the night is sufficiently advanced, and then a faithful servant shall accompany thee, to guide thee beyond the limits of the city."

FUTURE POPE AND FUTURE EMPEROR.

The Bishop returned to his fugitive friend as promised. "It is time," said he, "it is high time for thee to leave; I have been informed that a rumor is spread to the effect that fugitives are harbored at the Episcopal Palace; the people begin to grumble. It is not from a sense of fear when I tell thee to hasten, but it is doubtful whether I could afford the protection on the morrow; therefore hasten to get away from here."

"I will be able to reach the borders of the Papal territory before daybreak, and then I shall feel comparatively safe. Farewell, Eminence; remember me in your prayers, and that you may know for whom to pray, I will give you my name; it is Louis Napoleon."

The Bishop was visibly startled; he slowly repeated the name, "Louis Napoleon," and added, "then you are one of those misguided, unfortunate princes who—"

"Who have unsheathed the sword," replied the youth; "who have unsheathed the sword in defence of their rights, to fight for liberty, equality and fraternity. Yes, I am Louis Napoleon, the nephew of that great Emperor who once—"

"Who once," interrupted proudly the Bishop, "attempted to remove Pius VI. from the Papal throne, and made a prisoner of another Pontiff, Pius VII., keeping him confined at Fontainebleau. I might express a wish that you had not mentioned your name, inasmuch as I am probably not humble enough, nor sufficiently charitable to pray for the nephew of that man who brought so much misery and sorrow over the Pope—the father of all Christendom."

"Well, then, Reverend Father, pray for me as the nephew of Cardinal Fesch." And with a strange smile the young man added: "And accept from me this solemn oath, that I shall remember you throughout life; and that, when my destiny is fulfilled, and when, as I hope and foresee, I shall inherit the imperial crown of my uncle, then, when I bear that crown I shall prove grateful to you in recognition of your having this day saved my life."

He bowed and kissed the hand of the Bishop of Spoleto.

That was the first meeting between the future Pope Pius IX., and the future Emperor of the French.

Under the guidance of a faithful servant, Louis Napoleon found means to make his escape from Spoleto. He was enabled to proceed unmolested to the city of Ancona. There resided his mother, the Queen Hortense. Under her protection, disguised as a servant, and provided with an English passport, Louis Napoleon continued his flight. (180.)

The Emperor Nicholas, when he was trying to get England to seize Egypt in 1841, said to Sir George Seymour, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg: "We have on our hands a sick man, a very sick man." It will be a great misfortune, I tell you frankly, if one of these days he should happen to die before the necessary arrangements are all made. But this is not the time to speak to you of that." In another interview a few days later, Nicholas said: "Turkey, in the condition which I have described, has by degrees fallen into such a state of decrepitude that, as I told you the other night, eager as we all are for the prolonged existence of the man (and that I am as desirous as you can be for the continuation of his life I beg you to believe, he may suddenly die on our hands. I think your government does not well understand my object. I am not so eager to determine what shall be done upon that event taking place. I repeat to you that the sick man is dying, and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding." The Emperor Alexander is apparently administering on the effects of a regent, I can—

"My Lords and Gentlemen."

Col. Forney's London Letter in the Philadelphia Press.

All, or nearly all, the officers of the two Houses of Parliament live in the Parliamentary palace, and live in style. The Speaker of the House of Peers, Lord Chancellor, Lord Cairns, who is also a Judge in the higher courts, receives \$50,000 annually; the clerk of the House of Peers, Sir William Rose, K. C. B., \$12,500 annually; his deputy, Ralph Disraeli, \$9,000; the reading clerk, \$6,000; the counsel to the chairs, \$7,500; there are six clerks at \$5,000 each; eighteen on smaller pay; a librarian at \$4,000; a deputy librarian at \$3,500; two "examiners of standing orders" at \$4,000; the gentleman usher of the black wand, General Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Knollys, \$10,000; the yeoman usher at \$5,000; the sergeant-at-arms, Lieut. Col. Hon. W. P. Talbot, \$7,500, and his deputy \$3,000. There is a well-salaried short-hand writer, and a host of uniformed doorkeepers and servants comfortably compensated.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. H. B. W. Brand, M. P., receives \$25,000 a year; the deputy speaker and permanent chairman of the committee of the whole, Henry Cecil Raikes, M. P., \$12,500; the clerk, Sir T. Erskine May, K. C. B., \$10,000; his clerk assistant, \$7,500; the second assistant, \$5,000; the principal clerk of the public bill office, \$5,000; the principal clerk of the committees, \$5,000; the journal clerk, \$6,500; clerk of private bills, \$5,000, seven senior clerks, from \$3,500 to \$4,000 each; thirteen assistant clerks, from \$3,000 to \$1,500 each; the sergeant-at-arms, \$6,000, and two deputies, one at \$4,000 and the other at \$2,500; counsel to the speaker, \$9,000; librarian, \$5,000, and his assistants \$2,800; the referees of private bills, each \$5,000. There are also many others, including a chaplain of \$2,000, secretary to the speaker, a short-hand writer, doorkeepers *ad limitem*, and servants on excellent salaries.

As I have said, the most of these officials live in the Parliament palace. The Speaker of the House, Mr. Brand, has an immense establishment, his dining room alone seating a hundred persons. He is about sixty-four, and has filled many high positions, among them Lord of the Treasury and Keeper of the Seal for the Prince of Wales. He was the Liberal "whip" for nine years, and is always elected to the House as an avowed Liberal. He is so impartial in his rulings that, a few years ago, when one of the Irish members taunted him with being otherwise, Disraeli and Gladstone came to his rescue. The Clerk of the House of Commons, Sir Erskine May, whom I have met, and to whom I am indebted for a seat in the Speaker's gallery, is as distinguished as the Speaker, though he has never been in Parliament. His literary works have taken the highest rank, and that on "The Constitutional History of England Since the Accession of George III." has attained a large circulation in America. His last book on "Democracy in Europe," much commended by the press, will be warmly welcomed there as it is here. His other publications have been generally devoted to Parliamentary law. Mr. May is about sixty-three, and began his career as an assistant librarian in the House of Commons in 1831. Like the Speaker, he belongs to the Liberal party. His writings are generous and elevated, and his work on the Constitutional History of England, clothed in a style almost as fascinating as that of Macaulay, is a splendid record of the growth of the republican sentiment in this great empire. I have read and re-read it with profit and pleasure, and especially because it has given me a high estimate of the perseverance of the statesmen who have removed so many of the abuses in the English Government within the last generation, and have restricted the privileges of the aristocracy and recognized the rights of the people. It stands to the credit of the Conservatives of the House that they retain this accomplished and fearless scholar as their first officer. But this is the true British system. Civil service is not a picture, but a reality. Both parties practice it.

During the day, the Speaker—

Dr. George Muller.

Some forty years ago this gentleman, then a youth, coming fresh from the celebrated University of Halle, where his acquisitions obtained for him exceptional honors, came to Bristol, England, to take charge of a Moravian Church, then so slenderly sustained by its humble members, that finding his incumbency only provided for at painful sacrifices, he notified his people that although his only support, he should surrender his stipend, but not his pastorate, believing the Lord would not let His servant want. This simple faith being answered by voluntary gifts, exceeding in his first year of abnegation the income he had surrendered.

Subsequently, appalled by the number of unlearned or orphan children in his vicinity, the question came, if the Lord had answered the trust of His servant for his own wants would He not do likewise for a trust for these poor children? Upon the faith that He would, engaging a cheap building, he gathered in thirty of the most destitute from seven to ten years old, went to prayer and to work, the next year's end finding him agitating for wider quarters and more orphans. The one grew and grew; the others came and came—and to what?

A few years ago the writer of this notice, traveling with his family in the south of England, pausing at Bristol, were told that Dr. Muller's orphans were to be found some miles out of town. Thither in an open carriage, after a prolonged drive, they saw in the distance a range of what they supposed to be mints or armories, or some other government buildings; but to their astonishment were informed by the driver that there lived Dr. Muller and his orphans—a range of five buildings aggregating twelve hundred and fifty feet front, and averaging one hundred feet depth.

Lit by seventeen hundred windows, were five hundred rooms, the principal ones seventeen feet from floor to ceiling, the lowest thirteen feet high; sheltering, feeding, clothing, educating two thousand two hundred and fifty orphans, putting them out to trades and service as they become old enough, and taking others in.

All this without subscription list, pledges or foundation of any sort; relying solely and only upon what came in from week to week—mostly from unknown sources, through the post or in at the door anonymously—bank notes, gold, silver, jewels; these aggregating for the past year in the astounding total value of forty-one thousand five hundred pounds sterling, from which not a penny alienated for his own personal expenses. He not only maintains this immense family, but supports professors and teachers for seventy-five Protestant day schools, educating 7,122 children in Italy, Spain, France and India.

Upon the anxieties and experiences of this remarkable work, the living miracle of the present century, Dr. Muller has kindly consented to speak at the Independent Presbyterian Church on Monday evening, 25th of February, at 8 o'clock. An earnest auditory is expected for him. (181.)

A Story of Victor Emanuel.

Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Some time ago Victor Emanuel and a citizen of Rome happened outside the gates of the Eternal City to simultaneously shoot at and kill a hare. Naturally, each sportsman claimed poor puss's corpse, and losing their tempers over the question, resorted, manlike, to fist-cuffs. The Fates—being evidently of an aristocratic turn of mind—with a truly feminine weakness for that cherished volume called the *Almanac de Gotha*, decided the combat in favor of royalty; and the plebeian adversary, suddenly remembering that discretion is the better part of valor, retreated hastily from the field.

The King secretly sent to ascertain the beaten man's address, when it was discovered that he was a cabinet maker who lived near the Porto del Popolo. One day soon after the fight over the hare a royal carriage drew up at the worthy citizen's door, and he was informed that his attendance at the Quirinal was desired. He went, wondering what on earth he could be wanted for, and, upon being ushered into the royal presence, recognized in the King the rival with whom he had had the unpleasant encounter. Thereupon the poor cabinet maker felt highly uncomfortable, but the bluff soldier-king, by his cordial manner, immediately put the other at his ease, and further said that, as he had found in the hare's body some strange shot, he had in consequence arrived at the conclusion that the only fair thing to be done was to send for his brother sportsman, in order that they might eat the animal between them. Cabinet maker and King accordingly dined together quite jollily. (181.)

Origin of the Comedy "David Garrick."

Temple Bar.

Garrick married the beautiful Mile. Violetta, the dancer, the protegee of Lord and Lady Burlington. There was plenty of romance and mystery about this young lady. She had come over from Vienna a few years previously, disguised as a boy, and made her debut at the opera house in the Haymarket. She was immediately taken under the protection of Lady Burlington, whose daughters used to frequently stand at the wings with wraps to throw around her when she came off from her dance. Her debut had been patronized by the king himself, and the noblest houses were thrown open to her.

Some said she was a natural daughter of Lord Burlington, whom he had discovered while traveling abroad, from her likeness to her mother, a lady to whom he had been devotedly attached; others that she was the illegitimate offspring of some noble Austrian. Be this as it may she was received in the best society. Seeing Garrick play one night, she fell desperately in love with him; they met in society, afterward in secret; but Lady Burlington was violently opposed to the match. The story of Robertson's play of "David Garrick" is said to be founded upon an incident of this love affair; but the real catastrophe was very different from the fictitious one, for the countless touches by the actor's generous self sacrifice, gave her consent to the marriage.

Ten thousand pounds were settled upon the bride—six thousand by the Burlingtons, and four by Garrick himself. They took up their abode in Southampton street, Strand, a not unfashionable neighborhood then. The house is still standing—No. 27—and the little back room in which they used to breakfast is said to be little changed. He loved children, although he had none of his own. During the run of the "Jubilee" he ordered a nightly distribution of tarts to the little ones who played the fairies, and used to delight in watching their enjoyment of them.

Cumberland relates how he would imitate turkey cocks, peacocks, and water wagtails for the amusement of his children. Here is a reminiscence of childhood by the younger Coleman: "I always ran about his gardens, where he taught me the game of trap ball. He practiced, too, a thousand monkey tricks upon me; he was Punch, harlequin, a cat in the gutter, then King Lear, with a mad touch that, at times, almost terrified me, and he had a peculiar mode of flashing the lightning of his eye by darting it into the astonished mind of a child; as a serpent is said to fascinate a bird, which was an attribute belonging only to this theatrical Jupiter." (181.)

Germany has a Pickwick, indeed, without guile. The story is told by the *Schweizerische Dorfkalender*, and is translated by the London Globe. The antiquarian stood before a stable door in wrapt delight, contemplating a stone fixed in the archway, which bore the inscription 1081. Calling the tenant farmer, he said: "Am I not right, my friend, in supposing that you procured this stone from the castle ruin on the hill yonder?" "It may be," replied the owner, "that my grandfather fetched it when he built the stable." The professor asked what he would take for the stone. "Since you seem to have a fancy for it," said the farmer, "pay me down forty guildens and I will leave it at your house." "That is rather a large sum," said the professor; "never mind; bring it to me to-morrow morning and you shall have the forty guildens." On the next morning, when the peasant brought the stone upon the truck, the zealous antiquarian eagerly turned it over to refresh his eyes with a sight of its chronological inscription. "Why," cried he in amazement, "what is this? This is not the right stone. Yesterday I read the date 1081, while this bears the date 1801, which proves that the other was exactly seven hundred and twenty years older than this." "The Herr Professor must not trouble himself about that small matter," replied the boor. "You see, sir, the masons turned the stone upside down when they set it in the doorway, because it fitted better that way. You can turn it whichever way you like now, it is your own, but of course I must have the forty guildens." The money was paid.

Recreation of Noted Men.

Chambers's Journal.

From William the Conqueror downwards, the chief delight of British sovereigns has been in the hunting field, though some have varied it with more peaceful pursuits. Charles II., for instance, spent a good deal of time in a chemical laboratory. Prince Rupert was devoted to mechanical pursuits, and in the discovery of mezzotint conferred a solid benefit on mankind. Godolphin's life was divided between the council chamber and the cock-pit. It is curious to observe how men who have been noted for their polish and culture as writers or conversationalists have, in their leisure moments, found a strange pleasure in associating themselves with sordid vulgarity. Prior, one of the most elegant of our minor poets, constantly passed whole evenings in chattering with a soldier and his slattern wife in a low public house in Longacre. Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry and a singularly refined writer, was often to be found, like Prior, in a low public house, joking and being joked. Turner, the painter, had similar tastes. Leonardo de Vinci felt intense pleasure, or perhaps an inexplicable fascination, in contemplating filth and garbage. He would gaze for hours on the slimy streams which crawl out of the slums of Florence. But to turn to less reprehensible amusements. The Lord Chief Justice Saunders, whose character has been so admirably sketched by Roger North, devoted his leisure time to practicing on an old virginial. Milton selected the more dignified companionship of an organ. Innocent III., probably the greatest man who ever sat on the throne of St. Peter, relieved his graver amusements of playing at nine-pins with the potentates of Europe, by gossiping familiarly with an old monk on a seat at a fountain in the Vatican. He would listen for hours to the stories and pointless anecdotes with which his humble companion, who had travelled a good deal, regaled him. Petavius, one of the most learned of the Jesuits, when engaged on one of his principal works, used, at the end of every two hours to rise rapidly, twirl his chair about for five minutes. Bacon, Cowper, Sir William Temple, Evelyn, Buffon and Addison were accustomed to interrupt their literary studies by seeking the stimulation of a walk around their garden, and have all of them recorded their delight in Adam's principal pursuit. Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, when a child, used to sit in a bog modeling clay engines and constructing miniature windmills. Towards the close of his eventful life, his leisure was amused by his farm and gardens. It was in these occupations that the great engineer spent the few years that were left to him after quitting the career of high-minded industry, in which he won fame for himself, and conferred a lasting boon on mankind. Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, found amusement in treasuring scraps of orange peel. (181.)

GOLDEN HAIR AT THE CHANCEL.—A gentleman living in Philadelphia has a sweet golden haired little daughter, aged three years, who is devoted to her father, and endeavors, after her baby fashion, to govern her actions by his own. This habit causes much amusement in the family, though the little one seems quite unconscious that she is the cause of it all.

Not long ago a little child attended divine service for the first time with her father, and sat quietly and gravely in the pew until the close of the sermon. It chanced to be communion Sunday, and Mr. —, being a communicant, went with others toward the chancel, unconscious that his little daughter was following him. As he knelt and bowed his head, the baby of three years also knelt and bowed her sweet face upon her tiny hands. Those who saw the touching sight were affected almost to tears, and nobody attempted to remove the small communicant. Not until my friend rose to return to his seat did he discover the child, who also rose, and slipping her little hand in his walked gravely toward the pew. The clergyman, speaking of it afterward, said it was, in his opinion, the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. (181.)

We clip the following from the *Sporting Gazette* (London):

"I am nothing if not zoological this week. So, still harping on this string, I come to two horses, or rather a horse and a mare, which have created some stir lately. The first is the horse of Lord Dunraven, the history of which is quite an equine romance. Lord Dunraven, then Lord Adair, acted as special correspondent to a morning paper in the Abyssinian war, and had a favorite horse which carried him through the campaign. This horse subsequently passed into the hands of Mr. H. M. Stanley, and accompanied him during a considerable portion of his journey in search of Livingstone. It was sold by Mr. Stanley on his return to the coast, and was afterwards shipped for Liverpool. At Liverpool it was purchased by an American horse dealer, and shipped to New York. It was then seen and recognized by a well-known animal painter who had made Lord Dunraven's acquaintance in Abyssinia. Now, Lord Dunraven was then expected in New York on one of his sporting expeditions to the Far West. The artist bought the horse, and the first sight that met Lord Dunraven's eyes after he landed was his friend, the artist, mounted on the veteran charger that had carried him through the Abyssinian campaign. The old horse has been brought back to England, and is now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* of the paddock after his adventurous career.

"The other horse is a mare—the mare that was shod with gold the other day at Edinburgh. That mare has a history. Her owner, Miss Thomson, is an American heiress, worth about half a million of dollars. She has naturally been, ever since she reached a marriageable age, the object of persistent attentions on the part of a crowd of needy fortune hunters, and her life has, in consequence, been rendered a burthen to her. They drove her nearly wild in New York, and she had a very narrow escape of being hunted down. It was in this wise. One of her admirers was a dashing and handsome fellow, but a terrible scapegrace, and she did not care for him; but he amused her, and she found it at last very difficult to get rid of him. She had just purchased this mare, and in one of her mad freaks she told this gallant suitor that he might have her hand if he could beat her mare in a half-mile gallop, she riding the mare herself. He accepted the challenge, and a moment later she repented of it. However, there was no help for it, and the race for a wife had to come off. It was a neck-and-neck affair, for the stakes were heavy, but the mare drew away at the finish, and won by a length. It is in gratitude for the victory which saved her from a husband that Miss Thomson recently had that mare shod with gold. Such is the story which I have from New York. Miss Thomson, I believe, fancies that the assumption of an eccentricity almost allied to madness is her best defence against the fortune hunters who pester her here as much as in America. She wears shoes herself which would hardly disgrace a Lancashire wife kicker, and is otherwise so attired as to shock any one with aesthetic ideas of the grace of woman's attire. She will be a very Katherine to win, but possibly she may find the Petruchio who will tame her. I don't know whether she is worth the experiment—but I know a good many men who would make it for the sake of the half million of dollars."

A comical witness was the Hon. George Henry di Strabogie Neville Plantagenet Harrison, described by the London papers as a General who had served in several foreign armies, and of some distinction as a literary antiquary. He bought a watch for \$275 and paid \$25 on account. After leaving the watch to have his coat-of-arms engraved upon it, he called to ask the jeweler to rescind the bargain. They would not do this, and after some delay sued him for the balance of the account. During the cross-examination the defendant boasted that he was a Plantagenet lineally descended from Henry VI. When asked whether he was related to the Royal family, he replied: "They are not Plantagenets; they claim their descent from the Elector of Germany. They are, I should say, of the Republican stock." On being further asked whether he had any expectation of succeeding to the throne of England, he said: "I would not take it if it were offered to me."

Education of Women a Hundred Years Ago.

In the last century the one prevailing idea of education for women scarcely included learning at all. It meant simply and emphatically the discipline which fits for society. Through more than half that period manners were the thing in question—manners, and how to improve them; for clearly there was everywhere a great falling off from what had been, whether in France or England. We find Mme. de Maintenon (in 1707) confiding to her friend, the Princesse des Ursins, in very plain language, her feelings on this point: "I confess to you that the females of the present day are to me insupportable; their ridiculous and immodest dress—their snuff, wine, gluttony, coarseness and indolence—are all so opposite to my taste that it is natural for me to dislike them." The *Spectator*, at a date two or three years later, remarks upon the same characteristics, and dreads the conclusion of the war for the influence peace may have upon English ladies. "The whole discourse and behavior," he writes, "of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or, as they are pleased to term it, more 'awakened,' than is convenient either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private or in a whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time, a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than anything that can be spoken." Under this teaching he records the behavior of a fine lady, newly returned from France, at the performance of Macbeth, who, before the rising of the curtain, breaks out in a loud soliloquy. "When will the dear witches enter?" and before the play was half through has formed a little audience for herself. "This petty childishness," he says, "is not to be attained in perfection by ladies who do not travel for their improvement," to add, as it were, point to their ignorance; in imitation of those ladies of the court of France who thought it ill-breeding to pronounce a hard word right—for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words that they might murder them. This authority further adds: "That a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced in right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her."

Alfonso XII., the young King of Spain, gave an audience the other day which was pleasant and conversational. A London *Times* correspondent says of it: "The young monarch and his amiable bride were standing at the entrance of a third room, the King with extended hand and affable smile on his lips, and in a gray country suit, the Queen in a dark green velvet brocade dress. During the whole interview the King did not utter a sentence without looking at the Queen, as if to ask her approval, and my friend tells me that the Queen, to whom my back was necessarily turned, listened with admiration to her husband's words. 'I have noticed you several times,' said the King, 'during these grand Spanish fetes, but they have not been so fatiguing for you as for those who have constantly had to figure in them. You have witnessed the two greatest events in my life—my accession to the throne and my marriage. As to my marriage, all I now ask for is to remain quiet with my wife; and as to my accession, I have the firm resolve to be a Constitutional King; and as long as I remain here'—here the King looked at the Queen with mingled tenderness and sadness—"as long as I remain here no Cabinet will be overturned by a palace intrigue, nor, if it please God, by extra Parliamentary events, but as far as possible by the working of Parliamentary majorities, to whose policy I shall loyally conform." When he was at Barcelona a working tailor commenced his harangue with these words: "If a working man may address a King." Alfonso XII., interrupting him, said: "Why not? We are both workmen; you make clothes, and I make order; but do not forget that my work permits you to enjoy the fruit of yours."

A Romance of Divorce.

About the 1st of January there appeared in the New York *Herald* an advertisement enquiring for the address of "the daughter of the late Horace Meech," to whom, it is stated, the late William C. Glynn, of Boston, had by will left a fortune of \$80,000, application to be made to Mr. Choate, Tremont street, Boston. Mr. Horace Meech was many years ago a well known resident of Albany. William C. Glynn was at the same time—perhaps a quarter of a century ago—a teacher of music in that city. Among his pupils was Miss Glynn, daughter of the aforesaid. Glynn fell in love with the young lady, and she, presumably, with him, and they were married. The parents being bitterly opposed to the match, succeeded in a few months in persuading their daughter to leave him. A divorce followed. Glynn removed to Boston, and was lost to sight. His divorced wife was soon married to a young gentleman in Rochester, who died not long afterward in the South. The widow married, for the third time, a gentleman in Buffalo. He also died, leaving the widow with one daughter, now grown up, married, and herself a mother. The mother, in reduced circumstances, was living with a sister on Staten Island, when some Albany friends, seeing by chance the advertisement, acquainted her with its contents. She at once took measures to secure the bonanza left her by her first love. It seems that Glynn, after removing to Boston, made a fortune in the music business. Time, however, nor circumstances, made him forget "the girl he left behind him," although she had thrice married, and had become a grandmother since his eyes had beheld her.

The History of the Corset.

Court Journal.

The corset had its origin in Italy, and was introduced from that country into France by Catherine de Medici. Mary Stuart and Diane de Poitiers did not, however, follow the fashion, but it was at once admitted by all the ladies of the French court that it was indispensable to the beauty of the female figure, and was, therefore, adopted by them. The corset was, however, in those days in its infancy, and it assumed more of the rough character of a knight's cuirass. The frame was entirely formed of iron, and the velvet which decorated the exterior hid a frightful and cumbersome machine. This state of things, so detrimental to health, and the cause of so much personal inconvenience, not to say torture, could not last long, and the artisans of those days contrived to give more pliability and lightness to the metal, and prepared the way by degrees for whalebone. But as reformers are always slow, the cold iron continued to clasp the warm hearts of the fair wearers for a long time in its embrace, and even contrives to exist to the present day under the name of *base*—and who can blame its pertinacity? The corset found favor in the eyes of Louis XIV. In the following reign, the corset was threatened banishment from the toilet. Fashion took a rural and simple turn, and was almost guided by the taste of Boucher, in whose pictures many of the court celebrities figure as shepherds and shepherdesses. But when the painter departed, fashion returned to the prim eccentricities of former times. During the Revolution the corset was again forgotten, and under the Directory it was completely interdicted by the fashionable world. The belles of the day took a classic turn, and aped the Roman dress, the toga, sandal, etc. The empire throned the classic fashion, but was taking the corset into favor. High a were in favor, and *la mode* revivait. With the fall of the Empire, the taste certainly the reverse. The waist, and then came as a new return to the corset.

The Highest Art.

George Innes, the celebrated American landscape painter, says in *Harper's Magazine*: "The highest art is where has been most perfectly breathed the sentiment of humanity. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hillside, the sky, clouds—all things that we see—can convey that sentiment if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth. Some persons suppose that landscape has no power of communicating human sentiment. But this is a great mistake. The civilized landscape peculiarly can; and therefore I love it more and think it more worthy of reproduction than that which is savage and untamed. It is more significant. Every act of man, everything of labor, effort, suffering, want, anxiety, necessity, love, marks itself wherever it has been. In Italy I remember frequently noticing the peculiar ideas that came to me from seeing odd-looking trees that had been used, or tortured, or twisted—all telling something about humanity. American landscape, perhaps, is not so significant; but still everything in nature has something to say to us. No artist need fear that his work will not find sympathy if only he works earnestly and lovingly."

The Inventor of Gas Lights.

The inventor of gas lights is said to have been a Frenchman, Philippe Le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who in 1772 adopted the idea of using, for the purpose of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He labored for a long time in the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not till 1799 that he confided his discovery to the institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 he published a memorial containing the result of his researches. Le Bon commenced by distilling wood, in order to obtain from it gas, oil, pitch and pyroligneous acid; but his work indicated the possibility of obtaining gas by distillation from fatty or oily substances. From 1799 to 1802 Le Bon made numerous experiments. He established at Havre his first theremo-lamps; but the gas which he obtained, being a mixture of carburetted hydrogen and oxide of carbon, but imperfectly freed from its impurities, gave only a feeble light and involved an insupportable odor, and the result was that but little favor was shown to the new discovery; the inventor eventually died, ruined by his experiments. The English soon put in practice the crude ideas of Le Bon. In 1804, one Winsor patented and claimed the credit of inventing the process of lighting by gas; in 1805 several shops in Birmingham were illuminated by gas manufactured by the process of Winsor and Murdock; among those who used this new light was Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. In 1816 the first use was made of gas in London, and it was not until 1818 that this invention, really of French origin, was applied in France.

Sitting Bull never perpetrated but one joke. That was one day last autumn, when he sat down on a cluster of clover, in which there lingered the bumble bee of all bumble bees. The petulant insect prodded the warrior with a sting that marked one hundred and ninety degrees in the coolest place, and with a mighty howl the chieftain rose up in the air and felt around for his tormentor. "Now is the winter of our discontent," he said, holding the writhing bee up in his thumb and forefinger, "this is the Indian's hummer." And no one laughed, and no one said anything, nor asked him to say it again and say it real slow, and the forest monarch withdrew his card from the paragrapher's association, and never joked again.

SHERMAN'S MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.—Now it is all fixed up, and very neatly, too. The "veiled woman in white," who wanted to meet Sherman "Alone," and sang, "Meet Me in the Willow Glen," in his back office has been heard from. We gave the other day the New York *Times*' special sensation about this mysterious person who dropped into John's office and croaked "Nevermore!" when he told her to go. Still her shadow kept floating on the floor and John was not able to determine whether it was the devil or a personified Louisiana subordination, or a materialized clerical error, or an incarnate false count, or withered bankruptcy taking visible form and shape and returned to plague the inventor of bankruptcy by wholesale. John thought of the homes destroyed, of emaciated forms of little children and hungry women shrunken to spectres, and expected to see his mysterious figure rise like the gaunt figure in Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," and exclaim, "I am Famine." There are so many things horrid

and awful which might come to plague his soul that he was not improperly divided as to whether he should melt or freeze, or fly. The geode which in John Sherman's answers to the cavity occupied by the heart in most men contracted its narrow, stony walls. His hair stood on end and his tongue ceased to lie—in its usual place, and claved to the roof of his mouth. The situation was a grave one. The woman wanted the clerk to retire, but John didn't. What might have happened to Sherman can never be known. In the language of *Æneas*, the nymphs shriek on the summit of Olympus at the bare thought. A demon—in disguise—he might have been whisked away to "fast in penal fires for deeds done in his day of nature." Famine—he might, with poetical justice, have been in a moment starved to a dry skeleton. The devil—he might have been scorched to an instant cinder, leaving but a monometallic residuum. We shudder to think what might have happened. As the clerk, who wore, no doubt, a cross on his seal ring, declined to leave, nothing happened.

The *Times* had a fearful story of alleged secrets, proposed blackmail and conspiracy, to entrap the unsophisticated John. Now, however, the *Times* has a new story. The woman has written to John, declaring that she has no secret, knows of none, never had any, and has no claims on John Sherman. She only wanted an office for her husband, "who may"—the *Time* naively adds—"prove to be a very deserving person." The husband will get the office. The State secrets are sunk in a denial, signed by the person, who created such consternation. There was nothing in it at all. Grown men get scared at nothing, of course. A little office washes us of this deed, and it is well to say beforehand, that the fellow is a deserving person.—[Nashville American.]

WEDDINGS.—At the end of the first year comes the cotton wedding; at two years comes the paper; at three, the leather; at the close of five comes the wooden; at the seventh anniversary the friends assemble at the woolen, and at ten comes the tin. At twelve years the silk and fine linen; at fifteen the crystal wedding. At twenty the friends gather with their China, and at twenty-five the married couple that have been true to their vows for a quarter of a century are rewarded with silver gifts. From this time forward the tokens of esteem become rapidly more valuable. When the thirtieth anniversary is reached they are presented with pearls; at the fortieth comes the rubies; and at the fiftieth occurs the glorious golden wedding. Beyond that time the aged couple are allowed to enjoy their gifts in peace. If, however, by any possibility they should reach the seventy-fifth anniversary, they are presented with the rarest gifts to be obtained at the celebration of their diamond wedding.

BRIGHAM IN THE HAREM.—The Prophet rose early, dressed and shaved every morning, and then assembled his wives and children for prayer. After singing and prayer they went to breakfast, which was served in a large hall. Brigham sat at the head of the table and Lucy Decker at the foot and poured out the coffee. The children had side tables, and their mothers could eat with them if they wished. It was to all appearance a happy family and as well behaved, polite and mannerly as any in the land. Whatever heartburnings there were or jealousies the women kept them to themselves, and not even the boldest dared show her temper at the table before the Prophet whom they all looked up to as a god. Of late years Brigham did not eat with his wives, his breakfast being simply a bowl of bread and milk. On rising each lady put her room in order, making up the bed and sweeping. After breakfast the women walked out, sang, played the piano or sewed. Several of them embroidered beautifully, made colored cloth, and were very proud of their handiwork. The Prophet kept several carriages, and the ladies could go shopping or driving whenever they pleased. In the evening all went to the theatre, where Brigham's wives and children had reserved seats. It is said the Prophet was very liberal and gave his wives plenty of pin money. They had a dancing master, a French teacher, and an instructor in music. During his latter years Young endeavored to give each of his favorite wives a cottage and \$1,000 per year in pin money. It is said he offered a house and \$1,000 per annum to any good looking young lady who would marry him. In this world he had as good a time as any fellow could well have, and now he has gone to heaven to be a king in the New Jerusalem.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Singular Scene at a Wedding.

A very singular wedding is reported as having lately occurred in a small town in England, famous for its hunting parties. The bride, being a celebrated sportswoman, the ladies present wore riding habits and the gentlemen hunting suits, with high top boots and spurs. While the ceremony was in progress the church was crowded with huntsmen in red coats, which contrasted strangely with the bride's orange blossoms and satin dress with long white velvet train, and the toilets of the twelve bridesmaids, which were of *poult de soie* trimmed with fur and branches of holly. After the ceremony and *dejeuner* the whole party rode off, followed by grooms in livery, a pack of hounds and hundreds of huntsmen dressed in scarlet. The effect of this spectacle is said to have been novel and magnificent. Three different scenes of the wedding, the view in the church and the party at breakfast and in front of the chateau, with the huntsmen advancing on horseback to congratulate the bride, are to be painted and presented to the bride, while small copies will be kept for the guests.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WIDOWS.

Twenty-five Rights of Deeds and Forty-five Heirs-at-Law.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MARRIAGES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG. SEALED.

Our readers may be interested in a short description of Brigham Young's widows, and how he treated them. If he was anything of a phrenologist or physiognomist, he had a fine field to study heads and faces. We copy from the New York Herald.

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Lady like and elegant, this pretty woman would have been an ornament to any gentleman's home. One look at her showed she was better fitted for the parlor or ballroom than the nursery or kitchen, and was as bright as she was pretty. She talked well and was good at repartee. On one occasion Governor Harding, having danced with several of Young's wives at an anniversary ball, became quite extravagant in his praise, and said to Lucy as he was leading her out for a dance, "The President has introduced me to several of his wives as Mrs. Young, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Young. As well might the astronomer point me to the stars in heaven without giving me their names." "I understand your compliment, Governor, and appreciate it," replied the lady; "the name of his particular star is Lucy."

This wife of the Prophet had dark-brown hair, blue eyes, aquiline nose, a pretty mouth, and was small and graceful. Her pretty face, affable manners and pleasant ways, however were lost on the Prophet, for he cared very little for her, and she never had a particle of influence over him. He seldom visited her.

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NO. 7.—MARTHA BOWKER.

Plain, sensible and quiet, with black hair and eyes; a woman of low stature and small mind. She was neither dressy nor showy, and few were the words she spoke to any one, but when she did speak she talked to the point. She had little influence with Young and seemed only to care for him occasionally.

NO. 8.—HARRIET BARNEY.

A gentle woman, with a mild, sweet expression, tall but slender form and graceful carriage. Her hazel eyes, light brown hair and mild, sweet expression marks her as a beautiful woman indeed. In character she is said to be as lovely as in person. Her nature is sympathetic, and she would ever rather suffer than do a wrong. She loved the Prophet, and her marriage with him is said to have been one of pure affection. She believed in Mormonism and sacrificed everything for her religion. Brigham does not appear to have cared much about her, and she felt deeply his neglect, but like a true woman, did not complain.

NO. 9.—ELIZA BURGESS.

This girl Brigham, raised. Her parents died when she was a little child, and the Prophet took her into his own family. When about 16 she wished to marry Brother S., and applied to Brigham for permission, but he said: "Eliza, you have been in the family so long I cannot spare you. Brother S. is a very good man, but I can give you a greater exaltation and make you a Queen in Zion. She had several children and was the only one of Brigham's wives who was not an American. Quick tempered, she is small in stature, has dark hair, and eyes and a dark complexion.

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Died in 1853, leaving two children. Her husband neglected her and she became melancholy and sank into a decline. She had light hair and eyes, and rather a long face, but was mild and gentle.

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Blue eyes, sharp nose, and light hair. A small woman with a high temper. Had several children, but little influence with the Prophet.

NO. 15.—MRS. HAMPTON.

Tall and finely formed, with a noble bearing, round features, bright eyes and dark abundant hair. She had six children by her first husband, who died at Nauvoo. She was married to a Mr. Cole for her second husband, who went to California, when Brigham, seeing her and liking her looks, took her for his harem.

NO. 16.—MARY BIGELOW.

Was sealed to Young. Little is known of her, as she not being Mormonism, soon left the harem.

NO. 17.—ANN ELIZA WEBB.

This is the famous wife, No. 17, who gave Brigham so much trouble. As she is well known to the country no description of her is needed here. She is a pretty woman, and, probably, quite as smart as she is fair.

NO. 18.—EMELINE FREE.

Long a favorite with the Prophet; she was tall, graceful; had violet eyes and curly hair. Her father and mother did not like polygamy, but Brigham won her. He explained the Mormon doctrine to her, and, laying his hands on the beautiful girl, said: "Emeline, will you be my wife?" "Yes, sir," and this was their courtship.

NO. 19.—ELIZA ROXY SNOW.

A poetess, and often called the "Sweet Singer of Israel." She is not a bad writer, her effusions frequently appearing in the *Deseret News* and books. She assures us of the Mormon creed by saying:—

We have an ancient Order,
To us by prophets given;
And here we have the pattern
As things exist in heaven.

"Miss Snow," as she is called, is of middle stature, dark eyes, hair once dark, but now silvered, good form and quiet, dignified manners.

NO. 20.—ZINA D. HUNTINGTON JACOBS.

This lady also has some literary taste and occasionally writes poetry. She came to Utah with her husband, Dr. Jacobs, but Brigham, seeing her, sent the Doctor off on a mission, and during his absence took Zina into the harem. Brigham soon tired of her and treated her with neglect. In personal appearance Mrs. Huntington was large, portly and good looking. She had a fine form, well proportioned, high forehead and light hair and blue eyes.

NO. 21.—AMELIA PARTRIDGE.

Tall, well formed, black eyes and hair, dark complexion and sweet, mild countenance. This woman and her sister lived in Brigham's family as servants. She and her sister, Eliza Partridge, had been servants in the family of the Prophet Joseph Smith. This excellent tempered woman had four children by Brigham, to whom she was devoted. She was an affectionate mother, took little interest in anything but her own family, and was universally beloved and respected.

NO. 22.—MRS. AUGUSTA COBB.

A fine looking Massachusetts woman. She formerly lived in Boston, was converted to Mormonism, left her home and went to Salt Lake. She had a husband and family, but abandoned all for the delights of the saints. Being very stylish in appearance and quite a lady Brigham took her into the harem. She once returned to Boston, remained two years, but went back to Utah. Brigham gave her a cottage all to herself and for a long time seemed to think a great deal of his Boston wife.

NO. 23.—MRS. SMITH.

This is an old woman, who, being ambitious for her future welfare, wished to be sealed to the Prophet for the salvation of her soul. Young did not like to appear in eternity with such a wife, and compromised the matter by sealing her to himself for time and to Joseph Smith for eternity. He sent her to a bishop after the ceremony, and ordered her to be supported. As the old woman admired Brother Brigham very much it is doubtful if she was satisfied with the arrangement.

NO. 24.—CLARA CHASE.

This is the maniac wife of the Prophet. Her appearance is important as instructive to anatomists. All we know about her physical life is from a painting. She was dark, with black hair and eyes, had a rather sullen expression and was of medium height. When Young first married this strange woman he gave her separate apartments and treated her well, but, soon tiring of her, he left her to herself, and she went into a deep melancholy from which she never recovered. When she first entered polygamy she had many doubts as to the correctness of her course. For a long time she halted between two opinions. When the Prophet treated her well she was happy, but at the slightest neglect she became a misanthrope.

NO. 25.—AMELIA FOLSOM.

This woman was the Prophet's last wife and the one for whom he gave up all other wives. Amelia is so well known and has been so often described that little need here be said about her. A fine blonde, with a good figure and plenty of temper, she suffered no rival to exist in the affections of the Prophet, and from the first gave him to understand that she alone was to console his declining years. She held her place to the last and never permitted Brigham to marry again.

MISS SELIMA URSENBACK.

This lady was to become one of Brigham's wives but at the last moment declined to enter the harem. Her parents came from Switzerland to Utah and brought with them two children—a son and Selima. The young lady was a fine musician, and gave several concerts, at one of which Brigham saw her and fell violently in love. She sang in

French beautifully and with much power and taste as a prima donna. The Prophet became excited and sought in every way to secure the beautiful Swiss girl for his harem. She heard him plead his suit and, it is said, being afraid of the Mormons encouraged Brigham to think it was all right, but just when he thought he had her the beautiful Selima skipped out of Utah and went back to Switzerland. Brigham said he did not care for the loss of the girl herself but he wanted her services to teach his daughters the French language. A young man in the Prophet's service having aspired to the hand of Selima, Young sent for him and said haughtily, "She is not for you sir. Leave my service instantly."

Pope Pius IX.

We publish this morning a telegram conveying information of the death of Pope Pius IX. This is an event which

Pope Pius and the "Astute Youth."

BERNARDINA, Fla., March 14, 1878.—*Editor Morning News:* In your issue of the 12th you have an article clipped from one of your exchanges, headed "The Late Pope." Among the incidents related was his fondness for children, and one incident is incorrectly stated. The article has it: "On one occasion, however, he had to deal with a very astute youth, who, being taken to a drawer full of gold pieces, when he was bidden to help himself to as much as he could carry in both hands," answered: "I had rather send for father, he has bigger hands than mine." The incident referred to occurred just prior to the assembling of the Ecumenical Council when His Holiness desired to make some alteration in the decorations to part of the Vatican and sent to his architect for plans. These were sent by his little son. The Pope being pleased with the boy as well as the plans, opened the drawer of his secretary, displaying the shining coin. Telling the lad to help himself to a handful, the little fellow hesitated only a moment, then replied: "Holy Father you take it out, your hands are larger than mine."

Yours truly, J. U. DENT.

1823, was chosen secretary to Monsignor Muzi, Apostolic Delegate to Chili, where he displayed much zeal in ministering to the Indians in the interior. In June, 1825, he returned and was made domestic prelate to Leo XII., and in 1827 he was nominated Archbishop of Spoleto. In all his various positions which he was now called upon to fill he displayed much zeal, capacity and activity, and despite all obstacles, rose to be a Cardinal, December 23d, 1839, and was so proclaimed December 14th, 1840.

On the death of Gregory XVI., June 1st, 1846, he was designated by the representative men of the moderate national party to succeed him. Strenuous efforts were made to influence in his favor the opinions of the electors before they met in conclave, and on June 16th, before the Austrian Cardinals unfavorable to his election had been able to reach Rome, he was chosen Pope.

His views were very liberal, and he immediately set about organizing a liberal administration. He reduced his household expenses, encouraged agriculture, industries, manufactures, works of internal improvement, education of the masses—in short, everything which could improve the condition of the people over which he ruled. He met with much opposition, however, from Austria, which was irritated at the manner in which he had been elected, as well as from revolutionists, republicans, and all those opposed to anti-clerical rule at home. He had, therefore, a stormy reign, and amid much trouble and tumult every effort of his to form a regular government failed until September 16th, 1848, when a new Ministry was announced under Count Rossi. Under this reforms and liberal ideas continued until November 15th, when Rossi was assassinated at the door of the Council Chamber. The next day the populace, aided by military force, besieged the Quirinal, and forced the Pope, whose secretary was shot down by his side, to accept a Radical Ministry, and on the 24th he made his escape from his own palace—where he had been for some days a prisoner—under the disguise of a simple priest, and in the carriage of the Bavarian Minister, to Gaeta. Here he was received with great honor and gained much sympathy. He immediately issued a protest against the acts of the revolutionary government, and called upon the Catholic powers for armed assistance. On February 19th the Republican Government was declared in Rome, and the deposition of the Pope announced. On April 25th a French force, assisted by Spain and Austria, marched upon Rome, which capitulated on July 1st, 1850, and on the 12th, the Pope re-entered the city, where he ruled as a temporal sovereign until again deprived of his temporal power by Victor Emanuel—a power he never regained.

During his reign many important events were celebrated. In 1854 the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was declared with the consent of all the Bishops of Christendom, and the ceremony of its promulgation took place in St. Peter's December 8th. In 1869-70 the first session of the Council of the Vatican was held, at which the dogma of Papal infallibility was pronounced, and in 1875 a vast Roman Catholic hierarchy was established in the United States, crowned in March of that year by the establishment of a Cardinalate, and the elevation to that honor of Archbishop McCloskey, of New York. Pius IX. bestowed the honors of canonization on more persons than any of his predecessors, and in June, 1871, completed the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, and thereby disproved the words said to have been uttered on his coronation: "Thou shalt not see the years of Peter." His reign will be long regarded as the most memorable, as it was probably the most eventful, of any one who has ever filled the chair of the see of Rome.

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Much opposition was manifested by a majority of the Cardinals to the interment of Victor Emanuel in the Pantheon. The Pope convoked an especial council on the subject, and found them nearly all strenuously opposed to conceding the permission. Pius IX. finally exclaimed, "I am still Pope, and I order that the Pantheon shall be used for the interment of the King. I also authorize the clergy to assist at the obsequies."

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Forty-five Heirs-at-Law.

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A poetess, and often called the "Sweet Singer of Israel." She is not a bad writer, her effusions frequently appearing in the *Deseret News* and books. She assures us of the Mormon creed by saying: "We have an ancient Order, To us by prophets given; And here we have the pattern As things exist in heaven." "Miss Snow," as she is called, is of middle stature, dark eyes, hair once dark, but now silvered, good form and quiet, dignified manners.

NO. 20.—ZINA D. HUNTINGTON JACOBS.

This lady also has some literary taste and occasionally writes poetry. She came to Utah with her husband, Dr. Jacobs, but Brigham, seeing her, sent the Doctor off on a mission, and during his absence took Zina into the harem. Brigham soon tired of her and treated her with neglect. In personal appearance Mrs. Huntington was large, portly and good looking. She had a fine form, well proportioned, high forehead and light hair and blue eyes.

NO. 21.—AMELIA PARTRIDGE.

Tall, well formed, black eyes and hair, dark complexion and sweet, mild countenance. This woman and her sister lived in Brigham's family as servants. She and her sister, Eliza Partridge, had been servants in the family of the Prophet Joseph Smith. This excellent tempered woman had four children by Brigham, to whom she was devoted. She was an affectionate mother, took little interest in anything but her own family, and was universally beloved and respected.

NO. 22.—MRS. AUGUSTA COBB.

A fine looking Massachusetts woman. She formerly lived in Boston, was converted to Mormonism, left her home and went to Salt Lake. She had a husband and family, but abandoned all for the delights of the saints. Being very stylish in appearance and quite a lady Brigham took her into the harem. She once returned to Boston, remained two years, but went back to Utah. Brigham gave her a cottage all to herself and for a long time seemed to think a great deal of his Boston wife.

NO. 23.—MRS. SMITH.

This is an old woman, who, being ambitious for her future welfare, wished to be sealed to the Prophet for the salvation of her soul. Young did not like to appear in eternity with such a wife, and compromised the matter by sealing her to himself for time and to Joseph Smith for eternity. He sent her to a bishop after the ceremony, and ordered her to be supported. As the old woman admired Brother Brigham very much it is doubtful if she was satisfied with the arrangement.

NO. 24.—CLARA CHASE.

This is the maniac wife of the Prophet. Her appearance is important as instructive to anatomists. All we know about her physical life is from a painting. She was dark, with black hair and eyes, had a rather sullen expression and was of medium height. When Young first married this strange woman he gave her separate apartments and treated her well, but, soon tiring of her, he left her to herself, and she went into a deep melancholy from which she never recovered. When she first entered polygamy she had many doubts as to the correctness of her course. For a long time she halted between two opinions. When the Prophet treated her well she was happy, but at the slightest neglect she became a misanthrope.

NO. 25.—AMELIA FOLSON.

This woman was the Prophet's last wife and the one for whom he gave up all other wives. Amelia is so well known and has been so often described that little need here be said about her. A fine blonde, with a good figure and plenty of temper, she suffered no rival to exist in the affections of the Prophet, and from the first gave him to understand that she alone was to console his declining years. She held her place to the last and never permitted Brigham to marry again.

MISS SELIMA URSENBACK.

This lady was to become one of Brigham's wives but at the last moment declined to enter the harem. Her parents came from Switzerland to Utah and brought with them two children—a son and Selima. The young lady was a fine musician, and gave several concerts, at one of which Brigham saw her and fell violently in love. She sang in

French beautifully and with much power and taste as a prima donna. The Prophet became excited and sought in every way to secure the beautiful Swiss girl for his harem. She heard him plead his suit and, it is said, being afraid of the Mormons encouraged Brigham to think it was all right, but just when he thought he had her the beautiful Selima skipped out of Utah and went back to Switzerland. Brigham said he did not care for the loss of the girl herself, but he wanted her services to teach his daughters the French language. A young man in the Prophet's service having aspired to the hand of Selima, Young sent for him and said haughtily, "She is not for you sir. Leave my service instantly."

