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Oct 23, 1879—tf

Dickens's Do[illegible] Trouble.

The papers are having much to say about the separation of Charles Dickens from his wife. The following is the story as told by Dickens himself:

Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. An attached woman servant (more friend to both of us than a servant,) who lived with us sixteen years, and is now married, and who was, and still is, in Mrs. Dicken's confidence and mine, who had the closets familiar experience of this unhappiness in London, in France, in Italy, wherever we have been, year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day, will bear testimony to this.

Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation but Mrs. Dickens' sister, Georgine Hogarth.—From the age of 15 she has devoted herself to our house and our children. She has been their play-mate, nurse, instructress, friend, protector, adviser, and companion. In the manly considerations toward Mrs. Dickens, which I owe to my wife, I will only remark of her that the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the children on some one else. I do not know—I cannot by any stretch of fancy imagine—what would have become of them but for this aunt, who has grown up with them, to whom they are devoted and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them.

She has remonstrated, reasoned, suffered, and toiled, and came again to prevent a separation between Mrs. Dickens and me. Mrs. Dickens had often expressed to her her sense of affectionate care and devotion in the house—never more strongly than within the last twelve months.

For some years past Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart, that her always increasing estrangement made a mental disorder under which she sometimes labors; more, that she felt herself unfit for the life she has to lead as my wife, and that she would be better far away. I have uniformly replied that she must bear our misfortune, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration, and that I feared they must bind us together "in appearance."

At length, within these three weeks, it was suggested to me by Foster that even for their sakes it would surely be better to reconstruct and rearrange their unhappy home. I empowered him to treat with Mrs. Dickens, as the friend of both of us for twenty years. Mrs. Dickens wished to add on her part Mark Lemon, and did so. On Saturday last Lemon wrote to Foster that Mrs. Dickens "gratefully and thankfully accepted" the terms I had proposed to her.—Of the pecuniary part of them I will only say that I believe they are as generous as if Mrs. Dickens were a lady of distinction and I a man of fortune. The remaining parts of them are easily described—my eldest boy to live with Mrs. Dickens and to take care of her; my eldest girl to keep my house, and both my girls and all my children, but the eldest daughter, to live with me in the continued companionship of their aunt Georgine for whom they have all the tenderest affections that I have ever seen among young people, and who has a higher claim (as I often declared for many years) upon my affection, respect, and gratitude than anybody in this world.

I hope that no one who may become acquainted with what I write here can possibly be so cruel and unjust as to put any misconstruction on our separation, so far. My elder children all understand it perfectly, and all accept it as inevitable.

There is not a shadow of a doubt or concealment among us. My eldest son and I are one as to it all.

Two wicked persons who should have spoken differently of me, in consideration of earnest respect and gratitude, have (as I am told, and indeed to my personal knowledge) coupled with this separation the name of a young lady for whom I have a great attachment and regard. I will not repeat her name—I honor it too much. Upon my soul and honor, there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own dear daughters.

Further, I am quite sure that Mrs. Dickens, having received this assurance from me, must now believe it in the respect I know her to have for me, and in the perfect confidence I know her in her better moments to repose in my truthfulness.

On this head, again, there is not a shadow of a doubt or concealment between my children and me. All is open and plain among us, as though we were brothers and sisters. They are perfectly certain that I would not deceive them, and the confidence among us is without a fear. C. D.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens lived apart during the remainder of the former's life, the eldest child, a youth of twenty, choosing to remain with his mother, while the daughters remained with their father

The Chess Board.

My little love, do you remember
Ere we were grown so sadly wise—
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together
Checkmated by each other's e[illegible]

Ah! still I see your soft white [illegible]
Hovering warm o'er queen and knight.
Brave pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double castles guard the wings;
The bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sidling through the fight.

Our fingers touch—our [illegible]
And faintly falls [illegible]
[illegible]ainst my cheek—[illegible]
Is heaving. Down [illegible] your que[illegible]
[illegible] her [illegible]
And checks [illegible]aware.

