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Choice Poetry.

JIM.

Being a Veteran Union Soldier's reply to Rev. J. H. Lozier, the Indiana Fighting Parson.

BY J. G. HAMLIN.

Well, parson, I've heard your whole lingo,
And you talk like a man as knows how;
But as far as your giving the glory
To Grant, why, we can't have a row.
You've a right to vote and to talk, sir,
For whichever man suits your style;
But this fact you'll please to remember,
I shouldered my musket, a while.

Why, dog-on it, my friend, just listen,
And I'll give you my views, which are plain;
I don't think it 'mounts quite to treason,
For a veteran to shout for Jim Blaine.
He's "Union," you bet your sweet life, John,
An' he's stalwart enough all around;
He's grit—well, the Brigadiers found it
Sixteen ounces, full weight, to the pound.

When the dark cloud of war was upon us,
Grant rushed to the front, like a man;
He gave us his brain and his muscle,
To clean out the traitorous clan.
Right royal he fought for the Union;
But's let's reason the thing for a while:
What could our Ulysses have done, sir,
If not backed by the rank and the file?

Well, we showered the honors upon him,
Till we almost forgot all the rest—
We elected him twice as our President,
This silent, brave man, of the West;
All over the world he's been honored,
As the grandest, the noblest, the best
Of all modern heroes; so, parson,
Supposing we give him a rest!

We stood by our noble Ulysses
At the front, when it tried true men's souls;
And for eight long years thereafter,
We stood by him firm at the polls.
Yes, the vets honor Grant, and have done so,
From the Gulf to the rough coast of Maine—
They have stood by him twice with their votes, sir,
But now they will stand by Jim Blaine.

Jim stood in the halls of our Congress,
Like a "Plumed Knight" of days that are past,
And the Brigadiers withered before him,
Like weeds in the whirlwind's fierce blast.
He has led our great party to triumph,
And he'll lead it again, I've a whim;
So, parson, you may shout for Ulysses,
But allow me to "whoop up" for Jim.

He's the "leader of leaders," and you know it;
And, parson, what are you to gain
By calling us "sutlers" and "home-guards,"
We Republican vets that talk Blaine?
It ain't going back on Ulysses—
A man whom we've voted for twice—
To say that our choice is for Jimmie—
And we'll put him in slicker'n a mice.

So, call us "anti-third shriekers,"
And "boys never heard of before;"
Or "feather-bed soldiers," and such like,
Who never "smelt powder" in war.
Who are you, and what is your record,
Who thus brand our brave boys in blue,
That ain't led by a Don or a Roscoe?
Our records are open to you.

When in war, we followed our leader,
Wherever he led—don't forget;
We are now mustered out of the "service,"
And we go as we please, John, you bet!
But we're going for Blaine, first and last, sir,
And all the way stations between;
And we'll whoop up the grandest old victory
That, parson, you ever have seen.

Select Story.

THE AMNESTIED COMMUNIST.

"And so Roblard is going back to France," remarked one of the circle of exiles who were discussing the amnesty at the cafe du Nord, of Geneva.

"He will never set foot on French territory again," responded another, with a shake of the head.

"But he has been pardoned," said the first speaker, taking up a copy of the *Journal Official*, and scoring a mark with his thumb, under the name of Antoine Roblard.

"No matter," was the answer, given with more emphasis than before. "Roblard has been amnestied by the Government; but he must get pardoned by other persons before his exile can end; and the persons in question are not forgiving. If Roblard returned to France, he would be murdered."

"What are you saying there?" chorused all the communists round the table; but the speaker, a journalist named Vuilleux, finished his absinthe, and took leave of his company with a wink, having vouchsafed no explanations. The next moment a slim, sallow and careworn man entered the cafe, with some books under his arm, and was demonstratively, almost affectionately, greeted by the men whom Vuilleux had just left. He was hailed by his name of Roblard, and congratulated upon his pardon. "Well, Antoine," cried one, "I suppose you will be leaving us in a day or two?"

"Yes," answered Roblard, "and glad I shall be to get back to Paris, after an absence of eight years."

"Is it to Paris you are going, then?"

"Yes, to-morrow morning, by the first train; so I shall wish you good-bye, on leaving this, presently."

"Say to us 'au revoir!'" cried one of the communists, lifting his glass. "May the day come when we shall all meet in Paris, and take our revanche of 1871!"

"Au revoir!" answered Roblard, gravely, as he raised his glass of beer to his lips. He half emptied it, and then sat down and chatted for half an hour, on the political topics of the day. He was known to be writing a "History of the Commune," and he remarked that he was glad his exile was going to end, chiefly because he wanted to have again access to the public libraries of Paris. After this, he expressed his opinions cheerily about Grevy, Waddington and Gambetta, stated his belief that he—Roblard—should soon find a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, and that he would then "pitch into the moderates;" finally he shook hands with every one of the exiles, saying a friendly word to each, and took his departure.

When he was gone, a discussion arose between some one who contended that there was an unusual look about Roblard, and others who maintained that they had found him just the same as ever. One of these latter, meeting Vuilleux, the journalist, later in the evening, said: "You are all wrong about Roblard; he is going back to France fast enough. He starts to-morrow."

"Ah!" exclaimed Vuilleux, with a slight archness of his eyebrows. "Then he will be a dead man before a month is over!"

"You are alluding to the projected duel, I suppose," rejoined the other. "Perhaps you mean to kill him yourself."

"Roblard will not die in a duel," replied Vuilleux, significantly, "but he will die within a month. You mark my words."