Pope Pius IX.

We publish this morning a telegram conveying information of the death of Pope Pius IX. This is an event which will occasion no surprise. The eminent deceased has been in bad health for some time past, and it has required all the care and skill of the most eminent physicians to, with difficulty, keep the flickering flame of his protracted life from dying out long since.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti was in many respects a most remarkable man. He was born in Sinigaglia, Italy, May 13th, 1792, and was therefore in a few months of eighty-six years of age. His father was Count Girolamo Mastai Ferretti, and his mother was Countess Caterina Saluzzi. In 1803 he began his classical studies in the college of Volterra, but five years afterwards was compelled to suspend them on account of frequent epileptic attacks. So great was his perseverance and studious habits, however, that he resumed his course in 1810, under the direction of a maternal uncle, and after a while, his epileptic attacks becoming less common, he was encouraged to resume his clerical dress and was permitted to receive minor orders. In 1819 he was granted permission to receive priest's orders by Pius VII., and in June, 1823, was chosen secretary to Monsignor Muzi, Apostolic Delegate to Chili, where he displayed much zeal in ministering to the Indians in the interior. In June, 1825, he returned and was made domestic prelate to Leo XII., and in 1827 he was nominated Archbishop of Spoleto. In all his various positions which he was now called upon to fill he displayed much zeal, capacity and activity, and despite all obstacles, rose to be a Cardinal, December 23d, 1830, and was so proclaimed December 14th, 1840. On the death of Gregory XVI., June 1st, 1846, he was designated by the representative men of the moderate national party to succeed him. Strenuous efforts were made to influence in his favor the opinions of the electors before they met in conclave, and on June 10th, before the Austrian Cardinals unfavorable to his election had been able to reach Rome, he was chosen Pope.

His views were very liberal, and he immediately set about organizing a liberal administration. He reduced his household expenses, encouraged agriculture, industries, manufactures, works of internal improvement, education of the masses—in short, everything which could improve the condition of the people over which he ruled. He met with much opposition, however, from Austria, which was irritated at the manner in which he had been elected, as well as from revolutionists, republicans, and all those opposed to anti-clerical rule at home. He had, therefore, a stormy reign, and amid much trouble and tumult every effort of his to form a regular government failed until September 16th, 1848, when a new Ministry was announced under Count Rossi. Under this reforms and liberal ideas continued until November 15th, when Rossi was assassinated at the door of the Council Chamber. The next day the populace, aided by military force, besieged the Quirinal, and forced the Pope, whose secretary was shot down by his side, to accept a Radical Ministry, and on the 24th he made his escape from his own palace—where he had been for some days a prisoner—under the disguise of a simple priest, and in the carriage of the Bavarian Minister, to Gaeta. Here he was received with great honor and gained much sympathy. He immediately issued a protest against the acts of the revolutionary government, and called upon the Catholic powers for armed assistance. On February 19th the Republican Government was declared in Rome, and the deposition of the Pope announced. On April 25th a French force, assisted by Spain and Austria, marched upon Rome, which capitulated on July 1st, 1850, and on the 12th, the Pope re-entered the city, where he ruled as a temporal sovereign until again deprived of his temporal power by Victor Emanuel—a power he never regained.

During his reign many important events were celebrated. In 1854 the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was declared with the consent of all the Bishops of Christendom, and the ceremony of its promulgation took place in St. Peter's December 8th. In 1869-70 the first session of the Council of the Vatican was held, at which the dogma of Papal infallibility was pronounced, and in 1875 a vast Roman Catholic hierarchy was established in the United States, crowned in March of that year by the establishment of a Cardinalate, and the elevation to that honor of Archbishop McCloskey, of New York. Pius IX. bestowed the honors of canonization on more persons than any of his predecessors, and in June, 1871, completed the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, and thereby disproved the words said to have been uttered on his coronation: "Thou shalt not see the years of Peter." His reign will be long regarded as the most memorable, as it was probably the most eventful, of any one who has ever filled the chair of the see of Rome.

Much opposition was manifested by a majority of the Cardinals to the interment of Victor Emanuel in the Pantheon. The Pope convoked an especial council on the subject, and found them nearly all strenuously opposed to conceding the permission. Pius IX. finally exclaimed, "I am still Pope, and I order that the Pantheon shall be used for the interment of the King. I also authorize the clergy to assist at the obsequies."

"AFTER YEARS OF SILENCE."

How a Woman Recovered Her Speech—What Energy and Perseverance Accomplished for "Howard Glyndon," the Gifted Poetess and Popular Writer, who was Stricken Deaf and Dumb at the Age of Eleven Years—A Deeply Touching History.

[Special Correspondence of the Morning News.]

WOODLAWN, ALA., August, 19, 1876.

In the MORNING NEWS of the 17th there appeared a paragraph stating that "Howard Glyndon," the writer, is Laura C. Reddan, a deaf mute, and that she has been a pupil at the school for mutes at Mystic, Conn., and has learned to use her voice.

Back of this somewhat startling paragraph, which calls for an explanation, lies a most painful yet intensely interesting history of a gifted and beautiful girl, who was suddenly stricken with entire deafness and partial muteness, at the early age of eleven years, the result of a severe illness. Although it will be impossible, in the space allowed us in this connection, to give even a full synopsis of this history, I will attempt a brief notice of its main features.

Other paragraphs of a similar character are floating about the country, some of which announce the approaching marriage of Miss Reddan, but in no instance have I seen a proper explanation made of her recovery of speech. One would suppose that she was born deaf and dumb, and that by some wonderful process speech had been given her. This is not the case, as she has never wholly lost the use of her voice, which, up to her eleventh year, was very clear and musical. At that age she was prostrated, on her return from school at night, by a sudden illness, and for a week she lay with a "curtain of mingled stupor and delirium woven about her brain." When she awoke from this trance it was to find herself, as she expresses it, "the inhabitant of a strange realm, where sound never came." From that day to this, through long and weary years of literary toil, and amid scenes of grandeur and beauty on this and the European continent, no sound has ever broken upon her ear, whose portals, beyond a doubt, are forever closed to the voices and sounds of earth. With the return of consciousness, however, came, after a few days of bewilderment, imperfect speech, but so changed were the tones of her once beautiful and clear voice that her parents were pained to hear her speak.

Still, not being able to hear her own voice, it was a long time before this afflicted child realized how changed and imperfect had become her speech, and in sorrow and tears she resolved to make no further efforts to restore her voice to its former condition, satisfied that her sense of hearing was forever lost. How great a trial this was to Laura may be gathered from the fact that before her illness she had taken every prize for superiority in reading at schools which she attended. Thus she became, in one sense, both deaf and dumb. At school she was not allowed to talk, that she might sooner learn the sign language of deaf mutes, for which she displayed no natural capacity. As the result of this, she says: "When I went home again, it was as if I had been born with a pencil in my hand as the means of expressing my thoughts. In a few years a very general impression was created among those who had not known me previously that I was both deaf and dumb. In noticing my poems, the newspapers spoke of me as such. Yet, under emergencies, with no other means of communication at hand, I could succeed, with great difficulty, in making myself understood, in a strange, unearthly voice, which was not really mine, and which I hated so much that I could seldom be prevailed on to use it outside of my own home circle."

It will be seen from this statement that efforts of a fixed and permanent character were resorted to for the purpose of restoring her voice to its former sweetness and purity. The harsh, discordant notes so grating upon the ears of her family that the presence of a stranger caused her to be silent, or if she attempted to speak, it was only to stammer out a few imperfect words, and these seldom intelligible.

Under this condition of things it is strange that a sensitive nature like hers withdrew into that silence which fate had so early thrown about her, and allowed her voice to utterly fail for want of use, so that she became virtually deaf and dumb. "At last," she says, "it was only in sleep that outraged nature vindicated herself. Then, they say, I sometimes gave forth piercing shrieks, laughed aloud, and talked in a tone which could be understood much better than that which I used in my waking hours." Even in this condition she consulted eminent physicians in this country, and subsequently went to Europe. Failure to use her lungs had impaired her health, and the doctors in Paris warned her to beware of pulmonary consumption, although "outwardly she had a perfect chest development." While in Italy she felt a returning desire to use her long silent voice, and at Sarento the old habit of trying to talk came back to her. On the island of Capri, whose tonio and bracing air exhilarated her, she in some degree overcame the nervous dread that had so long possessed her, and her new life and feelings "found outlet in speech." When she went back to Sarento, where her more feeble and less effectual efforts had been made, her acquaintances all said, "How much better she talks." On her return to America her friends also encouraged her by saying, "Your voice is better than it used to be. How have you learned to talk?"

And yet, strange as it may seem, her words were only intelligible to her immediate friends, and not always to them, as she had spells of nervousness and stammering, caused by the presence of strangers, before whom she seldom used her voice. As she did not use a single one of her chest tones, but talked entirely in her throat, the effort strained both her throat and lungs. This prevented her from indulging in any prolonged conversations, although it did relieve her to a great extent from the use of pencil and slate with her friends. Before strangers, however, she was usually silent, and by them was still considered a deaf mute. The effect of talking even to her friends had a terrible effect upon her health, and it was suggested that she should visit the "Clarke Institute" at Northampton, Mass., then just established, the object of which was to treat cases similar to her own. She went there with little hope of obtaining relief, and the teachers were not sanguine of their ability to give it. Miss Reddan was now a grown woman, and had been deaf so long that her habits had become fixed, and the attempt to recover her voice seemed truly a hopeless one. In all probability she had never given a single chest-note since the terrible calamity of utter and permanent deafness came upon her. Yet she had some grounds for hope, as her own statement shows. "We say of a young person at a certain age," writes Miss Reddan in her narrative, "that his or her voice is changing. At this period great care has to be taken to prevent untoward influences from having a bad effect upon the voice. My voice had not lost its childish tones, when I became so suddenly deaf. * * * It fell to my lot, after long years, to bring out by a system of training my voice in some degree as it would have been at first, but for these intervening incidents; though of course it never will be just the voice it would have been but for disturbing occurrences. For instance, I suppose I shall never again sing, though I have tune largely developed * * * and more than usual musical ability."

The "Clarke Institute" was the first school of the kind established in this country which treated cases like that of Miss Reddan, so that it will be seen she availed herself of the earliest known means offered for the restoration of her voice. Her success under the teachers of that institution was slow, and many perplexities and trials bore very heavily upon both her mind and body, yet she bravely overcame them, conquering at last even her own fears of final success. Ah! heroic little woman, the world will be all the better for your patient, hopeful, weary toil. "For about two months," says she, "I and my trainers worked faithfully and systematically; but during all that time I had never once spoken in a chest-voice, though the shrillness of my falsetto was moderated. I knew I was not doing all that was expected of me, though this was concealed from me as far as was possible, lest I should grow discouraged. I had done all I could do, and I felt heart sick that my best efforts had borne so little

Still I kept on, with an aching though a patient heart, determining never to give up while there was the least hope left. And one evening, in a manner which I can never explain, the right and natural tone came at last without any effort on my part. It came suddenly, without warning, and the change was so great as to startle all who heard. I had occasion to make some remark to the principal, and she started in astonishment, exclaiming: 'Why, you have got it at last!' I went on with what I was saying, trembling between joy and doubt, and everybody in the room turned around with lively surprise upon their faces. They could hardly believe it at first. The principal was so affected that the tears stood in her eyes as she said: 'I was afraid you never would be able to speak in that tone.'"

And this is how a gifted and brave little woman, earning her daily bread during her months of systematic training at "Clarke Institute" by the production of her fertile brain, regained her lost voice, and entered upon a new and wider career of usefulness in the literary world. But I cannot forbear, long as this letter already is, to refer to the most sacred and touching incident connected with her recovery of articulate speech. Mrs. Hemans, "Fanny Fern," and other eminent literary women have paid beautiful tributes to their sainted mothers, but I have seen nothing more tender and beautiful than that which fell from the lips of "Howard Glyndon" when she was told that the natural voice of her early childhood had come back to her. "When I heard (which she did as a blind man sees) that pleasant verdict, what did I do?" she writes. "Instead of exclaiming for joy, I gave one great sob, and the next moment cried out, 'Oh! mother! mother!' and buried my face in my hands. The cry was wrung out of me, and so were the tears—they had been sealed up in their fountains for long years. I did not know how much I had stood up against until it was all over. Somehow I looked suddenly back and saw it all, and I couldn't help pitying myself, now that the burden was lifted a little, and there was not so much need of being stout-hearted. And then, it broke me down utterly to think that she could not rejoice with me over this. My great trouble had been as an arrow in her heart all her life. She died within the shadow of it. To think she could not stand by me and be glad with me on this glad day! She who would have rejoiced with a joy even greater than mine!"

Miss Reddan is of an active temperament, high spirited, and, owing to her calamity, unusually sensitive. These qualities somewhat retarded her progress at "Clarke Institute," yet, taking out five months of vacation and two months of sickness, her speech was restored after ten months of systematic training and practice. And during all those months her busy and gifted pen kept up its literary work, and many of her sweetest poems were written during that trying period. In three lengthy communications, under the title of "After Years of Silence," published in *Hearth and Home*, April 6th, 13th and 20th, 1872, she has given a detailed and interesting account of this whole matter, which I have so briefly and imperfectly narrated. At an earlier date she published a series of articles in the *New York Evening Mail*, under the head of "The Children of Silence," in which the subject of regaining the power of articulate speech was fully and happily treated. I need hardly say, however, in conclusion, that to the literary friends of Miss Reddan, and they are numerous, her recovered speech is a great blessing, for while they cannot talk to her except through the pencil, it is a great pleasure to listen to one whose mind is so thoroughly cultivated and whose society is so enjoyable. The world is full of examples of heroism on the part of woman, but in all the list there is not one that outshines the brave and almost life-long struggle of this afflicted child of genius. And whenever a reader of the MORNING NEWS sees the name of "Howard Glyndon" attached to poem or prose, let that reader breathe a prayer for her, that if she is soon to enter the marriage relation, there may yet be in store for her much of human happiness to bless her way and cheer her heart "after years of silence."

SIDNEY HERBERT.

That One Hundred Thousand Dollar Wardrobe.

The Traveling Outfit of a Daughter of the New Eldorado—A California Belle whose Dresses, Jewels and Laces Rival those of any Queen or Princess—A Fortune in her Frocks and Finery.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

The most extensive and elegant wardrobe ever made or owned on this side of the Atlantic ocean, and probably never before surpassed in the world outside of the homes of the nobility, in extent and completeness, is the property of a San Francisco lady, young and beautiful. She has just left for an Eastern city preparatory to making the grand tour of Europe. There were in the collection between thirty and forty robes of all kinds and of every variety of rare device. The entire wardrobe, with its attendant paraphernalia, could not have cost less than \$100,000, not including diamonds, hereafter to be mentioned, with solid gold dressing cases and innumerable toilet articles. The principal dresses may be described as follows:

A rich pearl satin ball dress with voluminous overdress of real black Chantilly lace suspended by slender bands across the shoulders the narrowness of the bands being intended to assist in the display of costly diamond armlets worn far above the elbow. The overdress is looped with bouquets of autumn leaves and crimson buds, and has a flounce of the same lace.

A white satin ball dress, with point lace overdress, rare and delicate, looped and rendered more graceful by a spiral wreath of ferns.

A cardinal velvet and coral pink silk robe, the two shades artistically intermingled with handsome chenille fringe, also of two shades, to match.

A dinner dress of pink satin, with brocade overdress of ecru and brown, with fringe to match.

A sea green satin with real point d'Alencon fine as a cobweb, a flounce, and a Marie Antoinette of the same costly material. The lace over garment is of such full pattern that the wearer of the robe seems like Venus rising from the waves. The green skirt shines thro' the over garment like the hue of the sea thro' its foam.

A ball costume of cream colored silk and black Chantilly, the lace entirely covering the dress from neck to hem, and looped back with bouquets of cardinal red flowers.

A magnificent dinner or evening costume of black velvet, embroidered in silk and jet beads; flounce of Chantilly lace.

A carriage costume of violet velvet from Worth's, richly embroidered with chenille of the same shade and steel beads.

A green and gold carriage costume of very heavy corduroy velvet from Worth's, one of the richest of the collection and of surpassing beauty.

A demi-toilet of blue silk with half sleeves, cut square in the neck and almost covered with Valenciennes lace.

A white satin wrapper trimmed with duchesse lace, with flounce of the same.

An evening costume from Worth's. A light blue satin, with overdress of blue corduroy, embroidered with real gold beads and half covered with camellias and japonicas; the bolice fastenings cut.

A peach bloom silk with point lace flounce bordered with shell trimming, a fuchsia dropping out of every shell.

A dinner dress of two shades of lavender, trimmed with chenille fringe, also two shades.

A lavender silk wrapping with cherry colored trimming. Shell trimming in corresponding shades.

A green carriage costume from Worth's, with embroidered overdress.

A black silk velvet skirt for carriage wear, with overdress of camel's hair and velvet, with fringe to match.

A cardinal satin trimmed with point applique lace, the overdress crossing the front and back diagonally, ornamented with knife plaitings, and looped with tea roses. It is cut square in the neck, has a square train, and without armlets. There is a point lace and point applique jacket to be worn with this costume.

A light blue silk demi-toilet, trimmed with knife plaitings and fringe harmonizing with the prevailing color.

A Syrian Convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said his master, "doth not our Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Haytop, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

A lavender silk trimmed with real valenciennes lace.

A white dress of thin and costly linen cambric jacket, cash and underskirt all of the same material, the puffings and insertings of real valenciennes lace.

A wrapper of green silk with embroidered cashmere overdress.

A navy blue morning robe with light blue cordings.

An indigo blue wrapper with velvet to match and knife plaitings.

A blue demi-toilet with overdress of cashmere, embroidered in pink and blue, with fringe to match.

A brown carriage costume with embossed vergament and fringe of chenille and silk.

A navy blue silk walking costume.

An olive green and brown corsage costume, imported, trimmed with brown feather trimming and brown satin, the satin put on in heavy plaitings down the front, overdress of green and brown to correspond. The neck and sleeves are ornamented with duchesse lace.

A dove colored wrapper, elegantly embroidered, and lined with pink silk.

The traveling costume of the lady is hardly less elaborate than some of the costumes described. It is a beautiful olive brown silk skirt with rough material to match, bordered with fringe of corresponding color, with princess polonaise cut and buttoned to the side.

The handkerchiefs to go with these rich toilets are of point duchesse and valenciennes lace, costing from \$50 to \$500. The fans match the costumes. They are made of all the costly laces, or of real ostrich feathers, with richly carved handles, some of them splendidly gold mounted. Their aggregate value is not less than \$5,000. There are a dozen house-sacks of pink, blue and white cashmere, each embroidered in its proper shade—four of each color. All of the dresses are made with elegant inside trains of white muslin, of a pattern new in America, intended only to be visible when entering or leaving a carriage.

Among the things which will accompany this handsome lady who visits Europe so regularly dressed in a dressing case, the toilet articles which it contains all made of solid gold. Other wealthy ladies of San Francisco may be the possessors of collections of brilliants whose aggregate value is equal to that of these, but none have them so tastefully arranged. They have employed the talented of our finest resident jewelry manufacturers, and have been several years arriving at their present degree of perfection.

There are five full sets, comprising necklace armlets, bracelets and earrings. The first is made of solitaire diamonds, the centre one a regal stone of immense value. None of these individual stones is worth less than \$5,000, and the entire valuation of the piece is \$75,000. Diamond stars depend from the solitaires of necklace. The armlets are of solitaires to match, with stars depending. The bracelets correspond in style. The chateleine, which can be worn with any of the sets, is made of a series of diamond studded rings, passing about the waist, and falling over the left hip, where it is confined by a crescent, which is a mass of diamonds, with diamond stars depending. The set is rendered complete by solitaire earrings, a diamond for the hair, and a feather set with diamonds to loop the skirt. The second set is of hardly less beauty, though the diamonds are smaller. Maltese crosses hang from the solitaires of the necklace and from those of the armlets, as do the stars in the set described. The bracelet matches. The earrings are crosses exquisitely made. The crosses can be displaced from the settings if desired and worn separately. The third set is made of emeralds and diamonds. The necklace is made of large emeralds, with two or three diamonds, diminishing in size, depending from each. The bracelets, armlets and earrings are made to match, and there is an emerald beetle set with diamonds to fasten the hair. There is also a set of coral and diamonds made in a style somewhat similar, the diamond is suspended from the coral—add a pearl and diamond set, with earrings of large pearls, with two or three diamonds suspended from each pearl.

Besides these are numerous rings, both cluster and solitaire.

The entire value of the collection far exceeds \$100,000.

The lady who carries this fortune about her person will visit England and pass some time on the continent, returning to San Francisco about the 1st of January, 1879.

Hymeneal.

THE marriage of Hon. G. Bowne Patterson U. S. District Attorney, for the Southern District of Fla., to Miss Ida Bethel, daughter of Hon. Winer Bethel, Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of this State, (all of this city,) which occurred at St. Paul's Church on Thursday evening of this week, was a most brilliant affair. The presents were numerous, valuable and appropriate. The event was a most happy one being the anniversary of the birth of the bride's father. We wish the newly wedded couple a long life and unbounded happiness.

Hymeneal.

We have the pleasure to record this week the Marriage of Hon. GEORGE BOWNE PATTERSON, U. S. District Attorney, for the Southern District of Florida, to Miss IDA E. BETHEL, daughter of Hon. Winer Bethel, Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of this State, all of this city, which occurred at St. Paul's Church on the 27th of January, the birth-day of the Judge, the father of the bride.

The Church was neatly decorated with a double floral arch in the Chancel, the offering of the Sisters of the Bridgroom. A monogram P. & B., decked with evergreen and white rose buds, was hung in the centre, and the Church was crowded to its extent with the elite of the city, intermingled with the officers of the Army and Navy. The Bridesmaids, Miss Mellie Bethel, and Miss Sadie Folger, the niece of the Bridgroom, who, on this occasion, made her debut in society, elicited universal admiration. Of the Bride and Groom we will say nothing because they are very well known and esteemed in this community. The Groomsmen Dr. Mason Whitehurst, and Mr. Geo. W. Allen, bore the dignity of their situations with a tact not to be equalled. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. J. L. Steele with much feeling, and on the exit of the Bridal pair, the Sunday School class of the Bride threw splendid and sweet bouquets at them, which was a very touching sight.

They then repaired to the house of the Bride's parents, where a splendid reception took place. The parlors were literally crowded with the friends of the Bridal pair until a late hour, bidding God-speed to them. May their path in life be always strewn with flowers.

We adjoin a list of the Wedding presents:

Silver Tea Service—6 pieces, Silver Ice-pitcher, Carver, Laddle, Castors, Pudding Dish, 2 Cake Baskets 1 Butter Dish, 1 Silver Napkin Ring, Sardine Dish, Sugar Spoon, Cake Knife, Pie Knife, 1 doz. Knives, 1 doz. Nut Picks, 1 Toilet Stand, 2 dozen Knife Rests, 1 silver Boquet Holder and Card Receiver, 1 silver Call Bell, 1 Singer Sewing Machine, 1 cutting table, 1 bronze clock, 1 centennial clock, 1 ring diamonds and ruby, 1 gold necklace and watch-chain, 1 pr. gold bands, 1 gold buckle, 1 gold thimble, 1 sett of pearls, 2 work boxes, 1 coffee machine, 1 lace handkerchief, 1 erpchet tidy, 2 fans, 1 pair candle sticks, 1 rose-wood jewelry case, one toilet sett, 1 watch and perfume stand, 3 card receivers, 2 shell baskets, two setts glove and handkerchief boxes, 1 vinagrette, 1 illuminated text, 8 pr. vases, 1 flower bag, 1 papier mache table, 1 rose wood table, 1 lamp mat, 1 pin cushion, 1 brides cake.

"May perpetual harmony their life attend,
And Venus still the well matched pair befriend;
May she when time has sunk him into years,
Love her old man and cherish his white hairs,
Nor be perceive her charms, thro' age decay—
But think each happy sun his marriage day."

Joachim Pecci—Leo XIII.

Yesterday the Papal conclave, late in session at Rome for the purpose of choosing a Pope to succeed the deceased pontiff Pius IX., completed its labors by electing to the highest office known to the Roman Catholic Church, Cardinal Joachim Pecci, who has assumed the pontifical name of Leo XIII., and as such will be known in future. A pretty full synopsis of his life, services to the church, etc., appear in our telegraphic columns, to which we may add the following:

The new Pope, as it was anticipated before the election was decided he would be, is an Italian, having been born at Carpenetto, in the Diocese of Arragui, on March 2, 1810. He is, therefore, sixty-eight years of age. He was created Cardinal December 19, 1853, though but for the enmity of Antonelli he would have received his hat many years earlier, the Protestant King, Leopold I. of Belgium (to whom he had been sent as Nuncio by Gregory XVI.), having preferred such a request, and Gregory being about to grant it at the time of his death. Pius IX., yielding to Antonelli's hate, permitted seven years to elapse before he conferred on him the hat, but evidently he was a man for whom the late Pontiff had a high regard, for on the death of Antonelli he appointed him his "Camerlingue," or Chamberlain.

He is a "moderate" in his views, and represented as one who made an excellent Bishop and realized the perfect type of a Cardinal. He, through his individual exertions, cleared Benevento of smuggling and brigandage, as well as of the underhand intrigues of the party of the nobility. It is said of him that "as a man of intelligence he does not regard with such a pessimist eye as his colleagues the reciprocal sensations of the Church and society. He has evidently found a solution in his own mind for existing and eventual difficulties."

In personal appearance he is thus described by a correspondent recently in the New York Herald:

"His Eminence is tall and thin. His features have an aristocratic stamp, and are characterized by great finesse. He has a resemblance at once to Voltaire and Richelieu. The voice strikes one disagreeably at first, it is so nasal in its tones, but one soon gets accustomed to this peculiarity, owing to its fullness and resonance. Although simple in manner, His Eminence is of all the Cardinals the one who carries himself with most pontifical majesty, resembling in this Pius IX., who, in his early days, passed for incomparable."

PAPAL AFFAIRS.

SUCCESSOR TO POPE PIUS IX.

Gioachino Pecci, Pontifical Camerlingo, Pope Leo XIII.

Interesting Sketch of his Life, Character, Services and Personal Appearance.

By Cable to the Morning News.
ROME, February 19, 9 p. m.—The conclave's second ballot was to begin six o'clock this afternoon. The smoke of the burning ballots in this case was not observed until 6:45 p. m., showing the votes to be much scattered.

The *Fanfulla* states that Germany has instructed Hohenloke to declare the election of an irreconcilable Pope would oblige the government to take repressive steps immediately, whereas a moderate Pontiff could speedily terminate the existing differences. The *Fanfulla* also says: "The French Cardinals, contrary to their first declarations, ultimately determined to unite with the Spanish, Austrian and German Cardinals in supporting a moderate candidate."

Cardinal Gioachino Pecci, Pontifical Camerlingo, has been elected Pope. Cardinal Pecci is an Italian, and takes the name of Leo XIII.

The smoke of the burning ballots having been seen at 12:30 p. m. to-day, the crowd before the Vatican thinking the ballot was again without result had almost dispersed, when at 1:15 p. m. Cardinal Caterini appeared in the grand gallery of the Vatican Basilica and announced in customary formula Cardinal Pecci's succession to the Papacy. The few bystanders cheered most enthusiastically, and a large crowd soon assembled, densely thronging the open space before the Vatican and approaches thereto. At 4:30 p. m. the newly elected Pope, surrounded by all the Cardinals, appeared in the inner gallery of the Basilica. The crowd vociferously shouted "Long live the Pope!" The holy father at length made a signal of silence, then intoned the *benedicite* and pronounced a benediction. After this the cheering was renewed and continued until the Pope withdrew.

The circumstances of the election are as follows: At this morning's ballot Cardinal Pecci received thirty-six votes, which was five short of the required two-thirds majority. When the voting was finished and the papers were returned, Cardinal Franchi and those holding the same views with him advanced and knelt before Cardinal Pecci. This example being followed by others, Cardinal Pecci's election was accomplished by the method known as "by adoration."

Count Segur immediately informed the Pope that he purposed to present him with one million francs as the first donation of "Peter's Pence" from the French Episcopate.

As soon as the result of the election became known the bells in all the churches of Rome were rung and the diplomats went to the Vatican to congratulate the new Pope. The Cardinals will remain in the Vatican until to-morrow. Perfect order prevails everywhere.

Gioachino Pecci was born on the second of March, 1810, at Carpinete, near Arraui, of an old patrician family. He was in favor with Pope Gregory XVI., in whose household he was for some time as a prelate and private referendary, and who employed him as his delegate first at Benevento, then at Spoleto and Perugia, where he did good work in ridding some of those districts of the prevailing scourge of brigandage. Pecci was subsequently sent as Nuncio to Brussels, and created Archbishop of Perugia, and was one of the candidates for whom the old Pope reserved the honor of the purple when he died in 1846. Pecci remained, however, a Cardinal in petto in spite of the good offices of the King of the Belgians, who solicited the new Pope Pius IX. to fulfil the benevolent intention of his predecessor. Seven years elapsed before Pius IX. came to the resolution to do justice to the candidate of Gregory's choice, and this delay was owing to the ill-will of Cardinal Antonelli, who dreaded the influence of an able man over the Pope's mind. At last, on the 19th of December, 1853, Pecci received the hat, but for many years he was left in the cold at his See of Perugia, the Cardinal Secretary of State standing in the way of any preferment which might bring a dreaded rival too near the Vatican. In 1874, we are told, upon the death of Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, an English prelate suggested Pecci to the Pope as a man competent to fill the vacant place. "Pecci," pleaded the Englishman, "is so learned a man and so good a Bishop—" "Just so," broke in the Pope; "an excellent Bishop—and we will leave him to take care of his diocese." More recently another opening occurred upon the office of Pro Daterio becoming vacant by the death of Cardinal Vannucelli Casoni. Pecci relied on his appointment, and, leaving Perugia, he took up his quarters in Rome, in the Palestrina Palace. But he was again unsuccessful, the place being given to Cardinal Sacconi, and it is only now, since the removal of Antonelli by death, that Pecci obtained free access to the Pope, who chose him as Cardinal Camerlingo.

Box, February 20.—The Rome correspondent of the *Times*, in a letter to that journal under date 14th of the present month, spoke as follows of Cardinal Pecci, who was to-day elected Pope and assumed the title Leo XIII.: "Cardinal Pecci is tall, with a fine head, high forehead narrowing at the temples, long face and straight features. He has a large mouth, prominent chin, cheerful, open countenance, and large, well-shaped ears. His face reminds one of Consalei, the renowned Minister of Pius VII. He has a fine, sonorous voice, great dignity, even austerity of manner in public life, but privately is affectionate, unassuming, sociable and witty. As Camerlingo he has been the head of the moderate party, which, without formally renouncing the right of the Holy See, acknowledges the wisdom of submitting to the decrees of Providence, accepting what seems to be irrevocably accomplished facts."

"The general opinion is, that for learning, tact, energy, dignity, amiability, real moral worth and sincere piety, the Sacred College could not find a more deserving Pope than Cardinal Pecci. At Perugia he followed the same policy recommended by the late Cardinal Riario Sporza; at Naples he advised good Catholics to fulfill their duties as citizens; at municipal and provincial elections even, when the clerical press, professing to interpret the mind of the Vatican, enjoined the policy of abstention, Cardinal Pecci spoke with great effect against the proposal for the removal of the conclave from Rome, and other measures advocated by the Reactionary party. He enjoys the confidence and support of the Liberals, or at least a reasonable majority of them in the Sacred College, and plays the same part as was sustained by Cardinal Gozzoli in the conclave of 1846."

"Cardinal Pecci's private life, at all periods, is above reproach. He has considerable literary talent, and has written poetry. He never has had intercourse with the functionaries of the present Italian Government, but is esteemed by them all, and those with whom the necessity of his duty brings them into contact are perfectly charmed with him."

The *Times* of October 30th, 1877, had a letter from Rome, under date of October 27, saying: "Cardinal Pecci, a Roman, born in 1810, has only lately settled in Rome, having, as I said, been kept away at his Arch Diocese of Perugia by the jealousy of Antonelli. He is a man of blameless character, sincerely religious, well versed in church matters, of moderate opinions. His appointment was one of the wisest acts of Pius IX.'s pontificate, unless suggested by a wish to exclude him as a Liberal from the Papacy—a Camerlingo, as I have explained in previous letters, hardly ever having a chance of securing the votes of the conclave."

DEATH OF POPE PIUS.

ROME, February 7.—The condition of the Pope changed seriously for the worse during the night, and His Holiness has already received the last sacrament. The Cardinal Vicar has been summoned to the Vatican, and an order has been given to prevent any person not specially authorized from having access to the Pope's apartments. Egress from the Vatican is also prohibited. The foreign Cardinals have been summoned by telegraph to Rome. Prayers for the Pope's recovery are being offered in all the churches in Rome.

LONDON, February 7, 4:30 p. m.—This afternoon's *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following:

"ROME, February 7, 12:15 p. m.—The Pope's death is hourly expected, and all necessary arrangements have been made in view of the event. Reports are current that His Holiness is already dead."

ROME, February 7, 1:10 p. m.—The Pope has passed into the death agony. His death is momentarily expected.

ROME, February 7.—The Pope died at three o'clock p. m.

A conclave of Cardinals will be called immediately.

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THE POPE'S LOVE.

The Story of the Youth of Pius IX.—How He Loved Camilla Devoti—The Cause that Prevented His Marriage—A Meeting Again After Many Years.

London Letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

From the manuscript of a forthcoming volume, the work of a pious Catholic lady, the daughter of the oldest Roman Catholic citizen of Baltimore, is taken the only true love story of Pius IX., as related by the Baroness de Kinsky, the Holy Father's intimate friend. The young Count Giovanni Mastai Ferretti, the story says, met and loved at Rome Camilla Devoti, the lovely and accomplished daughter of a widow lady, and to whom he had been especially drawn by her marvelous singing. They read the poets together, and it came to pass that the young nobleman desired to be a soldier, to be more worthy of his promised bride. He applied to Prince Barberina, commander of the Papal body guard, and was repulsed somewhat rudely, with the remark that his slender frame was better fitted for a priest's garb than a dragoon's. The young Count appealed to the Pope, Pius VII., was promised his commission, and spent a happy evening with Camilla. The next day he did not visit her; nor the next. Weeks passed, and he seemed to have disappeared from the city. She

FELL SICK OF FEVER

at last, and on that same day the Count knelt before the Pope and told his story. He had been stricken with epilepsy in the street. With this disease hanging over him he dared not marry. The Holy Father bade him interpret the affliction as a token of the will of God, directing his thought heavenward and his life to the church. He sent the young Count a pilgrim to the shrine of Loretto to learn God's will. No tidings came to Camilla, and after some little time, knowing that a hidden, yet good and proper reason for this seeming desertion must exist, and yielding to the earnest persuasions of her mother, she consented to listen to the solicitations of the Baron Camucini, who sought her hand in marriage. It strangely happened on that same evening, while Camilla and her mother were sitting together in their quiet and comfortable home talking over the past and the future events, the door was suddenly opened and the figure of a young man clad in black stood before them. The mother of Camilla looking up immediately recognized the face as that of Count Mastai, and gave a cry of joy, but he remained perfectly silent and motionless. Camilla's

HEART AT ONCE SANK,

for she quickly discerned that he was dressed in the garb of a priest. She now saw that all was ended between them. The Signora Devoti, not noticing in the darkness of the evening the priestly robes he wore, asked quickly, "Where have you been all this time, and why have you so deserted us?" "I have been on a pilgrimage to Loretto," he quietly replied, "and subsequently to the Convent of St. Agnes, where I was anointed a priest." The Signora Devoti nearly fainted on hearing these words, so unexpected by her; but Camilla remained perfectly calm, and, forcing a smile, said, in her gentle voice: "It is well that you have come to me; heaven has sent you in my hour of need to give me counsel and support. My brother is absent, and I have none other; will you take his place, as his old friend and companion, and advise me? The Baron Camucini seeks my hand in marriage; my mother earnestly wishes it; what shall I do? Will you now counsel me how to act?" "I would strongly advise that you accept him as your husband," said the young priest, "for I know him well as being the most amiable and honorable, having every quality to insure your future happiness."

Pious IX. left quite a respectable fortune, for a poor fisherman—about \$20,000,000. The Jews have most of it, for is in the hands of the Rothschilds. Queer, is n't it, that the head of the Catholic Church should have placed his funds for safety in the hands of Jews? Query: Are Jews more honest than Christians?

UNITE YOU IN HOLY WEDLOCK

to the man you will love and who will prove a true and tender husband to you, but let it be soon, for I cannot tarry long; I have my mission to accomplish and have come but to say farewell. In a few days I leave for the Convent of Sinigaglia, the city of my early childhood, there to prepare myself before leaving Italy on a long journey, as I intend to prepare for and devote myself to monastic life." A few days later Camilla Devoti knelt before the altar by the side of the Baron Camucini and the holy rites were performed by the young priest, Mastai Ferretti, who, after joining their hands, fervently prayed that God would bless them and theirs forever.

Years after, when time in its many changes had placed Count Mastai on the Papal throne as Pius IX., at one of the usual Thursday receptions at the Vatican, when ladies of rank are presented to His Holiness, the Baroness de Kinsky, an old friend of Cardinal Antonelli's, presented a plain and venerable looking matron, whose features still bore traces of great beauty. She happened to be among the last presented, and on her name being mentioned an emotion was visible in the expressive face of the Pope. The lady bent her

KNEE FOR HIS BENEDICTION,

and looking quietly in his face, said, with a voice full of the sweetness and melody of other days: "Holy Father, I have come to beg of you a great favor—that you receive my grandson into your *Garde d'Elite*. They hesitate to receive him because of his delicate appearance, but he is well and strong and most eager to devote his life to the Holy Father." Having thus expressed her desire, she showed a slight emotion, but, casting her eyes upon the ground, awaited quietly his reply. Pius IX. well understood how she felt, from his own past experience; so, kindly laying his hand upon her white head in benediction, said in gentle tones: "I know too well the pain and mortification of such a refusal, having once experienced it. Your wish shall be fulfilled, and your grandson shall at once enter into my *Garde d'Elite*." After speaking he then quickly walked toward one of the sidewalks and intimated to one of the *Camerieri*, who prepared to follow him, that he wished to be alone.

WHY HE LEFT HER SO SUDDENLY.

The following day, meeting the Baron de Kinsky, he said to her: "I know that you are an old and dear friend of the Baroness Camucini, and that she has spoken to you of the days gone by, and I will also tell you my daughter, of a secret that until now has long lain hidden in my heart, but which now the old man may release from straitens and consecrate as a last salute to my early friend."

He then recounted the reason why he had left Camilla so suddenly at the time, and why he had taken the priestly vows, following, as he believed, a direct call from God. "Tell her now," he said, "it was a trial the Holy Father imposed upon me that I was to keep silence and give no explanation of my actions; that at the time I suffered, but God, in his great mercy, ordained it all wisely and well for our good, and that Pius IX., who no longer indulges in earthly illusions, sends her this last message as a memory of the happy evenings spent with Camilla Devoti."

One of the latest stories about Pius IX. is that one day, while walking for exercise near the Porta Pia, he came upon a pretty English girl, who was sketching, attended by a maid. The latter went to the Pope for his blessing, and carried back a message that his Holiness would gladly give his hand to be kissed to her young English mistress. "Indeed," said that lady, with a toss of her head, "I think my hand better worth kissing than his." The Pope, who had approached unseen and overheard this speech, laughed and said, to her great confusion, "That is perfectly true; but you will allow an old man to bless you, nevertheless."

Why Popes Change Their Names.

It is a fact generally known that monks and nuns, on assuming their vows, and Popes, on ascending the pontifical throne, usually change their names. The reason of this change in the case of the Popes is a superstitious belief that unless this is done the Pontiff will not live long. The custom has prevailed since it was inaugurated in 656 by Octavian Conti, who assumed the name and the title of John XII. Julius Medici would have made a breach had he been permitted, but his friends prevailed upon him to take the name of Clement, he being the Seventh Pope to bear that name. Thirty-two years later, in 1755, Marcellus Servius was elected, and insisted upon retaining his own name. As Marcellus II., therefore, he ascended the throne on the 9th of April. He was a young man and in robust health, and yet he lived but twenty-one days after his elevation. Since that time no Pope has ventured to offend against the tradition. It is a little singular that while the name of John has been a favorite one, no less than twenty-one Popes having chosen it, none have chosen it since the death of John XXII., in 1416. The first Pope bearing the name of Pius took the position in 142, and the name did not reappear after his death till 1454.

Pope Pius IX. and Jefferson Davis.

The *Catholic Universe*, published at Cleveland, Ohio, contains an extract from a letter addressed to its editor by Mr. Davis. In the course of the letter he pays the following tribute to the dead Pontiff:

"I grieve with you over the death of the great and nobly good Pius Nono. In common with all who honor true piety, that which begets universal charity, I feel the loss which the Christian world has sustained in the departure of this grand exemplar; but I have personal obligations added to the common cause for mourning."

You have mentioned many characteristic acts of that sublime man; let me add one, of which you might not otherwise learn, for it was as privately as it was graciously done. When our war had closed in the defeat of the South, I was incarcerated with treatment the most needlessly rigorous, if not designedly cruel; when the invention of malignants was taxed to its utmost to fabricate stories to defame and degrade me in the estimation of mankind, when time-servers at home as well as abroad, joined in the cry with which the ignoble or pursue the victim, a voice came from afar to cheer and console me in my solitary captivity. The Holy Father sent to me his likeness, and beneath it was written, by his own hand, the comforting invitation our Lord gives to all who are oppressed, in these words:

Venite ad me omnes qui laboratis, et ego reficiam vos, dicit Dominus.

That the inscription was autographic was attested by "Al Cardinal Barnabo, December, 1866," under his seal.

A hawk swooped down upon a weather vane on a church spire, and was disgusted to find it only an imitation rooster. The bird now agrees with the preacher of the church—that all is vanity.

Extract from Memorial Poem

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

Let me rehearse in simple verse
A myth of Eastern sages,
Which like a flower from Eden's bower
Has floated down the ages;
Beneath the veil of mystic tale
Its lesson still is plain,
That those who will God's law fulfil
The purest bliss obtain.

Somewhere in Oriental climes,
Among the tales of olden times
And legendary lore,
We read in weird and wondrous words
That when at first God made the birds,
They had no power to soar.

They had sweet voices and could sing
With gorgeous plumage yet no wing,
With which to mount and fly.
In lowly meads the warblers sang,
But no larks notes in echoes rang
Along the arching sky.

Then at God's word the wings were wrought,
And by angelic hands were brought
While to the birds he spake:
"Go bear these burdens at my beck,
And wear this yoke upon the neck
For God's and Duty's sake."

At first they seemed a heavy load,
And, bowing with the weight, they trod
Along the verdant fields.
But he who bears increases strength,
And so the heaviest yoke at length,
Before his patience yields.

Thus at their shoulders meekly bourne,
From morn to night, from night to morn,
Upon each side a wing.
The burdens folded o'er the breast,
Instead of weariness brought rest
And led the birds to sing.

And so the legend says, at last
The warblers found the wings were fast,
Each to its socket grown!
In form and fashion still the same,
The burdens pinions now became,
And each possessed his own.

Then pouring from each golden throat
The silver streams of music float
And mingle into one;
On pinions which just now they bore,
The songsters all together soar
In triumph to the sun.

We are the birds—without the wings;
Our duties are the loads God brings
And lays before our feet;
At first but burdens they appear,
But, borne with faith and holy cheer,
To wear the yoke seems sweet.

With daily growing strength to bear
The weight of duty and of care,
The load is daily less;
Easy the yoke of Jesus grows,
His burden light, His work repose,
When He shall deign to bless.

At first we think our service hard,
Perhaps like slaves we feel debarred
From privilege and joy;
But by and by His servants learn
Their highest freedom to disown
Alone in his employ.

Freedom to rise and reign with Him,
Beneath the skies that never dim
Their all unclouded light;
To him who bears his daily cross,
And for his Lord counts gain as loss;
Duty becomes delight.

So be it ours, while life shall last,
Our cheerful lot with those to cast
Who love to do His will,
Then dark may be our future way,
But out of darkness dawns the day
That knows no shade of ill!

For the Ladies.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in the sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimney,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it,
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone,
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from the cheek has fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silver head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till the feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in their place in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen mystic road
That leads to the beautiful city,
Whose builder and maker is God.

A BENEDICT'S REVERIE.
BY QUEERQUILL.

Ahem! your mistress' out, you say,
And won't be home till late;
Well, well, just stir the fire, Ben,
I'll sit up here and wait.

Put on more coals—I like to see
A noble, ruddy glow—
And draw the curtains close and warm,
And turn the gaslight low.

And here's my purse—step 'round to Bond's
And bring a mug of beer;
My Helen hates the vulgar drink,
But wine is costly cheer.

I'll light my pipe—there's no one here
To pale, and faint, and choke;
For once I'm ruler of my hearth
And master of my smoke!

A dozen years ago I dreamed
Of such a scene as this,
And thought, with Helen at my side,
"T'would be a supernal bliss!

How sweetly in one quiet stream
Our blended lives should run!
Two souls with but a single thought—
Two hearts that beat as one."

Two souls! My precious Helen's soul
Long soared beyond my ken;
Its pinions float through airy realms
Unknown to heavy men.

'Mid silks and diamonds, plumes and shawls,
'Mid cashmere, crepe and lace,
Her dainty spirit dwells in dreams
Where husbands have no place.

Two hearts that beat as one, forsooth!
If Helen's heart could beat,
She'd surely sometimes have a meal
A hungry man could eat.

The beef is always burnt to crisps,
The mutton raw and red;
An ostrich, in its native wilds,
Would shudder at her bread!

Ah, double hearts and double souls
Must go in double ways,
And double lives will jar and crash
As double tracks will graze;

And double-blessedness—in fact,
Like double X's is—
Is doubly fine when fresh and new,
But doubly flat when stale.

A busy housewife was
sitting in a doorway playing
her needle. Her husband
was lounging on the rail,
when his foot slipped, and
falling, he bruised his
knee on the doorstep.

"Oh," said he, groaning,
"I have broken the bone,
I am sure!"—"Well,
then," said she, holding up
her needle, with its eye
broken out, "you and I
have done nearly the same
thing." "How so?"—"Why,
don't you see?" said she. "I have broken
the eye of the needle, and
you have broken the knee
of the idle man."

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

—Longfellow.

Bad though's a thief; he acts his part,
Creeps through the widows of the heart,
And if he once his way can win,
He let's a thousand robbers in.

In God's own might,
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholier powers.

We grasp the weapons He has given—
The light and truth and love of heaven.
—Whittier.

Wouldst make thy life go fair and square;
Thou must not for the past feel care;
Whatever thy loss, thou must not mourn;
Must ever act as if new-born.

What each day wants of thee, that ask;
What each day tells thee, that make the ask;
With pride thy own performance viewing,
With pride to admire another's doing.

Above all, to be a human being,
And an immortal soul to be—
—A. W. Stevens.

Golden Words.

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All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
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—A. W. Stevens.

A SUMMER IDYL.

Alone in an orange grove we sat,
Fannie Mason and I together;
Her blue eyes beaming beneath her hat,
I pressed her hand, and talked—of the weather.

The sunlight glanced on her glossy hair,
Making rippling waves of golden glory;
The song of birds fill'd all the air,
While I whispered soft the "old, old story."

Low droop'd her head on my shoulder down,
Then, with the sky my hopes grew bright;
"Yes!" from her lips, came my life to crown,
My world was ablaze with love's rose light.

Above, the heavens shone out, so blue;
In our sight below lay the sleeping ocean;
While over our heads gleamed in our view,
White orange emblems of the bride's devotion.

I clasped her close in a fond embrace;
She whispered "don't—dilate—my darling!"
And turning on me her soft, sweet face,
Said, "It's twelve o'clock—I'm almost starving."

"Here in the shadow of the wood
(It was a lovely summer scene)
We'll find in our lunch-box something good—
A crisp brown cracker and a Shadine."

And just to satisfy her wish,
A captive charmed—she's love's magician—
I there partook of the luscious fish,
Nor wished a rescue from the position.

The box, like silver, gleaming bright,
So quaintly blazoned in black and gold,
Held truly "gems" for a gourmand's delight,
To tickle the palate of a "monk of old."

Oh! what a feast had Fannie and I;
That bright June day in my memory lingers;
The soft, white bread, the "Shadine box" by,
A silvery fish, 'tween her rosy fingers.

We talked of bliss in a cottage home,
All the delights the future would bring,
Of pic-nics and June days surely to come,
Of love and "Shadines" and a bridal ring.