Ah, me! the battle's done,
Dispersed in all its chivalry.
Full many a move since then have we
'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune play'd—
What is it we have won?

This—this at least! if this alone—
That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of yore
(Ere we had grown so sadly wise),
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and windy weather
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Played chess as then we played together!

—OWEN MEREDITH.

Some Nice Distinctions.

There are plenty of casuists who are at all times ready to satisfy the inclination without wounding the conscience. The distinction which they draw are so ingeniously fine as at times to be all but imperceptible.

For instance, an old Highlander, reproached by his pastor for absenting himself from church on Sabbath morning, denied the charge, repeating the denial so emphatically that the puzzled minister asked him if he would offer his oath that he was there that morning. "To be sure," was the unabashed one's answer, and the minister said no more. A friend of the false-speaking Highlander told him it was awful to hear him offer his oath to such a lie.—"Hoot, toot, man," quoth Donald; "isn't there are a great difference between offering a thing and giving it?"

It is ofttimes convenient to be able to discern such differences. When a party of Paisley weavers, anxious to cross the Clyde from Greenock to Dunoon one Sunday morning, desired the captain of a Rothesay steamer to take their boat in tow, as they did not care to profane the day by using their oars, the captain wanted to know where was the difference between employing their oars and employing the steamer's paddles. "The difference!" exclaimed the spokesman of the conscientious crew, "there's a great difference between rowing by the power o' man, who must answer for what he does, an' a wheel-turning engine; a steam-engine is not a moral being, an' is therefore not an accountable agent." A specious argument certainly, but one much more easy to answer than that advanced by a farm-servant, willing enough to milk her master's cows on the Sabbath, but firm in refusing to feed them on that day. Drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are and are not works of necessity, the shrewd lass said, "The cows canna milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity; but let them out to the fields, and they'll feed themselves."

When Captain Robinson was surveying the west coast of Scotland, the Grand-Duke Constantine came on board his ship for a few days. Anxious to show his royal guest as much as lay in his power, Captain Robinson steamed over to Iona one Sunday, to give the Russian prince an opportunity of examining the antiquities there. The custodian of the ancient church flatly refused to open its doors. "Do you know whom I have brought with me?" inquired the disgusted officer. "He's the Emperor of a' the Russias, I ken by the flag," responded the keeper; "but had it been the Queen herself, I wadna gie up the keyes on the Lord's Day." The Iona keeper, however, was yet not invulnerable, for Captain Robinson asking him if he had any objection to drinking a glass of whiskey with him upon the Sabbath, he replied, "That's a different thing entirely." The Count ——— seems also to have been aware that whiskey imbibing did not come under the taboo. When the waiter at a Dumbarton hotel informed him he could not be supplied with hot water on the Lord's Day "for sic a think as shaving, the count did not press the demand, but remarked that he would take some toddy, if the waiter would bring him the materials. Here was a reasonable proposal, and one that at once commended itself to the conscientious waiter, who drank the whiskey, but left the hot water to the count. The distinction was a fine one.

When the custom-house officials at Basle demanded the payment of duty on the first consignment there of some eau de Lourdes, the importers resisted the demand on the ground that the liquid was not a medicament, but merely water, to which the mystical power of faith alone gave medical properties.—The authorities, however, insisted that the intrinsic worth of the water did not in any way concern them; it was sent to Switzerland to be used as a medicine, and was therefore liable to duty as other medicines.

The theory that things conducive to the same end necessarily come in the same category found no acceptance among the good people of Draperstown. Under the influence of Father Matthew's eloquence, these worthy Irish folks re[illegible] [illegible] their favorite p[illegible] day; alas! somebody [illegible] tle of ether into the place, [illegible] that a mere thimbleful wou[illegible] spirits, and that they mig[illegible] the new drink without [illegible] pledge, and ether has eve[illegible] in vogue, there as a cheap substitute [illegible] the tabooed [illegible] popular "father [illegible] the snake. Li[illegible] Ea[illegible] [illegible] who felt [illegible] committed a notorious Sab[illegible] u[illegible] happening to ask [illegible] [illegible] find a great [illegible] since he had jo[illegible] replied? "[illegible] to carry his axe on [illegible]der when he went fence-mending on Sunday; now he carries it under his coat."