First Love.
As oft we sit in solitude,
And think of happy hours gone by,
Does not sweet memories intrude
Of cloudless nights and starry sky?

When first beneath the heavens above,
As our young hearts knew naught amiss,
We pledg'd our youthful vows of love,
And seal'd them with a holy kiss.

When none was near to mar the spell,
Which spread enchantment round the scene;
Or none was near to breath or tell,
Of happy words they there would glean.

Ah! who that can those hours recall,
Feels not upon the cheek a tear,
In tribute to their memory fall,
With such sad feelings none can cheer.

What tho' those smiles we bask'd in then,
Give now their light to other eyes,
And win the hearts of other men,
With that sweet magic we did prize,

Yet, in our hearts will ever reign,
The tone of sweet thoughts after'd there;
In those still hours, which ne'er again
Will stir such music to the ear.

ANOTHER POMPEII.

The Ancient City of Sipuntum Found
After Six Hundred Years.

London Times.

Considerable interest has been excited among the archaeologists of Southern Italy by the reports of a late remarkable discovery. This was nothing less than the disinterment of another Pompeii. The scene is in the neighborhood of Manfredonia, on the Adriatic coast, about one hundred and forty miles northwest of Brindisi, in the low-lying ground which stretches from the foot of Monte Gargano to the sea; and the ancient city which has been revealed is Sipuntum. Already the discoveries have brought to light a temple of Diana and a colonnade about sixty-five feet long, and have partially explored an underground necropolis which seems to be about forty or forty-five feet square. A portion of the inscriptions and numerous interesting objects which were found have been already deposited in the National museum at Naples, and the Italian Government has given the requisite instructions in order that extensive explorations shall at once be carried out in a proper manner. The disappearance of Sipuntum was not owing to showers of volcanic ashes similar to those that buried its Neapolitan sisters, but to the sinking of the site on which it stood, the effect, probably, of successive earthquakes. It was a lucky fate, for to it we owe its preservation in its present state. The depression has been so great that the ancient buildings now lie at an average depth of twenty feet below the level of the surrounding plain. A portion of the existing town of Manfredonia is built over the remains of ancient Sipuntum exactly as Dr. Schliemann found one town superimposed over the vast existing remains of another at Hissarlik.

Sipuntum was originally a Greek colony of unknown date. Tradition, as in the case of many other ancient cities of Apulia, attributed its foundation to Diomedes. It was old when the Romans resettled all that country after the second Punic war. It was then, probably, its name took the form by which it is historically known. The original name was Sipus or Sipos—given to it, most likely, from the cuttle fish (*sepius*) cast up on the neighboring shore. From this the Romans formed Sipuntum, in the same way as Tarentum, Hydruntum and others. It was never very flourishing; indeed, Apulia never recovered the awful devastation of the Punic war. Still it managed to preserve its existence, while other ancient cities were disappearing so thoroughly that no tradition lingers even of their site. But by the middle of the thirteenth century, we are told, it was considered very unhealthy on account of its sunken position and the marshes by which it was surrounded, the effect, doubtless, of the depression of the ground which had been already established. So, in 1251, Manfred, the son of the Emperor Frederick II., then King of Southern Italy, transferred the population to a new town which he built in a higher and more healthy situation, and was called, after him, Manfredonia. Thenceforward old Sipuntum was deserted and handed over to the earthquakes, which seem to have dealt with it tenderly, not rudely shaking it into ruin, but wrapping it in clay and turf and so effectively as to hide it away for six centuries.

The Grant family came from Virginia. Jesse learned his trade, that of tanner, at Maysville, Ky., from which place he came to Point Pleasant in 1820, where he carried on a tannery for a number of years. He here became acquainted with Hannah Simpson, to whom he was married in 1821. On the 22d day of April, 1822, Ulysses S. Grant was born.

Jessie remained at Point Pleasant until 1823, when he removed to Georgetown, O., where he remained until 1840. He then removed to Bethel, where he remained until 1855, and up to this time was engaged in the tanning business.

His son Ulysses was a "bark slinger" up to the time his father removed to Bethel, but shortly after this he was appointed cadet to West Point through the influence of the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, who was then in Congress. During his school days he was frequently at home for several weeks at a time. He occupied his time in sitting round the stores. His most intimate friends there say they were so unfortunate as to be unable to discover any very remarkable capacity in the young man other than a well organized constitution for the consumption of bad whiskey.

His poor relatives who hold offices are the only ones of his early acquaintances who now breathe words of admiration of the distinguished man.

THE VERITABLE "MARY'S LITTLE LAMB."
The veritable Mary, who had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow, visited the Old South spinning bee yesterday afternoon, and told the ladies present the story of the lamb. When she was nine years old, and was living on a farm, one morning she went out into the barn, where she found two little lambs, one of them nearly dead. So she took it into the house and sat up all night nursing it with catnip-tea. The next morning the lamb could stand on its feet and grew stronger every day. Owing to her loving care the lamb became so attached to Mary that it followed her about, and one day to school, where she hid it under her desk so that none of the children knew it was in school until Mary was called up to recite. Then the lamb came out from its hiding place and made the children laugh and shout so that the teacher was obliged to turn it out. The poem was written by a friend of Mary soon after the lamb's visit to the school-room. Mary was married many years since, and lives near Boston. She says she will come again to the spinning bee some afternoon. Yesterday she brought in some of the first fleece of her little lamb, which is now for sale at the spinning bee, which will be open every afternoon and Saturday evening of this week.

—Boston Transcript, February 13, 1876.

HOW sweet 'twould be to call you friend,
To have and hold, until our lives should end;
To know that I alone possessed your heart,
And feel that naught but death we two could part.

I wept when I departed, for I knew
Others might gain your heart, so kind and true;
And yet my trembling tongue refused to tell
More than a sad, a very long farewell.

When your dear lips to mine were pressed,
I longed to clasp you to my loving breast;
But that I knew I must to home be true,
I never could have breathed that word—adieu!

Though seas and oceans now divide us two,
My every waking thought is still of you;
And in the future, should we meet again,
I trust that I shall not have loved in vain.

BETHEL.

The Early Home of President Grant.
From the Cincinnati Weekly Post.

One evening last week we were landed in the little village of Bethel, in Clermont county Ohio. It is twelve miles from Batavia, the county seat; twelve miles from Point Pleasant, on the Ohio river, the town, where Gen. Grant was born.

Many great men have gone forth from the little town of Bethel to astonish an admiring world. The Grant family might be mentioned as an instance of this kind, the illustrious Jesse, father of the great Ulysses, having resided here for fifteen years, from 1840 to 1855.

The Hon. Thomas L. Hamer came here in 1820. He became one of the most prominent lawyers in the State, and was representative in Congress for two terms. He it was who procured the appointment of U. S. Grant as cadet to West point. He died in the service of his country in Mexico, in 1847.

Horton Clarke, a prominent and wealthy man, father of R. W. Clarke of Batavia, came here a poverty stricken youth, and served as a district school teacher for a number of years. By frugality he acquired a very large estate, which he left behind him in the year 1832.

R. M. Griffith, familiarly known by his hosts of friends and acquaintances as Mac Griffith, is the man to whom we are indebted for all the above interesting facts in history. He is now keeping a drug store, and certainly has the most remarkable memory of any man we ever met. His father came to Bethel in 1817. His mother was the oldest sister of U. S. Grant's mother, and he is therefore first cousin to President Grant. Mac is now and has been since 1865 in the drug business, but he was for ten years deputy county clerk, and is well and favorably known throughout the country.

Bethel does quite a lively business for an inland town, and is noted, as are most of the towns in this part of Clermont county, for the excellence of its citizens.

U. S. Grant was born in a dilapidated old shanty, which may yet be seen standing in the little village of Point Pleasant, on the Ohio river, in Clermont county. His mother's name was Simpson, from which he derives his own middle name.

The Simpsons were originally from Pennsylvania, and came to a place called Sugar Tree, two and a half miles southwest of Bethel, in 1820.

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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

CLOSE OF THE TERM.

Award of Certificates of Proficiency.
Yesterday was the last day of the annual session of the public schools, and such of the pupils as had won honors during the scholastic term were awarded their annual certificates of proficiency, while others were advanced to higher classes.

The average of the pupils in studies and deportment was excellent, and the teachers found some difficulty in making their awards.

These annual certificates, it will readily be perceived, are not obtained without the utmost exertions on the part of the pupils, as distinctions are only awarded to those who, during the two terms of the annual session, have passed six months without receiving a mark of disapproval from their teachers, either in studies, deportment, etc.

ANNUAL CERTIFICATES TO GIRLS IN THE CHATHAM ACADEMY.

B CLASS—Carrie Askew, Susie Carson, Belle Constantine, Helen Eckman, Lizzie Gribble, Hattie Hertz, Annie Hunter, Lillian Miller, Hattie Pead, Annie Scott, Fanny White, Annie West, Ida Wolfe.

C CLASS—Ruth Eckman, Hennie Haym, Ophelia Henderson, Rheta Lovell, Mary Momlock, Georgia Miller, Belle Norwood, Hannah Volaski, Meta Wetter.

D CLASS—Georgia Ash, Hattie Eckman, Virginia Einstein, Walton Haltiwanger, Sallie Olmstead, Sarah Solomons.

GIRLS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

FIRST CLASS—Carrie Rogers, Bessie Thiot, Mamie Charlton, Jeanie Dzialynski, Carrie Schwarz, Sophrona Turner, Georgia Dale, Annie Usher, Janie Porter, Hannah Strauss, Cornelia Hettrich, Hattie Dermot.

THIRD CLASS—Marie Morgan, Florrie Weeks, Bettie Davis.

BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL—CHATHAM ACADEMY.

Annual certificates awarded to Harry M. Baker, first class; Samuel Guckenheimer, second class; Walter Askew, Chas. Schultz, Seymour Williams, Nathan Platshek, third class; Randolph Anderson, Carville Anderson, Harry Cohen, Charles Gibbs, Charles Kohler, Richard Lattimore, John Pollard, James Wells, fourth class.

MASSIE SCHOOL—INTERMEDIATE CLASS.

FIRST CLASS—Lullie Haupt, Florence Grovenstein.

SECOND CLASS—Adele Meyers, Hattie Carson, Nettie Wilbur, Belle Wells.

THIRD CLASS—Eva McNulty, Carrie Colding, Nora Rahn, Nina LeHardy, Jessie Dale.

GIRLS' PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Berta Tebeau, Nelly Schwarz, Annie Hartman, Emma Meyers, Rachel Middleton, Kate Griffin, Minnie Haupt, Lottie Branch, Beulah Wise, Louisa Marmelstein, Lula Landershire, Lula Branch, Amelia Studer, Flora Volaski, Eva Middleton, Florida Shivers, Janie Barthelmaass.

CATHEDRAL SCHOOL—BOYS' GRAMMAR CLASS.

John Morrissy, Joseph Doyle, John Hart, Michael Logan.

BOYS' INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT, PUBLIC SCHOOL.

David Carson, Rupert Covert, Willie Champion, Henry Freeman, George D. Footman, Graiz Myers, Easton Pollard, Beauregard Perry, Samuel Sheftall, Beauregard Valandingham, Harry Van Vorst, Samuel Vassalli, Joseph Volaski, Willie Way.

BOYS' PRIMARY, PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Freddie Baker, Robbie Cameron, E. Collins, Cliff Sutcliffe, John Lamar, Samuel Oppenheimer, M. Kennickell, George Cope, Augustus Bacon, Robbie Colding, J. Butler, George Parry, Charles Rice, Eddie Bliss, Harry Van Wagner, Harry Bacon, Charles Butler, Charles Grant, Fraser Grant, George Lamar, Freddie White, Willie Wright, Clarence Max, Lewis Strasser, Andrew Goebel.

LOVE AND MISCHIEF.

BY ZAVARR WILMSHURST.

One sunny day Love chose to stray
Adown a rosy path forbidden,
Where Mischief deep in ambush lay,
And watched his snare 'neath flowers hidden.

Love tumbling in, began to shout
For Mischief's aid, lest he should smother;
"You little demon, let me out,
Or I'll report you to my mother."

Said Mischief, "I'll not set you free
Unless you share your power with me,
And give of every heart you gain,
One-half to joy and half to pain."

Love struggled, but in vain, alas!
He was not born to prove a martyr,
And, sad to tell, it came to pass
He gave in to the little Tartar.

Love flew to Venus in a pet,
And cried, when he had told his story:
"O Queen of Beauty, never let
That little inn wear half my glory!"

The goddess with a look sedate,
Replied, "I cannot alter fate,
But you shall conquer still, my boy,
I'll make love's pain more

ABOUT THE BRITISH BAR.

HOW LAWYERS LIVE, MOVE AND GOVERN THEMSELVES IN ENGLAND.

[From Chamber's Journal.]

Every circuit in England has its mess, and exclusion from the mess of his social death to any barrister. Exclusion from the mess is, of course, designed as a means of punishment for men who do not obey the circuit rules. For example, when a man is called to the bar he usually selects that circuit upon which most of his friends reside, and where, consequently, he has the best chance of obtaining business. Should he, however, fail in obtaining work upon the circuit which he first selects, and afterwards desires to choose another, he can do so provided not more than three years have elapsed from the time of his joining the circuit which he had first selected. Should more than three years, however, have elapsed, he is then bound to stick to the circuit which he originally chose. Should a man determine, however, to change his circuit after three years, in defiance of professional etiquette, he of course can do so—only the mess of the circuit which he afterwards joined would refuse to elect him into it, and the mess of his original circuit would promptly expel him from it.

Observe, theoretically, there is nothing, I believe, to prevent a barrister, if he chose to do so, from traveling to every circuit town in England, from Exeter to New Castle; but if he were to do so, he would be marked by his brethren as a professional black sheep of the deepest dye. Every man's hand would be against him; no circuit mess would elect him as a member; and the leaders upon each circuit could effectually ruin him by declining—as they infallibly would do—to hold briefs with him. So strictly is the tradition rule which compels each barrister to go only on one circuit obeyed, that I believe not a single instance has ever been known of its being broken. According to professional etiquette a man may, however, accept a brief upon a circuit other than his own, providing that he be "specially retained" to do so. Being especially retained means that the man, if he be a Q. C., has a fee of three hundred guineas upon his brief; and if he be a "junior"—that is, not a Q. C.—he must have a fee of fifty guineas marked on his brief. If the man, also, who is specially retained be a Q. C., then another Q. C., belonging to the circuit upon which the case is tried, must always be retained be a Q. C., then another Q. C., belonging to the circuit upon which the case is tried, must also be retained with him. By bar custom any man who has filed, or is filing, the office of Her Majesty's attorney or solicitor-general, never goes on the circuit unless he be especially retained to do so. In the cases therefore, of a man who has gone, say, the western circuit for his whole life, and has obtained the lead upon it, and afterwards holds (perhaps for a few months only) the office of solicitor-general, it is a serious deprivation to him to be forever deprived of the right of going his own circuit. Upon the other hand, he can, of course, comfort himself with the thought that any man who has filled the office of solicitor-general is certain to be, sooner or later, made a judge.

The other circuit rules are almost too numerous for me to mention. Here, however, are a few of them:

No barrister must enter and assize town before the commission-day—the object of this rule (which is a rational one) being to prevent any barrister, "bagging" a lot of briefs by making an earlier start than his neighbors. No barrister must dine with an attorney (unless he be a relation) while on circuit; and Lord Eldon declared that in his day it was a high crime and misdemeanor for a barrister while on circuit even to dance with an attorney's daughter at the assize ball.

I think, however, that this rule is now so far relaxed that there is nothing to prevent Mr. Briefless requesting the honor of Miss Redtape's hand in the next set of Lancers, provided that she be young and pretty. If old and ugly, I need scarcely say that the most sinister motives would be imputed to Mr. Briefless by his professional brethren. No barrister—and this rule, of course, applies everywhere as well as on circuit—must "tout" for business, or, in fact, ask for business in any way from an attorney.

Upon my circuit another curious rule is, that no one must carry a bag for his briefs into court, unless it be a red one, and that no one must purchase a red bag, but must wait till a Q. C. presents him with one. The theory of this, of course, is, that the Q. C., observing that the rising junior has more briefs than he can well carry about with him in his hands, takes an opportunity of expressing to him his pleasure at the sight, and presents him with a red bag to carry them in. Upon some circuits, I believe, men who are not lucky enough to possess red bags, are allowed to carry blue ones into court in place of them; but such conduct upon my circuit would be visited by a fine of one guinea for each offence which sum would go to the mess wine fund. No Q. C. ever goes sessions after obtaining his silk gown, unless he be specially retained to do so; and no Q. C. ever travels a circuit without being accompanied by his clerk. In the old coaching days, no barrister was allowed to travel by the public coach, he was obliged either to ride horseback or in a post-chaise. Now-a-days every barrister must travel first-class.

As I have said already, if a barrister chose to remain outside the mess of his circuit he could break one or all of these rules. I know however, of no instance in which a man has attempted to do so. That exclusion from the circuit mess is regarded as a serious matter is proved by the fact that although the mess fees are somewhat heavy, still every barrister, no matter how poor he may be, pays them. How far the strict surveillance which the circuit mess exercises over its members is a benefit or an evil, goes beyond my present purpose to discuss. It is noteworthy, however, that upon my own circuit, at all events, the clerks who accompany their masters round circuit have a mess of their own, and many similarly stringent rules to those of their masters have been devised by them, disobedience to which is punished by expulsion from their mess.

Every circuit in England annually appoints two of its members to be its attorney-general and solicitor-general. Some circuits also possess officers whose duties may be known by the title which they bear—namely:

"Poet Laureate" and "Master of the Revels." Once or twice during each circuit what is termed "Grand Court" takes place. What passes at grand court I am forbidden

to reveal by a ceremonial observance so awful in its nature that the fabled red-hot poker of our friends the Freemasons literally "pales its ineffectual fires" before what I went through before being permitted to attend grand court upon my circuit. Each court has its "records," which are carefully kept, and which extend back for the last two hundred years or so. The names of some of the most eminent judges in the land are to be found on the records of my circuit in connection with circuit jokes and pranks, which, if I felt myself at liberty to reveal, (which I do not,) would cause my readers no little amusement and those eminent judges no small dismay.

Close reefed, and stood on one, on the lee beam,

BY GONE.

BY C. R. ALLEN.

In the distance, dim and dreary,
Of a childhood long ago,
When young thoughts began to wander
And new joy began to dawn,
Sat I by the streamlet's sparkle,
'Neath a cool and gentle shade,
Where for many happy hours
With a sister I had played.

But when now the shadows lengthened,
And the flowers began to die,
And the birds from out the branches
Southern ward began to fly;
Then, beside the streamlet musing,
Sad thoughts my young heart did fill,
And with many dear remembrings,
In the twilight, softly still,

Long I thought upon the grievings
That would fasten on the soul,
And the heavy waves of sorrow
That would often o'er it roll;
And amid the darkness, questioned
Whether 'twere a happy lot
Then to die in life's young morning,
Die, and be by all forgot;

Or, when life had gained some glory,
And the heart had learned to live,
Live forever on in loving
Some dear friend that God would give;
Then to leave this vale of gladness,
Made by loving doubly bright,
Leave these myriad, dreaming fancies,
Bathed in welling waves of light;

And while sitting by the waters,
Thinking—thinking all the time,
Gently then an angel-spirit
From that far-off, blessed clime,
Seemed to whisper in my ear,
In a tone so soft and low,
Better have some love to cherish,
Than, unloved, from life to go.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give us the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient!
Ah! brow with the look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

Brothers! upon life's stormy sea
I've launched my trembling barque,
Oh, let forgiveness from you all
Make its dark waves less dark!
It is a stormy sea, God knows,
And dark the clouds above;
Yet there are golden streaks that gild,
These are—forgiveness—love.

And now, it comes at last. Farewell,
The loved and true of home,
Though oft within your sacred walls
Your Mary still will come,
Yet not as in the days gone by,
As one of you to live;
But give a kindly welcome still,
And all the past forgive.

Life's battle must be fought, and we
The victory must win;
Yet not with folded hands, but with
Brave hearts the strife begin.
New homes we all must make, you know,
And happy, if we will;
By loving, working, we can all
Our destiny fulfill.

Farewell. My seat is vacant, now;
Another bids me come,
And, with a cheerful, loving heart
Make light within his home.
Yet know, I love you all. My heart
Still clings to its first love;
Have faith in God, and He will keep
A home for all above.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "OLD FOGY."

B. D. McGregor, of Irvington, Ind., sends us the following interesting communication:

I have often wondered how the queer phrase, "Old Fogy," originated, and having wondered for several years, supposing that, as I had asked a number of persons without eliciting any information, no one knew, I have at last asked my father, who is a Scotchman born and raised near Edinburgh. His explanation is so interesting that I cannot keep it to myself, so send it for the benefit of the readers of The Illustrated Weekly. It is as follows: In the centre of the city of Edinburgh there is a rock about three hundred feet high, perpendicular on all sides, and having an area of about thirteen acres, on which stands the citadel, bristling with cannon on every side. A road slopes toward the citadel, with which it is connected by a draw-bridge. On the sides of this huge rock grows a dry, yellowish-looking moss called fog. Among the fog a kind of bumble-bee, a little smaller than our ordinary bumble-bee and of a yellow color, builds its nest. The insect is of just the same color as the fog and is called fogy. Its high position and color render both it and its honey perfectly secure, and it is unmolested from year to year. The officers in charge of the citadel and its many barracks are old soldiers, who, having served the full term of twenty-one years in the British army, are entitled to a competence for life, and are in absolute command of the citadel. Realizing their independence, they stand somewhat upon their dignity, and promptly decry any attempt at change in the old standard of tactics or uniform. Of course the younger soldiers, and their officers of the active army are obliged to show respect to the veterans; so they allow them to have their own way, but resolve to do just as they please as soon as they get out of their bounds, contenting themselves in the mean while with calling them "Old Fogies," because, like the fogies on the moss, they are high in position and secure from any attempts that might be made to oust them.

JAPANESE SUPERSTITIONS.

Japanese people are very superstitious, and have innumerable signs and tokens by which to regulate their conduct and beliefs. They never sweep the rooms of a house immediately after one of the inmates has set out upon a journey—this would sweep out all the luck with him. At a marriage ceremony neither bride nor bridegroom wears any clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage-tie be soon loosed, as purple is the color most liable to fade. They have some curious ideas in regard to the finger-nails, which are cut only at certain times. When a person loses a tooth, either artificially at the hands of a dentist—Japanese "tooth-carpenter"—or by forceps, or by accident, in order that another may grow in the empty socket, the tooth, if from the upper jaw, is buried under the foundation of the house; if from the lower jaw, it is thrown upon the roof of a house. Of hundreds of their superstitions, here are a few: If a woman steps over an egg-shell she will go mad; if over a razor, it will become dull; if over a whetstone, it will be broken. It is a man should set his hair on fire, he will go mad. Children are told if they tell a lie an *oni* or an imp called the *tengu* will pull out their tongues. Many a Japanese urchin has spoken the truth from fear of an *oni* supposed to be standing by, ready to run away with his tongue. No such watchman seems to be set before the unruly member of the scolding wife. Of these "edged tools that grow sharper by constant use" there is a goodly number in Japan. When husband and wife are quarreling, a devil is believed to be standing between them, encouraging them to go on from bad to worse.

A FAMOUS LADY.—G. A. Sala, in *Temple Bar*, speaks thus of the reputed American wife of Joseph Bonaparte:

There was living a year ago, and there may be living still, in the fair city of Baltimore, an old lady, ordinarily designated "the madam"; her age prodigious, her form bent double, her attire curiously antiquated in its fashion; yet still retaining in her features something of the sparkle of her youth, the elasticity of youth. This was once the beautiful Miss Patterson, the fair American who became the bride of the heartless, worthless and dissolute scamp, Jerome Bonaparte, sometime King of Westphalia, and who, but for the selfish politeness of her husband, and the ruthless ambition of her imperial brother-in-law, might have been at this day mistress of the Palais Royal. Enveloped in a black silk calash, pushed together by some mantua maker of the year, and leaning on a crutch stick, the old lady might be seen any day in the streets of the Metropolitan City; and the people would make way for her, and doff their hats, as though around that decrepit form there still hung some perfume of imperial purple to which she had been transiently allied.

The Rock of Gibraltar.

Gibraltar is an oblong rock of gray marble, seamed with red sandstone, which mounts guard over the gate of the Mediterranean Sea, on the Spanish shore. It has the appearance and attitude of a couchant lion, is over two miles in length, nearly one mile in breadth, and its northern summit, which shadows the sierras and plateaux of the peninsula, is fourteen hundred and thirty feet in height. Forming a refuge for the wild goat which climbs its craggy cliffs, and an eyrie for the eagle, which builds her nest in its beetle-brows, its weather worn sides are pierced with dark embrasures, out of which, as from as many gaping jaws, seven hundred iron throats are ready on demand to pour forth fearful articulations of devastation and death. And yet its stern steeples are clothed with clusters of cactus and the clematis, and its cannon mouths are embowered amid orange blossoms and olive branches, emblems of union and peace. A narrow neck of sand, nowhere a mile wide, and only ten feet above the sea level, and called the neutral ground, joins this noble head to the mainland of Europe.

Gibraltar is not the mountain's maiden name. It was called Calpe by the Greeks, who styled it one of the pillars of Hercules, believing that the hero's arm separated it from Abila, the other pillar, to make an outlet for the inland sea. Thus Lord Byron sings:

"Through Calpe's Straits survey the steepy shore;
Europe and Africa on each other gaze."

The strait is about twenty miles across and connects the broad Atlantic, the highway of Western discovery, emigration and trade with the blue Mediterranean, the highway of Eastern commerce and that ancient sea upon whose shores flourished those great nations of antiquity which gave civilization and art, literature and religion to the whole world. Gibraltar is the keystone of the geographic arch, and its value will increase with the progress of our race.

In 711, Tarik, a Persian Lieutenant, landed on the rock and gave it its new name, *Gebel-Tarik*, or the Mountain of Tarik. It at once became a stronghold, and until it was taken by the British, it withstood ten distinct sieges. Ferdinand the Fourth, of Castile, took it from the Moors in 1309. And so, taken and retaken by the contending champions of the Crescent and the Cross, it passed finally into the possession of the Christians in 1462. Then it became a prize for which the Spanish nobles scrambled. But in 1501 a royal decree annexed it to the Castilian dominion, and it remained with Isabella and her successors till the famous war of the Spanish succession in 1704, when the combined English and Dutch fleets seized the treasure, and at the close of the conflict, by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, this precious stone was set in the British crown. T. H.

An Apparition of the Holy Virgin.

The last number of the *Pelerin* publishes a narrative of an appearance of the Holy Virgin on the 24th of December last. The "apparition," it seems, had been announced beforehand, and came faithful to the hour indicated—namely, between midnight and 1 o'clock. There were from 3,000 to 4,000 persons present on the scene. "I did not," says the writer in the *Pelerin*, enter the room on account of the crowd; but I went back next day that I might hear from the mouth of the person who saw the vision the words of the Holy Virgin. The Holy Virgin said we were on the eve of a terrible political crisis; it will be brief, and for a time the wicked will seem to have the ascendancy. The Holy Virgin spoke only of Paris as likely to suffer from this crisis; she said nothing of the provinces. The vision lasted fifty minutes. The person who saw it was teased in a thousand ways, but felt nothing; all the experiments made on her did not disturb her ecstasy. The number of people daily is incredible; but the diocesan authority is reserved, especially since the week ago, an account of revelations of an extraordinary character affecting the Pope. A country landowner, who has known the person franced for a long time, asked her in my presence how the advent of Henri V. in 1874 was consistent with MacMahon's appointment for seven years. She was asked if the latter would remain in power for five years? No. Four years? No. Three years? No. Two years? No. Three months? She smiled and made no reply. It is always so when she is questioned about the future; she is not authorized to reveal. The Holy Virgin has promised other visions, but did not fix the date. The lady said she very anxiously waited to be asked, as the crowd on the spot was so great that she does not wish to see it repeated. But she will announce it, we are assured, if the "Holy Virgin" so desires.

Prison Etiquette.

"Five Years' Penal Servitude" is the title of a book recently published in London, and written by "one who endured it." The *London Times* says: "Two very remarkable pieces of information as to life in prison comes out in this volume, illustrating the inconsistencies of human nature, and showing that the public feeling, if it may be so termed, in a convict prison, may in some features be as high as in the best ordered community. One is that 'it is not etiquette among prisoners to ask a man what he is 'in for.' If a man wants to be communicative on the subject of his own affairs that is another thing; but until he is, no questions are to be asked. It appears to us that this custom shows a delicacy of feeling and a respect for those who may feel repentance and shame for their crimes which few would have expected to find among criminals, and most certainly indicate that those who lay down and those who follow such a rule of conduct cannot be altogether and entirely corrupt and irreclaimable. The other is 'the respect the men paid to those who had the courage to go upon their knees morning and night to pray.' He is speaking of his first night in the room in which at the time some of the prisoners at Dartmoor lived in association, and he says:

"Here were sixty-eight men and two officers. Now, who, thought I, will have the moral courage to face sneers and derision, or jokes, and kneel before he begins his day's work or lays his head upon his pillow? I thought of this just before bed time. Presently a bell sounded. 'Tables down,' called the warden. * * * The warden's voice is heard again. 'Men who wish to say their prayers, one step to the rear. Silence and order for prayers.' Five minutes was the time allowed, and by that time all men had finished their petitions to their Heavenly Father, and had risen to their feet, resuming their places in the ranks. I was most agreeably surprised at seeing so many. I think, on an average, there were nearly one-fifth of the whole. I never once heard a remark from the most hardened in derision or disparagement of this practice."

AFTERNOON MEN.—There is a proverb which says: "What can be done at any time is never done," and applies especially to a class who have become slaves to the habit of procrastination, the habitual postponing of everything that they are not compelled by necessity to do immediately. Now, delays are not only damaging to present prospects, but they are destructive of ultimate success. A dilatory man is not to be depended upon. The slightest pretext is sufficient for him to disappoint you. If an employee, the sooner he is discharged the greater the advantage to the employer. There are those who may properly be called "afternoon men." They are always busy getting ready to go to work. In the morning they walk around, carefully inspect their duties, and say: "Plenty to do to-day. I must go to work this afternoon!" About three o'clock they survey what they haven't done, and exclaim: "One thing and another has prevented me from making any headway to-day. I'll quit and begin bright and early to-morrow morning." One day with them is simply the reflection of another. There is nothing accomplished in a whole life; and their western sun overtakes them and finds no preparation for the wants and infirmities of age. There is nothing to look back upon but squandered time. One hour's exercise in the morning loosens the muscles of the limbs, sets the blood dancing in the veins and fits a man physically and mentally for the day's activity; while one hour's sloth after breakfast produces a torpor from which it is almost impossible to rally.

AL WHITE, whose last winter is still fresh in memory—had been expelled from the service. It was further shown that this proceeding, for which no allowable pretext could be found, had followed with reasonable promptitude a refusal on the part of the Jersey surman to vote for Mr. HAYES. We may add that, although the official investigation was con-

"LITTLE DORRIT."

The following lines were addressed to his stove by a Confederate soldier, while in camp near Richmond:

That stove has been a faithful friend—
Such every stranger found it;
It ne'er refused its warmth to lend
To all who clustered 'round it.

When bitter cold the wind would blow
At "Hamilton's" and "Guinea's,"
Its little heart was all aglow,
Just like my little Minnie's.

What Georgian did not feel its worth
At "Orange" all last winter,
When snow and ice lay on the earth,
And covered every splinter?

Why, Ed., my boy! I ne'er could start
To close my tent on any,
For "Little Dorrit" warmed my heart
To welcome few or many.

The great beside that stove have sat—
Gordon, Thomas, Doles, the martyred—
And many of the "2d Batt.,"
Whose blood for peace is bartered.

Fair ladies, too, have not despised
The generous little creature;
I've heard them say how we'll they prized
Each warm and glowing feature.

'Tis a veteran in the Southern cause—
Has heard the big guns thunder—
Seen sights that made all Europe pause
And gaze with looks of wonder.

Along the Rappahannock's banks
It heard the storm of battle,
When Hooker thinned his charging ranks
Before our muskets' rattle.

Yes, Ed, my friend, I love that stove,
It shared my hours of sadness;
And when my thoughts on joys would rove,
It answered back my gladness.

'Tis failing now; through holes in pipe
The fire brightly flashes—
Of "dust to dust" it is the type,
As fast it melts to ashes.

One lid is gone—a door is broke,
And now the bridge—where is it?
Through gaping cracks out comes the smoke
To greet you when you visit.

Like some I love 'tis tottering on
To the end of all things living;
I sigh to think 'twill soon be gone,
And leave me lone and shiv'ring.

So send the bridge—I'd keep it still
For the sake of by-gone hours—
Forsake a friend I never will
When old age steals its powers.

George D. Prentice was for years a strong political opponent of Mr. Greeley, and probably wrote as many severe attacks upon him as any man of his generation. But he had a sincere respect for the courage, sagacity, and honesty of the great journalist, and when he lectured in Louisville, Mr. Prentice urged people to lay aside their prejudices and go to hear him, saying, "I regard him as the ablest as well as the most conscientious journalist in the north; he has outlived the ordinary period of life, but his mind is in the fullness of its power. It is something for the rising generation to look upon the form and features of such a brave and daring chieftain. When he shall depart from among us he will probably not leave his peer behind." After the lecture Mr. Prentice wrote the following poem, addressed To a Political Opponent:

I send thee, Greeley, words of cheer,
Thou bravest, truest, best of men;
For I have marked thy strong career,
As traced by thy own sturdy pen.
I've seen thy struggles with the foes
That dared thee to the deepest fight,
And loved to watch thy goodly blows,
Dealt for the cause thou deem'st the right.

Thou'st dared to stand against the wrong,
When many faltered by thy side;
In thy own strength has't dared be strong,
Nor on another's arm relied.
Thy own bold thought thou'st dared to think,
Thy own great purposes avowed;
And none have ever seen thee shrink
From the fierce surges of the crowd.

Thou all unaided and alone,
Did'st take thy way in life's young years
With no kind hand clasped in thine own,
No gentle voice to soothe thy tears.
But thy high heart no power could tame,
And thou hast never ceased to feel
Within thy veins a sacred flame,
That turned thy iron nerves to steel.

Thou still art in thy manhood's prime,
Still foremost 'mid thy fellow men,
Though in each year of all thy time
Thou hast compressed three-score and ten.
O, may each blessed sympathy,
Breathe on thee with a tear and sigh,
A sweet flower in thy pathway be,
A bright star in thy clear, blue sky.

JOHNNY AND HIS DOG.

Johnny had a little dog,
With hair as black as jet,
And every place that Johnny went,
The pup went too, you bet.

He followed him to school one day,
That happened to be near,
But when the teacher booted him,
He walked off on his ear.

Returning home he met a cow,
And at the cow did fly;
She tossed him up five hundred feet—
And how is that for high?

The poor beast ne'er came down again
And John was left a mourner;
For the pup was left in the steeple top
Of the little church 'round the corner.

When Johnny heard his darling's fate,<
A word he scarcely said,
But toddled home and weeping cried,
"Now put me in my little bed."

Slam the Door Gently.

Slam the door gently!
Most people can hear,
By listening intently,
When thunder rolls near.

And some folks, if earthquakes
Should travel their way,
Would be stirred by the great shakes
To ask, "What's to pay?"

And gratuitous thunder,
From closing doors crashed,
Inspires one to wonder
What's suddenly smashed.

An earthquake's commotion
For moving things serves;
But it's hardly the lotion
For hinges and nerves.

Let us, consequently
(since mercy's a treasure),
Just slam the door gently,
When we have the leisure.

THE BROOK.

Up in a wild, where few men come to look,
There lives and sings a little lonely brook:
Liveth and singeth in the dreary vines,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven, in mountain chalice
caught,
It drinks the rain, as drinks the soul her
thought;
And down dim hollows where it winds along,
Pours its life-burdens of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone,
That sighs, consciously, alone! alone!
And hear afar the rivers gloriously
Shout on their path towards the shining sea.

The voiceless rivers, chanting to the sun,
And wearing names of honor, every one;
Outstretching wide, and joining hand with hand
To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Ah! lonely brook. Creep onward through the
pines,
Press through the gloom to where the daylight
shines,
Sing on among the stones, and secretly
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee!

Drink the sweet rain that gentle heaven sendeth,
Hold thy own path, however hard it tendeth;
For somewhere, somewhere, the eternal sky,
Thou, too, shalt find the rivers, by-and-by!

HOT.

Oh for a lodge in the garden of cucumbers!
Oh for an iceberg or two at control!
Oh for a vale which at midday the dew cucumbers!
Oh for a pleasure-trip up to the Pole!

Oh for a little one-story thermometer,
With nothing but zeroes all ranged in a row!
Oh for a big double-barreled hydrometer,
To measure this moisture that rolls from my brow.

Oh that this cold world were twenty times colder!
(That's irony red-hot it seemeth to me);
Oh for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!
Oh what a comfort an ague would be!

Oh for a grotto to typify Heaven,
Scooped in the rock under catanact vast!
Oh for a winter of discontent even!
Oh for wet blankets judiciously cast!

Oh for a soda fount spouting up boldly
From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!
Oh for a proud maiden to look on me coldly,
Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye!

Then oh for a draught from a cup of "cold pizen,"
And oh for a resting-place in the cold grave!
With a bath in the Styx where the thick shadow lies on
And deepens the chill of its dark running wave.

Commonplace.

She tossed the curls from her blushing face;
She softly sighed, with a girlish grace,
"I'm weary of life—it's so commonplace."

"Weary of music, forever sweet;
Weary of rose leaves beneath my feet;
Sick of the days that themselves repeat."

Faded the roses; the music stilled;
Change has come, as the maiden willed;
Sorrow the pulse of her life has thrilled—

Sorrow too deep to be sighed away;
Where is that wearisome yesterday,
Bright with a beauty too fair to stay?

Into the silence that sits apart,
Keeping watch o'er the aching heart,
Stems through like an arrow dart.

Through the swift cycles of time and space
One is the fate that befalls the race—
Happy lives only are commonplace."

HE LAST NIGHT AT HOME.

BY MARY N. KIRKE DILWORTH.

Yes, I must leave you all, dear ones,
My truest friends on earth,
For childhood days and riper years
Make plainer still your worth.
Oh people, faint, and trembling still
Around the words I say!
When my full heart seems bursting, then
For you, dear ones, I pray.

Father! you're growing old. No more
The firm footstep's thine;
And on thy head, a glorious crown,
Thy silver locks now shine.
Father! thy daughter loves thee well;
Though crying oft, yet give
Thy blessing ere I leave thy home,
In a new home to live.

Mother! with reverent lips I speak
The holiest name I know—
Oh, thou art true, though all forsake
Thy daughter here below!
Mother, forgive the tears I've caused
From thy fond eyes to flow,
And with thy trembling lips now bless
Thy Mary as I go.

Sisters! I leave you all. And now
A faithful memory brings
Some bitter memories back to me
Upon her darkened wings.
I have not loved as you have loved,
Forgiving all the wrong,
So gentle still, with all my faults,
You've loved me well and long.

Proceed on his voyage to Palestine
receive all necessary repairs in first convenient
port



A MODERN GLADIATOR.

Impelled by hunger, the lion sprang upon the gladiator with a terrible roar.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1872.

CONNUBIALITIES.

For wedlock's bond I never sigh;
In freedom's light I love to bask me;
I wouldn't marry 'em—not I—
If twenty duchesses should ask me!
I never yearned for worldly pelf,
I love to dwell alone and humble;
To sew my buttons on myself,
And when I prick my fingers—grumble.
I own there's one occasion, though,
When even my contentment fails,
I do not like the girls I know
To go and marry other males!

I know I should be quite at sea
At sight beyond a mild flirtation;
And nursing "cherubs" is, to me,
A most unpleasant occupation.
Till true love's course shall smoothly run,
And while unfettered hearts are plenty,
It may be sweet to cherish one—
But I prefer to wor-ship twenty!
But, ah! the even rose grow slow
Of my contentment's sady pines
When any of the girls I know
Will go and marry other males!

From gout I'm not entirely free—
But gout befits my social station;
I'm older than I used to be—
But that's the case with all creation;
So, why the damsels I adore,
Although they smile upon me sweetly,
Will go and fancy some one more,
Is what perplexes me completely!
Perhaps I feel no crushing blow—
No gnawing pang my heart assails;
But still I hate the girls I know
To go and marry other males!

Italy of Victor

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ITALY.—THE LATE VICTOR EMMANUEL II., KING OF ITALY.

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Secretary of Florida
County of Monroe

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MODES
ET
MANTEAU

John B. ...

W. B. ...

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MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.
G. M. Heidt & Co.,
Druggists,
Have Removed to the Corner of Congress
and
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.



THE MIRROR OF LIFE. 192.1



THE WILD ASS

A wild Ass used to the wildness that snuffed up the wind at her pleasure. Jer. II. 24.

THE HOME OF GEN. JACKSON.

Memories of the Old Hermitage—Celebration of a Silver Wedding, Etc.

The New York Times publishes the following letter, dated Nashville, Tennessee, January 31:

"For years an oppressive silence has hung over the home of Andrew Jackson, his beloved Hermitage, twelve miles from Nashville. During the lifetime of the old General it was the scene of many a gay revel when thronged by merry-hearted young people, whom he loved to gather about him. Twenty-five years ago the only daughter of General Andrew Jackson's adopted son, Rachel Jackson, was united in marriage to Dr. J. M. Lawrence, and on that anniversary they again went through with the marriage formula in the presence of their children and a few other friends. There is an interesting history connected with the couple. In the meridian of life General Jackson found himself without children, and without hope of any. His heart yearned for some child to love, and who would in turn love him. About this time the wife of Severn Donelson, who was Mrs. Jackson's brother, gave birth to twin boys, and one of them was immediately taken to the Hermitage and christened Andrew Jackson. The other is Thomas Donelson, at present a resident of Philadelphia. This child grew up at the Hermitage, and was the only claimant to the name of Andrew Jackson, and the only heir of the Hermitage estates. In course of time other nephews were taken and provided for, but no others were ever given the right to call themselves Andrew Jackson. Three of these other nephews, and one about whom there has been a conflict of identity with Andrew Jackson, Jr., was Andrew Jackson Donelson, for years private secretary to President Jackson, and whose wife was lady of the White House during his administration.

"During General Jackson's administration his adopted son was unmarried. In Washington society he met Miss Sarah York, of Philadelphia, and after an ardent wooing married her and brought her to his home at the Hermitage. Years passed on and a family, consisting of three sons, one of whom died in infancy, and a daughter sprang up to waken the echoes of the old building. These children were named Andrew Jackson, third; Samuel Jackson and Rachel Jackson, whose silver wedding has just been observed, and it was to them that General Jackson gave his dying blessing.

"In 1848 the Hermitage estates were sold in the State of Tennessee, \$48,000, being paid therefor. Bonds were issued for the amount, of which only \$4,000 have been redeemed. After the sale, Andrew Jackson, Jr., continued his residence at the Hermitage, and even up to the present time it has continued to be the home of his family without intermission. After the death of General Jackson, the flow of life at the Hermitage was undisturbed by the outer world until the civil war. And now what decision could the adopted son of General Jackson make? In the corner of the garden slept the great man who had said the 'Federal Union must and shall be preserved,' and around him were friends, brothers and sons casting their lots with the Southern Confederacy. A strict neutrality sealed the lips of Andrew Jackson's adopted son, and he devoted himself more sedulously and exclusively to domestic concerns. The family at the Hermitage now consisted of Andrew Jackson and his wife, and a sister of the latter, Mrs. Marion Adams. The war came to a close, and but one of the two sons who had put their armor on returned to the hallowed Hermitage. Samuel Jackson fell in battle, but Andrew Jackson, third, returned bearing the title of Colonel, and covered with honor, having served with distinction throughout the war. Death had frequently broken into the little circle. In the year 1865, Andrew Jackson, Jr., was hunting, and passing carelessly over a fence he held his hand over the muzzle of his gun. A stray branch struck the hammer and shattered the hand, producing a painful but not, it was supposed, a wound. But lockjaw set in, and General Jackson's adopted son was laid beside him in the corner of the garden.

"Col. Andrew Johnson, now the sole representative of the Jackson name, devoted himself to the service and support of his aged mother and her sister. To him the arena of politics was closed; he had cast his fortunes with a lost cause, and came out empty-handed. There was nothing left for him but to devote himself, as his father did before him, to domestic pursuits. Less than a year ago Mrs. Marion Adams died. Mrs. Jackson was then asked if she would not prefer leaving a place so full of sad memories, but she replied, 'No, it will not be for long now.' Here she came years ago a happy bride; here her children were born, and here her happiest days were passed, and here she desires to live the remainder of her allotted years. The garden, containing the tomb of General Jackson, is full of beautiful flowers that in summer fill the air with perfume, while the ivy and cedar mingle their branches with the weeping willow that sighs above the tomb. The family of Dr. Lawrence reside in the neighborhood of the Hermitage, and the loved grandmother is tenderly cared for. The twenty-five years of married life has passed in great domestic happiness, and a numerous family, consisting of four daughters and five sons, blessed the union. Colonel Andrew Jackson has never married. He is now above forty-five years of age.

"At the silver wedding Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence wore the self same costumes that graced the occasion twenty-five years ago. The nine children, the youngest of whom is about five years of age, stood up with their parents as attendants. Of all the near relations that were present on the first occasion there were at the last only Mrs. Jackson, the bride's mother, and one brother, Col. Jackson, and these comprise the remnants of the family that grew up and gladdened life at the Hermitage.

The Vatican Library.

Passing down the right colonnade of St. Peter's the visitor reaches the chief entrance to the Vatican, the Scala Regia, a gigantic and highly adorned staircase leading to the audience hall. After traversing various broad and interlacing passages, one comes into a corridor 2,000 feet long, in the walls of which are set 3,000 slabs, covered with ancient inscriptions. This is the famous Lapidarian Gallery. The fragments of pagan origin on the right are confronted on the left with early Christian epitaphs. While walking through this gloomy corridor toward the heavy iron doors near its further end, one can but feel that the striking contrast between the Pagan and Christian epitaphs forms a fit approach to the halls which entomb that vast collection of heathen and Christian literatures, the "Libreria Vaticana." The scene bursting upon the view as the visitor enters this library is one of ideal splendor. Imagine a grand hall over 200 feet long, divided by seven large ornamented pillars; its walls and high arched ceilings decorated with graceful frescoes and illuminated in gold and brilliant colors, its luminous perspective extended to a junction with two long transverse galleries, each as richly adorned as the main hall; the whole displaying a line of over a half a mile of magnificent paintings, while in the recesses are shown collections of costly and royal presents, vases of malachite, porcelain and alabaster, mosaic tables, cabinets of enamels, carvings in ivory, and numberless other precious objects of art. There is no visible suggestion that these halls are a library. Nowhere is a book to be seen. Yet these galleries hold more than 125,000 books and manuscripts, comprising many of the rarest literary treasures of the world. But all are locked up in gilded and decorated cabinets, and seem to be made as difficult of access as possible. Only one small obscure room is assigned for literary work; and this is open but three hours in the day, and from these days are excluded all the numerous Church festival days. The Vatican Library is a vast tomb of books; the tomb is a splendid one, but its decorations and external beauty by no means compensate for the entombment of treasures which it shuts up from the public use.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

The Only Confederate Victory that Lives on Canyas.

Capt. John D. Young in Philadelphia Weekly Times.

Almost immediately following the movement on Reams' Station, in which the sharpshooters bore their full part and bore it well, was the battle of the Crater, an action fought entirely by Mahone, from which he gained enduring fame. Here, also, the sharpshooters covered themselves with glory, being always in the van and doing full service there. Their commandant, Captain Broadbent, a man of gigantic strength and stature, especially distinguished himself by his reckless daring. Like the brave Major Ridge, who led the stormers at Ciudad Rodrigo, Broadbent was first in the works and fell at the foot of the Crater wall, pierced, it was said, with no less than eleven bayonet wounds. After Mahone drove the enemy from the captured mine and retook the pieces, when the line was re-established, a Napoleon gun belonging to Pegram's Battery, (which being just over the mine was blown up by its explosion) was found to be outside of the line, at some distance in front of them. It was then almost death to show a head along the line, and the great question was how to get that gun in. Finally some adventurous spirits, being inspired by the promise of a furlough, crept at night to the front, fixed a strong rope around the muzzle, and so dragged it in triumph. In this action the artillery was specially well served, officers encouraging the men both by their presence and example. One battery to the south of the mine was handled with a degree of gallantry which challenged all honor. It was here that Lieutenant Colonel Frank Huger, of South Carolina, a young officer of great promise and of high personal courage, with his own hands worked one of the guns, although out of the fight. The sharpshooters in this battle sustained heavy losses, having not only skirmished with the enemy during the entire evening, but also participating in the attack with the main line. The extent of the enemy's losses is known, and the battle itself lives, alone of Confederate victories, on the canvas of John E. Elder, of Richmond, whose pictures is notable for the absence from it of every recognizable figure of those who bore part in the heroic labors and perils of the bloody day. After this battle the army had a long rest, unbroken except by an occasional fusillade over some wretched deserter.