When John Dalton was a lad, Elihu Robinson invited him to join a young man named Alderson in studying at his house of an evening. A dispute arising between the two students as to the working out of a difficult problem, Alderson clinched his argument by offering to bet Dalton six-pence he was right. Objecting, Mr. Robinson vetoed the proposition, but suggested that whichever proved to be in the wrong should find candles for both during the winter season, although where the difference lay, save that the stake involved was larger, we fail to see.

One of Brougham's earliest appearances as an advocate was in behalf of a man accused of stealing a pair of boots. The evidence as to the theft was conclusive, but Brougham contended that his client must be acquitted, the articles stolen being half-boots, which he argued were not boots any more than a half-guinea was a guinea, or a half loaf a whole one. Lord Eskgrove, knowing his man, guessed that he was being played upon; so without asking the prosecuting counsel to reply, he at once overruled the objection, saying: "I am of the opinion that 'boot' is a *nomen generale*, comprehending a half-boot. The distinction is between a half-boot and half a boot. The moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half-moon."

A more serious contention was raised in the Court of Chancery not many years since. A testator left property, the disposition of which was affected by the death of "either" of two persons. One learned counsel strenuously insisted that the word "either" meant both, and quoted Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, Richardson, Webster, and the Scriptures in support of his view. The court held that though the word might sometimes be used in that sense, its proper meaning was one of two, as in Macheath's well known affirmation:

"How happy could I be with either.
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

Common sense, however, does not always regulate legal decisions. A Neapolitan tax collector, proved to have appropriated the public moneys to his own private use, was acquitted on the ground that being one of the public, he was part owner of the money, and could not steal what was his own.

The son of a wealthy German, outrunning his allowance, obtained a loan from a banker. On his way home a thief lightened him of his pocketbook containing the borrowed notes. When the banker demanded repayment, the debtor laughed at him, and he was compelled to take legal proceedings before the Imperial Tribunal of Commerce, to have the pleasure of hearing that court decide he had no grounds for the action, no loan contracted by a minor being recoverable unless he derived actual benefit from the money, which, thanks to the thief's intervention, the borrower in this case had not done.

HOW TO DO IT.—A German gentleman who keeps a seven by nine lager beer shop at the South End treated himself to a day's vacation recently, leaving his son in charge of "ter pizziness" and a keg of beer. On his return he found the keg empty and addressed his offspring as follows:

"How is dis, Yawcob, dot you make me only ein dollar and dirty cents for dose keg of beer? Show me how you draws der beer.

Yawcob took the glass, drew it nearly full of beer, with but the least margin of froth, when the old gentleman, seizing his hand, said:

"You make doze glasses stand higher down from der keg. Yawcob, der profit in der beer bizziness is in der pubbles."

A FACT WITH A THUNDERBOLT IN IT.—This is what Robert Ingersoll says of women:

I tell you women are more prudent than men. I tell you, as a rule, women are more faithful than men—ten times as faithful as men. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she had been morally wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back even her corpse to his arms; but I have seen woman, with her white arms, lift man from the mire of degradation and hold him to her bosom as though he was an angel.

☞ A Washoe jury was called upon to try a man for stealing milk, by drawing it at night from his neighbor's cow. They found a verdict of "guilty of stealing milk in the first degree."

Why We Must Use Tea.