SOME INTERESTING DATES.

- Muskets in use, 1370.
- Pistols in use, 1544.
- Spectacles invented, 1280.
- Paper made of linen, in 1300.
- Printing invented at Metz by Guttenberg, 1450.
- Printing introduced into England, 1471.
- Tobacco introduced into France by Nicot, 1560.
- First coach made in England, 1564.
- Clocks first made in England, 1608.
- Potatoes first introduced into Ireland, in 1586.
- Linen first made in England, 1253.
- The art of weaving introduced into England, 1330.
- Musical notes, used, invented, 1380.
- Cannon first used at the siege of Algeziras, 1342.
- Plays were first acted at Rome, 230 B. C.
- The first public library was founded at Athens, 526 B. C.
- The first public library was founded at Rome, 167 B. C.
- The first public library was founded at Alexandria, 34 A. D.
- Paper was invented in China, 170 B. C.
- The calendar was reformed by Julius Caesar, 45 B. C.
- Insurance on ships and merchandise first made, A. D. 43.
- Saddles came into use in the fourth century.
- Horse-shoes of iron were first made, A. D. 481.
- Stirrups were not made till a century later.
- Manufacture of silk brought from India into Europe, 551 A. D.
- Stone buildings and glass introduced into England, 674 A. D.
- Pens first made of quills, A. D. 935.
- Pleadings in courts of judicature introduced A. D. 788.
- The first regular bank was established at Venice in 1157.
- Astronomy and geometry brought into England, 1230.
- The degree of Doctor first conferred in Europe at Bologna, in 1130; in England, 1208.
- The figures of arithmetic brought into Europe by the Saracens, A. D. 991.
- Caper of cotton rags invented toward the close of the tenth century.
- Comedy and tragedy were first exhibited at Athens 256 years B. C.
- Post-office established in France, 1464; in England, 1581; in Germany, 1641.
- Turkeys and chocolate introduced into England from America, in 1529.

The bank of Genoa was established in 1407; that of Amsterdam in 1609; England, 1674. Maps, globes and dials were first invented by Anaximander, in the sixth century before the Christian era. They were first brought into England by Bartholomew Columbus, in 1489.

BY SOPHIE SPARKLE.

The sunbeams fall afloat the wall,
The ivy glows with ruby red,
The dahlia hangs its stately head—
A glory and a blight is over all,
The bitter mingles with the sweet,
The sky is all a golden glow;
But, lying low,
The leaflets sigh, and willing die
Beneath my feet.

See where the Summer's gold grows sere,
The gold and crimson of the year
Fading as Autumn dew with fear,
Nature's great heart grows mute with fear,
As Autumn bends o'er Summer's bier—
The sky has still its golden glow—
While soft winds sigh and bright leaves die
On earth below.

Oh! sky, so bright, while all is dear!
Oh life, whose joys are dashed with tears!
Whose glories fade as fade the year;
Like Summer leaves grow brown and sere.
One joy I've gathered from the year,
Oh, golden glory of a hope,
That rises far above the deep,
And arches o'er the tide's dark sweep
Even as I weep!

Oh! heart, that throbs with courage high,
Though fond hopes brighten but to die;
Like Autumn leaves grow bright to die;
Like Autumn leaves all scattered lie.
Still struggling on through grief and pain—
With perfect faith, undaunted soul,
That thou art last the distant goal
Will safe attain—

The saddest, darkest days are near!
The flowers awhile have gone to sleep
On Nature's heart; their slumber deep
She hides from Winter's storms so dear.
Be still, poor heart, why should'st thou fear
If, from earth's deep and dark recess
The flowers may rise at Spring's gleam;
So, heart, of love and joy be true—
The Wonder-Flower, from out thy gloom,
May rise to bloom!

ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The boy who does a stroke and stops
Will never be a great man no,
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not at its birth
A mountain, so to speak,
The little stones of sand and earth
Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams
The gold above the gray,
The thousand little yellow gleams
That make the day the day.

Not from the snow-drift May awakes
In purple, red and green,
Spring's whole bright scheme it takes
To make her queen of queens.

Open the orchard rails must fall,
And seek from branch to root,
And blossoms bloom and fade withal,
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
And wait the wheat's broad bread,
Then cradle, thresh and go to mill,
Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may not the early shout,
But spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out
That makes the winner win.

Make this your motto, then, at start,
I will help to smooth the way,
And steady up both hand and heart—
"Rome wasn't built in a day!"

These verses were the offspring of
a Confederate soldier, who felt himself
dying after a long period of illness, and
far from his loved ones.

I am dying, darling—dying,
The shadows round me fall,
Life's tide is swiftly ebbing
And darkly hangs night's pall—
O'er all this glorious world of ours,
As on my bed I'm lying
Where I've lain me down to rest, love,
For I'm dying, darling—dying.

No kind hand smooths my pillow,
No wife sits by my bed,
And I wonder if a tear will fall,
When they hear that I am dead.
Perhaps some stranger steps may find
The spot where I am lying,
But now uncared for and alone,
I'm dying, darling—dying.

Grim spectres hover near my couch—
Dark phantoms round me fly,
And the night seems darker than its wont,
For the stars have left the sky—
And the world seems passing like a stream
Away from where I'm lying,
And all is sad, and dreary, love,
For I'm dying, darling—dying.

I've prayed that God would spare my life,
Till we should meet again—
That I might clasp you in these arms,
In life's last feeble strain.
But He knows best what's for our good,
And therefore here I'm lying,
Waiting patiently His call,
For I'm dying, darling—dying.

I grieve to think of leaving you,
My loved and cherished wife,
And long I've prayed and hoped that He
Would spare to you my life.
Might let me for our children's sake
Live through these times so trying,
To one who for his country's sake
Is dying, darling—dying.

A LITTLE WOMAN.

In a little precious diamond,
What a splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar
How much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman,
Love grows and multiplies;
You recollect the proverb says—
"A word unto the wise."

A pepper-corn is very small,
But seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments,
Although 'tis sprinkled thinner.
Just so a little woman is,
If love will let you win her,
There's not a joy in all the world
You will not find within her.

And as within the little rose,
You'll find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold
Much price and value lies;
As from a little balsam
Much odor does arise,
So, in a little woman,
There's a taste of Paradise.

The skylark and the nightingale,
Though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove
Than all the birds that sing;
And so a little woman,
Is sweeter than all other sweets,
Even flowers that bloom in spring!

WAITING.

Will it be over to-day or to-morrow?
Will it last for a week, or a month, or a year;
This trance that is neither a joy nor a sorrow,
This waiting that is not a hope nor a fear!

While I am waiting the end draws near;
It will come before I am dead some day.
Shall I feel it, I wonder, when it is here?
Its coming seems like going away.

It is only that watching has made me weary,
And that being weary has made me dream;
But in dreams the world is not so dreary,
And in dreams things are not as they seem.

And indeed I am not tired yet;
I have strength to wait, what is yet to see—
What the hours I know will not forget—
The end of the watch that is set for me.

Is it the end that has made me strong,
Lest I say when it comes it is come too late?
Then till it came I should find it long;
I have forgotten for what I wait.

Then why are my thoughts bound up to this
By a bond that I neither feel nor see,
While the world goes by in tale or bliss?
Do I think the world keeps watch with me?

Yet the end will come, and the end will go,
And leave no trace in the empty air;
When it is over none will know,
And I hardly think that I shall care.

A SUMMER IDYL.

The village clock was striking six,
And I sat there since two,
I closed my book; I'd done that day
As much as I could do,
Of study I was fairly sick
(I had not "passed" in Rhetoric.)

My boat was lying at the pier;
I took my line and rod,
And rowed a little way from shore,
To "try" for a few cod.
I went for perch—the truth to tell—
But "perch" and "rod" won't jingle well.

And, after I'd thrown in my line,
I sat expectant there;
And wondered if "conditioning"
Were always just and fair.

Were tutors, too, at omnia id,
All fair and square in what they did?
But ere I'd settled quite the point,
Or felt a single bite,
A beautiful vision suddenly
Came full upon my sight.

A boat was coming from the shore,
A damsel fair was at the oar.
She wore no glove—her dimpled arm
From wrist to elbow bare;
And from beneath her chip straw hat
Rolled down her golden hair.

I trust I err not when I state
That she was pulling forty-eight.
And then her "form" of course I mean
The "form" in which she rowed.
Recover, feather, steady swing,
All careful training showed.

These little points I full well knew:
I pulled once in the Second Crew!
Oh! could she but to Harvard come—
I thought—and yield an oar,
There'd then be such an "interest"
As never was before.

I would that she at stroke was placed,
And I behind her in the waist!
But on she came, and as she passed,
I saw her face—I fain
Would point to you its loveliness;
But I should try in vain.

Suffice it if I simply say
It haunts me yet by night and day.
And she was gone, forever gone!
I got no one last fond look,
Then pulled my line; a "sculpin" foul
Had swallowed bait and hook!

I "interviewed" that verbebrate;
He never stole another bait.
And she—my vision? Well, I found
She was a Vassar Soph;
And that she'll be on hand next year,
When the great race comes off.

And if she brings five others, too,
I'll put my money on her crew.
—Harvard Advocate.

A Celtic Device.

She wore a monstrous chignon—
The girl in front of me,
And cecid 'twas not transparent,
And the stage I couldn't see.

So I said: Me dear young lady,
With thik generous bunch of hair,
It's falling off, we darling,
And it's looking mighty quare.

She crimsoned like a cherry,
And she quickly left her seat,
And thus I was enabled
To view Moriach's feat.

For, begorra, I paid me money
For a place in the parquet,
And tho' gh I love the ladies,
I was bound to see the play.

They're a comfort in our sickness,
But in our hours of ease—
As Scott once wisely mislabeled—
They're mighty apt to raise.

Gazetted.

The type-setter stands before his case,
The gas burns low, and the night is deep;
And over the staggering chimney stacks
Darkness and shadows creep.
And the city is lost in sleep.

The type-setter stands there, gaunt and gray,
With dim old eyes and a weary brain;
And he sings a cadence solemn and low,
To the beat of the bitter rain
On rattling casement and pane.

Tremble the rafters, roof, and floors,
As he fingers the types (in his desolate way);
And he hears the music faintly borne
From the theater over the way,
At some strange old tragedy play.

The old man sings, and tremble the floors
With the howling engine down below,
And the crash of the whirling axle bars,
And the thunders that from them grow,
Rebelling to and fro.

As he fingers the types (in his desolate way)
He sets them up with a heavy lead;
And a mangle of black endures his work—
The name of a man just dead;
A soul in the battle sped.

And he sighs as he thinks, this man so gray,
Winning and blinking before his case,
How, out in the dark and desolate night,
Some form of womanly grace
Is weeping upon her face.

Lower and lower the gaslights burn,
And grow the shadows dusky and gray;
And the storm is hushed and the music's swell
At the theater over the way,
And hushed the tragedy play.

And the type-setter wipes his dim old eyes;
The types no more with his fingers move;
And he smiles that, while setting the name below,
The angels, in tender love,
Were setting it up above.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1873.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

BY REBECCA HUTCH SPRINGER.

"The fields are whit'ning 'neath the ripening grain—
I long to toil among the reapers there,
What full, ripe sheaves I'll gather ere the rain,
To prove my gratitude for God's dear care."

Thus saying, resolute and proud I stood
Amid the ever hurrying, busy throng,
Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mood,
The Lord and Master as he came along.

He came, and pressing through the eager throng,
I stood beside him near the open gate;
"Master, what shall I do? My soul is strong!"
He turned and softly said, "Here stand and wait."

The hot blood to my brow and temples flew—
I struggled fiercely with my hapless fate;
"Oh, Master, have you naught for me to do?"
"Yes," he replied at once, "here stand and wait."

He passed along—and through the weary hours
I stood with restless hands and aching heart;
I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers
Beneath my feet, while thus I stood apart.

Again he passed, and in my grief I said,
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait!"
One look of sad rebuke—no word he said,
But left me weeping by the open gate.

The weary, weary hours come and pass;
I watch the reapers cut the ripened grain—
I see their heavy sheaves—and sigh, alas!
That I can only wrestle with my pain.

The night draws near. I see him once again
"Oh, Master, see, 'tis growing dark and late!
I have no sheaves!" His sweet voice soothes
my pain,
"They serve me best who patient stand and wait."

So patiently I strive to stand and wait
"Through all the glories of the changing years—
Wait 'till his hand shall lead me thro' the gate,
And change to smiles my tears."

—Harvard Advocate.

WRECKED.

BY C. A. PAINE.

It is long since I have plied the oars in the
row locks, or grasped the straining tiller. Von
tattered silk pennant is a relic of my fleet yacht,
the Jilt, wrecked on a lee shore, and of my
being jilted by one as false as she was fair. Be-
side it is the belt I wore as "stroke" of the four
cared gig fleetwing; and that silver cup is one
of the prizes of my schooner yacht, Cloud. Ah,
those happy, happy yachting days; the soft,
salt perfume of the sea, the crisp blue waves,
the wild Northern breezes; and over and around
these recollections of the past love fingers like a
soft halo.

I open the locket I have worn on my watch
chain these twenty years or more, and a sweet,
girlish face looks at me timidly. I have no
right to wear this, which will be considered a
gaffe d'amour. I obtained it surreptitiously; and
any shadow of claim I might have had to wear it
then was soon lost. I should have dropped it
far down in the bubbling depths of the sea, or
ground it beneath my feet, or cast it into the fire,
to be fused into a dull mass of glass and metal.
Between the original of this portrait and myself
there is a gulf wider than the grave; deeper
than my love had been; blacker than my despair.
But, God help me, I could not bear to part with
this relic. Through storm and sunshine, pros-
perity and adversity, I have clung to it, as the
doomed man to a hope of reprieve, the dying
man to life, the drowning to a floating spar in
mid-ocean.

I had loved madly—the more madly, because
my love was so hopeless; and I knew it to be so.
But the more hopeless my love, the more madly
I loved.

Now, hope at night, I used to lay upon the
oars in mid-harbor, and had learned to distin-
guish in the black mass of buildings which com-
posed the town, the house where she lived; and
posed the town, the house where she lived; and
sometimes thought I could distinguish the gleam
of light from her room, and used to wonder if
she was looking out on the water, and what she
was thinking of, and whether I held any place
in her thoughts. I blushed sometimes at my
own temerity in supposing she could have any
thought of me; for though it was foreign to my
nature to be humble, and meek, and lowly, love
had then complete mastery over me.

On reaching mid-harbor this night, as was my
wont, I pulled in my oars and gazed intently
over the waters to the shore I had left. The
town lay in deep shadow, with twinkling lights
here and there, and the chimneys of the old town
clock, as it struck the hour, came clearly over
the water. For a time it seemed as if my whole
being was concentrated in that wistful, finger-
ing look, and my heart beat tumultuously. Then
a feeling of sadness which I could not resist
crept over me, and my heart sank as though it
were a weight of lead. I was now leaning on the
gunwale, one hand playing in the water, which
sparkled with phosphorescent light; and
thought how pleasant it would be to lie down
upon the cool waves and go to the long, long
sleep which knows no waking. Life seemed a
bitter, so full of disappointment, and my love
was so hopeless. Would she care, I wondered,
were I to go.

"Down, down, down among the dead men!"
Would she drop a single tear as she read in the
evening paper of the morrow the first back-
number recording my "untimely end"? Would I
fair cheeks grow a shade paler, or her heart gl
one thro' more or less for the one who n
floated all the night in the harbor with s
weed tangled in his hair, and the fish gazing in
the intricate eyes which had so often foll
her movements through the waltz, polka or qu
ride in the ballroom? Perhaps? E'en were
a dog, some slight tribute was certainly my d
Had not my eyes on all her

"Motions with a mute observance hung?"
Was I not ever watching over her, ready
plunge from the deck of a yacht should she
overboard; or into a frozen lake, should
treacherous ice give way under her, es
poised daintily on her skates? Often and often
did I dream of such mishaps; and how I
struggled to shield my precious darling from
harm! Even when broad awake, I wished some-
times to conjure up such scenes; and perhaps I
even wished for an opportunity to show how
little value I placed on my own life as compared
with hers; and how great was my love. I had
read many a time of such rescues; when the
heroine lay senseless in the strong arms of the
lover; and now he bent over her, and
pressed sweet, burning kisses on her cold brow;
and how life gradually woke in her veins, and
the lovely eyes opened and gave one look of
happiness and confidence, and then closed
again; how the pale cheek flushed, and the color
came back to the full red lips, and then the story
ends.

My reverie was disturbed by a sudden rushing,
roaring sound, and as I looked up the sharp out-
water of a vessel was bearing rapidly down upon
me, the jibboom already stretching out over me
like an arm of destruction. I had barely time
to catch the hobday and swing myself clear of
the boat, which, crushed like a nauticus shell,
disappeared under the bow.

I made my way over the forecastle, and passed
along the deck aft. The crew were busy coiling
down ropes and stowing away damage; no one
had seen the disaster, and no one heeded me as
I walked aft and mounted the quarter-deck.

The captain, in rough pea-jacket, and with his
short clay pipe alight, was chatting with the
shore pilot, whose boat was towing astern, and
I was close upon him before he observed me.
As his voice rang out, "Where the—did you
come from?" I recognized an old acquaintance,

Our range bordered on the diamond district
of Brazil, and I often picked up small stones
which I carried loosely in my pocket, as things
of no more value than pebbles from the bed of a
brook. Swinging one moonlight night in my
hammock, however, and holding one of these
stones in my fingers, a new idea possessed me.
Might I not accumulate enough of these stones
to yield me a competence? The thirst for
riches had seized me, and from that time for-
ward I searched the country round for diamonds,
whenever I had an opportunity of doing so with-
out exciting suspicion.

Months passed, and I had only been moder-
ately successful. I had found a large number of
stones but few of them were of any great value.
One day, however, patience was rewarded. I
had discovered a gem which I believed to be
almost priceless.

I now began to make preparations for my de-
parture. Carefully selecting the stones I be-
lieved to be most valuable I concealed them
about my person, and then set out for the coast.

When I reached Rio de Janeiro, I was met
by a friend of mine, who had been waiting for
me. After I had told my story (we having ad-
visedly journeyed to the cabin for that purpose, and
Bill brought his huge red fist down on the table
with a terrible concussion, that made the glasses
dance and rattle, exclaiming:

"Well, I— if ever I had anybody board my
ship in that way before! Tell you what it is, my
boy, you are looking very seedy (angry) and a
sea voyage would set you up a bit. I'm bound
for Rio, with a cargo of lumber and fish, and
you'd better just stay where you are. I can fit
here's the pilot to take your 'good-byes,' and
what more do you want?"

I did not take long to decide. I had few ties
to bind me to— I was weary and tired of my
life there.

"All right," was my reply to Capt. Bill's pro-
position (I had made up my mind in less time
than it will take to read these lines), "I'm your
man!"

And calling for pen, ink and paper, which were
brought me by the steward, I wrote a note to
the most intimate of my few friends, asking him
to draw what money was due me, pay my few
bills, and store my personal effects in a secure
place till I could return or send for them. Over
a parting glass, we bade the pilot good-by,
and soon his boat was dancing merrily home-
ward.

And so I went to South America.
Captain Bill counted on my making the round
trip with him; but such was not my intention.
Intending to remain at Rio; and, having some
knowledge of the Spanish language, felt that I
would have no difficulty in getting some em-
ployment. What it was I really cared but little.

But I had read of the marvelous beauties of
the interior of Brazil, and wished to see them
with my own eyes. Anything would be better
than to return, poor and friendless, to the cold
and color hospitalities of the land I had
left.

So, after many strong remonstrances, and
finally a hearty "God bless you!" from Captain
Bill, the Stag sailed homeward without me.
A few weeks later I was herding cattle on a
large ranch in the interior.

Two years of this wild life passed by almost
unnoticed. Ambition was dead; and cold gray
ashes covered the burning love which had
burned his wonderful mien. The life suited me.
I had no caring cares; none of the numberless
frets and worries of a more civilized existence.
I resolutely set aside all memories of my past
life; and never drew this locket from its place
of concealment, lest it should revive them again.

I had become brown as a Spaniard from
constant exposure to the sun; a huge beard and
Half of the time I was in the saddle, I loved
to ride through the great forest, rich with gay
birds of wonderful plumage; or over broad
plains, where the tall grasses brushed my face as
I sat in the saddle.

No thought of returning to civilization ever
crossed my mind.

One day, however, I was riding through a
large field of tall grass, and was about to
turn back, when I saw a man on horseback
riding toward me. He was dressed in a
rough, but clean, suit of clothing, and had a
kindly face. He rode up to me, and said:
"You are a stranger here, are you not?"

"Yes, I am," I replied.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"My name is John," I replied.

"What is your business?" he asked.

"I am a herdsman," I replied.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"My name is John," I replied.

"What is your business?" he asked.

"I am a herdsman," I replied.

"What is your name?" he asked.

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"What is your name?" he asked.

"My name is John," I replied.

"What is your business?" he asked.

"I am a herdsman," I replied.

Many of our readers who have often heard of
the Connecticut "blue laws," have probably never
had an opportunity of perusing that celebrated
code. The territory now comprised in the State
of Connecticut was formerly two colonies, Con-
necticut and New Haven. The colony of Con-
necticut was planted by emigrants from Massachu-
setts at Windsor, in 1633, and Hartford and Weth-
ersfield in 1636 and 1636. The other colony, styled
by its founders the Dominion of New Haven, was
settled by emigrants from England in 1637. The
two colonies were united in 1665.

The statutes copied below, from an ancient vol-
ume relating the history of the American colonies
were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of
New Haven."

The Governor and magistrates convened in
general assembly, are the supreme power under
of this independent dominion.

From the determination of the assembly no ap-
peal shall be made.

The Governor is amenable to the voice of the
people.

The assembly of the people shall not be dis-
missed by the Governor, but shall dismiss itself.

Conspiracy against this dominion shall be pun-
ished with death.

Whoever says there is a power and jurisdic-
tion above and over this dominion, shall suffer
death, and loss of property.

Whoever attempts to change or overturn this
dominion, shall suffer death.

The judges shall determine no controversies
without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote unless
he be converted and a member of one of the
churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God
to bear true allegiance to his dominion, and that
Jesus is the only king.

No Quaker, or dissenter from the established
worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give
a vote for the electing of magistrates or any other
officer.

No food or lodgings shall be offered to Quaker,
Adamite or heretic.

If any person turns Quaker he shall be banish-
ed and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall
be banished and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a
warrant.

No one to cross a river but an authorized ferry-
man.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk
in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently, in
and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds,
sweep house, cut hair or shave on Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her children on Sabbath
or fasting day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.
To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's
garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall
be judged guilty, unless he clears himself by his
oath.

When it appears that accused has confederates
and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

None shall buy or sell lands without permission
of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by
the selectmen, who are to bar him from the liberty
of buying and selling.

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We are not a little surprised at the degree of misconception which, by some parties, has been placed upon our article in Saturday's issue, commenting upon the Blackshear nomination. Nothing could have been farther from our intention than to cast strictures upon the character and standing of Col. Rawls, the nominee of that convention, or to damage his prospects of election. In making what we deemed a defence of the Savannah delegation against the imputation of "having made trouble" because they adhered for "thirty-eight" ballots to their choice of candidates, we may perhaps have gone farther than was necessary, or we should say rather, discreet. We are ever ready to bow with true deference before the bar of public opinion on those issues wherein the public we strive to serve, is vitally interested, and nothing could be farther from our intention than to throw a damper upon the success of the party to which our honest, unqualified adherence is given. If in our former article we intimated that a stronger man might have been nominated, it was because we, at the time, honestly believed it. Yet while we recognized the necessity of placing in nomination the very strongest and most available man in the district, we were equally ready to give our cordial, earnest support to that gentleman whoever he might be who should receive the nomination. So much in deference to public opinion, with the simple remark in conclusion, that had we fully known the personal popularity of Col. Rawls throughout the district to the extent to which we have since his nomination has been assured, our opinion as to his strength as a candidate might have been expressed very differently. We place his name this morning with the other candidates of the party. We are not ashamed to do so, neither do we do it by request, or a "choice of evils," but with a thorough conviction that the gentleman selected by the Democratic party as their standard bearer is every way worthy their confidence and deserving the honor they would confer upon him. As to the insinuation of a contemporary that we would intimate an invidious comparison between Col. Rawls and the Radical candidate, or one disparaging to the former, we hardly deem it worthy of notice. If "our political editor" does not recognize the same necessity as did our contemporary for apologizing to the public because it had suggested some two weeks since that a certain party might possibly be a "gentleman," we must still further subject ourselves to being taught party consistency by that same esteemed contemporary, who seems so thoroughly to understand the duty and importance of a cordial, hearty acceptance of party nominations, and who has so well earned the right to instruct from its own consistency in that respect.

SLEEP.

BY

SUNNY SOUTH.

SLEEP, sweet sleep,
Ever welcome to the weary—
'Tis rest, sweet rest from daily toil.

'Tis sleep, sweet sleep,
That's welcome to the burdened ruin—
A blessing to the soul on earth.

And to the troubled heart
How soothing is calm sleep,
When dreams steal softly through
The mind's extended space.

All earthly is forgotten,
All sorrows are erased,
All pains are lulled away—
'Tis death in life.

An Amusing Ku-Klux Story—Beneficial Influence of the Order.

From a gentleman of this city, who recently paid a visit to the locality of its occurrence, we gleaned the following facts in relation to a Ku-Klux outrage, that will fairly startle the valiant Beast Butler in the quiet surroundings of his domestic retirement, and cause him to hurry to Washington to hunt up his associates, who shed tears over his late account of the Dickinson murder in Florida. And the great capitalists of the North, the would-be developers of Southern resources, to clap their bony hands on their pockets, with distended eye-balls, trembling knees, and hair rising like a porcupine's quills, cry out, as the murderer in "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Be jabbers, its meself that heard something that time."

About ten miles south of Dublin, the county site of Laurens county, lives an old man and his two sons, all strong, able-bodied men, but miserably lazy; so much so as to be a burthen upon the industrious community in which they live. Like many of their fellow-citizens of the Ariel called pre-Adamic race they probably made an honest living by relieving their neighbors of all superfluities. These worthy beneficiaries of Government patronage had planted a "leete crap," which had obeyed the laws of nature, and shot up above the surface, but like everything else in nature, evil influence was at hand to impede its growth, the more strong and luxuriant grass threatened destruction to the growing corn. The neighbors all witnessed the conduct of the old man and his sons, an easy indifference to consequences and a perfect carelessness to the result of their crop prospects. In the "stilly night" when all nature slept, and no man thought of crossing his peaceful threshold, an awful, horrid looking band of bloody heads and bear bones might have been seen creeping cautiously to that old man's door, at which they arrived when least expected. Calling the old gentleman out, the chief, in husky tones, announced to him that his mission on earth was to instruct him to plow his land. Old gentleman, joined by his sons, all trembling at the sight of the unearthly visitors, and their direful tones, asked what must they plow, would an ox do? Yes, answered the chief demon, anything. Assured that their orders would be complied with, the unwelcome Ku-Klux withdrew. The old man and sons gazed at each other in mute astonishment, evidently determined to earn their bread in future by the sweat of their brow.

The latest report in regard to this awful Ku-Klux attack upon this lazy old citizen and his sons, is that the school boys in passing by the grass eaten farm next day, witnessed the singular sight of the old man plowing with all his might, and one of the sons driving the other who was pulling the plow through the matted grass with the strength and facility of a beast of burden.

There's a Ku-Klux story for the capitalists of the North, and the truth of it can be sustained.

HARRIET LANE AND "DOLLY" MADISON.—A Washington correspondent says: "Harriet Lane, President Buchanan's niece, who presided over his household, and who is now the wife of Henry Elliott Johnson, a Baltimore merchant, is probably the most beautiful woman who ever lived in the White House. She was a golden blonde, with violet eyes, and came to Washington after a career of dazzling brilliancy in the Royal Court of England. A British man-of-war was named after her by order of her Majesty, the Queen. Her receptions at the White House are remembered as the most brilliant ever known, and old residents here will never cease telling of them. 'Dolly' Madison was a different woman—more like Mrs. Hayes. She really presided at the White House for sixteen years. During Jefferson's administration, while her husband was Secretary of State, and, immediately after, during her husband's eight years term as President. So popular was she, that an act of Congress was passed unanimously conferring upon her the franking privilege for life, and the Senate unanimously adopted a resolution admitting her to the floor of its chamber. She was the only woman upon whom these honors were ever conferred. 'Dolly' Madison continued to live in Washington after her husband's death, and erected a house on Lafayette square, diagonally opposite from where Charles Sumner used to live. She died there in 1849, and her obituary in the *National Intelligencer* announced that she was the most popular woman in America."

MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

The trial of parties accused of participation in the horrible massacre at Mountain Meadows, nearly twenty years ago, which is now going on in Utah, revives the memory of that atrocious act, of which the following is the history:

In the year 1857 a large emigrant train was on its way across the plains to California. An army officer who saw it in June described it as probably the finest train that had ever crossed the plains. It was believed to contain not less than forty heads of families, some unmarried men, women and many children, and it appears to have had an uncommonly perfect outfit, among other things, three carriages—very unusual appurtenances on an emigrant train. One of these carriages, which was peculiarly marked, is said to have been for some years after the massacre, in the possession of the Mormons. The Mormon leaders were at that time furious about some threatened or contemplated interference of the United States Government; and it is related that Brigham Young, preaching in the tabernacle, said that as governor and Indian agent he had hitherto "protected" emigrants passing through the territory, but now he would turn the Indians loose on them." It probably increased his anger that when this train left Salt Lake City several disaffected Mormons joined it. The emigrants were journeying toward Los Angeles, in California, and were last seen by an Indian agent near the upper end of Mountain Meadows. This spot lies about three hundred miles from Salt Lake, and the leaders of the train had been told that a large spring near the south end of the meadow would be a favorable spot to rest and recruit their stock before entering the great desert; and this they did.

The Indian agent was the last man who saw the train and reported it.—Thereafter, and for some years, nothing was heard of its fate. It was reported "lost." But the bloody tale of its massacre gradually leaked out, and the details which we give below have been known and forgotten for many years. The Mountain Meadows were then surrounded by several Mormon settlements. The bishops of these one day gathered their people together and declared that they had received a command from the Mormon capital to "follow and attack the accursed Gentiles, and let the arrows of the Almighty drink their blood." A force of sixty white men and a party of Indians surrounded the ill-fated emigrants one morning before daylight, the Mormon whites having painted and disguised themselves as Indians in order to give the movement the appearance of an Indian attack. But the emigrants rapidly drew their wagons into a circle, made an energetic defense, and as quickly as they could, threw up earthworks, behind which they sheltered themselves, their women and children and stock. They were surrounded and kept under fire for several days, the Mormons hoping they could weary them out. The wife of an Indian trader afterward testified that while the firing continued and was plainly heard at her house the Mormon leaders were going backward and forward between the place of murder and her house, and at the latter place "pitching quoits and amusing themselves in various ways."

At the end of a week, however, the Mormons appear to have got tired of the slow attack; they washed off their

OPENING DAY AT LATHROP & CO'S.

MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF GOODS—CROWDS OF LADIES IN ATTENDANCE—EVERYBODY PLEASED.

Almost everybody in the city was aware of the announcement made in the morning papers for the past few days in regard to the grand opening of dry goods, fancy goods, notions, etc., to take place yesterday. Judging from the attendance during the short time we spent at the store, the project was well devised, and the success a most flattering and gratifying one. During the entire day streams of the fair, beautiful women of our city were pouring in and out, examining the splendid specimens of goods on exhibition. Here and there, in different portions of the establishment, the ladies gathered in groups, discussing the merits of some elegant shawl, some magnificent dress-pattern, cloak, or fancy work of one kind or other. All seemed deeply interested, well pleased, and satisfied that opening day at Lathrop's was quite a popular occasion, and one that will bear repeating in due season and at the proper time.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Brunner we were shown through the entire establishment, and had the pleasure of inspecting the truly beautiful, and in many instances very costly articles, which in their perfectly new condition presented a fine appearance. On the first floor

THE CLOAK DEPARTMENT

attracted special attention. Here were looks of many styles, all new and of very description, heavy velvet with gipura lace and fringe trimmings; embroidered cashmere, new styles, some of them exceedingly heavy and warm, very comfortable for winter wear and tasty in appearance; all sizes, for ladies and misses. The display of shawls was exceedingly rich and magnificent, both in color and quality—zephyr worsted, ottoman shawls and scarfs. These attracted the attention of the lady admirers, who know and appreciate a real magnificent shawl. By an arrangement especially devised for the purpose, these heavy and richly colored shawls could be exposed to advantage, evincing a great variety of taste in the selection of these goods, from the richest and most gaudy to the grave, quiet colored, adapted to persons of every imaginable variety of tastes.

THE EXHIBITION OF SILK GOODS

was also very fine, embracing a variety of plain black and brocade silks, new shades. The assortment of dress goods is extensive, the patterns this season being almost without exception plain. Very few figured or plaid goods of this kind will be worn. This portion of the stock on exhibition elicited much commendation—French cashmeres and serges in plain colors, all new styles. Of

LACE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, SILK SCARFS AND BOWS

the display attracted special attention. In this department we noticed something new in the shape of a bow for the bosom and a rosette for the back of the head, with the necessary pin for fastening it. These are of a variety of styles and colors, and attracted the notice of the ladies, who closely examined them, pronouncing their universal admiration and approval. Silk scarfs of every color were hung upon the racks around, presenting a very beautiful appearance.

In the next room a splendid display of the

CELEBRATED CALIFORNIA BLANKETS,

so much admired at the fair here last year, were spread out for the examination and inspection of all. These blankets

Schwarz & Brady's Carpet Emporium

Among the marked features indicative of the commercial growth and improvement of our city within a few years past, the extensive carpet store of Messrs. Schwarz & Brady, 133 Broughton street, walk through their large and well stocked building, and a close examination of the immense stock of beautiful carpets, some of the very finest quality and of the richest colors, piled up on all sides, will astonish any one not familiar with the business, what a heavy outlay of money is necessary to provide a sufficient quantity and quality to supply the demands of the market. And again, the patterns and styles are so multitudinous that almost every variety of taste can be gratified by the merchant whose extensive experience fully qualifies him to please a fastidious public. Here, however, there is no cause to complain, no one desirous of making a selection in that line need apprehend disappointment.

Every article necessary to furnish one's residence in the way of carpets, oil cloths, window shades, curtains, rugs, elegant window cornices, indeed every imaginable article in that line can be found at this establishment, than which there is not a more extensive one south of Baltimore. Having a very capacious building, there is no difficulty in displaying the goods to purchasers, and those who desire to make selections have an ample opportunity of examining carefully the article offered. We have never had the pleasure of looking at so large and diversified a selection of carpets and oil cloths in our city before, some of which are not inferior in quality and beauty to those from the largest New York houses.

As we remarked in the outset, it is another evidence of the growth and extent of our commercial importance, and purchasers from abroad can be as well suited and supplied here as by going further North, when they might fare worse. There is also a large upholstery department attached to this establishment, where every species of work of that character, such as renovating chairs, sofas, &c., is done in the best and most expeditious manner.

On the first floor from the street are the retail rooms, where a very extensive and well assorted stock of dry goods of every description is always kept, which a host of prompt and obliging clerks are ever ready to show to customers.

The second floors are devoted to staple and woolen goods, white linen, dress goods, hosiery, notions, &c. These rooms are large, and are filled with tables or counters upon which the goods are piled. Recently the increased demand in the wholesale line has required the addition of more counters. Around the walls are wide shelves made to hold goods in packages.

On the third floor from the street, are kept unbroken bales of goods of every description, as well as cases of boots, shoes, hats and caps of every style to suit the trade. Few of those not acquainted with the extent of their business are aware that Messrs. Lathrop & Co. are in a position to meet the demands of the trade in every imaginable article connected with the dry goods and dress furnishing line. We scarcely have space to lay before our readers the extent and facility of this house to meet the upholstery trade in this portion of the country. With a neat little apartment fitted up in the rear of the Whitaker street store, ladies desiring to fit up their apartments with neatness and style, can examine

Messrs. Lathrop & Co. as a Wholesale and Retail House.

The commercial standing and character of a city is measured by the strength, success and reputation for honor, honesty and reliability of its leading business houses without particular regard to any specialty. When we use the term reputation we would not be understood as conveying any evanescent idea of superiority based upon common repute, but the result of long years of well tried experience. Financial crisis, produced by a rational and political causes, have swept over our city, in common with other portions of the country, and many houses of acknowledged financial fitness have tottered, succumbed and finally yielded. Many also have ceased to exist through some injudicious speculation.

These few preliminary ideas are advanced to show that those business houses only may be considered reliable after such ordeals as we have mentioned. Prominent among the houses of this character is the old and well-known wholesale and retail dry goods establishment of Messrs. Lathrop & Co. This house was established as far back as 1836, and for now near thirty-seven years it has successfully baffled all crises and disastrous influences, and to-day stands forth the oldest house of the kind in Georgia, fortunate and proud in the enjoyment of the respect, confidence and patronage of such a trade as has fallen to the lot of but few competitors.

From year to year the gentlemen comprising the house of Lathrop & Co. have found it necessary to extend their business facilities, to make more room to increase their stock and to enlarge their business. An examination of their establishment reveals much to astonish one not familiar with the various branches of the trade, and entertaining the idea that they confine themselves exclusively to what is usually considered as the dry goods business.

In the lower portion of their extensive store, corner of Congress and Whitaker streets, is kept the carpet, oil cloth and upholstery department. There one finds every description of goods suited to the Southern trade, with ample room, light, &c., to exhibit to purchasers, who have nothing to fear from want of proper inspection.

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Saturday night is here again upon us. The wheel of time has made another seven days' revolution. The world and all things earthly are just seven days nearer to that endless eternity to which we are all hastening with a rapidity that few of us ever stop to think about. To us who are still alive and blessed with sufficient health and strength to discharge the duties that devolve upon us, there is, apparently, little difference in the aspect of things to what they appeared last Saturday night. As day after day is rolled up on the long scroll of time, the deeds of men are gathered in. We throw off our multitudinous duties as the water flies from a revolving wheel, and not many of us ever reflect upon the consequences of those deeds which we perform with so much indifference, nor their influence upon our fellow men. How few men reflect when the day or week brings their activity in the outer world to a temporary close, whether or not their conduct has been such as a pure and upright conscience would approve. Let all measure their actions in this life by the golden rule as a touchstone, and do unto others as we would have others do unto us. After all, it is said a pure and righteous conscience is the best monitor of man.

But while the appearance of nature and all things mundane seems unchanged to some of us, there are some, aye, many in our own city whose circumstances and feelings are materially changed. Death, the great enemy of mankind, regarded from a human standpoint, has been in our midst in many phases. Some have shuffled off this mortal coil in a natural way, others have been hurried unexpectedly, without a moment's warning, in the vast eternity. Some have died by the hand of violence. Many of these, perhaps, little dreamed a week before that their human end was so near. But so it is, "in the midst of life we are in death," and no man can foresee his own end.

Matters in our city have been of an ordinarily quiet nature during the week just now near its close. Business of every kind is dull. Men pass along through the street in a listless manner, without that quick elastic bound that characterized our citizens during the busy fall and winter months.

The days are hot and sultry. Many have gone away to the different summer resorts; some to the North; others have contented themselves with such recreation as may be found among our own State's romantic mountain scenery and in adjoining States, while many have preferred remaining at home, seeking for recreation in the cool and bracing sea breezes of the coast. At times, during the day, the business portion of the city seems deserted. The rushing, constant tramp, tramp of busy feet passing to and fro, up and down, is hushed, and one is almost persuaded that a Sabbath reigns.

But in other portions of the city the harsh saw and rattling hammer of the carpenter, the ringing trowel of the brick mason, reminds us that preparation is being made for the busy season. Merchants of all kinds are building, improving, enlarging. Places laid waste by the destroying fire god are receiving new, more serviceable and more magnificent structures. Other places are being built up, and many already standing are being enlarged and improved. Nature destroys, but man rebuilds, until at last man himself succumbs to nature's stern and irrevocable decree.

The political element in our city has not been idle during the past week. Man is ambitious for power as well as for wealth, and parties are instituted as the

The Week in Review.

How few of the busy throng that infests the city, rushing to and fro, in and out, up and down, madly, recklessly, pursuing the almighty dollar, that keeps constantly before their mind's eye, appreciate the blessed Saturday night. To them it brings no joy, no gladness, no realization of the beneficent designs of the great and good Creator, who, in instituting the Sabbath as a day of rest, gave unmistakable evidence of His omniscience—His knowledge of that which the creature man needed most from the hands of the Creator, rest. To them the Sabbath brings no quiet, sweet repose—its peculiar institutions no pleasurable sensations. Their minds are not permitted to rest from the constant planning, scheming and devising that characterizes them during the week, and their bodies chafe under the confinement they are compelled by universal custom to submit to, or expose themselves to the condemnation of that high-toned, moral society they aspire to mingle with, of which they are proud to be regarded honest and consistent members.

But how different does Saturday night, the forerunner of the holy Sabbath, come to the laborer, the mechanic, the clerk—to the man who earns his daily bread by his daily labor. To him it is the haven of sweet repose, the harbor into which he steers his bark to seek safety and rest from the violent storms of life's troubled ocean. Tossed here and there by the winds of fortune and misfortune, beat upon by the billows that roll him carelessly, heedlessly, heartlessly, from one position to another, in order to earn the morsel that keeps himself, his wife, and children from starvation, he hails Saturday night as the harbinger of rest, and seeking his home enjoys with his family the meagre fruits of his toil; for however humble and poverty stricken it may be, nevertheless it is home. And who that has a home does not fully understand all that is conveyed in that single expression? John Howard Payne felt the inspiration of home when he gave expression to his feelings in those touching and truthful words, "Home, sweet home; there's no place like home." Simple, yet eloquent from their very simplicity and truthfulness.

These are the men who retire from their labors on Saturday night with grateful hearts. Who know what Saturday night really is, and who spend their Sabbaths in the manner designed by the Almighty Creator. The day is never too long for them. Though never hesitating to return to their various duties at its close, knowing that necessity drives them on with a merciless lash, they are never dull, low spirited or unhappy while the day of rest remains.

The week whose records we now attempt to gather up and lay before you, reader, had scarcely begun before a direful calamity befell a household in our city. How shocking to affectionate parents is the sudden and unexpected death of an infant. But when the innocent prattling little one, that has just learned to lispy name, is torn cruelly from you, its tender flesh lacerated and the little bones ground into powder, how must the heart of the parent bleed at sight of the little sufferer whose agonies he is powerless to alleviate.

The street car accident had not ceased to be the topic of absorbing interest when information was received that a poor friendless foreigner had fallen from the deck of a steamer in port and was drowned. Truly, while the Sabbath is a day of rest, it seems also to be a day of

The Week in Review.

"Another leaf of finished time we turn," another week has passed away; another Saturday night has brought us to the close of our labors, and, in common with all mankind, we shall soon retire a day's rest during that blessed day appointed by the great and Almighty Creator for the creature's rest. How significant is the expression of the poet—"finished" time. All time except the moment is finished time; and as the moments flit away with the breath we draw so rapidly the time is "finished." Moments sink into hours, hours into days, days into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and years into that boundless ocean of the past, which stretches across creation, connecting the present with the earliest dawn of material existence, as the waters of the great Pacific connect the shores of the eastern and western continents. But, unlike the watery ocean, it is illimitable to human ken, for as days, weeks, months and years roll on the great ocean of "finished" time expands. We all stand upon the shores of this ocean of time, and look—not beyond for that is a closed book—but back over the track our bark has sailed—marked, alas! how often, by scenes of no pleasant recollection.

In reviewing the week that is rapidly sliding away into that broad and ever widening ocean we have just alluded to, in casting our eye over the "leaf of finished time" there is nothing of local importance to attract the attention. Unlike its immediate predecessor, the week has been quiet to dullness. The only matters of a public character that have transpired are one or two trials before the courts. But even they have failed to interest our citizens to any great extent. Day after day passes listlessly away. Business continues dull. A bale or two of the cotton crop of 1872 coming into our city has created a slight ripple upon the financial surface, but the ripples, scarcely perceptible at the time, have died away and nothing remains. Pleasure, in some form or other, has taken the place of business. The merchant has left his goods and merchandise. The banker his counting house and his heaps. The lawyer his books and musy records. All are gone in quest of that goddess who alone can supply the place of business for a time, to while away the idle weeks and months at some pleasurable resort.

A few remain behind to drudge along through life's rugged pathway, to struggle with the world for their daily bread. We said a few. Not so. It is a few who go. The many are unable to, for fortune does not favor the many. How a large number of those who once enjoyed the means to lay aside the cares and anxieties of business during the summer months and seek recreation, are now compelled to work on through summer and winter, sunshine and rain, for the bare pittance that keeps themselves and their families from starvation.

As the weeks roll on the merchant and farmer are looking forward to the harvest season, that is to bring trade and money, to replenish the almost exhausted barn, and to give new life to business of all kinds. For this all are now preparing. Many have gone North for the double purpose of business and pleasure. Stocks have been sold out and allowed to go down in order to make room for the coming season, to which all are looking with the brightest anticipations, the high east hopes of success. In imagination many a fortune is already made.

The closing hours of the week are rapidly sliding by. Saturday night, so

The rumor that Stokes and Miss Mansfield would probably appear as witnesses drew a large crowd to Judge Ingraham's Court yesterday morning. The lady appeared at the appointed hour, with her mother and Mrs. Williams. When Stokes entered the court, he bowed.

THURSDAY, DEC. 21, 1876.]

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS

SQUASH FRITTERS.—One pint cooked squash, one pint milk, two eggs, a little salt, and flour enough to make them turn easily on the griddle.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—Two cups of sugar; three cups of flour; one cup of milk; half cup of butter; two eggs; one teaspoonful of soda; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar.

SPARE RIB.—Wash and dry your spare rib, and season it with salt, cayenne pepper, and powdered sage. Put it in a pan, and set it in a moderate oven. Instead of roasting, you may broil it on the gridiron.

ARINGTON PUDDING.—Pour a pint of boiling milk, flavored with lemon juice, on four or five sponge cakes; when cold add three eggs well beaten, with a heaped tablespoonful of flour. Put it into a mould, boil half an hour. Serve hot with wine sauce, or cold with whipped cream and jam.

NEURALGIA IN THE HEAD.—Have a flannel cap made to fasten under the chin; wear three nights; let three nights pass, then put on again if necessary. For neuralgia in the eyebrows, bind a strip of flannel around the head; rub the teeth with equal parts of salt and alum, pulverized, on a soft, wet bit of linen.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE FOR DYSPEPTICS.—Line a dish with sponge cake; heat to nearly the boiling point one pint of milk, and stir in briskly half a cup of corn starch dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of cold water; cook for a minute; then add half a cup of white sugar, and pour the mixture into the dish; serve hot.

FRENCH HONEY.—Break one pound of butter into small pieces. Put in a saucepan with half a pint of water. Boil for half an hour. Strain through a cloth. Put in a bottle. The very interesting proceedings were as follows:

The Summer is ended, and Autumn is upon us again. How swiftly passes the time away! How rapidly the seasons succeed each other, and what changes are wrought as the wheels of time roll on! Many who enjoyed with us the music of the birds and the fragrance of the flowers of Spring-time, have passed away to return no more forever.

"Many a dear friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Has perished with the flowers."

How sad are the associations which belong to the Autumn days, and how solemn are the reflections which they bring! With many of us the joyous Spring-time of life is gone, the Summer is ended and "our days are in the yellow leaf." "We all do fade as the leaf," and how much

"Our life is like the Autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's paler ray,
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless and soon to pass away."

The winter of death draws nigh, but it too shall pass away, and the

A Chance for the Chignons.

The daily expected arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis, son of the Czar of Russia, will afford to the Northern chignon the royal opportunity of laying siege to the heart of a ve prince. The most grandiferos preens are being made for his reception. A proverbial that some of our free-bornicans are the most zealous flunkys title.

shall probably see just such a hullabal—the simple and untitled citizens of theas has been witnessed on former occasions of the kind.

yet ery aral times before have the people ofreat republic been regaled with a visit I some young sprig of monarchy, in or have deat of his teens, over whom the worshipminobility have cackled and fussed like atelustrious and delighted biddy chicken der first egg.

ag William, the predecessor of Victoria, to the successor of George IV., came to New in 1785 as a young navy officer. Later, in Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, from Boston. About the same time Louisppi, King of France in 1830, junketed the whole country. Napoleon Bonap two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, Ex of Spain, settled in this country asers for a while. In 1836 Louis Napoleon of Sedan, squeezed out a hard living where in America for a short period. H. Louis Philippe's third son, the Prince oinville, kicked up an extraordinary fuss wng the unwedded chignons along about in New York. In 1860 the Prince of es created much bobery. The Northern lon went crazy over him, and certain msters that overstretched their necks try to get a peep at his royal coat tail never e recovered.

merince Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's sin, with his wife, Victor Emmanuel's ghter, came next. He was of the henked, and hence didn't make much flutter. H. toria's third son, Prince Arthur, agitated the Rh loyal Yankee soul in 1869. The male dule of royal visitors was varied by the repearance of that fat specimen of petticoatrcignty, Queen Emma, of the Sandwichs, a potentate with the complexion of a greod old yam sweet potato. Charles Sum, and Rufus, King of Georgia, it is sup, had convulsions over her color. 205

the visit of Alexis, the Russian stripling, will, it is supposed, result in confirmed lunacy to some half a million of title worshippers

The Brown vs. Brown Divorce Case.

Our readers are not aware, from the bare statement of the above case in the proceedings of the Superior Court, of its interest and importance. As near as we can learn, the true state of the case is this. Mr. Daniel Brown married his present wife, Mrs. Ellen Brown, some time since the war, and after living with her long enough to see some little Browns quietly seated around the domestic hearth, and opening their anxious little mouths for the Brown bread, he became apprehensive by some mysterious intuition, that a former Mrs. Brown would step upon the scene and disturb the serenity of the Brown family. Consequently he packed his trunk and departed on a visit to his friends, from whom he has never returned. The disconsolate widow awaited the return of her gay Lothario a reasonable or unreasonable length of time, when she determined to sue for a divorce for neglect and desertion, which the verdict of the jury gave her yesterday. Brown is probably reposing in the arms of some Cleopatra way up North; at least, he has not been seen or heard of in Savannah for some time. Two wives mourn his untimely loss.

SCENES IN AFRICA.

An Arab Fair—A Wonderful Gorge—Mysteries of Kabyle Life—African Amusements.

In reviewing a recent volume from the pen of Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Vereker, the London Examiner says:

"After remaining for a time in Algiers, visiting the palaces, the monasteries, the ruins and the chief show places of the city and its vicinity, Col. Vereker set off for the interior. On his way he was fortunate enough to witness the celebrated fair at Boufaïch, which is frequented by the wild Berber and Arab tribes from the mountains. There he saw Kabyles in great numbers, selling olive oil out of wild boar skins, Arabs with their sheep and herds, and Moabites and Jews offering for sale all descriptions of merchandise. At Bida, beautifully situated at the foot of the Atlas range, the scenery begins to be romantic and picturesque. The lofty mountains in the background are covered with immense forests, while here and there Babyle cornfields peep through the vistas; from the heights pour down sparkling streams, which feed the fountains and irrigate the groves of oranges and lemons for which Bida is celebrated. From this charming place our author rattled off in the diligence, drawn by eight-in-hand, and soon reached the steep ascents of the Chiffa Pass. This wonderful gorge, cutting the Atlas range in two, deserves its name of 'one of the wonders of Africa.' The pass is twenty-five miles in length, and the precipices are covered with luxuriant maiden-hair fern, lichens, and long weeping grasses. 'Rock swallows' skim sportively about the crags, while eagles, kites, falcons, buzzards and ravens soar aloft in the azure sky, and the tame black and blue thrushes dip along from spray to spray as if to keep the traveler company. But it is not until the Ruissseau des Sidges is passed that the finest scenery commences—truly grand, and more Alpine than Pyrenean,' as Tristram enthusiastically describes it.

"Soon after passing the heights of Moutzila the traveler reaches Bughar, a town perched on an eminence above the valley of the Chiffa, and commanding the northern portion of the Sahara. It is situated in the territory of the Oulad Auteur, who, although mountaineers, disclaim the appellation of Berbers, Goutulians of Kabyles and boast that their ancestors came from the East with Antur, a renowned chieftain, whose heroic deeds are perpetuated in Arabic poems. It is a curious fact, too, as General Boumas has pointed out, that the more the mysteries of Kabyle life and society are explained the more traces do we find of the ancient Christianity of the Roman era among the descendants of the Berbers. Thus, in many of their usages and customs, they differ materially from the precepts of the Koran; more especially in the laws relating to theft and murder.—The Kabyles, unlike other Mussulmans, do not regard the Koran as the only complete and universal code, but observe, besides, certain particular statutes, called canons, which they trace to a pre-Saracenic period, before the religion of Mahomet was forced upon them.

"After wandering for a time on the Atlas Mountain, indulging in bear hunting and other African amusements, Colonel Vereker found his way to Constantine, the ancient Cirta, a city interesting both for its extraordinary situation. Founded by the Phoenicians, some time the capital of Syphax, the birthplace of Massinissa and Jugurtha, afterward the residence of Juba, destroyed in the year 311, and rebuilt by the Emperor Constantine, it is perhaps historically the most important of all the cities of Africa. It stands on a rocky promontory, surrounded by tremendous precipices, except at the dorsal ridge where the Milla gates stand. It is said to have undergone forty-eight sieges, and it was, before the invention of artillery, probably the strongest city in the world. The city itself, however, is intersected by narrow streets, and the houses are low and filthy. One Arab writer describes it as 'the city in the air,' while another compares it to 'a beautiful woman reclining, clothed in rage.' The Roman ruins in the neighborhood are very remarkable, more especially the lofty arches of the aqueduct built by the Emperor Justinian.

"Col. Vereker visited Tunis and the ruins of Carthage on his way back to Europe.—Although he allows that the country generally look civilized and well cultivated, he protests against the disgraceful way in which it is governed. Even in the city of Tunis it is dangerous to go abroad at night. Nearly every one carried a lantern and a revolver, though it is sometimes dangerous to show a pistol, as a stranger may be murdered by

Saturday night is here again upon us. The wheel of time has made another seven days' revolution. The world and all things earthly are just seven days nearer to that endless eternity to which we are all hastening with a rapidity that few of us ever stop to think about. To us who are still alive and blessed with sufficient health and strength to discharge the duties that devolve upon us, there is, apparently, little difference in the aspect of things to what they appeared last Saturday night. As day after day is rolled up on the long scroll of time, the deeds of men are gathered in. We throw off our multitudinous duties as the water flies from a revolving wheel, and not many of us ever reflect upon the consequences of those deeds which we perform with so much indifference, nor their influence upon our fellow men. How few men reflect when the day or week brings their activity in the outer world to a temporary close, whether or not their conduct has been such as a pure and upright conscience would approve. Let all measure their actions in this life by the golden rule as a touchstone, and do unto others as we would have others do unto us. After all, it is said a pure and righteous conscience is the best monitor of man.

But while the appearance of nature and all things mundane seems unchanged to some of us, there are some, aye, many in our own city whose circumstances and feelings are materially changed. Death, the great enemy of mankind, regarded from a human standpoint, has been in our midst in many phases. Some have shuffled off this mortal coil in a natural way, others have been hurried unexpectedly, without a moment's warning, in the vast eternity. Some have died by the hand of violence. Many of these, perhaps, little dreamed a week before that their human end was so near. But so it is, "in the midst of life we are in death," and no man can foresee his own end.

Matters in our city have been of an ordinarily quiet nature during the week just now near its close. Business of every kind is dull. Men pass along through the street in a listless manner, without that quick elastic bound that characterized our citizens during the busy fall and winter months.

The days are hot and sultry. Many have gone away to the different summer resorts; some to the North; others have contented themselves with such recreation as may be found among our own State's romantic mountain scenery and in adjoining States, while many have preferred remaining at home, seeking for recreation in the cool and bracing sea breezes of the coast. At times, during the day, the business portion of the city seems deserted. The rushing, constant tramp, tramp of busy feet passing to and fro, up and down, is hushed, and one is almost persuaded that a Sabbath reigns.

But in other portions of the city the harsh saw and rattling hammer of the carpenter, the rifling trowel of the brick mason, reminds us that preparation is being made for the busy season. Merchants of all kinds are building, improving, enlarging. Places laid waste by the destroying fire god are receiving new, more serviceable and more magnificent structures. Other places are being built up, and many already standing are being enlarged and improved. Nature destroys, but man rebuilds, until at last man himself succumbs to nature's stern and irrevocable decree.

The political element in our city has not been idle during the past week. Man is ambitious for power as well as for wealth, and parties are instituted as the



THE JOYS OF THE FIELD.

They sing of the dashing dragoon,
The soldier so gallant to see,
Of jolly Jack Tar in his uniform blue,
But the life of the hunter for me.
His jacket of canvas so trim,
His step so elastic and free,
With gun on his shoulder and dogs by his side;
The joys of the field for me.

With pockets all over his coat,
Each furnished with provident skill;
A bold joyous eye and a confident heart,
He's sportsman or soldier at will.
Then "his boys! go on!" is the word,
It quickens the pulses to see,
His trusty companions in eager career;
The joys of the field for me.

Ho! steady! he has them! old Staunch;
How rigid the pup backs his sire;
Head up and half-turned, with a skirl up the spring,
Now! right and left give them your fire;
A double and odd to the score,
"Down, charge," load, and gather the three,
Then, on to the covert with footsteps alert;
The joys of the field for me.

And when the sun sinks in the west,
With purple and gold all aflame,
The sportsman exults in the glorious scene,
But most he exults in his game.
With pockets well-filled for his toil,
And step still elastic and free,
He trolls a stout ditty and marches for home;
The joys of the field for me.

Behold, at the bountiful board,
St. Hubert, what havoc he makes;
Charging gallantly into a phalanx of meats,
And sealing a tower of cakes!
Then a pipe, and perhaps something hot
Before bed, is the thing, don't you see,
With slumbers far sweeter than poppies can bring;
The joys of the field for me.

Ye Sybarites, worshipping ease,
Who droop at the scent of a rose;
How little ye rock what a treasure of joy,
Old Pan on the sportsman bestows.
From the clusters the rarest we'll press,
Libations, Great Patron to thee!
Success to the sportsman and health to his dogs,
The field for me.

There's no place like home.

These are the m-

ful hearts. Who know what Saturday

night really is, and who spend their Sab-

baths in the manner designed by the Al-

mighty Creator. The day is never too

long for them. Though never hesitating

to return to their various duties at it's

close, knowing that necessity drives them

on with a merciless lash, they are never

dull, low spirited or unhappy while the

day of rest remains.

The week whose records we now at-

tempt to gather up and lay before you,

reader, had scarcely begun before a dire-

ful calamity befell a household in our

city. How shocking to affectionate

parents is the sudden and unexpected death

of an infant. But when the innocent

prattling little one, that has just learned

to lisp you name, is torn cruelly from you,

its tender flesh lacerated and the little

bones ground into powder, how must

the heart of the parent bleed at sight of

the little sufferer whose agonies he is

powerless to alleviate.

The street car accident had not ceased

to be the topic of absorbing interest

when information was received that a

poor friendless foreigner had fallen from

the deck of a steamer in port and was

drowned. Truly, while the Sabbath is a

day of rest, it seems also to be a day of

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The rumor that Stokes and Miss Mansfield would probably appear as witnesses drew a large crowd to Judge Ingraham's Court yesterday morning. The lady appeared at the appointed hour, with her mother and Mrs. Williams. When Stokes entered the court he bowed to her, and she returned the salute. Then she said to Mrs. Williams, "Poor fellow! how gray he is!" The jury were not going to be influenced by such side shows, not they, being husbands and fathers. They sat as stern and inflexible as Minos and Rhadamanthus, or the Areopagites in their sublimest days.

When school didn't keep any more "there stood the mighty Mansfield" surrounded by her relatives, the centre of all gaze. As she left the room the scores who had been waiting her advent crowded after her down the stairs. Recess over, she and her party came in; she smiling and bowing her way through the receding multitude.

In anticipation of their arrival the room was densely crowded, so that it was several minutes before seats could be found for them. As they entered the general attention was divided between them and Stokes—every one of course expecting him to show some emotion. He simply wiped his mouth a little nervously with his handkerchief. He wore all day the look of a strong nature enduring a long strain.

Mrs. Mansfield's dress was rather décolleté. Her thin muslin overskirt set off her plump shoulders. The region that laryngitis attacks was only covered by a heavy gold chain, and an amulet or cross. She had heavy ear-rings of a blue color. A high black hat, surmounted by a blue feather, gave her what printers might call a "bold-face-ex-tended" look. A heavy wisp of hair hung free from among her braids. A black lace shawl was cast loosely over her shoulders. On her arms were heavy gold bracelets, and on her hands violet-colored gloves. Her fan was of a golden bronze color bordered with black. Her hair was that of a Sybarite, with eyelashes stained with heima, dark selfish eyes and massive jaw. After standing the steady gaze of the men encompassing her a while she wearied of it, and rested her head upon her hand. She dropped her veil once, but as the weather was not she soon raised it again.

The audience felt that they were now indeed in contact with a great tragedy. No leading actor was absent save Fisk. If the tipping table had been brought from Mr. Beecher's church perhaps a message would have been received from the departed. Or, better yet, if the commodore's trumpet had been brought from one of his steamers doubtless he would have uttered himself again through it.

Meanwhile, as Stokes is being cross-examined, the woman sits there not displeased at being a centre of attraction. Occasionally she smiles sly

Yes, the week in review, and what a week to review! How can we enter upon such a task? When have we had such a week to review? And when again shall we have such another? Who is there in our city this quiet Saturday night that does not look back over the events of the past week with sorrow and regret? Week after week has rolled over our heads, and brought us down to this closing evening, with no events of an exciting interest, none that we would have erased from our memories, except, perhaps, some personal sin of omission or commission; that may cause a pang to the heart of the person himself. But in the events of the week that is now gone forever, we are all concerned. The fair name of our beautiful Forest City is involved, and while we bless a merciful Providence that no lives were lost in the violent struggle of passions that characterizes the week, still we have serious cause to regret that such things have been. In this little retrospect of the seven days that have rolled up their successive events upon the great scroll of time, we do not intend to ask who is to blame. We will not inquire where the fault lies. We know, and the world knows, or will know, ere another seven days' cycle shall roll round. For in this age of rapid progress the heads of men are not confined to their own locality for any length of time, but are hurried over the enlightened world with the swiftness of thought.

It is to wicked influence that the evil deeds of men are properly attributed, and so long as evil influence is permitted to control the hearts of men just so long we may expect to witness scenes of disorder, anarchy and bloodshed. Men are apt to meet force with force, and when one undertakes to secure to himself that which he conceives to be a right, and which another denies, in a forcible manner, without the aid of those laws which are framed for the purpose of protecting and enforcing rights and privileges, they may expect to meet with opposition, and that opposition will probably produce disorder. Moderation should control all men, but it is difficult, and in some cases impossible, to restrain that resentment which seizes the bosoms of men when their rights are invaded.

How little we all are when considered with respect to a future existence? We live through the hour, the day, the week, but we little know what the next hour or day or week is to bring forth. Truly are we creatures of the hour. No man can foresee where or what he will be in the next hour. Day after day furnishes us with unmistakable evidences of the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of that change that awaits us all. We look back over the last twenty-four hours, and one who read our yesterday morning's paper, perhaps, will never glance through the columns of a newspaper again in this life. In a moment, and unannounced the messenger came that called him away from earth to that mysterious hereafter, so certain to all, and yet, from which all shrink with a mortal dread.

Aside from these troublous events that stirred our city from centre to circumference, and the consequences of those events, nothing has occurred of more than ordinary interest during the past week. Business has not improved. No perceptible change has taken place in our midst. We still move along with the same quiet monotony. As a chronicler of daily events we have labored to place before the community every matter of interest, and each week brings its regularly recurring duties. Do you gentle

Reader, are you fond of retrospecting? Do you love to look back down the long vista of years, that one after another have removed you farther and farther from your happy childhood days, and borne you on nearer and nearer to that bourne from whence no traveler returns? Isn't it a pleasure to recall, from the hidden recesses of the past, even the disappointed wishes of one's happy childhood, the bright hopes of boyhood or girlhood, nipped almost as soon as budded, and the brilliant aspirations and ambitions of mature years, blasted ere they were born in the bosom? If you do not, then your life has not been a perfect success. And whose life has been one long, uninterrupted series of virtues? Who that lives in this sinful world of ours, surrounded by temptation, beset by troubles, annoyed by cares, and tortured by anxieties of one kind or another, has not yielded at some time or other, and committed some act of which he sadly repented after emerging from the circumstances that surrounded him at the time.

None are perfect, yet there are few who do not find pleasure in lifting the veil that hides the deeds of their past lives. While it is a pleasure, it is also a benefit; for the dangers of the future may be avoided by the experiences of the past. But how little do we all know of the lives of each other! We may be as intimately connected as it is possible for two hearts to be in this world, yet we are totally ignorant of the promptings of any other heart save our own. We see nothing but the outer lives of individuals, and what a small proportion is that of the world's general make up. Every individual is a mystery to his fellow. We meet and pass each other, perhaps, many times a day. We greet and are greeted with a smile, and all pass pleasantly along through life as long as our ways lead in different directions, or until we come in violent contact with each other. But the secrets of each man's life are securely locked within his own bosom. There he guards them with a jealous care, and never for one moment thinks of committing them to the keeping of another, however near and dear that other may be to him.

We all endeavor to present a fair and pleasant exterior; we try by every means within our power to impress those with whom we come in contact with a favorable opinion of ourselves, but we would shrink instinctively from a candid confession of every thought that sprung from our brain or was nurtured in our bosom. This is no doubt one of the wise provisions of the Almighty Creator, and intended by him to be just as it is. At the same time man is endowed with the faculty of discerning right from wrong, and his conscience is the monitor by which he is guided. Then it is of great benefit to each of us that we should retrospect, and while we hastily run back over the events of the week, gentle reader, you should grope back through the secret mazes of your own inner life, and see if you have nothing to regret in your life during the week through which the great and good God has preserved you.

As far as the week that is gradually wearing away is concerned, we have not a single event of interest to record. Our local affairs have drifted quietly along down the stream of time, with nothing to disturb their even and monotonous routine. We have had no fatal accidents, no sudden deaths, no exciting occurrences. Private individuals may feel some stir within the secret caverns of their hearts, as we have said, but of this the public remains profoundly and

Another week has dropped into the silent ocean of the past. A week burdened with consequences of vital interest to our city, with its terrible responsibilities, its joys and sorrows has drifted away into a boundless eternity. And what changes have taken place in those seven days and nights only! He whose eye is always watching over the affairs of men cannot tell. In our own city Monday morning ushered in upon us a day of anxiety, a day of sharp municipal contest. It is quite true that the game was not so hotly contested as under other circumstances it might have been, nor was there so much anxiety as to the result as a different state of affairs might have occasioned. Our city has again ridden out the sea of discord, dissension, intrigue, and perhaps danger, and although a Democratic victory was virtually certain and easy, still we do feel relieved and thankful that it is all over, and is just as it is. Our Board of Aldermen are men of character, standing, integrity and ability, and Savannah is truly a favored city. Many scattering votes were cast, and some most excellent men and worthy citizens were the recipients of public favor. Messrs. Levy, Villalonga, Dr. Smith, Col. Walker, Captain Wetter and many others, received largely of the popular vote, which, if concentrated upon the regular Democratic ticket, would have swelled the majority very materially. But as it is, we are again safely over the troubled sea of municipal strife, and there is no cause to murmur at the result. Let our citizens aid our officials in discharging those duties necessary and important to the welfare of our city, and all will be well. Many of the colored people in our city merit the unqualified praise of our people for their upright, correct and conservative conduct. It was not difficult for the thinking among them to arrive at a correct conclusion, and they manifested their good sense in voting the correct ticket. Savannah is truly the envy of her sister cities of the South in having an intelligent and conservative class of colored people.

On Monday the new Board of Aldermen will be sworn in, and while the outgoing officials have been diligent and prompt in the discharge of their onerous duties, and will carry with them the approval of our citizens, and the verdict of

"well done, good and faithful servants," still they have had many serious difficulties to contend with. Many projects inaugurated by them, highly important and beneficial to our city, must necessarily be transferred to the new board in an unfinished, incomplete and somewhat deranged condition. But it is well for their successors that quite a number of the old board have been re-elected, familiar as they are with the present status of our municipal government. They all have our best wishes for their success in their new positions and the universal favor of the people.

Another remarkable feature of the past week, and one whose image will be indelibly stamped upon the memories of our people, is the great and destructive fire at Chicago. Although not a matter of local occurrence, it is one in which all feel deeply interested. How many hundreds and thousands of our fellow creatures, who were in equally comfortable circumstances last Saturday night with ourselves, and some in opulence, are now homeless, penniless wanderers. How many have suffered the excruciating tortures of mental anguish, as well as the flames of the burning city with which they were consumed, and are

Death of Mrs. Steele.

It becomes our sad and painful duty to chronicle the death of CATHERINE PROCTOR (wife of the Rev. Dr. J. L. Steele, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church,) a lady who had, during her stay in our city, endeared herself to every member of this community. Young and beautiful, (29 years,) she had by her amiability, gentle and pleasant manners and Christian virtues, won the admiration and respect of not only St. Paul and Peter's congregations but of those of other religious persuasions. Mrs. Steele was born in Albany, N. Y., on June 1st 1848; was married to Dr. Steele at Syracuse N. Y., August 5th 1865; resided at Indiana Pa., where the Dr. was principal of the High School, subsequently at Green Bay, Wis., where he was associate Rector of the parish, thence to Ottawa Ill. where they resided five years, Dr. S. being Rector of the parish there until his removal to Key West in 1874.

In Mrs. Steele's death this community has lost a useful and beloved Christian woman, and it is our heart most sadly to mourn and it is our heart most sadly to mourn. How many widows and orphans are now wailing from the ashes of once happy homes. Who has not read, with a heavy heart, and feelings of deep sorrow, the voluminous accounts of the Chicago fire and its awful consequences? Why should not the past week be ever memorable to us all?

Many an old citizen and many a young person has dropped into the silent waters of the past, leaving scarcely a ripple upon the surface. Nearly every newspaper we take up contains, "We regret to announce the death of," &c. Still the world moves swiftly along, and we scarce stop to inquire who have gone and who yet remain; we only know our time has not yet come.

The people all over our State are deeply interested in the success of their affairs, both present and prospective. Almost everything else is being neglected. The little cotton and other produce that our farmers have to raise money from is being brought into market, sold and exchanged for necessary articles for home consumption. Saturday always brings crowds to the city, and many an anxious heart remains at home on that day. 206.4

But it is now the death of the week, only an hour more and it will be gone; like hundreds and thousands, in the course of time. What is done is done. What is left undone must remain so or pass into the duties of another week. Tomorrow is Sunday, and we are not sorry, for it brings a "sweet day of sacred rest."

Half full of silver—gray and gold,
Where bees upon the winds were swarming,
And founded what their play had planned,
The capital of Fairy Land.

And parks were there, with fountains shimmering,
Stained church lights, with old pictures fair,
Gardens with pigmy statues glimmering—
Statues so exquisitely rare,
With crimson cheek and yellow hair!

And something more: apart in stillness,
Nestled in greenness, wreathed in moss,
Pale paths of shells wound, touched with
chilliness,
Near many a tiny, rustle cross,
Hinting of either faith or loss;

At last, when the loth leave was taken
Of those who might no longer stay,
When wind and storm and snow had shaken
Their city's empty walls away,
They came again one dreary day.

And, from its site to me returning,
With tremulous voice of vague regret,
And cheeks where two-fold bloom was burn-
ing,
One whispered me with sweet face wet,
"Only the graveyard stays there yet."

Ah, this is every city's history;
When palaces are desolate,
When gothic churches into mystery,<
Each leaves behind its withered fate,
Only the graveyard—that may wait.

THE MAN OF THE PEN.

BY MARY E. WAGER.

If I could only vote, boys,
For him I'd cast my vote,
Who swings the axe at Chappaqua,
And wears the old white coat.
Who won his way unaided up
The mountain top of fame,
And wrote in golden letters there
His own untarnished name.—Chorus.

If I could only talk, boys,
I'd talk to you of him,
Who single-handed and alone,
With manly pluck and vim,
Has never shirked an honest task,
Nor feared the right to do,
Whatever might the deed betide;
God bless the heart so true.—Chorus.

If I could only sing, boys,
I'd sing for him a song,
Whose battle-axe, so bravely swung,
Has thinned the ranks of wrong;
Whose eye is bright, whose brow is clear,
Who nature's gifts invoke,
And unpolluted keeps himself
From whiskey and from smoke.—Chorus.

But vote, or talk, or song, boys,
My praise must swell the strain
That rises from the western plains,
And from the hills of Maine.
The rivers catch the pleasant sound,
The trees he loves so well
Have put their heads in unison,
The joyful news to tell.—Chorus.

For now at last, the people free
To guide the helm of state,
Have called an honest man, and chose
For him a fitting mate.
For whom their suffrages will prove
With resonant accord,
How mightier far a weapon, boys,
The pen is than the sword.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, for the sage of Chappaqua!
Cheer boys, cheer! hark, the national huzzah!

The last day of summer is gone. Au-
tumn, with the sear and yellow leaf, is
upon us again. The harvest is nearly
ready for the sickle, and the farmer is
preparing to garner the crops that have
rewarded his toil. The weather will con-
tinue warm for some time yet to come,
perhaps, but, nevertheless, the season is
here that will bring our business men and
pleasure seekers home again. Ere many
weeks shall roll away we shall witness a
great change in the appearance of affairs
in our city.

How many of our friends and acquaint-
ances who commenced the summer with
fair prospects of long life, with bright
hopes for the future, have passed away
from earth forever? Many whose bark
sailed out along with us, bidding fair for
as long a voyage over the tempestuous
sea of life, have gone down suddenly,
leaving not a ripple upon the surface.
Some have sailed out and gone quickly
beneath the horizon, entering up that un-
known sea that lies beyond all time.

The week that brings an end to the
summer is dropping minute by minute
into the great ocean of the past, and our
labors, too, are drawing to a close. We
have endeavored to discharge our duty in
laying the events of the week before you,
indulgent reader. Again we lay down
our busy pen, and, bidding you another
Saturday night's farewell, retire to rest
during the day graciously given for man's
quiet repose.

HARSH WORDS.

Harsh words can never die,
Deep y they rest,
In all their ransling power,
Down in the breast.
What though one may forgive,
And all regret be met
With kind response, alas!
None can forget.

Harsh words will darkly rise
In happy hours,
Rank thorns in memory's path,
Crushing the flowers.
Rank weeds whose poisonous breath
Mildew and blight unfold,
Wasting the heart like death,
Chilling and cold.

Harsh words, once spoken, stand,
Tear drop that fall
On ocean's riling waves,
Who can recall?
So by unkindness moved,
Deeply the heart must feel
Wounds, which though pardoned all,
Nothing can heal.

Oh, then beware, beware,
Weigh well each word,
Lest in some tender breast
Anguish be stirred;
Lest when 'tis all too late,
Thou wouldst call back again
Harsh words whose memory
Mocks thee in vain.

How Much Owest Thou?

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk your gliding sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er Life's finished story—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe!

When I hear the wicked call,
On the rocks and hills to fall—
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge-brink—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe!

When the praise of Heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder in my ear,
Loud as many waters' noise—
Sweet as Harp's melodious voice—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe!

Oh! I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as mid-night's gloomy shroud;
But when Fear's at its height,
Jesus comes, and all is light.
Blessed Jesus, bid me show
Doubting Saints how much I owe!

LOVE-STORIES.

Why? No;
gotten all I ever knew.
I saw the fairest glow
on the moonshine and the dew
I met with you.

Another knows
s?" She could tell you one or two?
ung?" You wish that you were
ung?" Are they ever true?
ie I may ask you.

g when
me here, not before that? So
hen I saw the fairest, then?
would have killed them all, you
g is long ago?"

old
stories, why am I not good?
d the Bible, and not seold?
ay, as all old ladies should?
h I could.)

gray hair?
the Sphinx herself might spring
to answer, should you dare
ith your endless questioning,
now anything?"

could she tell
If her lips were not all stone;
ie must remember well:
glitter showed a fiery zone
eyond its own.

usic aches
sword, how sweet the snake,
het heart that breaks.
rises faint between—
what I mean?

one
s withered world, forsooth;
is srier, and ends, where it begun.
(What if I tell, in play, the dreary truth?)
With something we call Youth.

Aside from these troublous events that stirred our city from centre to circumference, and the consequences of those events, nothing has occurred of more than ordinary interest during the past week. Business has not improved. No perceptible change has taken place in our midst. We still move along with the same quiet monotony. As a chronicler of daily events we have labored to place before the community every matter of interest, and each week brings its regularly recurring duties. Do you ^{the} gentle

As far as the For sale by
LIBERT & CO.
wearing away
not a single eve
Our local affai
along down th
nothing to distu
notonous routine
accidents, no sud
occurrences. P
feel some stir wi
of their hearts,
this the public
have blissfully igno

KNIGHT'S PATENT

2064

whose image will be indelible upon the memories of our great and destructive fire, although not a matter of local interest, is one in which all feel interested. How many hundreds of our fellow creatures, SAVANNAH, equally comfortable circumstances, Saturday night with our time in opulence, are now penniless, penniless wanderers, many have suffered the excruciating pains of mental anguish, as flames of the burning city they were consumed, and are

In Mrs. Steel's death this community has lost a useful and beloved Christian woman, and it pains our heart most sadly to have it fall to our lot to record her departure from her dear husband and his loving congregation. The tolling of St. Paul's bell on Thursday evening, at which time she expired, was piercing to many a heart, but we are satisfied that her precious soul is in calm and sweet repose, and now cares and sorrows know no pain. Her lingering sufferings are now over, and in offering our sympathy and condolence to him who is separated from his beloved spouse, we trust he will take comfort in knowing that he will again be re-united with her in those glorious mansions of which he has so often proclaimed to his faithful congregation. *Fidelium animæ per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S POEMS."

I was, I think, a lovely city;
There is none like it anywhere!
I watched them with a laughing pity,
The merry builders, building there
Such real castles in the air.

When all the world was hushed and hazy,
That line of flashing heads would pass
The summer, lying warm and lazy,
Asleep all day upon the grass—
She sleeps beneath it now, alas!

For the light hawks that worked so lightly
The sun made little tawny gloves;
And very rosy, bluey, whitely,
I kept the small bloom that gladness loves,
Where, hidden in moan, sat dewy doves.

They chose a cliff—half full of singing,
Half full of silver—gray and green,
Where bees upon the winds were swinging,
And founded what their play had planned,
The capital of Fairy Land.

And parks were there, with fountains shimmering,
Statued church-towers, with old pictures fair,
Gables with pigmy statues glimmering—
Statues so exquisitely rare,
With erubescen cheek and yellow hair!

And something more: apart in stillness,
Nestled in greenness, wreathed in moss,
The paths of shells wound, touched with
chillness,
Near many a thorn, rustic cross,
Hinting of either faith or loss!

At last, when the little leave was taken
Or cross who might no longer stay,
On wind and snow and snow had shaken
Their city's empty walls away,
They came again one dreary day.

And, from its site to me returning,
With tremulous voice of vague regret,
I saw cheeks where two-fold bloom was burn-
ing,
And whispered me with sweet face wet,
Only the graveyard stays there yet."

this is every city's history:
when palaces pre-desolate,
when glory pines into mystery,
when leaves behind its withered fate,
only the graveyard—that may wait.

Prussia was a robber,
Austria was a thief;
Prussia and Austria
Stole a Danish fief.

Prussia said to Austria,
"Leave the swag alone."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you drop your bone."

Prussia said to Austria,
"You don't mean to go?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Out of Holstein? No."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Wherefore do you arm?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Of *you* in alarm."

Prussia said to Austria,
"I don't mean to fight."
Austria said to Prussia,
"*My* intention, quite."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Drop your warlike game."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you do the same."

Prussia said to Austria,
"What's the end to be?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Hit me, and you'll see."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Come, this brag won't do."
Austria said to Prussia,
"Be it the same to you."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Let the Diet try."
Austria said to Prussia,
"Thank you; so will I."

2017

Can I tell any? No:
I have forgotten all I ever knew.
I am too old, I saw the fairies go
Forever from the moonshine and the dew
Before I met with you.

"Rose's grandmother knows
Love-stories?" She could tell you one or two
"She is not young?" You wish that you were
Rose?"
"She hears love-stories? Are they ever true?"
Sometime I may ask you.

I was not living when
Columbus came here, not before that! So
You wonder when I saw the fairies, then?
The Indians would have killed them all, you
know?
"How long is long ago?"

And if I am too old
To know love-stories, why am I not good?
Why don't I read the Bible, and not scold?
Why don't I pray, as all old ladies should?
(I only wish I could.)

Why don't I buy gray hair?
And why—
Oh! child, the Sphinx herself might spring
Out of her sarcas to answer, should you dare
Her patience with your endless questioning.
"Does she know anything?"

"Perhaps, "Then could she tell
Love-stories?" If her lips were not all stone;
For the one she must remember well:
One whose great glitter shewed a fiery zone
Brightness beyond its own.

One whose long music aches
How sharp the sword, how sweet the snake,
O queen!—
into the last inquiet heart that breaks".
But the Nile-lily rises faint between—
You wonder what I mean?

mean there is but one
Love-story in this withered world, forsooth;
and it is brief, and ends, where it begun.
(What if I tell, in plain, the dreary truth?)
With something we call Youth, 207

Harsh words can never die,
 When they rest;
 In all their ranting power,
 Down in the breast.
 What though one may forgive,
 And all regret be met
 With kind response, alas!
 None can forget.

Harsh words will darkly rise
 In happyest hours,
 Rank thorns in memory's path,
 Crushing the flowers.
 Rank weeds whose poisonous breath
 Mildew and blight unfold,
 Wasting the heart like death,
 Chilling and cold.

Harsh words, once spoken, stand,
 Tear drop, till they fall
 On ocean's rolling waves,
 Who can recall?
 So by unkindness moved,
 Deeply the heart may feel
 Wounds, which though pardoned all,
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 Weigh well each word,
 Lest in some tender breast
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THE LATE HON. EDWARD J. HARDEN

Meeting of the Bar Yesterday.—In Memoriam.
The following are the proceedings of the meeting held at the Superior Court room yesterday by the members of the Savannah Bar, in respect of the memory of the late Hon. Edward J. Harden.

At an adjourned meeting of the Savannah Bar, held this morning at 9 o'clock, the committee appointed at the last meeting offered through their Chairman, Henry Williams, Esq., the following report:

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD J. HARDEN.
The committee appointed to prepare and present to the Bar resolutions concerning the death of the late Judge Harden, respectfully report the following:

The members of the Savannah Bar desire, upon this occasion, to express in a few simple words, the sorrow which they sincerely feel for the loss of their friend and associate, the late Honorable Edward J. Harden; and also their appreciation of his worth as a lawyer and a man.

Judge Harden, at the time of his death, was one of the oldest members of our fraternity; and had, therefore, during his many years of practice, become intimately associated, personally and professionally, with all of us who now survive him, as well as with many who have passed away.

His members are linked with the recollections of numbers of our Bar who entered upon professional life and labor nearly at the same time with himself, while it is also to be remembered that the experience of those who have, at more recent periods, entered the Bar, is enriched by the memory of the name of Judge Harden.

Without attempting an immeasurable praise, and an abilities of Judge Harden, it is sufficient to say that his name would, during a period of disclaimers, we cannot and truthfulness we merited tribute to his merits.

As a Judge he was wise, an advocate he was able, a faithful and stern in his duties, a devoted to his clients, a ripe and accurate scholar.

In his personal intercourse with the Bar, and with his family, he always manifested an affectionate disposition and the friendship of all to meet.

He was ever willing a member of the profession by his advice and aid. His extensive and varied legal reading, together with his remarkable power of memory, enabled him, at all times, to afford prompt and reliable counsel in a difficult case to any brother who needed help.

He was probably not a member of this Bar, who has not, at some time, valued aid from him in the management of his cases. His private life was as pure and as noble as his public life. He was a man who carried to the front of the Bar, a heart so free from guile, and so full of justice toward all.

We shall miss him in the counsel; in the forum, of customary friendship, and his death has left a vacuum easily to be filled, in this familiar form from which we were wont to meet him, and which we will miss to us all.

The committee suggest, for the consideration of this meeting, the following:

RESOLVED, That the information worth thousands will be sent you, for the death of the late Hon. Edward J. Harden.

RESOLVED, That the Judge of the Superior Court of Chatham county, and of the Circuit Court of the United States be requested to have these proceedings entered upon their respective minutes.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these proceedings be sent by the Secretary of this meeting to the family of the deceased, and that the same be printed for publication to the people of this city.

HENRY WILLIAMS, GEO. A. MERCER, ALFRED B. SMITH, JOHN BILBO, Committee.

Savannah, May 6, 1874.
Upon the reading of the report, Hon. John Hartridge moved that it be adopted as read, and that a copy be furnished the United States Court to be recorded upon its minutes. The motion was seconded by Hon. W. M. Smith and carried.

HENRY R. JARVIS, Secretary.

The trade mottoes of some of the London associations are curious. The blacksmiths, for instance, have "By hammer and hand all arts do stand;" the distillers, "Drop as rain, distill as dew;" the founders, "God the only founder;" the innholders, "Come, ye blessed; when I was harborless ye lodged me;" the joiners, "Join loyalty and liberty;" the saddlers, "Hold fast; sit sure;" the weavers, "Weave truth with trust;" and the needle-makers, "They sewed leaves together and made themselves aprons."

Personal.

During a recent visit to Savannah, it was the pleasure of the writer to be one of a small party who enjoyed the hospitalities of Dr. Richard D. Arnold. The Doctor is a man of titled body and soul with the beautiful gift of his nativity. For over forty years he has occupied the front rank in the medical profession, and still retains an extensive and lucrative practice. But despite his arduous duties, he has still found time for mental cultivation, and is perhaps one of the best read men in the State. Possessed of an active intellect, ardent patriotism and rare powers of oratory, it is not surprising that he should have mingled freely in State and municipal affairs. More than once has he represented Chatham in the General Assembly, five times graced the Board of Aldermen by the people. In a number of these positions of trust, the integrity and wisdom of this representative son of the city of Oglethorpe shone forth conspicuously. Indeed his genius and attainments have earned for him a national reputation, and time and again in Presidential and medical conventions abroad, has he illustrated Georgia with the zeal and fervor of a Bartow.

Dr. Arnold is also one of the most genial and hospitable of men, and no one who has ever sat at his board can soon forget the exalted courtesy and brilliant conversational powers.

Like his own good old wine this sterlingly settling upon his life, and in the identical him birth. He is a few years beneath the sun, but his years beneath the sun are as warm as the paternity of his father.

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None to Spare.

The following poem, although quite old, is so touching we cannot refrain from publishing it. A father and mother, in straitened circumstances, were offered by a wealthy, but childless relative, a comfortable house if they would let him have one or more of their children. The parents were disposed to accept the offer, but when they came to decide which child should go they broke down, as the poem interestingly tells:

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?" I looked at John—John looked at me (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet, As well as though my locks were jet), And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak:

"Tell me again what Robert said!" And then I listening bent my head: "This is the letter: 'I will give A house and land while you shall live, If, in return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given.'"

I looked at John's old garments worn, I thought of all that John had borne Of poverty, and work, and care, Which I, though willing, could not share;

I thought of seven months to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this: "Come, John," says I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep;" so, walking hand and hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band— First to the cradle lightly stepped, Where Lillian the baby slept.

A glory 'gainst the pillow white; Softly the father stooped to lay His rough hand down in loving way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily he said: "Not her, not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Athwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so pitiful and fair;

I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek, A tear undried. Ere John could speak, "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace. "No, for a thousand crowns not him," He whispered, while our eyes were dim;

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle one— Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave Bid us befriend him to his grave;

Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such as he, And so," says John, "I would not dare To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above And knelt by Mary, child of love, "Perhaps for her 'twould better be," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curl that lay Across her cheek in willful way,

And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee," The while my heart beat audibly. Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad— So like his father. "No, John, no— I can not, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way, We could not drive one child away; And afterward toil lighter seemed, Thinking of that which we dreamed, Happy in truth that not one face Was missed from its accustomed place:

Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

It is better to yield a little than to quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up as people call it, for their little rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified things in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickerings which attend such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier and more prudent, to yield somewhat of precious rights than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle in its action.

There is a considerable commerce in toads between France and England. A toad of good size and in fair condition will fetch one shilling in the London market, and a dozen of the extra quality are worth £1 sterling. Market gardeners employ them to keep down insects.

A horse, no matter how vicious and obstinate he may be, when attempts are made to shoe him, can be rendered quiet and manageable by making him inhale during the operation a few drachms of essential oil of parsley dropped on a handkerchief. A large number of trials of this substance has been made with the most troublesome and violent animals, and in every case with perfect success.

MILK AND ATMOSPHERIC IMPURITIES.—Attention has been called in the daily papers to a practice prevalent in some parts of the country which appear to illustrate the power possessed by milk of absorbing atmospheric impurities. It is that of placing a saucer of new milk in a larder to preserve meat or game from taint. It is said that not only does it answer that purpose, but that the milk, after a few hours, becomes so bad that no animal will touch it.

How TO CRUSH OATS FOR FEED.—In England oats are crushed by hand in machines, not longer than a root slicer. One large, smooth-faced wheel, with a face about three inches wide, revolves in close proximity to a smaller one, six inches in diameter, and about the same face as the large one. A hopper permits the discharge of oats between these two wheels, which, rolling together, crush each grain as flat as a wafer. As they drop from the crusher, the plump oats are nearly circular; those less plump elliptical, and the few false kernels in the samples I examined, were flattened and broken, but showed no white flour and no definite form. In one ordinary sample, which weighed about forty-four pounds to the bushel, almost every oat was flattened into a white, floury disk, nearly or quite as large as an old fashioned silver three cent piece. Oats thus crushed may be fed as they are, and not one will pass the digestive organs unacted upon, as so often happens with whole oats; they may be mixed with cut or chaffed hay, with steamed fodder of any kind. They go decidedly further. Those who figure most closely, are the most positive in their approval of them from motives of economy solely, and uniformly assert their superiority to ground oats, even though they were to grind themselves. Oat crushers will certainly find their way to popularity among us, for with our light-weight oats they are more important than where the heavy oats of Europe can be obtained—oats weighing forty to forty-seven pounds to the bushel are not uncommon there, while here thirty-two pounds is a legal bushel by weight, and the measured bushel oftener falls below than it goes above that weight. Many city dealers sell ninety pound bags for three bushels.—American Agriculturist.

What has Become of "Frank." We are beginning to fear that our Bear Creek news manufacturer, "Frank," has lately been absorbing the bait himself, that he used to trade wild turkeys with, viz: corn soaked in apple jack. Hurry to the front again, old fellow.

\$1,200 To loan on first class security. Apply to W. M. SMITH.

"GOD KNOWS WHO WAS RIGHT" Present a Confederating Memorial Medal.

Self-made Men.

Columbus was a weaver; Franklin, a journeyman printer. Sextus V. was employed in herding swine. Ferguson and Burns were ploughmen. Aesop was a slave; Hogarth an engraver on pewter pots. Ben Johnson was a bricklayer. Porson was the son of a parish clerk. Aikenson was the son of a butcher; so was Wolsey. Cervantes was a common soldier. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Arkwright was a baker; Belzoni the son of a barber. Blackstone and Southey were the sons of linen-draper Crabbe a fisherman's son; Keats the son of a livery-stable keeper. Buchanan was a farmer; Canova the son of a mason. Captain Cook began his career as a cabin boy. Hayden was the son of a wheelwright. Hogg was a shepherd.

Hints on Habits. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountains, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

Microscopic Wonders. Here is a list of some of the wonder seen through a microscope: Insects of various kinds can be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish. A single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales, and yet a single scale covers 500 pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve. The mites make 500 steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated being, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like oxen on a meadow. A speck of potato-rot the size of a pin-head contains about two hundred ferocious little animals, biting and clawing each other savagely. The male mosquito is decorated with plumes like those of some tropic bird. The eye of the common house-fly is cut into facets, as diamonds sometimes are.

SMILE BE CONTENTED. One world grows old, and men grow cold. To each while seeking treasure: And what with want, and care, and toil, We scarce have time for pleasure. But never mind—that is a loss. Life rolls on gaily if we will, But smile and be contented.

If we are poor and would be rich, It will not be by pining; No steady hearts and hopeful minds Are life's bright silvery lining. There's ne'er a man that dared to hope Both of his choice repented: The happiest souls on earth are those Who smile and are contented.

Men grief doth come to rack the heart, And fortune bids us sorrow, From hope we may a blessing reap. And consolation borrow: If thorns will rise where roses bloom, It cannot be prevented. So make the best of life you can, And smile and be contented.

We never heard man or woman much abused that we were not inclined to think the better of them, and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow creature.

held yesterday afternoon, at the nome ther on Boylston street. on-Fogues' is the bill for the opera tertainment tonight, and Manager Snow land, last thought ing; bu interest plainnes

VERITAS PREVALEBIT.

Falsehood runs through ways obscure And very fast doth go, But Truth, who moveth slow, The longest doth endure.

And though by falsehood often cast By aid of arts and lies, Truth e'er again doth rise, And wins the prize at last.

While gentle Truth in speech is plain, Small ornament and show, Base falsehood hath a flow Of words that fall like rain.

Full many garbs doth falsehood wear, While Truth she hath but one; But that is well put on, And Truth doth best appear.

Tho' falsehood's garb be long and wide, And made with wondrous care, It ever leaveth some part bare The wily jade would hide.

Falsehood dwells in lips and eyes, And dies untidied by art, While Truth, down in the heart, Lives on and never dies.

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The Japanese habit of reversing everything, if we may regard our way of doing as the proper way, is very curious, and in some of its details very interesting. Mr. Griffiths, in his work on Japanese, discusses it thus: Another man is planing. He pulls the plane towards him. I notice a blacksmith at work. He pulls the bellows with his feet, while he is holding and hammering with both hands. He has several irons in the fire, and keeps his dinner pot boiling with the waste flame. His whole family, like the generation before him, seem to get their living in the hardware line. The cooper holds his tubs with his toes. All of them sit down while they work. Perhaps that is an important difference between a European and an Asiatic. One sits down to his work, the other stands up to it. Why is it that we do things contrawise to the Japanese? Are we upside down, or they? The Japanese say that we are reversed. They call our penmanship "crab writing," because, they say, "it goes backward." The lines in our books cross the page like a crawfish, instead of going downward properly. In a Japanese stable we find the horse's flank where we look for his head. Japanese screws screw the other way. Their locks thrust to the left, ours to the right.²²⁴ The baby toys of the Aryan race squeak when squeezed; the Turnonian gim-cracks emit noise when pulled apart. A Caucasian, to injure his enemy, kills him; a Japanese, with his hands.

There has been recently established in Savannah and other Southern cities branches of what is called the "International Board of Trade or Mississippi Valley Society of London," and we fear that many have given the subject very little attention or understand its meaning. Yet it is perhaps destined to be one of the most important opportunities ever afforded the Southern people. It is designed to establish a link between the South, West and Europe that will be of inestimable value. The South, prostrated and helpless, is in a rut from which she is and will be unable to extricate herself unless a friendly hand is extended in sympathy and aid. Europe would stretch forth that hand but that she is afraid lest she should be drawn into that abyss herself. Therefore the society we have mentioned has for its aim the cultivation of the necessary confidence between the two countries. The South wants capital to move her countless resources and aid her in regaining the pinnacle from which she has fallen. Europe has that capital, and would, as above expressed, send it here but for that vague uncertainty and fear of failure; hence, says the Charleston News and Courier, "this led to the formation in 1873 of the International Board of Trade, whose purpose is to cultivate a better acquaintance between the people of Europe and the people of the South and West, thereby promoting direct trade, extending business relations with the Old World, increasing immigration and securing the influx of foreign capital. The headquarters are in London, and the society proposes to collect, through its branches and other trustworthy channels, and to furnish to its members, accurate information upon all points bearing upon trade with the South and West. This information will embrace timely reports of changes in mercantile laws, reports of the character of goods consumed, and on the sources of supply and current prices, together with suggestions relative to direct trade, the facilities for transportation of goods, the rates of freight and duties, the customs regulations, etc. The Society will, also, provide facilities for the exhibition of European manufactures and products at the fairs and exhibitions in the United States, and will procure special information regarding enterprises which seek foreign capital, besides sending trustworthy agents to examine and report upon important undertakings in the South and West. Rooms are provided in London and at the principal American and European branches, where the information and statistics collected will be recorded for reference, and where the members can meet for consultation and discussion. In a word, the Society is based on the recognition of two great wants—the want, in the Southern and Western States, of capital, at a moderate rate of interest, for the development of their resources, and the want, in Europe, of safe and profitable investments for surplus capital."