[illegible]id enemies of alcoholic drink of[illegible] assure us in poetical and estatic [illegible]age that water is the only reason[illegible]d right drink for man, as for oth[illegible] animals; but the water which they [illegible]mmend and describe as gushing [illegible]parkling in mountain rills does not [illegible] to the hearth and home of every [illegible]tain dweller, much less is it at[illegible]ble by the inhabitants of cities and [illegible] plains. The hardy beasts of the [illegible] if they can get the water pure, [illegible] to endure its coldness in all [illegible]ns; so, perhaps, might we, if we [illegible] only recover robustness of the [illegible] without [illegible] advantage of a developed brain. That such recovery is impossible is not here asserted, but simply that, under the existing circumstances, the water (through its impurities or its coldness) often needs to be cooked, to be warmed, to have then some taste superadded which shall overcome mawkishness. When this is conceded, the question arises, will no native botany suffice? Are we of necessity driven to import tea from China or Assam? Such are the wonderful and deep harmonies of nature, that in each long inhabited country the constitution of animals becomes adapted to its plants as well as to its climate, and find among them not only its food, but its remedies for disease. Native herbs are often found more health restoring than pretentious foreign drugs; nor is it extravagant to imagine that native leaves and berries might adapt themselves as well to the palate of Englishmen as tea and coffee, and better to their stomachs, if, instead of buying from the foreigner, we had duly studied our home resources. In the case of coffee, it curiously happens that there are persons among us who prefer what is called dandelion coffee to the coffee of Arabia; and that the preference is sincere seems proved by the accident that the dandelion thus prepared is dearer than the best Mocha. Nor does this dearness weigh against our argument. Twenty years ago brown bread was charged by bakers as fancy bread: ten years ago lentils were double their present price, in each case because the demand was so uncertain. The price of dandelion would quickly come down if it were in large and daily request. As substitutes for tea, many leaves may be named which will not be called simply medicinal, prominently those of the sweet bay, the peach and the black currant. If we were by any cause cut off from tropical markets, some combination would soon be discovered which would carried off public preference; and when a national taste had once been established, every good purpose would have been attained without the foreign article. Should we not then moralize with wonder the vast apparatus of great ships, which had been built, and manned, and stored, and sent to sea, with loss of sailor's lives, entailing widowhood and orphanhood, for no better reason than to bring back leaves, for which adequate substitutes abound at home? This argument undertakes not to prove, but to illustrate. It is not specially confined to the case of tea and coffee. It does not make positive assertion that we can now change the English taste, nor does it urge a transition which would be violent if at all sudden. It merely points to reasonable probabilities, as showing that a vast trade with a distant country to graffy an artificial want; if it prove how much we can afford to spend without being ruined, yet does not at all prove that we enrich ourselves by the exchange. At the same time, so great is the facility for making drinks that we might assume the higher ground and press our argument further. The deliciousness of Oriental sherbet is no matter of doubt or controversy. Its basis is simply barley water: to flavor it, the foreigner, of course, uses some of his own fruits, but we have plenty of substitutes at hand, at least while sugar abounds to us. It may be warmed, if necessary; so little need we depend on the Chinese. Besides; some among us are satisfied with and warmly applaud the drink prepared from simple oat meal. If we all had this taste we should be nationally richer.—*Contemporary Review.*

VIRTUE OF TOMATO LEAVES.—A statement comes from South America that a singular property of tomato leaves has been discovered by a fruit grower. Having cut down some tomato vines, he used them as mutch around his peach trees. He soon discovered that the curculio, which was destroying his fruit, had abandoned the trees surrounded by the tomato vines. Following up this accidental discovery, the free use of tomato vines proved a perfect protection, not only against curculio, but other noxious insects. He found, also, by steeping in water some fresh leaves of the tomato, and sprinkling the infusion upon the other plants, the innumerable insects which covered them were driven away. Some gardeners have tried the above remedy, some by accident and others, by intention, and their success was remarkable. One gentleman had his apple trees ravaged by the curculio until last year, when he secured a splendid crop. He knows of no cause for his exemption from the curculio except the tomato plants that were grown from the first among his trees.

☞ Aphorism by a little girl—the "truth in a nut-shell" is generally a worm.

A Southern Farmer.

Did you see him? He was coming out of the door of the Giles National Bank: he had just dumped a handful of the subsidiary into his vest pocket; he was shoving a roll of bank notes into his pocketbook; he wore no coat, his jeans pantaloons were flecked with cotton; so was his wool hat; he had just sold three five hundred pound bales, and had cashed the check. Leaving the bank he went in the western door of the court-house. In a few minutes he passed out of the eastern door. He was folding up his tax receipt. *Did you hear him?* "Bill," he says, "I have [illegible] paid my taxes. I don't owe nary man on top of dirt one cent." He had followed Johnston in the charge of Shiloh; he was with Hood in his retreat from Nashville; he had proved himself a man of courage; he was an affectionate husband, a kind father. There was a consciousness creeping over him that if not born a nobleman, he was to-day an independent sovereign. He met his wife and daughter on the pavement. "What did you get for cotton, husband?" "$11.25, wasn't that a good price?" "Yes, we can live at that."

She drew him to one side. "Husband," she says, "you have more cotton to sell and pork to spare. Our Mary is now seventeen years old, the young men are coming to see her; couldn't you give her a seal-brown merino dress, trimmed with silk? Mrs. Rudd will fit and baste it for a dollar, and I can make it on the machine, and go to Mrs. Graham's and get her a $5 bonnet—she never had one—and Johnny wants a pair of boots, and"—"Wife," says the farmer, "since the war we have had a hard struggle to make a support. You have done your part without grumbling or complaining. Now my head is above water: what's mine is yours: there is the pocketbook with the money. Use it in any way you want to."

"Yes," she says with a smile, "you know full well I will not abuse any confidence you may repose in me." She turned to go to the store; he went to look after his team. Now just look at him. He is at home, seated in front of a roaring log fire. The black cook [illegible] getting supper in the kitchen. She pauses to smile over the red calico dress and new calf-skin shoes. Johnny is strutting around with his boots drawn over his pantaloons. Mary is before the glass trying on her new bonnet. The baby is crowing and jumping in its father's lap. The wife, dropping on one knee and placing one arm around her husband's neck and the other around the child, says, "Kiss papa, baby." As the tiny lips approach the moustache she couldn't help pressing her own between. It was a triangular arrangement, but papa got the most of it.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is his custom. It is now 9 o'clock. Everything is still and quiet around the farmer's residence, and the glittering stars bespangle the frost covered roof that shelters one of the happiest families in the solid South.

This sketch can apply to all localities of the South.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

HOW FORT SUMPTER LOOKS TO-DAY.—Strolling out after breakfast I made my way to the battery, a pretty little park fronting the Ashley river side of Charleston harbor, and where gathered the "fair women and brave men" of 1861 to witness the bombardment of Fort Sumpter. Standing on the broad sea wall which protects the battery from the tides, grim old Sumpter can still be seen in its ruins—a monument of more historic interest than any other in our country. It is now used as the adjunct of a lighthouse.

Some few guns are still on its battered walls, but are not kept in condition for service. Sullivan's Island, just north of it, on which Fort Moultrie stood, and from which point the rebel batteries poured their destructive fire on Sumpter, has been transformed into a village for the residence of Charleston aristocrats—a ferry plying between the city and the island for their convenience. Fort Johnson stands on James Island south of and opposite to Sumpter. A few troops are stationed here. Castle Pinckney presents the appearance of a terraced lawn. There are no evidences of its former military character remaining.

Notwithstanding the destruction of property by the war, Charleston is still a place of great wealth. The dwellings, with their surroundings, of their merchants, attest this beyond question. It certainly is not, however, a pleasant place of residence. The site flat, the streets mostly narrow and there is no outlet for expansion except in the one direction, limited by the Ashly river on the south and the Cooper river on the north. The open space made by these streams and the harbor in front afford air, but furnish with it an abundance of voracious mosquitoes. There is no reason why it should not be a place where health could be enjoyed, unless sanitary measures are entirely neglected.—*Charleston letter.*

☞ A little boy, having gotten into a passion, was told by his mother to go to God for forgiveness. She heard him ask in his childish way never to be angry again; and he added, "Lord, make Ma's temper better, too."

Blue fishing—when you don't catch anything.