Thus the true meaning of the movement can be understood and appreciated. An important point in its constitution is the emphatic assertion that, "the society is prohibited from engaging in any trade or speculation whatever;" therefore, its promulgations are bound to be impartial and unprejudiced; furthermore its managers can only be men of opinion and character, which the following list will amply prove says the News:

"The President of the Society, John Crossly, M. P., of Halifax, Yorkshire, is one of the wealthiest manufacturers in England, and as upright as he is rich. Among the directors are Sir S. J. Gibbons, George Wostenholm, M. P.; Admiral Elliot, M. P.; James Menkin, W. A. Malcolm and E. J. Reed, R. N. C. B. M. P., whom we know to be gentlemen of high position, large means and great ability. And the branches already established in the United States are under the control of men of standing. Cyrus H. McCormick is President of the Chicago Branch; Charles P. Choteau, of the St. Louis Branch; Joseph H. Oglesby, of the New Orleans Branch; Abner Murdock, of the Mobile Branch; George F. Davis, of the Cincinnati Branch; and A. O'Bannin, of the Louisville Branch. There are scores of strong names on the different boards of directors. The Society, therefore, is entitled to public confidence, here and in Europe, and if the South and West do their part, by furnishing information, the advantages to this country and to Europe will be incalculable."

DEPARTURE OF THE DELEGATES.

The convention for the nomination of a candidate for the First District meets to-day at Blackshear, on the Atlantic and Gulf railroad. Our city yesterday was the scene of much button-holing and wire-pulling, as a large number of delegates and quite a number of candidates, ambitious for Congressional honors—willing to sacrifice time, talent and money for the good of the country—came in on the Central railroad, en route to Blackshear. At the different hotels these parties were to be met with, sitting around in close proximity to each other, all in anxious conversation. Not for months previous, perhaps, has there been so much excitement in a quiet way in our city. Candidates themselves labored diligently, and their friends worked for them, up to the time of leaving on the Gulf road at half-past four o'clock, when our own delegation, together with those from Effingham, Screven, Burke and Emanuel counties, took their departure.

Aspirants for the position of Representative are thick. It really seems that every county in the district has brought out its man. Certain it is, that as many as three of the four whose delegates were here yesterday has trotted out their candidate and brought him along. Many are the anxious hearts in Blackshear this morning. All are sure to be disappointed except one, and perhaps he will prove after all to be the man least expected as such, and may be an entirely new man.

There is little doubt that the nomination will be hotly contested. Several candidates are prominently before the convention, and it is utterly impossible at this early stage to predict who will be the successful candidate. However, we are satisfied of one fact, to-wit: that the Chatham delegation are fully alive to the importance of the occasion, and will discharge their duty to the people of their county and the district, irrespective of the ambition of any candidate. We trust all the other delegations will be prompted by the same motives, appreciating, as they should, the necessity of putting in the field a man whose ability is unquestioned, and whose popularity will secure the vote of the entire Democratic and Conservative portion of the district. It is really no time to consider the claims or aspirations of individual candidates, the duty of the hour is imperative, and not to be passed over lightly. If we would defeat the Radical party we must put in nomination a man whose popularity in the entire district is unquestioned, and not a comparative stranger to the people.

We trust that with all the wire-pulling and favoritism, that will be carried to Blackshear, enough good sense, reason and judgment will prevail to dictate the proper course; that harmony will prevail and the nomination will be unanimous and perfectly acceptable to the people.

The Sandwich Islands do their share of sweetening for the world at large. It appears from a statement in the Hawaiian Gazette that the sugar product of the islands for the year 1873 amounted to 21,000,000 pounds, while less than 1,000,000 pounds was consumed at home. This shows an increase of 8,000,000 over the product of 1872, but as the price had fallen from six to four cents per pound, its aggregate value was somewhat less. In view of this discouragement to a large crop, the people will hereafter be careful how they allow the production to run up too fast.

Two weeks have passed over our heads, gentle reader, since we last endeavored to sit down quietly with you on the holy Sabbath morning and moralize. While we go back in imagination through the events of the week, yourself and the humble author of these feeble sketches have been spared, and may, perhaps, be in the enjoyment of a reasonable share of good health; but others, and it may be more valuable and useful members of society, have passed away and gone to that silent home where they will soon be forever forgotten by the active, busy, living world, and from which they will never return to earth again. However much they may have been respected and loved, hated or feared; however important a position they occupied while in the world of living, breathing men; however great the influence they wielded among their fellow creatures, their career is ended—their probationary state has closed—their bodies are lying in the silent, cheerless grave, where they will moulder and continue to moulder until they have returned to their native dust. Their spirits, that "divinity that stirs within us," have entered upon the mysterious world beyond all time.

Reader, have you ever attempted, in imagination, to explore the realms of futurity as they lie beyond the boundaries of time? Have you ever tried to lift the veil that so completely shuts out from your view everything that appertains to that spirit world that we are all taught from our earliest infancy stretches out through illimitable space and endless eternity? Yes, you have. There's not an intelligent being upon this terrestrial globe, who has reached the age of reason, but has endeavored with all the power of his intellect and learning to peer into the mysterious hereafter. Many have worn their very brains to a thread, and with not a few the last spark of reason and intellect has gone out, leaving the mind in darkness, a wreck of its former self, in its earnest and persistent endeavors to look into and comprehend that future so wisely hid from human view by the Almighty Creator, who never designed that His feeble creatures should know aught beyond the breath they draw.

What a wise and beneficent provision of Providence is this! What miserable and unhappy creatures we would be could we read our future destiny, like the criminal condemned to pay the penalty of his crime upon some stated occasion which is known to him, and which, day after day, draws surely and steadily on. Were this the case, could we know when or in what manner we were to be summoned away to that awfully solemn and mysterious unknown world beyond the limits of time, miserable, most miserable creatures we would be.

But let us cut short our moralizing, and hastily review the two weeks that have gone in the illimitable past. How many of our good old citizens, who have lived years among us, improving and aiding in building up our city, useful members of society, valuable individuals in a community where such are needed and appreciated, have been gathered in to their fathers, who had gone long before. Men and women, they are all passing away. The green and beautiful foliage that they greeted so joyfully with us in the early spring months, will strew their resting places with the brown leaves of autumn. Some have gone in the ordinary, natural way; but others have been hastened away by unexpected accident. Alas! how many of us pass from life to death, from time to eternity in a way unexpected to ourselves and those we leave.

WRITING FOR A PASS.

The following correspondence took place between the superintendent of an asylum for the feeble-minded in Illinois, and a well-known railroad superintendent, Wm. B. Strong:

Dear Sir:—You sent me a few days since a half-fare permit, which please fully permit me to thank you for. Half-fare permits are usually sent to preachers, and perhaps you have mistaken my calling. At all events as you have classified me with the preachers, (though I am not one,) I will take the liberty of quoting Scripture to you, and of drawing such conclusions from said Scriptures as seem applicable to our relation to each other.

If my authorities are inapplicable and my conclusions unsound, please remember that the principal of an asylum for feeble-minded children is trying to preach, because an individual labeled Strong, very early in life, by his paternal or maternal ancestor, has insinuated that he is a preacher.

I respectfully call your attention to the following passages of Scripture:

Exodus vi: 10—"With a strong hand shall I let them go."

Judges xvi: 14—"Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

2 Chronicles xvi: 9—"Strong in behalf of them."

(Half in this case means, not the half I now have, but the other half of a permit, so that I shall have a full, free pass for the year.)

Psalms xxxi: 21—"He hath shewed me his kindness in a strong."

1 Kings ii: 2—"Be strong and show thyself a man."

1 Cor. iv: 10—"We are weak, but ye are strong."

Jeremiah xv: 14—"I will make thee to pass."

Ezekiel xx: 37—"I will cause thee to pass."

Ezekiel xxxvii: 2—"And caused me to pass."

Joshua xx: 10—"Then pass over."

Special comment is necessary.

If the above passages do not find or reach some responsive chord in your bosom, other language will, of course, utterly fail to impress you.

A few practical applications, and I am done.

First—What I want, and I think you might send me, is an annual pass over the Michigan Central Railroad and Great Western (if in your power), because Samuel, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joshua and Judges, plainly instruct you to do so (as I construe them.)

Secondly—The aforesaid roads will not lose anything by it, but probably gain, for if I have this pass it is more than likely that I shall go east once or twice this year, and take parties with me who will otherwise go by the Toledo, Wabash and Western, and the Lake Shore, if they are deviated from that course to accompany me.

Thirdly and lastly, (in order that I may, as Mr. Moody recommended to the preachers of Philadelphia, not exceed thirty minutes in my discourse, and lose something of its power by excessive length,) I would suggest that I desire to operate upon Michigan, to see if I cannot stimulate them to build an asylum for idiots. I have succeeded in getting the legislature of Illinois to give \$185,000 for a new building for its asylum; and as this is in process of construction, I would like to visit the charitable institutions in Michigan, Canada, and the east, to see what should be done to make ours what it ought to be. I cannot go unless I have passes.

You probably can, if you will, get me the aforesaid; but if you do not, in the hereafter, when you are seeking a free pass to the better world, look out that somebody don't send you a half-way permit, and land you considerably short of your desire. (Pardon me.)

COURAGE AND PATIENCE.

Life is sad, because we know it.
Death, because we know it not.
But we will not fret or murmur—
Ere y man must bear his lot.
Coward hearts who shrink and fly,
Are not fit to live or die!

Knowing life, we should not fear it,
Neither dread for that's unknown;
Courage, patience—these are virtues
Which for many sins atone.
Who has these—can I have not?
He is fit to live and die!

Dear Sir:—My absence from the city last week prevented a prompt answer to yours of the 4th inst. It is and old experience that the Scripture can be made to sustain any doctrine or dogma if it be ingeniously applied, but I confess that I was astonished at such an array of texts upon which to base a claim for travel over our road, and the more so, because in sending you the half-fare permit, I thought I was complying strictly with the most liberal offers of transportation to be found in the Bible.

Early in the history of the Jews, we find the account of their emigration from Egypt, and certainly, going in such numbers, they would be entitled to as low a rate of fare as could be consistently asked by, or granted by, any one; yet in the 13th verse of the 30th chapter of Exodus, I find the following: "This they shall give—every one that passeth—a half." If this does not cover the case, I know not where to look for authorities.

In one of your citations you refer to what you are pleased to call the "other half" of the permit which I sent you. I fear that it would be of little service, since our conductors, being better versed in mathematics than theology, would be sure to collect full fare from any one travelling on two half-fare permits.

But to convince you that I looked to Holy Writ as an authority for declining free passes, permit me to quote a few precepts on the subject of passenger transportation, which I find in its pages, beginning with such as seem especially addressed to the passenger:

1 Kings xx: 39—"Thou shalt pay."

2 King iv: 7, 8; 1 Samuel v: 8—"Go and pay."

Ecclesiastes v: 4—"Defer not to pay."

Exodus xxi: 17—"He shall pay."

Exodus xxi: 36—"He shall surely pay."

Numbers xx: 18—"Thou shalt not pass."

With the following from the third verse of the first chapter of Jonah, showing that passes were no easier to procure than now: "But he paid the fare, and went," setting an example still worthy of imitation.

In addition to these precepts to the passenger, I find the following injunctions to the railroad manager:

Judges viii: 28—"Suffer not a man to pass."

Nabum i: 15—"The wicked no more pass."

Isaiah xxxiv: 10—"None shall ever pass."

Matthew xxiv: 34; Mark xiii: 30; Luke xxi: 32—"This generation shall not pass;" and the following from the prophet Jeremiah,

lvi: 42—"Though they roar, yet shall they not pass."

Perhaps after this array of scripture authority I shall not be justified in sending the annual pass desired, yet I find my sympathies stronger than my theology, and so, having overwhelmed you with my citations, and convinced you that a concordance is an article as well-known in Chicago as in Jacksonville, I take pleasure in sending you the pass requested.

THE VERITABLE "MARY'S LITTLE LAMB."—The veritable Mary, who had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow, visited the Old South spinning bee yesterday afternoon, and told the ladies present the story of the lamb. When she was nine years old, and was living on a farm, one morning she went out into the barn, where she found two little lambs, one of them nearly dead. So she took it into the house and sat up all night nursing it with catnip-tea. The next morning the lamb could stand on its feet and grew stronger every day. Owing to her loving care the lamb became so attached to Mary that it followed her about, and one day to school, where she hid it under her desk so that none of the children knew it was in school until Mary was called up to recite. Then the lamb came out from its hiding place and made the children laugh and shout so that the teacher was obliged to turn it out. The poem was written by a friend of Mary soon after the lamb's visit to the school-room. Mary was married many years since, and lives near Boston. She says she will come again to the spinning bee some afternoon. Yesterday she brought in some of the first fleece of her little lamb, which is now for sale at the spinning bee, which will be open every afternoon and Saturday evening of this week.

—Boston Transcript, February 14, 1875.

JOSH BILLINGS' AXIOMS.

Josh Billings' "Trump Card"—I have never known a second wife but what was boss of the situation.

After a man gets to be thirty-eight years old he can't form any new habits much; the best he can do is to steer his old ones.

Enny man who can swap horses or ketch fish and not lie about it, is just about as pious as men ever git to be in this world.

The sassye man I ever met iz a hen-pet husband when he iz away from home.

An enthusiast is an individual who believes about four times as much as he can prove, and he can prove about four times as much as enny body believes.

The dog that will follow ennybody ain't worth a cuse.

Those people who are trying to git to heaven on their knees will find out at last that they didn't hav a thru ticket.

Too long courtships are not always judicious; the parties often tire out skoreing before the trot begins.

One quart ov cheep whisky (the cheaper the better), judiciously applied, will do more business for the devil than the smartest deacon he has got.

I don't rekolekt doing ennything that I was just a little ashamed ov but what somebody remembered it, and wuz sure once in a while to put me in mind ov it.

Young man, learn to wait; if you undertake to set a hen before she is ready, you will lose your time and confuse the hen besides.

Nature seldom makes a fool; she simply furnishes the raw materials and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself.

A Curious History.

The Stewart Palace (says the New York correspondent of the Utica Herald) has thus far rather a strange history. The lot was purchased by Townsend, the sarsaparilla man, who made a fortune out of that nostrum and built what was then (1854) the finest house in the city. Such was its beauty that it was exhibited before the family took possession at twenty-five cents admission, for the benefit of a charity. Townsend afterwards failed, and Stewart bought the property at Sheriff's sale. He pulled down the house and planned the present palace. This was done before the war, when prices were low, and the inflation so increased the cost of labor and material that the contract became a heavy loss. Stewart held the contractor to the letter, and the unfortunate man suffered to almost a ruinous degree. It is seldom that a building constructed under such circumstances avails much to the owner. Stewart was eleven years preparing a palatial home for his old age, but he died soon after taking possession. The grandest palace in America is now occupied by a childless old woman and her servants. The gorgeous parlors, the picture gallery, and all the luxurious interior are now a silent waste. The lofty ceilings render the staircase a labor, and the mistress, being lame from a fall, is unable to meet such a difficulty. A person in such a condition must be contented with the limits of a bedroom, and hence the largest part of the palace is useless. Such is the condition of an establishment which cost a round million and on which the taxes alone are \$7,000 a year.

MR. WILLIAM COLLES BRYANT, says the New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript, the poet and venerable editor of the Post, is hale and vigorous seen everywhere and constantly in New York society. "A few evenings since we met him at an invitation reception given at the new Coliseum in New York. He was accompanied by his daughter and Mr. Parks Godwin. You remember that, to become son-in-law of Mr. Bryant, Mr. Godwin ran away with his daughter Fanny. It was a long time before the poet would forgive that act, or speak to Mr. Godwin, so those say who know the family. Mr. Godwin wears his hair in the same shocking manner as usual, but has improved in the manner of dress. He is almost as popular as his father in law, and frequently divides the honor of presiding with him at poetic dinners."

The following lines express with appropriate simplicity the refining and beneficent feeling which must always come over good hearts abroad at the thought of returning to what Dickens so beautifully calls "Heaven's fallen sister—Home."

My business on the jury's done—the quibbling's all in through—
I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and
I gave my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there again.
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay;
I'm loose, at last, and thank the Lord, I'm going home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since first day I came down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday, rightly sets,
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets.
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-suit and gray—
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see that things was done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot out doors,
She's a very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores.
But nothing prospers half so well, when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I come away, we had a little bout;
I coolly took my hat and left, before the show was out.
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offence;
And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence.
But then, she's first one to give up, when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamiest, cheeriest little chap, you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God could pick that sweet bouquet and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me, anyway,
And nudge my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day!

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around;
But let my creed be right or wrong, or beat as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm going home to-day!

W. M. CARLETON.

THE GATES AJAR.

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven
How the little white angel, May,
Sat ever beside the portal
Sorrowing all the day;
How she said to the sternly warden,
He of the golden bar,
Oh! angel, sweet angel, I pray thee
Let the beautiful gates ajar!
Only a little, I pray thee
Let the beautiful gates ajar.

I hear my dear mother there weeping;
She is lonely, she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
Where the gates closed after me.
One gleam of the golden splendor
Oh, warden, would shine so far!
But the angel he whispered, "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar!"
Spoke low as he answered, "I dare not
Let the heavenly gates ajar."

Then up arose Mary the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, the Mother of Christ;
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Then turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar,
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar—
And lo! in the child-angel's fingers
Stood the heavenly gates ajar.

"And this key, for no further using,
To my blessed son shall be given,"
Said Mary, the Mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now, never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar;
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar—
Safe in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates forever ajar.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something uncompleted still,
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits.

Waits, and will not go away—
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday,
Each to-day is heavier made.

Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength can bear—
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere!

And we stand from day to day
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

THE SNOW AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Drift over the slopes of the sunrise land,
Oh wonderful, wonderful snow!
Oh, pure as the breast of a virgin saint!
Drift tenderly, soft and slow,
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
And into the haunted dells
Of the forests of pine, where the sobbing winds
Are tuning their memory bells;

Into the forests of sighing pines,
And over those yellow slopes,
That seem but the work of the cleaving plough;
But cover so many hopes!
They are many indeed, and straightly made;
Not shapen with loving care;
But the soul let out and the broken blades,
May never be counted there!

Fall over those lonely hero graves,
Oh delicate-drooping snow!
Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love,
On the warrior head below;
Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul,
As she waiteth and watcheth for one
Who will never come back from the sunrise land
When this terrible war is done.

And here, where lieth the high of heart,
Drift, white as the bridal veil
That will never be worn by the drooping girl,
Who sitteth afar, so pale.
Fall, fast as the tears of the suffering wife,
Who stretcheth her hands
Out to the blood-rich battle fields
That crimson the eastern sands.

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
O delicate snow! and cover
The graves of our heroes, sanctified
Husband and son, and loved;
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
And melt our deep distress,
And put us in mind of the driven souls,
And their mantles of righteousness.

WAITING THE REVELLE.

BY H. HEWITT.

Resting beneath the waving grass,
Out on the silent sea,
Many a gallant boy we pass
Waiting the reveille.
Where, marm'ring soft, the brook rolls on
Over the golden sand,
There's station'd many a gallant one
Who died for his native land.

Under the shadow of the elm,
Deep in the miry clay,
With broken sword and cloven helm,
Grim sentinels are they!
High up the mountain slope they sleep,
Deep in the rocky pass;
Where damp dews fall, where cold winds sweep
Over the meadow grass.
On every hillock—every stone,
Their epitaph will glow;
Their requiem the wild wind's moan,
Their pall the drifted snow.
Waiting the reveille—all still
The grim battalion sleeps,
The while the eagle, screaming shrill,
Over their lone couch sweeps.

The drum is mute—the bugle's strain
No more shall wake the morn;
We meekly bear the galling chain
A tyrant rivets on.
The bayonet hath pin'd us down
Beside their honor'd graves;
We kneel and wear the iron crown
That galls the brow of slaves.

Still waiting for the reveille,
Beneath the silent sod,
The flesh-walls of our liberty
Look up to nature's God;
And groans come up from every grave—
"When wilt ye, men, be free?"
Cast off the liv'ry of the slave,
Beat Freedom's reveille!"

The fall grass waves o'er lowly graves,
The golden sunshines floods the meadows,
And in the breeze, the willow trees,
That guard the tomb of Eloise,
Wave to and fro, with flickering shadows.

And here I sit, while bright birds flit
Among the gravestones whitely gleaming,
And muse away the Summer day
Beneath the vines' and willows' sway,
On that fair maiden's memory dreaming.

O'er fields unown'd the poppy shone,
The earliest rose had hardly perished,
When she confessed that in her breast
Young Love was throned, a royal guest,
My image there alone she cherished.

O happy hour, when from her bower,
With clambering grape-vines close entangled,
We saw the moon of leafy June
Rise calmly o'er the wide lagoon,
And climb the sky with bright stars spangled.

Her deep blue eyes, like tropic skies,
Not less profound, and never colder,—
Were fixed on mine with gaze divine,
And, golden as the German wine,
Her regal ringlets swept her shoulder.

Her little hand, which scarcely spanned
With timid clasp my first three fingers,
Her lip, her cheek, which once might seek,
Her voice—but, ah! mere words are weak
To paint the joys where memory lingers!

The Summer passed and Autumn's blast
Swept bleakly cold across the heather;
The bright leaves brown'd, 'neath skies that
frown'd,
Then whirled in circles to the ground,
And strewn the paths we trod together.

O heavy grief! with Autumn's leaf
They told me that her days were numbered;
She passed away,—her mortal clay
In death's pale beauty silent lay,
As calm as if she only slumbered.

I sit among the graves o'erhung
With many a slender-threaded willow;
The churchyard mould seems now less cold
Since, deep beneath, those locks of gold
Have found a soft and dreamless pillow.

About the tombs the laurel blooms,
I hear the bees above it humming;
The zephyrs sigh, in floating by;
They bring the scent of ripened rye,
And tell another Autumn's coming.

Far down upon the horizon
A purple haze is softly falling,
The fading rose of Summer goes,
And distant bells, at day's repose
Unto my inner ear are calling.

Ah, dreamily they say to me
That those, who here are called to sever,
Are elsewhere blessed with peace and rest,
And I, unto this lonely breast
Shall clasp my Eloise forever.

A CHILD'S CITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S POEMS."

It was, I think, a lovely city:
There is none like it anywhere!
I watched them with a laughing pity,
The merry builders, building there
Such real castles in the air.

When all the world was hushed and hazy,
That line of flashing heads would pass
The summer, lying yawn and lazy,
Asleep all day upon the grass—
She sleeps beneath it now, alas!

For the light hands that worked so lightly
The sun made little tawny gloves;
And, very rosy, blue, and white,
Crept the small bloom that gladness loves,
Where, hidden in moan, sat dewy doves.

They chose a cliff—half full of singing,
Half full of silver—gray and grand,
Where bees upon the winds were swinging,
And founded what their play had planned,
The Capital of Fairy Land.

And parks were there with fountains shimmer-
ing,
Stained church lights with old pictures fair,
Gardens with plumed statues glimmering—
Statues so exquisitely rare,
With crimson cheeks and yellow hair!

And something more; apart in stillness,
Nestled in greenness, wreathed in moss,
Pale paths of shells wound, touched with chill-
ness,
Near many a tiny, rustic cross,
Hinting of either faith or loss.

At last, when the loth leave was taken
Of those who might no longer stay,
When wind and storm and snow had shaken
Their city's empty walls away,
They came again one dreary day.

And, from its site to me returning,
With tremulous voice of vague regret,
And cheeks where two-fold bloom was burning,
One whispered me with sweet face wet,
"Only the graveyard stays there yet."

Ah, this is every city's history:
When palaces are desolate,
When glory darkens into mystery,
Each leaves behind its withered fate,
Only the graveyard—that may wait.

CROPS—POLITICS—EDUCATION, &c.

WHITESVILLE, STATION No. 3 C. R. R.,
A. D. 15 b. 1872.

EDITORS ADVERTISER:—In response to your solicitations for correspondence from all parts of Georgia and Florida, I will endeavor to drop you a few lines that may perhaps interest some of your readers. But as we are not a cotton producing people, we cannot hope to influence the commercial interests of the country, and our prosperity, or misfortunes, will have but little weight in the mercantile world.

In every respect, we are a home loving and home serving people. One of the oldest counties in the State, we make about the least noise, and consequently our very existence is a matter of small consequence, except in the political affairs of the country, when Effingham has always been true to herself, and asserted herself able to take care of her own affairs without the aid of scalawags, carpet-baggers or niggers so magnanimously proffered at every election.

In regard to our crop prospects, but little can be said as yet. I have stated that we are not a cotton producing community, that is, we do not make the great staple, the king of commerce, a specialty, although in some portions of the county a very fair crop is sometimes made. I do not know whether it is by actual test or whether it is by mere supposition, handed down from father to son for countless generations, but nevertheless the opinion does prevail that our land is not at all adapted to the growth of cotton. Perhaps, after all, it is best for us that it is so, for we are only affected in a general way by the fluctuations and uncertainties of the market as influenced by the abundance or scarcity of the staple or its variations in price.

By pursuing the same line of conduct marked out by their forefathers, the survivors of the army upon their return home after the war succeeded in rebuilding their broken fortunes, and to day Effingham county is scarcely any more impoverished than it was the year anterior to the war. Of course we feel the effects of the monetary depression as sensibly as it is felt elsewhere.

We have had an abundance of rain; in some places the land has been flooded—consequently planting is far behind. Even corn is very backward, but little of that planted has come out of the ground. Still our people are not discouraged. They do not belong to that class of whiners who fold their arms and cry out against the apparently hard decrees of Providence. They exercise a philosophical opinion that all will be right in the end. If they can't plant at one time they can at another. Our equity has

A Capuchin friar in Turin has constructed a large and complicated work of mechanism by which the passion or sufferings of the Saviour, from His death on the cross, are marvelously represented. On a constantly receding platform the figures appear and the scenes change. Not only are the movements of the automata life-like, but the figures and scenery are masterpieces of art. The crowd clamoring for His death is represented by a very numerous group of figures, which are wonderfully distinct in action and appearance. The falling beneath the cross on the way to Calvary is painfully graphic. To render quite audible the lashing of the whips of the soldiers is one of the functions of the machinery. The scenes at the place of execution and the death of the Saviour are said to be beyond praise, and a writer in a Turin paper declares that the extraordinary mechanism has but one imperfection—the capacity of making the figures articulate intelligibly. This imperfection is chiefly evident when the words are exchanged between the Redeemer and the penitent thief. The sounds emitted from the figures are in this instance ludicrous, but the friar hopes to remedy this defect, and his mechanism will, in all likelihood, be an object of wonder at the Paris exhibition.

always made enough provisions to feed its citizens, and there is little fear of its not doing so this year. So that on that score there is no particular anxiety.

I have conversed with several farmers in the county, all of whom have sustained more or less damage from the excessive rains we have been visited by, but all seem hopeful of the future. I attribute this apparent indifference to disaster to nothing else than an unswerving confidence in their ability to make enough out of their farms to support their families and supply their demands for the coming year. As I have already stated, our people live within themselves, and are dependent upon the outer world for very little of the necessities of life, the true object of the farmer, and the only secret of his success.

Politics are scarcely agitated here at all just yet, the coming Presidential nomination being a matter in which they seem but little interested, but appear willing to leave the fight where it legitimately belongs, viz: to those sections most immediately concerned in the result of the election. Whether Grant is nominated or the Liberal (so called) Republican convention at Cincinnati should nominate Charles Francis Adams, Judge Davis, Horace Greeley, or any other man, can have very little immediate effect upon us.

However, there is a matter in which the whole soul of some of our people is launched, and which seems to lay as near their very hearts as their shirt bosoms. I mean the removal of the Court House from the old county site, Springfield, to this place. A bill was introduced in the House at the last session of the Legislature by our Representatives, in accordance with a petition numerously signed, having for its object the question of removal, leaving it, however, to a vote of the citizens of the county. A counter bill was also offered, or about to be, by a member from an adjoining county, apparently much interested in our affairs; also, by petition, refusing this privilege to those of our citizens favoring the removal. In other words, whose object is actually to gag those desiring to have the matter submitted to a vote of the people.

How it will all end I do not venture to guess, although there is a large number of our citizens in favor of removal, which, it is contended by the friends of the measure, will contribute much to the interest of the county. The bench and bar of Savannah would be largely gainers by the removal. Private individuals have volunteered very considerable contributions as a saving of expense to the county, which has been, and is still, a strong argument with the opponents. They also propose to build a jail in order to stop the continuous outlay of the county for the confinement of prisoners in the Chatham county jail.

Much could be said on the subject of education, but I shall only refer to the matter briefly, lest I burden your valuable columns.

We are wofully remiss and negligent in this most important of all enterprises. There is not, actually, a single school of respectable size in the county. The disposition of the people is, unfortunately, to patronize little, insignificant affairs at their own doors. Even in this little village their patronage is divided among three or four schools, all of which are attempting to run with barely enough children to support one respectable school. Yet there is a good academy here, and every facility offered to acquire an education, which, for the want of the proper patronage, is allowed to dwindle away and finally die out entirely. This will be the inevitable result.

It is a reproach to the county, a stigma upon her otherwise fair name, that she does not educate her children and youth. Our last grand jury even failed to appoint commissioners to receive the fund appropriated by the State for the education of the children; so that it is likely some other county or counties will receive the quota intended for this. It is a singular fact, nevertheless it is a fact, that our people are slow to embrace and encourage those facilities calculated to elevate and advance the rising generation. Horace Greeley never penned a more truthful assertion than when he recently wrote, "It seems easier to emancipate a people thoroughly and promptly from despotism than to make one step forward among a people heretofore free."

The first and second days of May have

A Dinner Behind the Bars in Captain Cain's Hostelry.

New Orleans Democrat.

Seldom, if ever before, has there been so much public feeling over the issue of a criminal case as was manifested over that of the returning board. In all grades of society, from the highest to the lowest, the progress and termination of this *cause celebre* were watched with the most intense interest. Those who have followed the case throughout have seen that the jury were not only quick in coming to their decision, but that after being polled they were of a single mind as to their verdict. They had no hesitancy as to what it should be. How the members of the returning board took the verdict can be well understood.

Not only the prisoner Anderson, but his confreres in crime, when the axe of justice fell, winced and paled before the approaching form of Nemesis. Yesterday a representative of the *Democrat* dropped in at the Parish Prison. It was about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and the quiet neighborhood of Congo square had put on its most demure aspect. The skies were ashen and gloomy, and the prison loomed up a most doleful object. A tap at the iron gate brought out one of Captain Cain's assistants and the reporter was admitted. There was quite a motley gathering in the reception room of the prison.

Wells was in close confabulation with a number of friends, and paid little heed to what was passing around him. His late excursion out of the way of the Sheriff had told on him considerably, and he showed the results of his exposure at the Rigolets plainly. Anderson was there, loling back in an arm-chair, looking the picture of forlorn hope. The lines of his face have become much deeper since his conviction, and the healthy flush that always tinged his cheek has gone. Abstracted in manner and nervous in movement, he, more than any other prisoner in the building, showed the effects of the jury's verdict.

"Beef, oh! in the hall," was cried in stentorian tones through the building as a call to dinner, and Wells and Anderson left their guests, the former bearing a present in the shape of a dish of mayonnaise, sent to him by a friend. At dinner, in the lower hall, Wells showed a splendid appetite. Discussing at his ease a dish of lettuce, he showed all the coolness of a stoic over his troubles. Anderson did not take so kindly to his grub. He toyed more with it, and evidenced that his physical digestion was as much affected by the events of the last few days as his mental.

The dinner table was worthy of a photograph. Laun, of the Carr embezzlement case, knife and fork assiduously, and Dave C. Johnson, who, through the infamous lottery laws, is in durance vile, took kindly to the fare. There was not much conversation at that table. Each was occupied, even during the meal, with his own troubles, and did not seek the sympathies of his neighbor. Hayes about the same time was enjoying his frugal repast beneath the spacious roof of the White House, whilst the henchmen who put him where he is were behind the grating, under the eye of a Sheriff. Such is life.

LIFE'S FRAGMENTS.

BY MARSH MALLOW.

GATHER them up, all the fragments;
Let none be lost by the way.
Mourn not, oh! my friend, so sorely
The pains and cares of to-day.

What though the morning be cheerless;
The noon may be calm and bright,
With its peaceful and quiet hours—
Before there cometh Death's night.

No life but with grief is mingled,
Though happy it may appear;
Many are baffled, defeated
With little to soothe or cheer.

Of life this is the beginning—
The end is never to be;
And soon, all tired and weary,
We'll reach eternity's sea.

Be strong; the conflict is raging;
Wounds in the battle you'll get.
Firmly cover and bear them—
His are conquer'd if bravely met.

Then think not strange your condition
Whatever may be your lot;
And though you offer but fragments,



HEAVENLY LADDER.

BY REV. LUCIEN B. CARPENTER.

Let down from the bright, pearly portals,
Is a ladder both lasting and strong;
Uniting this dark home of mortals
With the mansions of gladness and song.
To the swift tread of angelic feet;
Angel voices glad greetings are sounding,
As they come weary pilgrims to meet.

To earth, on this ladder descending,
Angels come on a mission of love;
And again, to their dwellings ascending,
Carry souls to their resting above.
At its foot, in this earth-vale of sadness,
Death-doomed mortals their coning await—
At its top swells the welcome of gladness,
And ajar swings the gem-blazoned gate.

My loved, one by one, at the calling
Of the angels, have gone from my side;
Grown weary of earth's strife and toiling,
Have gone with redeemed to reside.
I caught a faint gleam of robes shining,
As with angels they rose in their flight,
And at foot of the ladder, rejoining,
Heard their voices from realms beyond sight.

In dreams of the night-blessed vision!
Oft they come down the ladder to me,
And light of the glory Elysian
On their soft, snowy mantles I see—
One smile and their bright forms have vanished;
An embrace and the greeting is o'er;
One kiss, and the vision is banished,
While I wake with a longing for more.

At foot of the ladder I'm waiting
For the messenger angels to come;
I'll soon, with my loved be relating
Toils and triumphs in Heavenly home.
E'en now they are coming to meet me—
I the gleam of their wings now behold,
And kindred are waiting to greet me
At the gate of the city of gold.

Swift below me the earth is receding
I have done with its sorrows and tears,
Up the ladder, with angels, I'm speeding
Where a glory immortal appears.
Hallelujah! the glory of Heaven
Full-orbed rushes now on my sight,
Hallelujah! a sinner forgiven
Walks now with redeemed ones in white.
BALTIMORE, February, 1878. —Baltimorean.

Violet Ink.

In 1871, 1872 and 1873 two young men (twin brothers), Frenchmen, were often met in different parts of France and England, dressed alike, and by closely watching them they were seen to enter counting-houses, banks, insurance offices, green grocers, merchants, and stores and shops of every kind. They carried no luggage or large sample cases, like commercial travelers or drummers. These two young men were the celebrated brothers that made clear in three years, between them, over one hundred thousand pounds sterling, without one cent of capital to start with. In 1870 they made the discovery of a very rich violet writing ink. They put it up in bottles, and sold it for two shillings, English currency. But they were very poor and could not advertise or commission it, and they struggled hard, but could not get ahead. They walked from shop to shop every day, occasionally selling a bottle. One dark, bleak Saturday night, in the city of Paris, out of money, footsore, disheartened and hungry, they entered a *café* to trade a bottle of their violet ink (if they could) for their supper. The keeper, proprietor tested their great discovery and was amazed. He offered them five francs to teach him their secret, so that he could make his own ink, and never have to buy any more. The brothers faltered. It was hunger on one side and parting with their secret on the other. They decided to accept the Frenchman's paltry five-franc piece, and make the violet ink in his presence. They then determined to sell that secret to all France and England. The five francs carried them over till Monday morning. From that day fortune never failed them. They each took a pint bottle of the violet ink in their pockets, and visited stores, banks, offices, and everywhere that ink is used or sold. They asked a moment's time of the storekeeper to show him their writing done with this ink. Then they told him he could make that ink for a trifle per gallon. He could sell it in his store or use it for his own business purposes. Five francs was their price to give the secret. They found hundreds of thousands ready to buy. Their fortune was made. Three years they worked selling this secret in this way. Very many days they made five and six hundred francs, and in England they were known to make even more than that sum in a single day. They retired in the fall of 1873, worth over half a million dollars, every dollar of which was made selling the secret for making their elegant violet

To Die is Gain.

It is a universal statement universally disbelieved. I have searched the tombstones of twenty graveyards, and not a marble slab or shaft, plainly wrought or chiselled in costly design, bore this immortal assertion. I have prayed, over a hundred coffins, and watched the faces of the mourners anxiously; not one betrayed a knowledge of this sentence. I have carried a bright face to the funeral chamber, and spoken the words of cheerful faith; and men have marveled, revealing their scepticism by their surprise. I have found it hard to persuade men that death is sunrise; but when I compared the conditions of this life with those of the next, when I set the body sensual over against the body spiritual, the mind in bondage over against the mind emancipated; when I have bowed myself over the white face, beautiful as it lay in deep, unruffled peace, and remembered how passionate and painful was the life; when I have stood beside the dying, heard their murmured words of wonder, their exclamations of rapture, and seen a light, not of this world, fall upon their faces as they touched the margin of the great change—I have said: "Death thou art a gain." —Rev. W. W.

HE CAME BACK.

Governor Duval of Florida, was the son of a poor Virginian, a stern, strong, taciturn man. The boy was a huge youth of fifteen. At the cabin fire, at bedtime, according to the custom of putting on a back-log, the old man said, between the whiffs of his silent pipe:

"Tab, go out and bring it that gum back-log, and put it on the fire."

Tab went out and surveyed the log. He knew that it was no use explaining that it was too heavy, nor prudent for him to return without having it on his shoulder. His little sister, passing, was not surprised that he requested her to bring out the gun and powder-horn, as a possum or coon might have passed, or the brother might have seen bear signs. She brought the gun, and Tab started. He found the way through the woods into Kentucky, in 1791. After an absence of eighteen years, he was elected to Congress. A man of immense size and strength, he started for Washington, going by the way of his old home to see the folks who had long since given him up for dead. Entering the little cabin door near bedtime, he saw the identical gum log. He shouldered his load, stood before the old man, pipe in mouth, as quiet as usual.

"Here is the gum back-log, father."
"Well, you've been a long time getting it. Put it on the fire and go to bed," was the reply.

THE OLD PIANO.

"Well, take it for what it is worth,
It cost me five hundred and more,
You'll hardly believe it, 'twas then
The handsomest one in the store."
There's nothing I own in the world,
That I am so certain to miss;
I've parted with two-legged friends
With far less regret than with this.

What joys it recalls of the past,
What moments of rapturous ease;
When delicate hands that I loved
Swept over the ivory keys;
When trembles tender and sweet,
Rose quivered, and died on the air
And life was a story in strong
Untouched by the shadow of care.

What visions of suppers it brings;
More jolly, I fancy, than wise,
When radiant bachelor swells
Swarmed in for a merry surprise.
Then chorus and song till at last,
Wine clouded the talents of each,
And musical lullacy came
To finish it all in a screech.

When dreams of the dances now fled
When, brighter to us than the stars,
We waltzed with the daintiest girls,
Who did not "object to cigars."
Rare plans for the future we laid,
We thought not of sorrow or loss,
But whirled in swift circles of bliss
To the magical measures of Strauss.

You've answered to many a touch,
And sounded full many a tune:
December hath brought you its wreaths,
And summer sent roses of June;
You've witnessed the rise and the fall
Of many old friendships and new,
But out of my feeling for all,
Old friend, I've the deepest for you.

KATS.

The kat is a domestic animile—but I never have been able to tell wherefore. You kant trust one enny more than you kan a case of a gout. There is only one mortal thing you can trust a kat with, and cum out even, and that is a bar of hard soap.

They are as meek as Mossis, but as full of devilry as Judas Iscariot.

They will harvest a dozen of young chickens for you, and then steal into the sitting-room as softly as an undertaker, and lay themselves down on the rag at your feet, full of injured innocence and chickens, and dreams of their childhood days.

All there iz about a kat that iz domestic, that I knoo ov, is that you kant looze one.

You cant looze a kat—they are as bad reputation iz.

You may send one out of the state, done up in a meal bag and marked C. O. D., and the next morning you will find him or her (according to sex) in the same spot alongside of the kitchen stove, ready to be stepped on.

Kats have got two good ears for melody, and often made the night atmosphere melodious with their opera music.

But the most wonderful thing about the kat that has been discovered yet is their fear of deth.

You kant induce one by any ordinary means to accept deth—they actually scorn to die.

You may kill one az often as you have a mind to, and they will begin life again in a few minutes with a more flattering prospectus.

Dogs I love; they carry their criden-shuls in their faces, and cant hide them, but the bulk of a kat's reputashun lays buried in their stumach, az unknown to themselves az to anybody else.

There is only one thing about a kat that I love, and that is they are very cheap—a little money well invested goes a grate way in kats.

Kats are very plenty in this world just now. I counted eighteen from my boarding house door one moonlite nite last summer, and it was't a first rate nite for kats neither.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

Gen. Charles Clarke, ex-Governor of Mississippi, died a few days ago at the age of sixty-eight. He served in the Mexican war as a volunteer, but was sent home invalided as a consumptive by the surgeons. Their verdict, Dr. Warren Stone, the highest authority of the Southern faculty, confirmed, one lung having perished completely, and the Lieutenant was advised to go home and lead the quiet life of a painter, avoiding all excitement, whereby he might prolong his life for eighteen months, or perhaps even for two years. He went home, but did not die; indeed, after serving in the Legislature and several public offices, he was alive to head a Confederate brigade at Shiloh. As he took a parting glass with Col. W. H. McArdle, a veteran Mississippi journalist, he said:

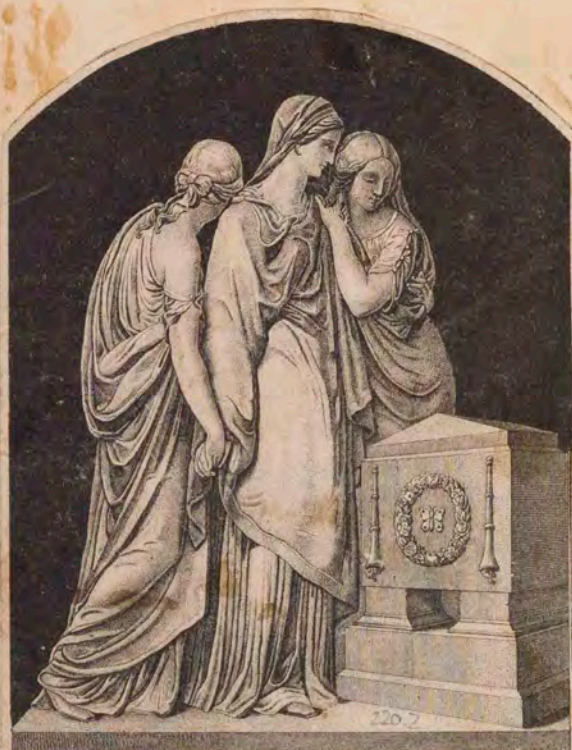
"I think you will have a good chance of publishing that obituary which you promised me thirteen years ago. I have outlived all the doctors, but I am not so confident that I shall escape the Yankee balls and shells which I shall be compelled to face to-day."

After the first day's battle, Gen. Clarke was borne to the rear wrapped in a blanket saturated in blood.

"You can publish that obituary now, he has met with a soldier's death," was the remark of one of those who bore him, and the obituary was shortly afterwards published in the New Orleans papers.

Shortly after the battle of Baton Rouge, however, Gen. Clarke was seen again at New Orleans. He had been shot through the body at Shiloh and left on the field, to be taken prisoner, to recover and to be exchanged, and at Baton Rouge a minie ball broke his thigh, near the socket.

Dr. Stone was the surgeon who now brought around the man he had condemned to a speedy death in 1848, and though his leg was shortened several inches, Gen. Clarke lived to be Governor of Mississippi and to die fifteen years later, quietly in his bed, having buried several generations of doctors, gone through two wars with only one lung, been twice left for dead on the field of battle, and seen his obituary published.



PHILADELPHIA.

The Sabbath.

"If Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have the smallest doubt that we should have been this moment a poorer and less civilized people than we are."—*Lord Macaulay.*

"There is no religion without worship, or no worship without the Sabbath."—*Count Monteberti.*

"The more faithfully I apply myself to the duties of the Lord's day, the more happy and successful is my business during the week."—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

"A corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath."—*Blackstone.*

"The Sabbath as a political institution is of estimable value, independently of its claim to divine authority."—*Adam Smith.*

"Sunday is a day of account, and a candid count every seventh day is the best preparation for the great day of account."—*Lord James.*

"I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable."—*William Wilberforce.*

"Give the world half of Sunday, and you will find religion has no strong hold of the earth."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"Where there is no Christian Sabbath there is no Christian morality; and without this, institutions cannot long be sustained."—*Justice McLean.*

"The longer I live the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel toward those who impress its importance on the community."—*Daniel Webster.*

In a general order, issued November 15, 1862, President Lincoln commanded that "Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High."

"The Sabbath must be observed as a day of rest. This I do not state as an opinion, but knowing that it has its foundation upon a law in man's nature as fixed as that he must eat food or die."—*Dr. Willard Parker, of New York City.*

"As a day of rest, I view the Sabbath as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor and excitement. One day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation to perfect by its repose the animal system."—*John Richard Furre, M. D., of London, England.*

A Good Wife.

We hardly know when we have seen a handsomer tribute to the merits of a good woman, than the late Hon. J. P. Kennedy indited in his will. It is refreshing to note such an honest appreciation, in a husband of excellent qualities, of his wife, who survives him, and who is named sole executrix (both being without children). Two codicils executed June, 1866, provide, with much detail, for the distribution of his property only in the contingency of his wife dying before him. The estate is valued at about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The will commences as follows:

"I have reason to thank God for many blessings, for kind friends, worthy kinsmen, prosperous and contented life; for a cheerful temper, competence of worldly goods, a fair share of health, interrupted only by such infirmities as have taught me the more to value it; for opportunities of public service, afforded me through the confidence of my fellow townsmen, in more than one honorable trust; and, above all, for a home made dear to me by the affectionate and constant devotion of my wife, who has done everything in her power to render me happy, whose rare virtues of mind and heart have given me the most complete success in my endeavors."

Alphonse Karr, being invited by Victor Emanuel to call on him, apologized to his aide de camp for being in traveling guise. "Never mind your costume," said the King. "When you come to see me again, come in your shirt sleeves if it suits you. Sit down, and let us talk." In referring to his inability to aid France in the war of 1870, he observed that he would then have preferred being a corporal of zouaves to King of Italy.

A CINCINNATI correspondent furnishes some interesting information respecting the asylum that has been selected as Mrs. Lincoln's future home, and the manner in which she will be treated there. The asylum is known as the "Cincinnati Sanitarium," situated in a suburban village some six miles from Cincinnati. The asylum is owned by ten medical gentlemen with wide experience in the treatment of cases of insanity, and the building, which is surrounded by beautiful trees, shrubbery, walks, arbors, and lakes, gives no indication that it is for lunatic purposes. No black iron bars shade the windows to give it the appearance of a prison, but in their stead, extending midway up the windows, are apparently delicate wires, secure enough to prevent escape, that serve to banish from the patient's mind the terrible idea of imprisonment and restraint. The rooms of the institution are elegantly furnished and admirably served, especially those in the department to which Mrs. Lincoln has been assigned. If her affliction be no deeper rooted than it appeared to be at the time the court passed sentence upon her, she will be allowed a special attendant, and be subjected to less restraint than they whose malady is more deeply seated. The restraint upon her will be so skilfully applied that she will believe she has lost none of her freedom; she will come to think that her attendant is her own chosen friend and companion, and the two together will have the freedom of the grounds and an occasional visit to the village, where she has many friends. Thus homed in an edifice resembling a first-class hotel more than an asylum, with every reasonable want satisfied and every comfort assured, Mrs. Lincoln may yet recover her health and be returned to her friends.

Sheridan's Bride—A Description of the Young Lady's Wedding and Travelling Dresses.

The Washington Chronicle has possessed itself of a description of the wedding outfit of Miss Irene Rucker, daughter of General D. H. Rucker, of that city, who will next month be married to General Philip Henry Sheridan. The Chronicle describes the bride elect as "a jolly-looking girl of nineteen or thereabouts," and gives the following description of the wedding dress:

The bride's dress for the interesting ceremony is of soft, white Persian silk, thick and lustrous, with a shimmer light over its rich, thick cords, like the reflection of a harvest moon on a sleeping lake. It will be made up in a manner befitting the youth and beauty of the bride, and not a scrap of lace, however costly, will adorn its silky whiteness, but it will be trimmed with soft, fleecy, lovely tulle. The skirt will be cut in a princess train, with a flounce of intricate design. The overskirt will be a marvel of workmanship and taste; the corsage will be high, with elbow sleeves.