Phil. Kearney's Death.

I pass over the incidents of Pope's unfortunate campaign to Monday evening, September 1, 1862. The division had fallen back from the Bull Run battlefield, in good order, to Centreville, and, after a day's rest, on the afternoon of September 1, took up the line of march toward Fairfax. Marching leisurely along, not a thought of the mere presence of an enemy was entertained by a man in the ranks until wakened from our dream of safety by the report of a single cannon-shot in front of us and to the left of the road on which we were marching, quickly followed by random rifle-shots, announced his approach, and that he meant business. At this juncture, Kearney rode forward along the line at a gallop, and cheer after cheer went up for our gallant leader so soon to be clasped in the cold embrace of death. Quickly the orders came back along the lines, "Forward, double-quick!" and soon we were in line of battle, and part of the division actually engaged. At the same time a severe storm broke over the contending forces. The rain fell in torrents, and the peals of thunder mingled with the roar of artillery and the crash of small arms. That evening General Kearney, while reconnoitering the enemy's position, rode into their lines and was killed.

The next morning a flag of truce from the enemy brought the information that his body was within their lines and would be delivered to us if desired. The right wing of the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, with the colors, was sent to the lines, received the body and escorted it to Washington. The particular circumstance of his death was told the writer by a friend, a member of the One Hundredth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who, after the battle of South Mountain, met the officer, then a prisoner, who was in command of that part of the enemy's lines where he was killed. He stated, in substance, that General Kearney rode up to their lines and inquired to what command they belonged. It was so near dark that it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. He, however, was at once recognized and commanded to surrender. At this he wheeled his horse about, put spurs to him, and, crouching close to his neck, attempted to escape. In an instant every gun was discharged at the retreating General, one shot taking effect, causing almost instant death. Whether this statement of the manner of his death is correct I know not, but the fact that he fell within the enemy's lines, and his death was caused by a ball entering near the hip and passing upward through the body, strongly corroborates the statement. Thus fell the ever vigilant, active and brave Kearney, and by his death the Union cause lost one of its noblest defenders.—*Philadelphia Times.*

URIAH HEEP.—The other night about 10 o'clock a constable, who was walking up Maple street on business, was halted by a weak looking little man, who was a bit agitated. The officer suspected a family row, but it didn't turn out that way. The little man asked him to step around the corner and take a look at a certain house, and the officer stepped. It was an unoccupied house, and as they halted before it the citizen said:

"It is my humble opinion that there is no family in here and that a water-pipe has bursted. I dislike very much to see any one's property damaged if I can prevent it."

Sure enough, there were two feet of water in the cellar, and more rushing in.

"It is my humble opinion," remarked the little man, as the two looked through the cellar window, "that some thief has cut off the pipe, and the drain is stopped up. Perhaps you don't want to see this property damaged?"

The constable didn't. In his philanthrophy he decided to open the drain, and the little man having procured a candle, the officer waded in water up to his knees, poked around for ten minutes with a stick, and finally opened the drain.

"Now, then, its my humble opinion that we ought to plug up the pipe," observed the little man, and the officer drove a plug into it at the expense of a shower bath which wet him all over.

"A good job—a good job!" chuckled the citizen, "but seeing that you are certain to be down town in the morning, it is my humble opinion that you'd better call at the water office, and leave word to have the water shut off."

The officer agreed. Next morning as he went pass the office, a red rag around his neck and a cold in his head, he left the message, and learned that the house belonged to the little man of humble opinions. If the constable catches him on the street some dark night * * ! ! !

☞ Two rival shoemakers who lived directly opposite to one another in one of the streets near the west end of London, and whose opposition was not in situation alone, but in every matter connected with business, carried on for a long time a war of advertisements and placards, till at last one of them, to signify the purity of his style of doing business, got his doorway adorned with the classic sentence, "Mens conscia recti." This the other conceived to be an advertisement of something in his line of business; and as he was a ladies' shoemaker also, he got his door ornamented with the approved reading of the apothegm—"Men's and women's conscia recti."