The long circular will be worn over this, falling to the hem of the train in the back, and nearly to the waist in front. It will be fastened on the dark hair of the brunette bride with a coronet of orange flowers. The corsage will be one mass of most exquisite buds, and wherever a loop or fold is placed it will be caught together by a spray of orange blossoms. Many of the decorative features of this dress are entirely new French designs. The travelling dress will be of brown silk, trimmed very elaborately with two shades of silk and a third in fringe. A hat to match, with long, drooping ostrich plume. Several elegant hats have been ordered, the dress hat being of white chip, with a profusion of delicate and costly French flowers.

A LADY CORRESPONDENT sends to the New York World the following graceful verses, said to have been written by a Confederate soldier during the war:

TO A LADY WHO SENT HER LOVE.
In the brave old days, when the steel-clad youth
Rode forth to the clash of war,
He carried a pledge of his lady's truth
In his journeyings near and far;
In the battle's brunt, with his lance in rest,
His thought was a prayer for her
Who had twined her glove in his helmet crest,
And buckled his knightly spur.

That costly age has passed, I ween,
And the knight and his lady are dust;
The helmet has lost its silver sheen,
And the corselet is red with rust;
But the soldier's heart can with love still burn
And the fair still pray for the brave;
Bright eyes shall beam for the victor's return,
Or their tears be the dew of his grave.

Though she binds not the spur on his manly heel,
Nor twines on his helmet her glove,
Yet her soul is as true as his own true steel,
And she sends to the soldier her love;
And oh, that love is a talisman bright,
A warrior's heart to inspire,
To guard him in the shock of the day.

A Southern Girl the Recipient of a Gold Medal in Rome.

Rome, March 10.—The Convent of the Sacred Heart at Rome has under its control the most refined school in Europe for the education of ladies. Many eminent women in the Eastern and Western Continents flocked to their culture and grace within the old gray walls of Le Sacre Cœur, where ever-gladsome and zealous little French nuns assume the important duties of the great professors of St. Sulpice, Louvain, and the Sapienza. The famous novelist, Georges Sand, regularly communicates with those bright-faced and witty sisters, who seem to have completely fascinated the heart of the great writer. During the distribution of premiums at the Convent of the Sacred Heart on Saturday, March 8, Ellen Mary Coulton, the daughter of a gentleman in the South, took the "solus" medal in each of her classes, a success which entitled her to the gold medal of the convent. The gold medal is only won by those whose proficiency so transcends that of each of their companions as to render them "solus"—alone in point of merit. And so difficult is it to attain to this dignity that the gold medal has been won only twice during the past ten years. Miss Coulton is the only English-speaking pupil who ever bore away this signal token of worth.

Bishop Fabiani, a learned "Episcopus in partibus infidelium," conferred the precious prize upon this blushing winner, and in a few neat expressions his lordship assured the accomplished girl that she had achieved a victory that would always adorn her life. Do not assume that the recipient of this honor was merely expert in what girls commonly study at home. She had to fight the prestige of French, Belgian, German, and other girls to whom the intricacies of Juvenal's Satires and Horace's Epistles are as familiar as the declension of a simple noun. And she had rivals versed in the ponderous sentiments of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, as well as the Pharsalia of Lucan, Tasso's Jerusalem, the Lusiad of Camoens, the Telemachians of Pegelon, and other classic studies. She had also rivals in the observatory, in the schools of drawing and painting, and in the higher branches of mathematics.

THE LATE MRS. GREELEY.

It is generally conceded that Mrs. Greeley, wife of Horace Greeley, was a remarkable woman. The New York World states that her character was as original and as strongly marked as that of her husband, but of a widely different type. She was of a fine, delicate, sensitive, nervous organization, whose susceptibility had been increased by many years of physical infirmity. She was of a slight, fragile make, and before disease and time had set their effacing marks, she must have had great personal beauty. The vivacity which her features were formed to express remained to the last, and continued to be manifested through dark eyes of singular life and brilliancy, which, in the animated conversations with friends, which seemed to form her chief pleasure, were alternately lighted up with deep earnestness and playful humor. She was a woman of very intense nature, of acute perceptions, and the strength of conviction on a wide range of moral and social subjects characteristic of minds of perfect independence, which, instead of servilely accepting current conventionalities, question them and judge them.

She was one of those rare women who do not look at things through other people's eyes, but through their own, and by whom formulas, religious or social, are not accepted as a substitute for living faith and personal conviction. Her intellect was remarkably quick, fertile, clear and ingenious; and if the pulmonary malady, of which she has been for nearly twenty years the victim, had not dampened effort, she would have been distinguished as one of the leading spirits of her sex. If the keen observations on life and society which so readily came to her tongue in unrestrained conversations with her friends had found expression through her pen, and gone into literature, she would have ranked as one of the most gifted female authors of the period. Mr. Greeley, in one of his books, gives a pleasant description of the manner in which his wife managed her domestic economy:

"My wife, whose acquaintance I made at the Graham House, and who was long a more faithful, consistent disciple of Graham than I was, in our years of extreme poverty kept her house in strict accordance with her convictions, never even deigning an explanation to her friends and relatives who from time to time visited and temporarily sojourned with us; and, as politeness usually repressed complaint or inquiry on their part, their first experiences of a regimen which dispensed with all they deemed most appetizing could hardly be observed without a smile. Usually a day, or at most two, of beans and potatoes, boiled rice, puddings, bread and butter, with no condiment but salt, and never a pickle, was all they could abide; so, bidding her a kind adieu, each in turn departed to seek elsewhere a more congenial hospitality."



Savannah has seen her darkest hours. No longer shall timid maids group in darkness along our shady avenues. No longer shall friend and foe unwillingly embrace each other, as they stand upon their feet, after performing sundry indescribable gymnastic feats between heaven and earth. There shall be heard no more upon the streets, late at night, the fearful anathemas of incensed men, nor the wail of injured women, as they find themselves precipitated down treacherous hatchways or stumbling over broken sidewalks. No more stumbling, no more grumbling, for the hour of the lamplighter draweth nigh, and his coming shall make light all hearts. No more candles to be hid under bushels, but the new light is to shine before all men. No longer shall the weary printer steal stealthily along towards his home early in the morning after his arduous labors are over, but we shall walk in the shades of night, not as shadows, but as men with no one to make us afraid. The clouds of ebon darkness that for so many long and dreary years have flung their sombre pall over our war-besieged city, must now vanish as the mist before the morning sun. No longer shall the pedestrian be guided by feeble, sickly rays proceeding from half closed shutters, but the avenues shall be radiant with the glare of a thousand shining lights. We can say:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Georgia's capital had gathered there her
beauty and her chivalry;
And bright the lights (gas jets, not candle lights)
shone o'er fair women and brave men,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

But laying aside all "highfalutin" and figurative expressions of delight at the new order which is intended to throw light on many subjects, we feel that it is our duty to return our earnest thanks to the military authorities for their exertions in behalf of our citizens, and at the same time to bestow praise upon the Gas Company for the willingness they have evinced to unite with the military authorities in this great public improvement.

Our citizens are all interested in this last public blessing, and our merchants fully appreciate the effort of all who have labored to bring about this enlightenment.

What an Old Man Has Noticed.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths, and jewels, are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of the selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idiot of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad are buried?

Step by Step.

Samuel Burnham's life was one of constant disappointment. He would no sooner begin a course of action than sickness would thwart him. He was in this way kept from college. Because of this, he was compelled to give up teaching. By this his literary labors were impeded, and yet his patience was wonderful, and he was never heard to complain. The secret of his endurance and cheerfulness is found in a passage in his diary written twenty years ago, at a time when physicians despaired of his life. He wrote: "If I get well, to God will be all the praise; if not, I hope and pray that I may be prepared to submit cheerfully to anything he may have in store for me." His own life was an exemplification of the advice which he himself gave to a young man before whom the way looked dark: "God will point out the path he wishes you to take. God always makes the next step clear. We are apt to trouble ourselves about the future, but we forget that one step at a time is all we have to make, and that we usually have light enough for that one." And so, whenever the path of his choosing was hedged up, he only said, "God wishes me to do something else," and did it. — Watchman and Reflector.

SAVANNAH AS A WHOLESALE MARKET.

Perhaps there is no city in the United States whose facilities for supplying the South with merchandise of every kind is so great, and at the same time, so much overlooked by merchants and others, as Savannah. As a wholesale market we do not hesitate to say that Savannah can compete successfully with any city in the North, South, East, or West, and yet it is a remarkable fact, that many merchants from the country and inland cities, in our own and adjoining states, go elsewhere to supply themselves with those articles of merchandise that can be purchased as reasonably here as elsewhere, perhaps, all things considered, more so.

We cannot account for this delusive idea upon any National basis, but have come to attribute it to a sort of infatuation, that has taken hold of dealers consequent upon custom that prevailed before the war, when New York was regarded as the fountain head of the political, mercantile and social world in America. At that time, it should be remembered, that the South was more exclusively an agricultural country, our planters owned their slaves, raised large cotton crops, lived in affluence and comfort, and spent their summers at some northern watering place, where they engaged in social intercourse with northern merchants and capitalists. Our Southern merchants only thought of supplying the planter and country merchant with a few articles for their own consumption and trade without attempting to compete with the Northern trade. In this manner we became entirely dependant upon the North for actual necessities, and to the North our people looked for every article of merchandise and household consumption. The late war taught our people the folly of such a course and prompted them to cut loose from a dependence so humiliating in its effects and so practically destructive of our interests. At the close of the war an impetus was given to Mercantile Enterprise. The people of the South, profiting by the lessons of the past, determined to establish for themselves markets of sufficient importance, magnitude, and enterprise to supply their demands to any extent, without being so entirely dependent upon the Northern cities and manufactories.

To this end our cities enlarged, extended and increased their mercantile facilities; manufactories sprung up in cities and country. Commerce increased and communication by steamship and sailing vessel with all parts of the world was established in our seaport cities. Railroad lines were built and extended. Capital flowed in from all sections and business men of means and life—long experience settled in the Southern cities. All this gave birth to a spirit of enterprise and determination to develop the resources of the South, and in no Southern State has this spirit been fostered and kept up so successfully and perseveringly as in Georgia.

Savannah is the shipping port of Georgia, and it is a well known fact that Savannah has increased in her mercantile facilities with a rapidity unequalled by any city in the South. To-day she has communication with all the important ports of the world both Foreign and Domestic. Her merchants have displayed a sagacity and energy unknown to other cities of twice the size. Such goods, as could only be purchased in New York anterior to the war, are now manufactured here. An honorable and flourishing competition has sprung up, and while the merchant and manufacturer are enriching themselves, the retail dealer and consumer can be supplied with such articles as they need at a price not to be surpassed for reasonableness elsewhere. Buildings of every description are rapidly going up, dwellings and business houses are increasing in every portion of the city, and those houses heretofore occupied by extensive wholesale and retail dealers are being enlarged for purposes of increase of stock and manufactories. Such goods as are not manufactured here are now brought from Europe extensively, so that they pass through but one merchant's hands before they reach the retailer or consumer from the manufacturer, and but one profit is made, whereas formerly no less than three or four profits were made. In consequence of the extended buildings now going on, rents are becoming perceptibly less, and the rents of the Savannah merchant does not begin to compare with that of the New York merchant.

The item of freight is also a great reason why Savannah merchants can compete successfully with Northern merchants. — Having very

Do you realize, kind reader, that another seven days have rolled over your own and our heads since last Saturday night—since we attempted to lay before you the events of a week? How rapidly the time flits away! Although we have had much to remind us of existence during the week that is just now drawing to its close, and to render that existence none the happier or pleasanter in the world, still it has glided away on the wheels of time with a rapidity that is truly startling in its realization. What tortures have we all experienced during the past seven days! A meridian sun, the dry, hot and parching rays coming down upon us with irresistible power, that none of us could escape. The weather has been excessively hot. Man, with all his wisdom and reason, has been as powerless to resist the burning rays of the hot July sun as has the poor dumb brute that has been struck almost dead by its effects. Do we want any better evidence of our weakness, our utter inability to change or improve our condition? We are all creatures of circumstance, and must submit to that circumstance whether we would or not.

How many of those who read our last Saturday night's review of the week, or who, living, breathing mortals, like we were then, even in our own city, are tonight in the spirit world! The old man and the infant, the rich and the poor. The destroyer of the human race respects no age, nor condition, nor sex. At least two of our well-known citizens, one of whom especially had good reason to hope for many more years of life in this world, are now removed from among men. Their faces being missed from among the busy throng, their names will soon be blotted from the memory of man. The little infant who gladdened the hearts of its proud, hopeful parents, has gone to that rest from which it will never again be roused in this world. The pattering of its little feet has died away forever, and its sweet, childish prattle is hushed. The past seven days have left their stamp upon the hearts of many, carelessly as they may be regarded by others.

In regard to the business changes of the week that is now almost ended, but little can be said. Scarcely any change has occurred. The season is dull. The weather too hot for people to exert themselves to any great extent. Week after week witnesses the departure of our citizens and business men—some to Europe, some to the northern section of the United States, and some, as we stated before, confine themselves to our own State and neighboring southern States, where they enjoy the beautiful, romantic mountain scenery and stray among the delicious, cool shades of valleys, drinking the cold, pure waters that gush from the mountain sides. Man must have such recreation from business else his mind would wear down to a mere thread, a flickering spark that the least harsh blast would extinguish, and his body would soon become a poor emaciated casket, scarcely strong enough to retain his restless spirit.

The political ball continues to roll on with no interruption. Both of the contestant parties are laboring to their utmost extent of power and energy to elevate their candidates, and, consequently, themselves, to such positions as will give them a controlling influence in the government. It is gratifying to know that the spirit of Conservatism is pervading all classes of our citizens. The most violent and rabid opponents of this course are moderating their tone, coming round to a more mild way of thinking, and ere another seven days shall be rolled up on the great wheel of time we have little doubt



Reader, are you fond of retrospecting? Do you love to look back down the long vista of years, that one after another have removed you farther and farther from your happy childhood days, and borne you on nearer and nearer to that bourne from whence no traveler returns? Isn't it a pleasure to recall, from the hidden recesses of the past, even the disappointed wishes of one's happy childhood, the bright hopes of boyhood or girlhood, nipped almost as soon as budded, and the brilliant aspirations and ambitions of mature years, blasted ere they were born in the bosom? If you do not, then your life has not been a perfect success. And whose life has been one long, uninterrupted series of virtues? Who that lives in this sinful world of ours, surrounded by temptation, beset by troubles, annoyed by cares, and tortured by anxieties of one kind or another, has not yielded at some time or other, and committed some act of which he sadly repented after emerging from the circumstances that surrounded him at the time.

None are perfect, yet there are few who do not find pleasure in lifting the veil that hides the deeds of their past lives. While it is a pleasure, it is also a benefit; for the dangers of the future may be avoided by the experiences of the past. But how little do we all know of the lives of each other! We may be as intimately connected as it is possible for two hearts to be in this world, yet we are totally ignorant of the promptings of any other heart save our own. We see nothing but the outer lives of individuals, and what a small proportion is that of the world's general make up. Every individual is a mystery to his fellow. We meet and pass each other, perhaps, many times a day. We greet and are greeted with a smile, and all pass pleasantly along through life as long as our ways lead in different directions, or until we come in violent contact with each other. But the secrets of each man's life are securely locked within his own bosom. There he guards them with a jealous care, and never for one moment thinks of committing them to the keeping of another, however near and dear that other may be to him.

We all endeavor to present a fair and pleasant exterior; we try by every means within our power to impress those with whom we come in contact with a favorable opinion of ourselves, but we would shrink instinctively from a candid confession of every thought that sprung from our brain or was nurtured in our bosom. This is no doubt one of the wise provisions of the Almighty Creator, and intended by him to be just as it is. At the same time man is endowed with the faculty of discerning right from wrong, and his conscience is the monitor by which he is guided. Then it is of great benefit to each of us that we should retrospect, and while we hastily run back over the events of the week, gentle reader, you should grope back through the secret mazes of your own inner life, and see if you have nothing to regret in your life during the week through which the great and good God has preserved you.

As far as the week that is gradually wearing away is concerned, we have not a single event of interest to record. Our local affairs have drifted quietly along down the stream of time, with nothing to disturb their even and monotonous routine. We have had no fatal accidents, no sudden deaths, no exciting occurrences. Private individuals may feel some stir within the secret caverns of their hearts, as we have said, but of

Another week of time has worn itself away and brought us down to that hour so welcome to all—particularly the laborer and hard working mechanic, clerk, and that class, generally, who earn their bread according to the scriptural command, by the sweat of the brow. Steadily and surely the stream of time glides along, bearing upon its bosom all nature, and, though we "take no note of" it, except, perhaps, as it affects our own convenience and arrangements, or, until in our busy, active, perhaps happy, oftener miserable, lives, we suddenly find ourselves growing old, the distance lengthening between the happy childhood days and the present, and shortening our stay upon earth, as day after day bears us onward to our final close with all mundane affairs; still it moves regularly and uninterruptedly along. Like the sun that rises in the calm, clear morning, dispersing the mists and darkness of night, mounting the eastern skies until he finally reaches the zenith when he appears to rest momentarily. So our lives begin, and as day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year rolls away into the great ocean of the past, we continue to advance in age until we reach the zenith of our lives, when we seem to stand still for a time. But, like the sun, as soon as the midday is past we begin to decline toward the western horizon; each year brings us nearer to our setting; the shadows begin to lengthen upon the earth; time stamps upon us all the immutable insignia of its years, and finally we sink behind the western horizon and pass forever from the changing scenes of earth.

Life may be divided into three parts—the past, the present, and the future. The past is filled up with the deeds of men, and seems, after all, but a dream through which we all have passed, though not at one time—to some a happy reality, to others a sad struggle for existence; while to many it brings trouble, misfortune and sorrow of some kind or other, it soon passes away, leaving nothing but the recollection that it has been. The future is to us all an unopened book—unclear, visionary, uncertain. We plan, devise, conjecture, hope; but we know nothing.

It is the present alone that is real. We live in the present, and our lives should be such that the future will find us prepared for every emergency, so that when both present and future become past we may be haunted by no unpleasant or remorseful recollections. The present is the time for action. Men's lives are so proportioned in regard to time that in all human probability they have the opportunity to make ample preparation for the future, both as regards time and eternity—unless perchance some unexpected circumstance should cut them off suddenly, and remove them from the sphere of existence. The noon of life is comparatively long, and thus it is that each should strive to obtain that which will render the evening comfortable and happy.

Think you, reader, that life is but an empty dream? If you do, it is time you were waking up to its realities. Long-fellow has beautifully expressed it in these lines of his; read them:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returneth,'
Was not spoken to the soul."

"Trust no future how're pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

In retrospecting the week we find nothing of much interest. Our commu-

How few of the busy throng that infests the city, rushing to and fro, in and out, up and down, madly, recklessly, pursuing the almighty dollar, that keeps constantly before their mind's eye, appreciate the blessed Saturday night. To them it brings no joy, no gladness, no realization of the beneficent designs of the great and good Creator, who, in instituting the Sabbath as a day of rest, gave unmistakable evidence of His omniscience—His knowledge of that which the creature man needed most from the hands of the Creator, rest. To them the Sabbath brings no quiet, sweet repose—its peculiar institutions no pleasurable sensations. Their minds are not permitted to rest from the constant planning, scheming and devising that characterizes them during the week, and their bodies chafe under the confinement they are compelled by universal custom to submit to, or expose themselves to the condemnation of that high-toned, moral society they aspire to mingle with, of which they are proud to be regarded honest and consistent members.

But how different does Saturday night, the forerunner of the holy Sabbath, come to the laborer, the mechanic, the clerk—to the man who earns his daily bread by his daily labor. To him it is the haven of sweet repose, the harbor into which he steers his bark to seek safety and rest from the violent storms of life's troubled ocean. Tossed here and there by the winds of fortune and misfortune, beat upon by the billows that roll him carelessly, heedlessly, heartlessly, from one position to another, in order to "earn the morsel that keeps himself, his wife, and children from starvation, he hails Saturday night as the harbinger of rest, and seeking his home enjoys with his family the meagre fruits of his toil; for however humble and poverty stricken it may be, nevertheless it is home. And who that has a home does not fully understand all that is conveyed in that single expression? John Howard Payne felt the inspiration of home when he gave expression to his feelings in those touching and truthful words, "Home, sweet home; there's no place like home." Simple, yet eloquent from their very simplicity and truthfulness.

These are the men who retire from their labors on Saturday night with grateful hearts. Who know what Saturday night really is, and who spend their Sabbaths in the manner designed by the Almighty Creator. The day is never too long for them. Though never hesitating to return to their various duties at its close, knowing that necessity drives them on with a merciless lash, they are never dull, low spirited or unhappy while the day of rest remains.

The week whose records we now attempt to gather up and lay before you, reader, had scarcely begun before a direful calamity befell a household in our city. How shocking to affectionate parents is the sudden and unexpected death of an infant. But when the innocent prattling little one, that has just learned to lisp your name, is torn cruelly from you, its tender flesh lacerated and the little bones ground into powder, how must the heart of the parent bleed at sight of the little sufferer whose agonies he is powerless to alleviate.

The street car accident had not ceased to be the topic of absorbing interest when information was received that a poor friendless foreigner had fallen from the deck of a steamer in port and was drowned. Truly, while the Sabbath is a day of rest, it seems also to be a day of accidents and calamities in our city. The

There is much sound wisdom—well-weighted words which breathe the true spirit of conciliation—in the subjoined editorial article from the *Christian Union*, of which excellent journal Henry Ward Beecher is the editor. We commend the article to the careful perusal of our readers:

Most of us, probably, are in the habit of thinking that ours is a singularly prosperous and fortunate nation. The condition of the larger part of the country might justify such an estimate. But to this state of affairs there is a marked exception in the case of the Southern States. Several causes prevent the North from realizing the troubles of the South. There is little communication between the two sections. The West is the child of the East, but the blood of the South and North has long run in separate streams. To this want of acquaintance is to be added another consideration. It is felt that the wrongs of the South spring from a wrong which she provoked, and which also left wounds on the North. Of active vindictiveness, we believe there is hardly a trace among the mass of our people; but there is doubtless less keen sensitiveness to troubles which are regarded as a kind of natural retribution. But any such difference would quickly melt away, if the Northern people once clearly and fully understood how serious are the misfortunes under which the South is laboring.

Probably in modern times no country has ever had its strength more completely drained by a war than the Southern States. From the first, they were matched against an antagonist vastly their superior in physical resources. With a smaller population; with their laboring class unavailable for soldiers; with no system of manufactures; with no commerce except the stealthy supplies from blockade runners; they kept the field for four years against the full strength of the North, backed by a courage as resolute as their own. They gave literally their whole property to their cause, and their blood as freely as water. When the South yielded it was as when a man drops from sheer exhaustion; men, money, supplies, all were gone. To-day there is literally hardly a white family in those communities that did not lose father or sons in the war. The financial impoverishment can hardly be estimated. A Committee of Congress has reckoned the loss consequent on the war, exclusive of the loss of property in slaves, at \$4,000,000,000. But such statements give no idea of the amount of individual distress. It is no exaggeration to say that, as a rule, all the people of property were by the war financially ruined, as that phrase is generally understood.

To this state of things was immediately added a total disarrangement of the system of labor. All the manual work had been done by slaves; and all these slaves were set free at once. Of the effect of the change upon this class by themselves, we shall have something more to say. But the immediate consequence inevitably was to greatly interrupt and paralyze the industry of the whole section. A people cannot perfectly adapt themselves from the relation of slaves to that of free laborers in a day, or a year, or a decade. It is very hard to tell how far the adjustment has yet proceeded in the South. It has clearly been successful enough to give much hope for the future. But meanwhile the interruption and confusion have involved a temporary loss that would have borne heavily on a wealthy community; much more upon one already exhausted by war and invasion.

Upon the first efforts at recuperation, two or three most unfavorable seasons fell like a blight. The South is essentially an agricultural country. Year after year, the crops were lost through bad weather, and the land was left as if it had been swept by the murrain and the hail.

To these burdens has been added yet another, that of misgovernment. It is needless here to trace the political history of reconstruction, or to apporportion the blame for its mistakes. It is enough to say that in point of fact the State governments of the South have very largely fallen into the hands of ignorant and knavish men. Public money has been wasted and stolen by wholesale. A proud and high-spirited population have seen their places of trust and honor filled by foreign adventurers and uneducated freedmen. The old political leaders, in whom the people had confidence, and who alone have experience in the conduct of affairs, have been excluded from office by Congress. The course of politics has tended to deepen the antagonism between the former masters and the blacks, and to still further alienate the former from the national authority.

This is a gloomy picture. One feature remains to be added. Into this weakened and distracted community there has been no infusion of new, healthy blood. It was hoped that immigration would renovate the South; but there has been no immigration, or but little. The old elements are left to work out their way unassisted.

And is this all? Was it to bring about this that the sacrifices of our war were made? No. There is something yet to be considered, a thing which, rightly measured, outweighs all the loss. Four million slaves become free. What that means, we can know when we can measure in imagination the anguish of slavery; the dumb, hopeless suffering, the manhood denied the womanhood outraged, the human soil put under the conditions of the beast. Out of that shadow a whole people have been brought. Already the fruit of that great deliverance begins to appear, but its full ripening and perfection will take many years to unfold. A race has started on the road to manhood. They have left Egypt but have not reached the promised land. They are in the desert, receiving laws, institutions and training, and looking for a happy future. The ignorance and helplessness of their old condition must long weigh heavily upon them. And in their new estate of freedom, they have met with double misfortune, in that political circumstances have tended to bring them under the guidance of demagogues, and at variance with the class most able to help them.

Of the present duty of the nation at large toward the South we shall here say but a word. The best service that can be rendered to the Southern people politically is to let them alone. Disabilities should be swept away at a blow. There should be no more Federal interference with local affairs. Political salvation for the South can only come through her own people. Our active duty toward them lies in another direction. It consists, first, in helping secular and religious education. This is the supreme need of the South. We should have faith in their sincere endeavors, according to their light, opportunities and means, to rebuild society, and to include the freedmen in their efforts. They need from us not simply pecuniary help, but Christian sympathy and a manly trust. There are societies that are doing wise and energetic work in this direction, and they have a claim on us beyond almost any other form of benevolence. And finally, whatever fosters better acquaintance between the North and South is of the highest value. Unlike as the two sections are, it needs only mutual knowledge to establish hearty friendship between them. We learned in the war to respect each other's courage; there wants but the familiar intercourse of peace to develop that sympathy of feeling which is the vital element in true unity.

It will be seen by reference to our telegraphic columns this morning that the Blackshear Convention has finished its work, nominating as the candidate of the Democratic party for Congress from the First District Colonel Morgan Rawls, of Effingham county. The nomination was not made until the thirty-ninth ballot, and there was no doubt much difficulty in nominating even then, Rawls receiving only one more than the two-thirds vote required. The dispatch winds up by saying the Chatham delegation caused all the trouble.

We cannot see how it was possible for the Chatham delegation to cause any "trouble;" but, on the contrary, we are surprised at the course pursued by the delegations from other portions of the district. The truth is simply this:—The delegation from Chatham county were well advised as to the exact situation of affairs. They knew when they went to Blackshear, and they know now, that the Radical party had put into the field a very strong candidate—one whom it will require a man of no ordinary ability and popularity in the district, and especially in Savannah and Chatham county to defeat. The consequence was that, having the Democratic success of the district at heart, they wanted to put into the field none other than such a man. Another fact is to be considered. Many delegates, perhaps a majority, went to Blackshear with the avowed determination that no Chatham county man should be nominated. In this they were seconded and encouraged by some of the aspirants, who made no effort to conceal the fact, but, on the contrary, openly asserted that if a Chatham county man was put in nomination he would certainly be defeated. We will not characterize this as a threat to force upon the Chatham delegation a candidate not acceptable to them, though it may have been intended as such.

The result of the matter is that a comparative stranger to the district is nominated, and while we will not express an opinion we will not conceal the truth in regard to public disappointment, freely expressed upon the receipt of the news yesterday. It is evident from the wording of the dispatch that there was discord and dissatisfaction in regard to the action of our delegation, who will probably bring back with them no favorable recollections or feelings, and if such be the case it will spread among the voters of the county and influence them to a great extent. The time is too short to produce a reaction before the election, and if the case is as we have stated it above the nomination will prove an unfortunate one to the Democratic party.

How to Calculate Interest, and What It Will Do.

The following rules are so simple and so true, according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk, should post them up for reference. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no other arithmetical process can the desired information be obtained by so few figures:

Six Per Cent—Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired; separate the right hand figure and divide by six; the result is the true interest on such sum for such number of days at six per cent.

Eight Per Cent—Multiply any given amount for the number of days upon which it is desired to ascertain the interest, of such sum for the time required, at eight per cent.

Ten Per Cent—Multiply the same as above, and divide by thirty-six, and the result will be the amount of interest at ten per cent.

What It Will Do—If a mechanic or clerk saves only 24 cents per day, from the time he is twenty-one until he is three-score and

This day opens upon the State of Georgia and city of Savannah as one of the most important in the history of the times. At all times the election of State officers is an event of importance, an era in the lives of the people, fraught with momentous interests. Each party, after laboring to the utmost of its strength and skill, marshals its hosts on every recurrence of election days, and, putting forth its utmost exertion, endeavors by every means within its reach to obtain control of the government. There was a time when men of pure, honest and patriotic motives differed with each other upon the best, most advantageous and economical mode of administering the government of the State. But in this difference of opinion all were equally interested in the welfare of the government, and, into the hands of whichever party the reins of government should chance to fall, the people of the State and county felt no anxious misgivings as to the honest administration, feeling satisfied that the controlling motive of all was the supreme good of the State.

Those days have passed away. Ever since the close of the war it has been patent to every intelligent, thinking and correctly observing man, that the object of the Radical party in securing the control of the government was not the good of the people, but the good of the party, the private and pecuniary interest of the individuals in power and their friends. In order to do which they have never scrupled to make use of the people's money, while they use an ignorant class of voters to promote their own selfish motives—to secure their own private ends. This is reasonable. For what public interest can an individual or party feel in a community where it has nothing at stake; nothing to lose; where it pays little else than a poll tax for the support of the government?

The people of Chatham county and Savannah, in common with the people of the State, ought to feel a deep and serious interest in the result of the contest to-day. They cannot afford to see the government of their State, and the law making power of their county, pass out of the hands of their own people and into the control of a set of carpet-beggars, scoundrels and ignorant negroes, led on by these designing white men from another section, who, we have asserted, have no interest in the welfare and prosperity of our State, to say nothing of their utter incompetency to frame a single act of public benefit. Let even the intelligent colored people look at the candidates of the Radical party to the Legislature, and ask themselves in all honesty if they conscientiously consider them capable of representing an intelligent constituency. We trust the people have weighed well the consequences of defeat in this election; that they will not permit themselves to be lulled into any false notions of security to such an extent as to manifest indifference, or yield to any inclination to apathy. But attributing to the result of the election all the importance that it could possibly bear, turn out to-day, and by one united effort determine that Georgians shall rule Georgia.



TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS.

First, Mrs. McGinty came over to know
If a pall of coal she could borrow;
Her husband had ordered a ton from the yard,
She'd return it by to-morrow.

Then came Mrs. Martin from over the way;
Who said she stepped over to see
If I would oblige her till that afternoon
With only a drawing of tea.

Next came Mrs. Johnson, who liked very much
To lend her for an hour or two,
A couple of irons, as she had on hand
Some work so hurried to do.

Then came Mrs. Thomas, a neighbor next door,
A troublesome cranky old dame—
Who wanted to borrow for that afternoon,
The use of my large quilting frame.

Scarce had she gone when old widow Jones,
Who said she was going to scrub,
Came into the room and wanted to know
If I'd lend her the use of my tub.

Then Mrs. Wilson came over in haste—
In her hand a pitcher she bore;
Her molasses full short, she hadn't enough,
And would like to borrow some more.

Next came Mrs. Herando, who wanted to know
If the late paper I had read through,
And would feel much obliged to me if I would
But loan it an hour or two.

And even at night, when going to bed,
There came to my door Mrs. Doyle,
Who had to sit up—her husband was sick—
And wanted some kerosene oil.

With patience exhausted, I'm forced to declare
That in future I'll lessen my labor,
By refusing to lend everything I possess
To improvident troublesome neighbors.

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, and wit and glee,
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—ah! I ah, me!
Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led;
Who troubles the neighbor's dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes and spoils more hats,
Loses more tops, and kites and bats
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways;
With his idle hours on busy days;
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant, for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the pleasant world.

Only a boy, who will be a man
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
If water, or fire, or some fatal snare
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy,
"Only a boy."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed
While others are beginning;
This luck in some, in others speed,
That's an early winning;
But if you have a chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind—
"Tis better late than never!"

And if you keep ahead 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
Tis noble when you can excel,
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on, as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
"Tis better late than never!"

Ne'er labor for an idle boast,
Or victory o'er another;
But while you strive the uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother;
Whatever your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to do the rest,
"Tis better late than never!"

Choose well the path in which you run—
Succeed by double daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing;
Then fret not if you are left behind,
Nor ever slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind—
"Tis better late than never!"

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Someone has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Someone has gone to the bright, golden shore;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Someone is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,
Weary with sorrow and never to rest,
Someone's departed to Heaven's bright shore;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

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The Baby.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

Description of a Man.

WRITTEN BY A WOMAN.

A man is like to—but stay,
To what he's unlike who can say?
And yet we cannot do without him!
Love sits in his breast,
Like a hen in her nest,
And his chickens are scratching about him!

When he is pleased, I am squeezed;
When he's not, I am teased,
And I never can tell where to find him.
He is like an old horse,
Worth but little, and cross,
And a woman is foolish—very foolish, to mind him.

If he chance but to smile,
And look pleasant awhile,
And come chattering round like a chicken,
He is like a gay hawk,
With a false-headed spark,
Whose feathers are scarcely worth picking!

But when he is vexed,
Complained and perplexed,
Deceitful and vicious,
Base, false and malicious,
He is like—hard to speak myself—
He is like to, alas,
Like a snake in the grass,
He is then, only then, like himself!

His head's like a butcher's full shop,
With beef, mutton, pork, and what not;
His heart's like a pad of old will,
Which the devil contributes to fill—

In short, to a wife,
He is like a case knife,
To cut up a cake, or a cheese,
Like a Saint, when he's civil;
But if not, like the Devil,
That will turn to whatever he please!

Like a hog, to a dog,
To a hare, to a bear,
Whose cruelty yieldeth to no man!
Like a mouse, like a roose,
Like a man, like a fool,
Like a land, like a ring,
He's like everything else—but the woman!

WHAT CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY

Though we may not change the cottage
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange a little grass plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something, brighter, dearer,
Than the wealth we thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase
Costly pictures rich and rare—
Though we have no silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare—
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For flowers blossom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin;
We can make its inmates happy,
And their truest blessings win;
It will make the small room brighter,
If we let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside
When the evening hours are long;
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy, social song;
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our homes with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly close the door—
Yet, should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find;
There's a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred mind—
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

TIRED MOTHERS,

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood
I do not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This tripping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret,
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown,
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

THE LITTLE BOY THAT WISHED.

There was a little boy, with two little eyes,
And he had a little head that was just the proper size,
And two little arms, and two little hands;
On two little legs this little boy stands.

Now, this little boy would now and then be cross,
Because he could only be the very thing he was;
He wanted to be this, and then he wanted to be that;
His head was full of wishes underneath his little hat!

"I wish I was a drummer to beat the kettle-drum,
I wish I was a giant to say fee-fo-faw-fum;
I wish I was a captain to go sailing in a ship;
I wish I was a huntsman to crack a rice whip.

I wish I was a horse to go sixty miles an hour;
I wish I was the man that lives up in the lighthouse tower;
I wish I was a seagull, with two long wings,
I wish I was a traveler to see all sorts of things.

I wish I was a carpenter; I wish I was a lord;
I wish I was a soldier, with a pistol and a sword;
I wish I was the man that goes up high in a balloon;
I wish, I wish, I wish I could be something else, and soon!"

But all the wishing in the world is not a bit of use;
That little boy this very day he stands in his own shoes;
That little boy is still but little Master What-do-you-call;
As much as if that little boy had never wished at all!

He eats his bread and butter, and he likes it very much,
He grubs about, and bumps his head, and bows his hoop, and such;
And his father and his mother, they say, "Thank the gracious powers,
Those wishes cannot wish away that little boy of ours!"

HOW A PAPER IS MADE.

"Pray, how is a newspaper made?"
The question is easy to ask,
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a difficult task;
And yet in a bantering way,
As the whippoorwill sings in the glade,
I'll venture a bit of a lay,
To tell how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk
And ponders the things that appear
To be claiming the thoughts of the world—
Things solemn and comic and queer—
And when he has hit on a theme
He judges it well to parade,
He writes, and he writes and he writes—
And that's how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk,
And puzzles his brain to make out
"Telegraphic," so squabbled and mixed,
It is hard to tell what it's about.
Exchanges are lying around—
While waiting dispatches delayed,
He clips, and he clips, and he clips—
And that's how a paper is made.

An editor out in the town,
In search of the things that are new—
The things that the people have done,
The things they're intending to do—
Goes peering and prying about,
For items of many a grade;
He tramps, and he tramps, and he tramps—
And that's how a paper is made.

And all that these workers prepare,
Of every conceivable stripe,
Is sent to the printer and he
Proceedeth to stick it in type,
His lines all respecting his will,
In slow-moving columns parade,
He sticks, and he sticks, and he sticks—
And that's how a paper is made.

In short when the type is all set,
And errors cleared up, more or less,
'Tis "look in a fo. n," as we say,
And hurried away to the press;
The pre-man arranges his sheet,
His ink gives the requisite shade,
Then he prints, and he prints, and he prints—
And that's how a paper is made.

COUNTRY CHILDREN

Little, fresh violets,
Born in the wild wood,
Sweetly illustrating
Innocent childhood;
Shy as the antelope—
Brown as a berry—
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merry

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sun bonnets,
Frayed at the edges,
Up in the apple tree,
Headless of danger,
Manhood in embryo
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,
Seeking the berries—
Under the orchard trees,
Feasting on cherries,
Trampling the blossoms,
Down among the grasses,
No voice to hinder them,
Dear lads and lassies

No grim propriety—
No interdiction;
Free as the birdlings
From city restriction!
Coining the purest blood,
Strengthening each muscle,
Donning health armor
Against life's coming bustle.

Dear little innocents!
Born in the wild woods;
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
God's blue spread over them,
God's garden beneath them;
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them!



MY LITTLE LABORER.

The following little poem appeared in our columns some weeks ago, but in an incomplete form and anonymously. Having seen it in numerous exchanges, we now reproduce it entire and with the name of the author:

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender,
As any lady's fair,
Sweet eyes of blue, a form but frail and slender
And curls of sunny hair.
A household toy, a fragile thing of beauty—
Yet with each rising sun
Begins his round of toil—a solemn duty,
That must be daily done.

To-day he's building castle, house and tower,
With wondrous art and skill;
Or labors with his hammer by the hour,
With strong, determined will.
Anon, with loaded little cart, he's playing
A brisk and driving trade;
Again, with thoughtful, earnest brow is trying
Some book's dark lore to read.

Now, laden like some little beast of burden,
He drags himself along,
And now his lordly little voice is heard in
Boisterous shout and song—
Another hour is spent in busy toiling
With hoop and top and ball—
And with a patience that is never failing,
He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last o'er takes my little rover,
And on his mother's breast,
Toys thrown aside, the day's hard labor over,
He sinks to quiet rest;
And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping,
I think, "my gathering tears,
Of what the distant future may be keeping
As work for manhood's years."

Must he, with toil, his daily bread be earning,
In the world's busy mart,
Life's bitter lessons ever, day by learning,
With patient, struggling heart?
Or shall my little architect be building
Some monument of fame,
On which, in letters bright with glory's gilding,
The world may read his name?

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation,
But shared with sweet content,
Perhaps a life in loftier, prouder station,
In selfish pleasure spent;
Perchance these little feet may cross the portal
Of learning's lofty fane.
His life work be to scatter truths immortal
Among the sons of men!

What'er thy lot, O blessed little sleeper,
Where'er thy feet may roam,
When life is done, and Death, the world's
Great Reaper,
Shall call thy harvest home,
Mayst thou go then as sweetly to thy slumbers,
Then rise, to wear 'mid Heaven's angelic num-
bers.

A starry, radiant crown!
MRS. J. G. BURNETT.

THE BEAUTIFUL SOME TIME.

BY MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

Out of the golden present, out of the bright
to-day
We are looking into the future, over a weary
way:
Reaching upward our tendrils striving in vain
to climb,
Out of the life about us, into the glad some-
time.
Never the gorgeous summer shines in such per-
fect light,
As when o'er the hills of autumn it vanishes
from our sight:
And the rose is never half so sweet when the
bushes are bent with bloom,
As when it hangs on the stem alone, and all
the garden is gloom.

When we sit in the living presence of one that
we dearly prize,
Present the thrilling clasp of a hand, and look
in the loving eyes,
We know not the fullness of the joy till the
glimpse of heaven is past—
And we walk alone in the shadow of a pleasure
too sweet to last.
How strange that we see not the shining, and
hear not the sound of wings,
Till spirit fingers waken the chords of memo-
ry's echoing strings:
And strange that we see not the glory of youth
till its dreams are fled,
Nor the strength of manhood till over our
brows the snows of age are shed.

Of life that is worth the living, and love that
makes life sweet;
Oh earth, like a glad thane giving, for the
joys of heaven complete;
Oh heart that is running over, with a song of
joy and love,
Shall I never fathom your mysteries till I know
the life above?
Shall I never cease the longing for something
beyond my grasp?
Shall I trample the flowers in my pathway, for
those that I may not clasp?
Shall all of life's rhythmical numbers be set
to one mournful chime,
Of never-to-day, but to-morrow; not now, but
the glad some time?

A WONDERFUL MAN.

General John H. Magruder—A Logician
in the Battle—A Hero in the Field
—A Volary at the Shrine of Nature—
The Envied of Men—The Adored of
Women.

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

The old warrior sleeps the sleep of a soldier in a
rude Texas grave, over which there is no monu-
ment. The grass was growing about it in the early
summer, and there were some flowers there, with-
ered and faded, scattered by a woman's hand. A
volary at the shrine of nature and finished diplomat
at the Court of Venus, it was fitting that there
should be largess of green growing grasses and
love flowers. If roses are the tear drops of angels,
as the beautiful Arab belief puts forth in poetry,
then is this lowly mound a hallowed spot, and
needs not the sculptured stone, the frosted column,
the ivy and the obelisk.

Magruder was a wonderful man. He stood six
feet four inches high, and had a form man envied
and women adored. His nerves were all iron.
Foreign travel and comprehensive culture had
been to him a zest that was always crisp and

CINCINNATI, O., May 3, 1872.
DEAR SIR: The national convention of Liberal
Republicans of the United States have instructed
the undersigned, president, vice-president and secre-
taries of the convention to inform you that you have
been nominated as a candidate of the Liberal
Republicans for the presidency of the United States.
We also submit to you the address and resolutions
unanimously adopted by the convention. Be pleased
to signify to us your acceptance of the platform and
nomination, and believe us, very truly, yours.
C. SCHURZ, President.
GEO. W. JULIAN, Vice Pres't.
WM. E. MCLEAN,
JNO. G. DAVIDSON, } Secretaries.
J. H. RHODES,
Hon. HORACE GREELEY, New York City.
MR. GREELEY'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, May 20.
GENTLEMEN: I have chosen not to acknowledge
your letter of the 3d instant until I could learn how
the work of your convention was received in all
parts of our great country and judge whether that
work was approved and ratified by the mass of our
fellow citizens. Their response from day
to day has reached me through telegrams,
letters and comments of journalists
independent of official patronage, and indifferent
to the smile or frown of power. The number and
character of these unconstrained, unpermeated, un-
solicited utterances, satisfy me that the movement
which found expression at Cincinnati has received
the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a
majority of our country as a harbinger of better
days for the republic. I do not misinter-
pret this approval as especially complimentary
to myself nor even the chivalrous and justly es-
teemed gentlemen with whose name I thank your
convention for associating mine. I receive and
welcome it as a spontaneous and deserved tribute
to that admirable platform of principles
wherein your convention so tersely, so
fervently set forth the convictions which
impelled and purposes which guided its course; a
platform which, casting behind it the wreck and
rubbish of worn-out contention and bygone leads,
embodies in it and few words the
needs and aspirations of to-day. Though
thousands stand ready to condemn
your every act, hardly a syllable of criticism or
cavil has been aimed at your platform, of which the
substance may be fairly epitomized as follows:

1. All political rights and franchises which have
been acquired through our late bloody convulsion,
must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed,
respected evermore, and all political rights and
franchises which have been lost through that
convulsion should and must be promptly restored and
re-established, so that there shall be hence-
forth no proscribed class and no disfranchised
caste within the limits of our Union, whose long
estranged people shall reunite and fraternize upon
the broad basis of universal amnesty with impartial
suffrage.

2. That subject to our solemn constitutional obli-
gation to maintain equal rights as citi-
zens, our policy should aim at local
self government and not at centralization; that
civil authority should be supreme over military;
that the writ of habeas corpus should be jealously
upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom; that
individual citizens should enjoy the largest
liberty consistent with public order, and
that there should be no federal submission
on the internal policy of the several states and
municipalities, but that each shall be left free to
enforce right and promote the well-being of its
inhabitants by such means as the judgment of its
own people shall prescribe.

3. There shall be areal and not merely a simulated
reform in the civil service of the republic, to which
end it is indispensable that the chief dispenser of
its vast official patronage shall be shielded from
the main temptation to use this power selfishly,
by a rule inexorably forbidding and precluding his
re-election.

4. That raising of the revenue, whether by tariff
or otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the
people's immediate business, to be shaped and di-
rected by them through their representatives in con-
gress, whose action thereon the president must
neither overrule by his veto, attempt to dictate nor
presume to punish by bestowing office only on those
who agree with him or withdrawing it from those
who do not.

5. That public lands must be sacredly reserved
for occupation and acquisition by cultivators, and
not recklessly squandered on projectors of railroads
for which our people have no present need, and
the premature construction of which is annually
plunging us to deeper and deeper abysses of foreign
indebtedness.

6. That the achievement of these grand purposes
of universal beneficence is expected and sought at
the hands of all who approve them, irrespective of
past affiliations.

7. That the public faith must at all hazards be
maintained and the national credit preserved.
That the patriotic devotedness and inextinguishable
services of our fellow-citizens who, as soldiers or
sailors, upheld the flag and maintained the unity of
the republic, shall ever be gratefully remembered
and honorably requited.

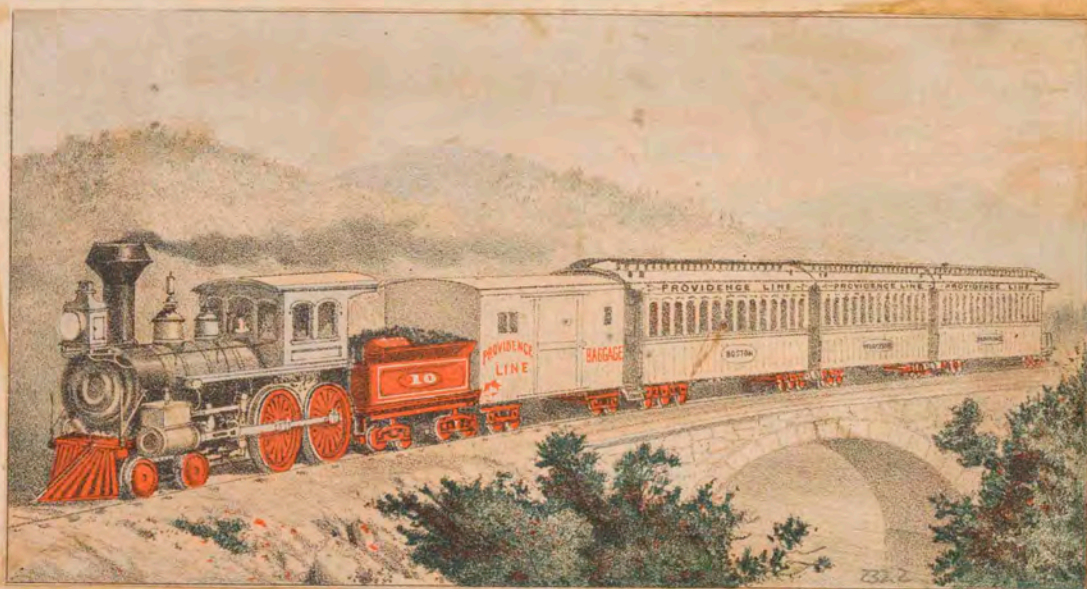
These propositions so ably and forcibly presented
in the platform of your convention have already fix-
ed the attention and commanded the assent of a large
majority of our countrymen who joyfully adopt
them as I do, as the basis of a
true beneficent national reconstruction of a new de-
parture from jealousies and strifes and hates
which have no longer adequate motive or even plausi-
ble pretext, into an atmosphere of peace and fran-
ternity of mutual good will. In vain do the
drill-sergeants of decaying organizations flourish
menacingly their truncheons, and angrily insist
that the files shall be closed and straightened. In
vain do the whippers-in of parties once vital because
rooted in the vital needs of the hour protest against
straying and bolting, denounce men nowise their
inferiors as traitors and renegades, and threaten
them with infamy and ruin. I am confident that
the American people have already made your
cause their own, fully resolved that their brave
hearts and strong arms shall bear it on
to triumph. In this faith, and with the distinct under-
standing that if elected, I shall be president, not of a
party, but of the whole people, I accept your nomi-
nation in the confident trust that the masses of our
countrymen, north and south, are eager to clasp
hands across the bloody chasm which has
too long divided them, forgetting that they have
been enemies in the joyful consciousness that they
are and must henceforth remain brethren.

Yours, gratefully,
HORACE GREELEY.
To Hon. Carl Schurz, president; Hon. George W.
Julian, vice president, and Messrs. Wm. E. Mc-
Lean, John G. Davidson, J. H. Rhodes, secretaries,
National Convention of Liberal Republicans of the
United States.

among a thousand. Fifty pieces of artillery
Chapultepec was terrible. Fifty pieces of artillery
were massed against my four gun battery at point
blank range, and in the valley below a regiment of
lancers were forming for a charge. Our fire had
been slackened, and the men were lying down. A
young man sat beside one of the guns amusing
himself with picking up pebbles and shooting them
from his hand. The lancers came nearer. I called
the young officer whom I had noticed, and he
sprang up shouting, "Your name?" "Lieutenant
George B. McClellan." "Very well, Lieutenant.
Take command of one of these guns and disperse
those lancers." The gunners rushed to their pieces.
All the great cannons about Chapultepec went to
roaring. The battle began anew. Worth was
sweeping up the activity the lancers were routing,
and the next I saw of McClellan he was smoking a
cigar in the palace of Santa Anna, his face as
black as a powder keg, and an ugly wound in his
arm.

What a trick his life would make in the hands of
some man! He once intended to write an auto-
biography. Whether it was begun or not, we do not
know—most certainly it was never finished.

The brave, fond heart is pulsing now. The
form of the stalwart soldier is dust in its faraway
grave. The laurels that he gathered and wore so
well are faded and gone. Back from the unknown
land no voice will come to tell of what rank he
takes in the spectral columns, closed up and silent,
waiting the resurrection day. Yet God deals gently
with a soldier. When he is brave and noble and
courteous and merciful, he has those attributes
which assimilate Heaven, and therefore he is fore-
ordained to happiness after death. It may be late
in coming, the bivouacs are right cold and dreary,
we know, for some, but after the night the morn-
ing, and after the judgment day the New Jeru-
salem.



The Vacant Seat in Church

'Tis more—a Sabbath morning, clear, and bright,
And Nature's robes are glistening in the light;
With music and perfume, she fills the air,
As if to leave no room for grief or care;
But hark! what deep-toned sound is that I hear,
Borne on the breeze to greet my list'ning ear?
It is the church bell's deep and solemn chime,
To tell the worshippers 'tis service time.

With movement slow approach the gathering throng—
But now, with quicken'd pace they haste along.
They reach the place from whence proceeds the sound,
And lightly tread—they feel 'tis holy ground.
Each claims a seat beneath the spacious dome,
A sacred spot, his little "home, sweet home."
Where each his glad, or troubled heart can raise,
Joined with his pastor here, in prayer, and praise.

The song has ceased, in which each heart seems found.
The organ still prolongs the plaintive sound.
They turn, with sadden'd hearts, and tearful eyes,
Toward a vacant seat, and heave a sigh.
The time-worn hymn book still retains its place,
But missing is that once familiar face.
He never more his earthly voice will raise
With you, ye worshippers, in songs of praise.

Not mine to eulogize the noble heart,
That now is still'd by death's resistless dart,
Or lift the veil which hides that mourner's grief,
Whose faith, will lead her where to find relief.
She weeps for one, who always by her side,
So gently moved, whatever did betide.
The picture lives forever in your heart,
And need not be re-touched by hand of art.

You'll meet no more, where you so oft hath met,
His bright smile—his life's bright sun has set.
Not as he sets, when evening weaves a shroud,
For him, of mist, from some dark, murky cloud,
But as he sets, when naught obscures the view,
Save heaven's bright and pure, ethereal blue.
Then rose to find a seat beneath the heavenly dome,
Far dearer now to him, than "home, sweet home."

THE BRIDE'S STORY.

When I was but a country lass, now fifteen
years ago,
I lived where flows the Overbrook through
meadows wide and low;
There first, when skies were bending blue and
blossoms blowing free,
I saw the little ragged boy who went to school
with me.

His homespun coat was frayed and worn, with
patches covered o'er;
His hat—ah, such a hat as that was never seen
before.
The boys and girls, when first he came, they
shouted in their glee,
And jeered the ragged little boy who went to
school with me.

His father was a laboring man, and mine was
highly born;
Our people held both him and his in great
contempt and scorn—
They said I should not stoop to own a play-
mate such as he.
The bright-eyed, ragged little boy who went to
school with me.

Yet spite of all the sneers around from children
better dressed,
My heart went out to meet the heart that beat
within his breast.
His look was fond, his voice was low, and
strange as it may be,
I loved the ragged little boy who went to
school with me.

For years they had forgotten him, but when
again we met,
His looks, his voice, his gentle ways remained
in memory yet;
They saw alone the man of mark, but I could
only see
The bright-eyed ragged little boy who went to
school with me.

He had remembered me, it seemed, as I re-
membered him;
Nor time, nor honors, in his mind the cherished
past could dim;
Young love had grown to older love, and so to-
day you see
I wed the ragged little boy that went to school
with me.

LAVA-LINDEN.

In Klamath, when the sun was low,
The lava beds held Mr. Lo,
Who dared to fight, and wouldn't go
For all the Peace Commissioners.

In truth, it was a gallant sight,
To see three thousand men of might,
With guns and cannons, day and night,
Fight fifty dirty Indians.

For every foot of lava bed
They threw a pound of hissing lead,
A ton for every Modoc dead,
In three weeks roaring battery.

Fire, Gillem, all the cannons brave,
Till Scar-faced Charley in his cave,
And Capt. Jack shall find a grave,
With all his bloody chivalry.

We'll bless you when you've killed them all,
The men and women, great and small,
And not a babe is left to squall
Its hatred of our victory.

For this is freedom's chosen land,
The heritage of all that's grand,
And the millennium's at hand

A Soldier—A Guest.

FAN, fan the gay hearth and fling back the barr'd
door,
Strew, strew the fresh rushes around on the floor,
And blithe be the welcome in every breast
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

All honor to him who, when danger afar
Had lighted for ruin his ominous star,
Left pleasure and country and kindred behind,
And sped to the shock on the wings of the wind.

If you value the blessings that shine at our
hearth—
The wife's smiling welcome, the infant's sweet
mirth—
While they charm us at eve, let us think upon
those
Who have bought with their blood our domestic
repose.

Then share with the soldier your hearth and your
home,
And warm be your greeting whenever he shall
come.
Let love light a welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

DRAMA OF THE WIDOWER.

SCENE I.

(The dying wife speaks to herself.)

Every dog will have his day,
And so will every man;
So let me tell him now the truth
And tell him while I can.

TO HER HUSBAND.

Yes; I'm dying, husband, dying!
I have had a happy life;
Don't pretend that you were crying,
You'll not be long without a wife.

I shall rest in peace, for yonder
In that country far and fair,
Shirts are never made with buttons!
Stockings never need repair.

You will find that your affliction
Is a blessing in disguise.
Resignation is a duty.
You will wipe your weeping eyes.

I shall find my youth renewing
In that world so new and strange!
But on you will surely happen
Just as wonderful a change.

Ah! my eye foresees already
Those becoming mourning suits,
New and fashionable beaver—
Polished manners—polished boots.

Arts of pleasing nicely studied,
Former things all passed away,
Daily visits to the barber,
Hair that is no longer gray.

(Here she is interrupted by death. The widower,
greatly overcome, is borne off saying:)

"Oh my dear, darling, precious wife!
She was the sweetest thing in life.
I never shall another find
Exactly suited to my mind."

SCENE II.

[A night has passed away.]

He asked for the scissors
To cut off her curls,
And while they turned round
He winked at the girls!

They went to the undertaker's
To get her a coffin,
And when they came back
The sly dog was laughing!

They went to the graveyard
To bury their dead,
And when they got back
He stood on his head.

SCENE III.

Who comes here?
A widower!
What do you want?
Another dear!
Where's the mother?
She's forgot.
She rests in peace, but I do not.

(He sings:)

Oh! John Anderson, my Jo, John
Is a right good song, 'tis true;
But Darry and Joan were two old fools,
And for me that would never do,
For I like to be off with the old love,
And I'd like to be on with the new.

So the night winds sighed and the stars above
Looked down on the same old story,
Of first wives gone to the kingdom of love,
And second ones out in their glory.

Reproach him not, ye sisters!
Nor think the dead wife wronged,
He thought upon no other while
To him she still belonged,
But while she lived, she lived in clover,
And when she died, she died all over.

I sat in serious thought, on a train
at night;
The lamp was out—the door of the room
stood ajar,
When suddenly a white form, in sorrowful
plight,
Stepped in and said, "Fear not; I have come
from afar
To commune, as a friend, from the realms of
the dead;
But here come others. Cease your kind ef-
forts, we pray."
And the room was soon filled (slow and noise-
less their tread)
With the pale, sad shadows of the "SOLDIERS
IN GRAY."

Sadly my thoughts roamed over the bright,
happy past,
The wrecks of my land—these mournful
wrecks of her sons;
Still open, wide, were the wounds they received
when last
They firmly wielded their swords and stood at
their guns,
To screen from the foe their land and loved
ones at home,
Bravely resolved to stand, in stern martial
array,
Till freedom be gained, and their work be
done,
Or they perished in battle, brave "SOLDIERS
IN GRAY."

He, who first came, with the insignia of rank
And command, spoke for the rest, and feel-
ingly said:
For the honor intended we gratefully thank
Those who freely offer it to the Confederate
dead.
But they are few. Forgotten already—let us
sleep at rest;
We want no tribute grudgingly given. Cease,
we pray;
These shadows are proofs that we did our best;
A future people will honor the "SOLDIERS
IN GRAY."

"But our people are poor—they can't do as
they would;
The test is at hand; God has blessed them
this year;
Freedom glows in the breasts of the grateful
and good,
And soon the tribute of Love will banish
your fear."
"Ah! the rich! we died for them as well as
the poor!
What have they done? They urged us on;
their memories stray
Still, and, with sympathies broken, they think
no more
Of the deadly encounters of the "SOLDIERS
IN GRAY."

Loud went the blasts of the bugle, deep rolled
the drum!
Boom! went the hoarse cannon (a strange
turn in my dream);
The thick smoke and the dust of grim war
veiled the sun,
And blood flowed on the field in a horrible
stream.
The fierce raging battle, with its death-dealing
arms,
The pealing notes of the trumpet, on that
anxious day,
Aroused me from slumber, and its dreamy
alarms,
And dissolved the dear forms of the "SOLDIERS
IN GRAY."

Farewell! brave sons of the South! called
early to rest,
Bright hope of your dear South land, borne
down by the foe,
Your people and kindred, still calling you
blessed,
Will now bring their offerings (their hearts
in aglow),
To halo with honor the brave deeds you have
done,
Until stricken with death on the cold earth
you lay,
On fields of the North, or in the land of the
sun,
To fight for freedom no more, loved
SOLDIERS IN GRAY.

THE OLD LETTER.

Only a yellow old letter
In a woman's delicate hand,
With just a faint hint of perfume—
Why I keep it you don't understand.

We were lovers once, but we quarrelled—
Pride against pride, you know;
It is simply the same old story,
And it happened years ago.

It is quite a thing of the past,
She is somebody else's wife,
While I—I can smile at the passion
Whose raptures once thrilled my life.

Quite a thing of the past—and yet
As with dream-troubled eyes I stand
Idly scanning this yellow old letter
In a woman's delicate hand,

Drifts from me the loveless present,
And I almost think I can trace
In the faded lines of a letter
My old love's beautiful face.

And I know in my heart of hearts,
Just as lightly as I may,
That life has nothing to give me,
Half as dear as that long ago day.

The Cross.

Hilst they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit mock,
The way of truth,
To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given,
To make 'em heirs of endless bliss in heaven
And 'e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.
For them he bore
His Father's frown;
For them He wore
The thorny crown;
Nailed to the cross;
Endured its pain,
That his life's loss
Might be their gain,
The haste to choose
That better part,
Nor 'd dare refuse
The Lord thy heart,
Let He declare,
"I know you not,"
And deep despair
Should be your lot.
Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust on Him who there was crucified.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

MOMENTS swiftly fly away;
Nothing can compel their stay;
Whither are they leading me?
To a vast eternity;
To a heaven of perfect bliss,
Or a dreadful dark abyss?

What, my soul, then, canst thou do,
With such prospects in thy view?
Flee to Jesus, flee away;
Not to-morrow; come to-day;
Come this moment, for to thee
The next may be eternity!

Lewis Glen.

Who does not know Lewis—Lewis Glen? Certainly no one who goes to the Court House often can fail to make his acquaintance. Lewis is the porter at the Superior Court room and for the county offices. He is a character, and a very useful individual too. It is his business to open and close the Court House; to see that everything is in order; fresh water and ice in the coolers; to keep every room swept out, the desks dusted, and to look after matters generally. Just beneath the left hand flight of steps going up to the court room there is a very small closet, scarcely more than four or five feet square, and over the door you read, "Refreshments for the jurors. Lewis Glen." As we have never been a "juror," we have no idea what the "refreshments" are, but we suppose there are several jurors who do. Early in the morning and late in the evening Lewis takes a long hose and waters the Court House and its surroundings, and after one of his showers one would think a thunder cloud had passed over. It is a real treat to live near the Court House. Lewis is well informed on all matters of interest, and keeps posted on the court proceedings. Every morning he can be seen in the Deputy Clerk's chair, with spectacles on, reading the morning papers. A good evidence of Lewis' good sense is that he thinks Bradley is a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Upon all political questions he is silent, but as Democrats are in office, we think we may be safe in saying Lewis is a Democrat.

BABY ARITHMETIC.

Rosebud, dainty and fair to see,
Flower of all the world to me,
Come this way on your pretty feet—
Say, how much do you love me, sweet?
Red little mouth drawn gravely down,
While brow wearing a puzzled frown,
"Wise little baby Rose is she,
Trying to measure her love for me."
"I love you all the day and night,
All the dark, and the sunshine bright,
All the candy, in every store,
All the dollars, and more and more."
"Over the tops of the mountains high,
All the world, way up to the sky."

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break;
How much the flesh may suffer, yet not die!
I question much, if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time: till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,
That till the trembling flesh be piece-meal torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way—
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another's life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone.
But, ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This, also, can be borne.

Behold we live through all things—famine,
thirst,
Bereavement—pain—all grief and misery,
All we and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die;
Though we be sick and faint, or tired and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

ANON.

THE BRITISH SOVEREIGNS.

"First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third;
Edwards one, two and three;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.

"Then Jamie the Scotsman;
Then Charles whom they slew
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles, too,
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Till Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria—
May she long be the last!"

THE MILL WILL NEVER GRIND WITH THE WATER THAT HAS PAST.

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BY JOHN F. BUTLER.

I dreamt last night of home and friends—of
when I was a child;
I saw the dear old scenes as in the yore;
I heard my mother's voice in its accents soft and mild.
It sounded sweeter than it had before,
I walked with father by the mill, as often I have done;
We watched the wheel that turned so very fast—
He laid his hand upon my head and gently said,
"My son,
The mill will never grind with the water that has past."

My parents died, and I grew on to be a reckless
boy,
Not caring what I did or where I went,
I squandered all they left me—I, who was my
mother's joy,
Soon on the road to ruin I was bent.
My money gone, I sat me down to think of what
I'd done,
The tears ran down my cheeks, quite thick and fast.
And, as I sat, I thought I heard my father say,
"My son,
The mill will never grind with the water that has past."

'Twas then I knew and felt what all my reckless-
ness had cost;
I had no one that I could call a friend,
Then how could I regain the name and character
I'd lost?
With nothing left on which I could depend,
I thought of that old place—my home that stood
upon the hill,
Its scenes in memory's shrine will ever last;
'Twas then I felt the meaning of the maxim of the
mill,
"The mill will never grind with the water that has past."

I then and there resolved that I would change my
ways in life,
To shun the road of sin that I had found,
I went in business, settled down, and now I have
a wife,
And joy and peace around our hearth abound;
We make the years that by us glide as happy as
can be,
That joy for us in life may ever last;
And this I teach the little ones that play around
my knee,
"The mill will never grind with the water that has past."

[Sunday Avalanche.

LOVE, DRINK AND DEBT.

BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

Son of mine! The world before you
Spreads a thousand secret snares
Round the feet of every mortal
Who through life's long highway fares.
Three especial, let me warn you,
Are by every traveller met;
Three, to try your might of virtue—
They are Love and Drink and Debt.

Love, my boy, there's no escaping,
'Tis the common fate of men;
Father had it; I have had it—
But for Love you had not been.
Take your chances, but be cautious;
Know a squab is not a dove;
Be the upright man of honor;
All deceit doth murder love.

As for drink, avoid it wholly;
Like an adder it will sting;
Crush the earliest temptation,
Handle not the dangerous thing.
See the wrecks of men around us—
Once as fair and pure as you—
Mark the warning! Shun their pathway,
And the hell they're tottering through.

Yet though love be pure and gentle,
And from Drink you may be free,
With a yearning heart I warn you
'Gainst the worst of all the three!
Many a demon in his journey
Bunyan's Christian Pilgrim met;
They were lambs, 'e'en old Apollyon,
To the awful demon Debt!

With quaking heart and face abashed
The wretched debtor goes;
He starts at shadows, lest they be
The shades of men he owes.
Down silent streets he furtive steals,
The face of man to shun,
He shivers at the postman's ring,
And fears the dreadful dun.

Beware of Debt! Once in, you'll be
A slave forevermore;
If credit tempt you, thunder "No!"
And show it to the door.
Cold water and a crust of bread
May be the best you'll get;
Accept them like a man, and swear—
"I'll never run in Debt!"

In Memoriam.

Of the following poem George D. Prentiss said that it was almost wish to die if he knew beautiful a tribute as this would be written memory."

On the bosom of a river,
Where the sun unloosed its quiver,
And the starlight gleamed forever,
Sailed a vessel light and free.
Morning dew-drops hung like manna
On the bright folds of her banner,
And the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow a pilot beaming
In the dusk of youth stood dreaming
And he was in glorious setting
Like an angel from above.
Through his hair the soft breeze sped
And as on the wave he floated,
Oft that pilot, angel-throated,
Warbled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks so blithely flowing
Buds of laurel bloom were blowing,
And his hands anon were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold.
Swiftly down the stream he glided,
Soft the purple waves divided,
And a rainbow arch divided,
On its canvas snowy fold.

Anxious hearts with fond devotion,
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Prayed that never wild commotion
Midst the elements would rise,
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water-flags' carol
Trembled to his music sighs.

But those purple waves enchanted,
Rolled beside a city haunted
By an awful spell that haunted
Every corner to the shore.
Night-shades rank the air enumbered
And pale marble statues numbered
Where the lotus-eaters slumbered,
And awoke to life no more.

Then there rushed with lightning qu
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
And the dew in fearful thickens
Gathered o'er his temple fair.
And there swept a dying murmur
Through the lovely Southern sum
As the beautiful pilot corner
Perished at that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the Sun unbinds his quiver,
And the starlight streams forever
On its bosom as before.
But that vessel's rainbow banner
Gleets no more the gay savanna,
And that pilot's lute drops manna
On the purple waves no more.

—The Freeman, St

ONE BY ONE.

BY JOHN ORTON.

Tick by tick one hundred years
On the clock are counted;
Step by step the ladder high
Must at last be mounted;
Stitch by stitch the largest rent
Must at last be mended;
Line by line the lesson hard
Will at last be ended.

Time by time the painter draws
Yon bright sunset glowing;
Wave by wave the heaving tide
Over the strand is flowing;
Breath by breath our days are spent,
Till the grave receives us;
Hour by hour and year by year,
Time slips by and leaves us.

Once by once a ton at last
In the scale is weighing;
And the castle walls to build,
Stone by stone they're laying.
All those prove the adage true
Which says many a little
Laid secure and careful by,
Will come to a "mickle."

HENDRICKS AND HIS LITTLE

(Air—"Mary Had a Little Lamb")
Hendricks had a little crow
Whose color was not black,
The best the world did ever know
And glossy-green its back.

It followed to St. Louis one day,
Under the two-thirds rule;
It made Dorshimer laugh and say
That crow was a blamed fool.

So the Convention turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Of the balloting to hear.

"What makes the crow love Hendricks so?"
The Indians cry.
"Because Hendricks is so fond of crow,"
The Tildenites reply.

Of all the real or pretended vision-
aries, Mother Shipton, who lived at
Knareboro', England, and is buried at
York, has come nearer the mark in ful-
fillment of vaticination, and her opinion
of the world's demise may be worth re-
cording, especially as it is now near at
hand. In 1448 she made a rhyming
prophecy which was republished in
1641.—Here it is:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Around the world man's thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters shall yet more wonders do;
How strange! but yet they shall be true,
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse, or ass, be at his side;
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall see, shall talk;
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green;
Iron on the water shall float,
As easily as a wooden boat;
Gold shall be found, and shown
In lands now not known;
England shall at last admit a Jew,
And fire and water shall wonders do;
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

Every item of the above has been
verified, save, of course, the catastrophe
foreshadowed in the two last lines.
Even so wise a dignitary as the Arch-
bishop of Baltimore has, without assign-
ing any date, declared publicly that
the signs of the times portended the
advent of the last days. So Mother
Shipton may not be far wrong, after all.

Cleopatra's Needle.

It has already been announced that
Cleopatra's Needle is in London at last.
While the cylinder ship was in port at
Ferrol a new mast was put in, new sails
were bent, the ballast was carefully ar-
ranged, and all was made taut and trim.
In appearance the strange craft resembled
a huge Cornish boiler, with small deck
house and a mast. Its length was ninety-
two feet, its diameter sixteen feet, and
barely a third of it was above water. The
Anglia, which has so successfully towed
the obelisk to the East India docks, is
the largest paddle-wheel tug in London,
and has done a great deal of ocean tow-
ing. The cable used was a fifteen-inch
hawser, and the length usually allowed
was one hundred fathoms. Start-
ing from the Bay of Biscay on
January 15, the two ill-mated compan-
ions put to sea, with a fresh gale blowing
and a heavy sea running, and arrived at
Gravesend January 21, after an eventful
voyage. Here John Dixon and his wife
went on board and congratulated the
Captains of the two vessels upon their
safe arrival. Hardly had a start been
made up the Thames when a boat was
seen putting off from the shore, and a
waterman excitedly waved an envelope
above his head. It was a telegram from
the Queen to the successful engineer, an-
nouncing her gratification at hearing of
the safe arrival of the needle. The news
having spread that the obelisk was com-
ing up the river crowds gathered at every
wharf and pier to cheer and wave hand-
kerchiefs, and at Blackwall Mr. Dixon
was enthusiastically greeted. The mono-
lith that was raised three thousand three
hundred years ago by Thothmes at Heli-
opolis was in an English berth.

It was at Admiral Walsingham's table that Dr. Johnson made that excel-
lent reply to the pert coxcomb who
absolutely baited him during dinner
time: "Pray now," said he to the doc-
tor, "what would you give, old gentle-
man, to be as young and sprightly as I
am?" "Why, sir, I think," replied
Johnson, "I would almost consent to be
as foolish."

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

A NORSE SUPERSTITION.

"Nay, mother, nay; the pictured coal is glowing
Dully and redly on the hearthstone there;
Yon was no flame of careless idler's throwing,
Nor rocket flashing through the startled air;
'Twas but the gleaming of the Northern Lights—
Ah, there again, they reddened Huntcliff
heights.

"So, let me raise you softly on the pillow,
See how the crimson lustre flares and dies,
Turning to red the long heave of the billow,
And the great arch of all the starless skies;
The fishers say such beauty bodes them sorrow,
Telling of storm and wind to blow to-morrow.

"No, child; the busy wife may bait her lines,
And net and gear lie ready for the morning,
No presage in that wavering glory shines,
No doom in the rich hues the clouds adorning;
They do but say the lingering hours are past,
The gates, the golden gates, unclose at last.

"Won, the long hill so steep and drear to climb,
Done, the long task so bitter hard in learning;
The tears are shed and garnered up by time,
The heart beats, freed from all its lonely
yearning.

The bar swings back, and flooding seas and
skies,
Burst out the deathless lights of Paradise.

"See, see, by the great valves of pearl they
stand,
Friends, children—husband; see glad hands
outreaching!

For me, for me, the undiscovered land,
Its promise in that roseate signal teaching;
Aye, kiss me, child, the lips will soon be dumb
That yet in earthly words can say, 'I come.'"

Again the banner of the Northern Lights
Waved broad and bright across the face of
heaven.

And in the cottage on the rugged heights,
The passing radiance by their glory given,
Showed a pale orphan weeping by the bed,
And the calm smiling of the happy dead.

[In the "New Round."

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Some persons have doubted whether
the Babylonians were guilty of such
"extreme cruelty" as to cast persons
alive into a burning, fiery furnace, as
in the case of Shadrach, Meshach, and
Abednego, mentioned by Daniel (iii.:
26.) They are strangely forgetful of
innumerable fiery martyrdoms, very
much more slow in their torture, and
therefore more cruel, than the seven-
times heated furnace of Babylon. Mr.
H. F. Talbot has discovered ample proof
in the Assyrian writings that both this
punishment, and that of casting men
alive into a den of lions, as Daniel was
treated, were in common use at Baby-
lon during the reign of Assurbanipal,
who preceded Nebuchadnezzar on the
throne by less than 20 years. Saul-
mugina, the younger brother of Assur-
banipal, having risen in rebellion
against his sovereign, and having failed
in the attempt, was not spared by his
angry brother. The following brief re-
cord is sufficient to tell its own terrible
tale: "My rebellious brother, Saul-
mugina, who made war with me, was
cast into a burning, fiery furnace."
Many of Saulmugina's adherents were
treated in the same manner; and the
remainder were otherwise disposed of
in the following way, as Assurbanipal
very pithily says: "The rest of the
people I threw alive among bulls and
lions, as my grandfather, Sennacherib
used to act; and I, following his exam-
ple, have thus treated these rebellious
men." Truly may we exclaim, with
the Psalmist, "The dark places of the
earth are full of the habitations of cruel-
ty."—The London Quarterly Review.

The "luncheon" is an informal style of
reception and has recently come into
vogue, and one was held by Mrs. John
Jacob Astor last Saturday. "Commerce
parties" is another way of entertaining a
small number of friends, and can be held
in the evening, while "kettle drum" is an
afternoon affair. The "luncheon" is held
from one to three o'clock. Many stylish
ladies desire it to be understood that they
are at home at luncheon time and are glad
to see any of their friends who may hon-
or them with a call. At such times the
lady of the house may take the head of
the table, and if no gentleman be present
her daughter may carve. Young ladies
are now often called to this duty, and I
have seen one of their number dissect a
turkey in a very expert manner. At these
"luncheons" the servants are generally
sent out of the room as soon as the cov-
ers are off, in order to remove any re-
straint from conversation. There is of-
ten more real enjoyment in such a gath-
ering than in a grand party; but the
latter is a fixed feature in society, and
every first-class family must give at least
one every season. This makes them very
abundant at the present time.—New York
Letter to Rochester Democrat. 2396

MORE ROYAL MARRIAGES.—The mar-
riage of the two Princesses of the Impe-
rial family at Berlin is to be the occasion
of magnificent fetes. Princess Victoria
Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte, daughter of
the Crown Prince of Germany, aged over
seventeen, is to marry the hereditary
Prince of Saxe-Meiningen and Hild-
bourghausen, Captain in the Prussian
Regiment of Fusiliers of the Guard, aged
twenty-six. Princess Elizabeth Anne,
aged twenty, second daughter of Prince
Frederic Charles, will marry the heredi-
tary Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Fred-
erick Augustus, aged twenty-five. As
this is the first marriage in the house of
Hohenzollern since the Imperial dignity
entered the family, an accustomed
splendor will accompany the ceremony.
About fifty Princes and Princesses will
be present, and the Emperor, Empress
and members of the Imperial family, the
King and Queen of the Belgians, and the
Prince of Wales will be guests at the
wedding banquet.

A Colored Enoch Arden.

THE EXPERIENCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS' COACH-
MAN—A QUEER CASE.

In the latter part of 1863, John H. James,
a popular mulatto slave of Jefferson Davis,
married Elizabeth Matthews, a handsome
and, for one in her station, a well educated
quadrone. The bride was the slave of the
Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State
of the Southern Confederacy. Soon after
the marriage President Davis gave James
his freedom, and presented him with enough
money to buy his wife's freedom. They
then settled down in Richmond. James
was promoted to the position of coachman,
and thought it no little honor to drive the
President of the Confederacy around in his
coach. James remained with Mr. Davis un-
til the evacuation of Richmond by the Con-
federates, and then accompanied his former
master in his hasty flight down South, where
Mr. Davis was captured. James went to
New Orleans and engaged in mercantile
pursuits in a small way. His wife never
heard of him after the capture of Mr. Davis,
and his friends supposed him dead. On
the 29th of May last she married again to
Ashton Tunstall, a very respectable young
colored barber of Richmond. Last Wednes-
day James, who had been thought dead, re-
turned to Richmond and made his way to
where his wife lived only to find her mar-
ried to another man. He has instituted a
suit for divorce. James gives no reason for
his long silence, except he says, his wife
never answered his letters. He accuses her
of infidelity. The husband is indignant,
and insists on a divorce. The wife is wil-
ling to go back to her first husband, but
husband No. 2 is opposed to this. The af-
fair comes up in court next week, and causes
excitement in colored upper tendom. Emi-
at engaged on both sides.

The Election in Effingham—Democratic Majority.

Below we give the returns of the election in Effingham county. Old Effingham is strongly Democratic, and although sufficiently near Savannah to be exposed to the influence of Radical, scalawag and carpet-bag electioneering, backed up with what money they can raise to carry on their elections successfully, the staunch Democrats in the county have thus far shown themselves true to their own, and the record of their forefathers. Besides, there are a goodly number of negroes in the county, and heretofore they have entertained ambitious aspirations. It will be seen by the following statement that Grovenstein is put down as Radical. This is not correct, nor is it just. Mr. Shederack Grovenstein was nominated by a party calling themselves Straight-outs, in opposition to Mr. Christian Foy, who, while he advocates the election of Greeley as the nominee of the Baltimore Convention, is nevertheless as good a Democrat as there is in Effingham county. Upon the endorsement of Greeley by the Baltimore Convention, there sprang up in Effingham county a party in opposition to the action of this convention. It was led on by men who advocated the strongest Democratic principles, real Bourbons in sentiment. The alacrity with which some of the old Democrats of the county appeared to seize upon any opposition to the Greeley movement gave encouragement to the leaders of the anti-Greeley movement, and they endeavored to build up a party in the county, calling it the "Straight-out" party. A few played out and broken down politicians, backed up by some petty office-seekers, who hoped by this means to slip into an office that their own popularity or merits would never secure to them, went into the anti-Greeley (so-called Straight-out) movement, and worked upon the minds of the more ignorant classes of whites, as well as the negroes, and in this way succeeded in organizing a party in opposition to the regular Democratic party, whose candidate was Mr. C. F. Foy. Some of these new school politicians went to the Straight-out Convention in Atlanta, on the 24th of August, for the purpose of representing the county. How it could be possible for an intelligent constituency of Democratic citizens to abandon the regular Democratic candidate for Representative in the Legislature upon the grounds that he was a Greeley Democrat, and nominate another, whose Democratic record is no better than Mr. Foy's, and whose interest in the welfare of the county is no greater, we cannot understand. Both are well-known old and good citizens, extensive property owners, responsible men, and staunch Democrats. It is evident that in putting up Grovenstein in opposition to Foy, the Straight-outs, so-called, were assured that the Radicals and negroes would not only put no candidate in the field, but would support their candidate, which it is plain they did from the number of votes cast for Grovenstein. The statement, however, as we have received it, that Grovenstein is the Radical candidate, is untrue, and we shall class him as a Straight-out. We are gratified to know that the Democratic candidate proper, C. F. Foy, has been elected. The result should satisfy these Straight-outs that even with the Radical assistance they cannot hope to win.

The following is the result of the election on Wednesday:

FOR GOVERNOR.	
Smith (Democrat)	270
Walker (Republican)	204
FOR LEGISLATURE.	
C. F. Foy (Democrat)	333
S. Grovenstein (Straight-out)	281

Gen. Taylor's Daughter's Will.

Mrs. Ann M. Wood, a daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, died at her residence in New York, December 22, 1875, leaving property valued at about \$40,000. Mrs. Wood's will was made during a visit to Halifax, N. S., and a commission was taken to examine the subscribing witnesses who lived in that city. One of these witnesses described Mrs. Wood as a very fine looking old lady, who conversed in an intelligent manner. The commission was recently concluded, and Saturday the will was admitted to probate. The instrument, which is in the form of a letter, is as follows:

HALIFAX, N. S., November 24, 1869.—I leave to my son J. C. Wood the sword presented to my father, General Z. Taylor, by the State of Louisiana, and to my son Robert C. Wood the gold medal presented by Congress to my father, General Z. Taylor, and also my silver butter dish and milk pitcher. To my daughter Nina von Grabow my silver punch ladle. She and my daughter Sarah K. Wood will draw for my silver pitcher, which was presented to my father—at their death to be given to my grandson Willie Boyce. To my daughter Sarah K. Wood I leave all my bank stock in the Bank of Louisville, Ky., and all the furniture in my house, 25 East Thirty-first street, New York city, and the balance of my silver, which is at Tiffany's, in New York, and also the plated ware. To my grandson Robert C. Wood the watch which belonged to grandfather, and my grandson Bringier Trist Wood the silver cup marked R. C. W. In case of the death of my daughter Sarah before mine, I leave my silver tea set—consisting of teapo, sugar and slop bowl and cream pitcher and milk pitcher—to my son, R. C. Wood; my silver butter dish to my son, J. T. Wood; to my daughter, Nina von Grabow, my silver tankard, epergne and four vegetable dishes—the balance of the silver to be equally divided, except the silver pitcher, which I leave to my daughter, Nina von Grabow. To my sister, B. T. Daudridge, I leave \$2,500 of my stock in the Bank of Louisville, Kentucky. The balance of my property to be equally divided, with the exception of \$500 for the grave in Lockport, New York.

A. M. Wood.

Mrs. Wood's surviving next of kin and heirs are her son, John Taylor Wood, of St. James Parish, Louisiana, and her daughters, Nina von Grabow and Sarah K. Wood, of Frieberg, Baden, Germany. Letters of administration will be granted to John T. Wood as residuary legatee.

Showing Goods.

"No trouble to show goods" is a common sign sticking about most of our dry goods stores, and probably bears on its face more insincerity than the average candidate for office. A handsome young dry goods clerk—who would not let the ladies know he did it for anything—hands us the following lines for publication. The author need not be asked for, as the name will not be given—even at the point of the parol:

A lady enters our dry goods store, Steps to a clerk who stands near the door, Asks him to show her the latest style, And she pulls over the goods meanwhile. Says she: I want a dress for my niece, Will you please show me that under piece? Oh! I didn't see it was a polka spot; That is too near the one she's got. That piece with stripes would just suit me, It's just as pretty as it can be; But she wants a better covered ground, With a sort of vine running 'round. She don't want too dark, nor yet very light, Not a striped piece, nor yet very bright. I think she'd like what you showed me last, But do you think the colors are fast? Cut off a bit before I decide, I'll take home a piece and have it tried. I had a dress like that last fall, And the colors did not wash at all. I like those patterns there on the end, I'll take a few samples for a friend; Now, one of this, if you'll be so kind, And one of this, if you don't mind—The nicest styles I've seen this year, And you'll secure the trade—no fear. I've forgot the price—twas cheap enough, It's a sort of dark, plain stuff; Do you think you have it in the store? The dress is spoiled if I can't get more. Will you put these samples in a bill? I'll know where to get them if you will. I'll take them home; if she thinks they'll do, You'll see me back in a day or two.

Grant and Lee Surrender.

Gens. Grant, Ord and Sheridan, with three or four staff officers each, went up to the court house, and of our staff there went three, a senior aid, the chief of staff, and the adjutant general. The town consists of about five houses, a tavern, and a court house, all on one street, and that was boarded up at one end to keep the cows out. On the right hand side, as we went in, was the principal residence, owned by Mr. McLean, and to his house Gen. Grant was conducted to meet Gen. Lee. At the fence the whole party dismounted, and walking over a narrow grass plot to the house, noticed Gen. Lee's horse nibbling there in charge of an orderly, who was holding his own as well. Gen. Grant entered the house with one or two of his staff, and the rest of us sat down on the piazza and waited. Mr. McLean was out there too, but was so much excited by his appreciation of passing events, that he did not know where his pump was, or if he had any, or if not, couldn't tell us where there was a spring. In a moment Col. Babcock came out smiling, hat round his head once, and Gen. Ord and Sheridan. They walked the five people do who have the a baby, and after awhile came out and signalled to his horse. While ing done he stood on t of the piazza (we had spectfully as he passed looking over into the y his army, smote his h several times in an abse utterly unconscious of bout him, and seeming till his horse was led in. As he stood there he about sixty years of a diely figure of a man, beard, and a new suit, a high great felt hat w buckskin gauntlets, hi and a beautiful sword that our fancy had pa he had the sympathy he rode away. Just up his bride, Gen. G the steps, and passing horse, touched his h who made a similar s left the yard and retu lines with the orderly staff officer who h him to the interview said to have been his Chief of staff, a in spectacles, look of thought than act presented something Gen. Lee in the wa only in color, but in affect. He had a s peculiar to himself, buttoned and spla dark vest, dark blue p ed into top boots, muddy also, and no sword. His countenance was not relaxed at all, and not a muscle of his face told tales on his thoughts. If he was very much pleased by the surrender of Lee, nothing in his air or manner indicated it. The joyful occasion didn't seem to awaken in him a responsive echo, and he went and mounted his horse and rode away silently, to send off a dispatch which should electrify the North, and set all the church bells ringing on this happy Sunday evening.

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In this city, on the 19th inst., at Wesley Methodist Church, by the Rev. G. N. Macdonell, Mr. R. OSBORNE HEXT, of South Carolina, and Miss EMILIE C., second daughter of the late Rev. George R. Wright.

THIRD



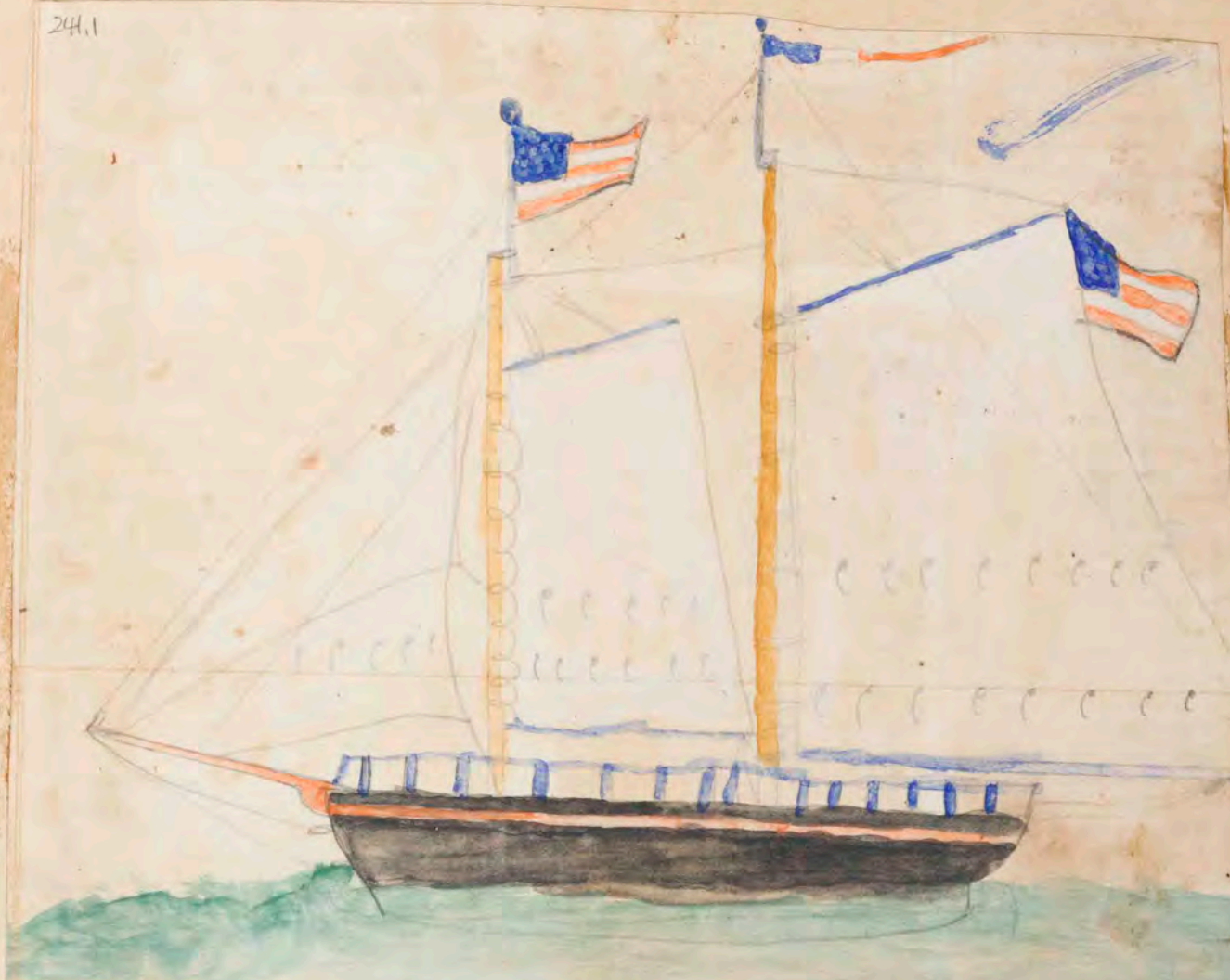
A FLAG OF EACH NATION IS GIVEN BELOW IN CONNECTION WITH THE REFERENCE LETTER BY WHICH THE BUILDING AND EXHIBITS OF SUCH NATION ARE DESIGNATED ON THE MAP.



United States.

Honduras.

TRY THE
LA PERLA



	San Salvador.		Turkey
Q		k	
	Canada.		Venezuela.
R		1	

I is Imagine the custom it brings, R is the Reason which SPANIER oft tells, & paid higher prices at some other store.

Spanier's Shoe House,
149 Congress Street, Savannah, Ga.

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THIRD



UNITED STATES

NAVY BILL

EXCHANGE FOR

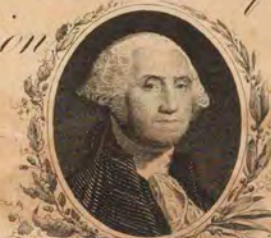


No.

U.S. Ship

days after sight of this **THIRD** of Exchange First and Second of same tenor and date unpaid, pay to the order of

value received, which place to account of U. S. Navy Department under the head of appropriation



A FLAG OF EACH NATION IS GIVEN BELOW IN CONNECTION WITH THE REFERENCE LETTER BY WHICH THE BUILDING AND EXHIBITS OF SUCH NATION ARE DESIGNATED ON THE MAP.

United States. A	Honduras. S
Argentina Confederation. B	Italy. T
Austria. C	Japan. U
Orange Free State. D	Liberia. V
Belgium. E	Mexico. W
Bolivia. F	Netherlands. X
Brazil. G	Norway. Y
Chili. H	Nicaragua. Z
China. I	Peru. a
Colombia. J	Portugal. b
Denmark. K	Russia. c
Ecuador. L	Sandwich Islands. d
Egypt. M	Siam. e
France. N	Spain. f
German Empire. O	Sweden. g
Great Britain and Colonies. P	Switzerland. h
Guatemala. Q	Tunis. i
San Salvador. R	Turkey. k
Canada. R	Venezuela. l

TRY THE
LA PERLA de CAYO HUESO
KEY WEST SECARS
of the el Principe de Gales Factory
THE CHOICE OF CONNOISSEURS.

LA PERLA de CAYO HUESO SECARS

The Early Bird catches the Worm; so if you desire Bargains go at once to
LEHMAN E. BYCK,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
158 Broughton Street,
SAVANNAH, GA.

SPANIER'S ALPHABET.
Everybody wants one. Children cry for them. Send to SPANIER'S and get one.

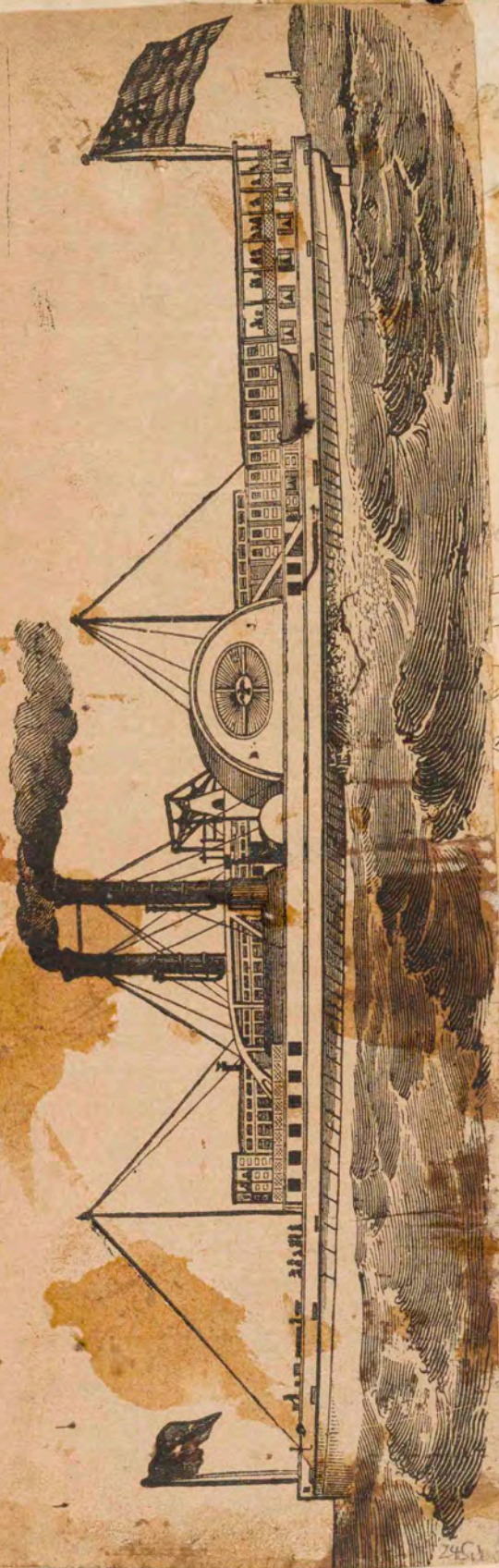
A is the Art of all Arts—buying well.	J Just to think of such a wonderful thing.	S Simply by the number that we daily sell.
B is the Bottom at which we our goods do sell.	K is the Knowledge our goods are the best.	T is the Talent we display in the race.
C is the Crowd at SPANIER'S shoe house you see.	L Lovely matrons and maids this attest.	U is the Unfortunate who misses our place.
D are the "Donkeys," who pass SPANIER'S door.	M Made at prices which make people stare.	V is the Very Nice Stock in our store.
E is the Ease our Boots give to you.	N Nobby shoes for fall and winter wear.	W is the Way we sell daily ten score.
F is the Fit so easy, yet true.	O is the Order SPANIER will take if you call.	X is Xanthippe whom no one could please.
G is the Good News, to which pray your ear.	P is the Profit, exceedingly small.	Y is SPANIER'S best slides her corns would sure ease.
H we give a Half-Dollar with every tenth pair.	Q is the Query—how we do it at all?	Z is the Zany who passes SPANIER'S door.
I is Imagine the custom it brings.	R is the Reason which SPANIER oft tells,	& paid higher prices at some other store.

Spanier's Shoe House,
149 Congress Street, Savannah, Ga.



W. H. Hunt

THE STEAMER



*Plus South Case
 Phelps
 Bassin
 Orleans
 Papeis*