Twenty-four hours after this, just as dusk was gathering over Paris, and the policemen at the prefecture de police were lighting up that big establishment with gas, a cab, loaded with luggage, which had arrived from the Lyons railway station, drew up on the quay that skirts the palace of justice, and Antoine Roblard alighted from it. He passed quickly under the archway which leads to the prefecture, and entering the first open door in the office, asked if he could see M. A——, mentioning one of the chiefs in the political department of the police. The inspector on duty took the card, and handed it to a messenger, who disappeared for a few minutes, and then returned, begging Roblard to walk up stairs. The pardoned communist followed his guide who conducted him to a broad flight of stairs thickly carpeted with cocoa-nut matting, and ushered into an office, where a gray-haired functionary with a very firm mouth and a pair of keen eyes, whose brightness was concealed by a pince-nez, sat writing. M. A—— was a Republican, and he and Roblard had known each other intimately in old days, when they had been fellow-journalists together on an opposition paper which made a trade of "ramming" at the government journals. The police official did not affect to be unmindful of this by-gone acquaintanceship, but held out his hand to the returned exile, saying: "I am glad to see you back, Roblard; what can we do for you?"

"I want you to save my life," said Roblard, sitting down unbidden, and lowering his voice; "I am in danger of assassination."

"Explain the matter," replied M. A——, incredulously; and narrowly watched the communist's features. The pale face, dark, sparkling eyes, dry voice, and general feverishness of manner, were such as may be often seen in melancholic madmen, laboring under a fixed hallucination. Roblard noticed the glance that was being fixed upon him, and caught the tone of doubt in his interlocutor's words; but he paid no heed to them.

"You knew what was the crime alleged against me?" he asked.

"Yes, you were sentenced to death contumaciously for having instigated the shooting of the banker Y—— under the commune. * * However, as you had escaped to London before Paris fell into the power of the Versaillists—you were never arrested; and on the whole you have escaped pretty cheap.

"Well," continued Roblard, speaking lower than before, and looking M. A—— steadfastly in the face, "I have been accused of shooting Y—— from motives of private malice, and for the purpose of robbing him."

"Who accused you—the prosecution?"

"No, our people—some of my fellow communists," replied Roblard, with a kind of gasp, which was meant to be one of indignation, but which sounded more like fear. "I had been in London about a month, when one night, three men called upon me at my lodgings. They were Dorrielle, Faucher and Vuilleux, all three my enemies. My landlady and the servants were out, so I was alone. Faucher, who is a kind of revolutionary fanatic, began to abuse me, saying I had brought disgrace on the communist cause, and had been playing the game of the Bonapartists, by shooting Y——, who knew all the ins and outs of the Mexican expedition, and held documents damaging to the Empire, which he would have published, had he lived. Then Dorrielle spoke out, taxing me with having seized all Y——'s securities and valuables, and having appropriated them to my own use; just as if Y—— would have been silly enough to keep his money within reach of looters, under such a regime as ours."

"By the way, was it really you who had Y—— shot?" inquired the police official, carelessly.

"That is beside the question," answered Roblard, on his guard. "All I can say is, that these three enemies of mine took it for granted that I had done so, and when they finished abusing me, Vuilleux pulled a rope out of his pocket."

"A rope! What was that for?"

"To hang me with," rejoined Roblard, hoarsely, as if the mere recollection of the affair strangled him. "They announced that they had strangled me to death, and that they would hang me out of hand. My death, said they, would look like a suicide. * * * Well, they did hang me. * * * * *"

"Come, come," expostulated M. A——, doubtful whether the Communist were romancing, or speaking from hallucination, yet bethinking himself that somehow the man might be saying the truth, after all.

"They did hang me," repeated Roblard, impressively. "It was all in vain that I struggled, screamed, and prayed for justice; I was forced on to my knees, and a handkerchief stuffed into my mouth. Then those three butchers passed a halter over my neck, and strung me up to a curtain rod. I suppose, however, that they must have made off pretty fast, for less than a quarter of an hour afterward, (having lost consciousness in the meanwhile), I was cut down by my landlady and the servant, who had returned. Both these women concluded I had tried to make way with myself."

"Of course, though, you went and lodged a complaint with the police?"

"No; what would have been the use of it?" returned Roblard, with a shrug. "My enemies had taken their precautions so well, that I should not have been believed, and the English magistrates would either have put me into a mad-house, or sent me to prison for having tried to commit suicide, contrary to their laws. Besides, on the day after this affair, I received an anonymous letter, enigmatically worded, but from which I gathered that, as I had escaped the halter, I should be allowed to live, provided I did not return to France. Dorrielle, Faucher, and Vuilleux condemned me to perpetual exile."

"Have you this letter with you?" asked M. A——, who seemed more and more doubtful about Roblard's story.

"Yes; here it is," said the Communist, and he handed his interlocutor a strip of creased paper, on which the latter read: "You have got luckily cured of your sore throat, but for such a delicate constitution as yours, the climate of France will not do. Keep clear of the country for your own sake, or there will be a relapse."

"Humph!" mettered the political official. "And have you seen your enemies since the event you relate?"

"Yes; I have seen Vuilleux frequently, at Geneva," responded Roblard, in agitation; "but there is the horror of the thing. Whenever I spoke to him of his attempt on me, he said he did not know what I meant, and hinted that I was a monomaniac. I half got to believe that I was so myself, and that prevented me from ever speaking on this subject to others."

M. A—— rubbed his head. Roblard's narrative might be true or untrue; anyhow, it was expedient to have the man watched, in order to protect him from others, if he were really in danger, or against himself, if he were insane. After a few moments' reflection, the police official said: "Well, Roblard, I will lend you one of my detectives, who shall be your companion till you feel safe. He is quite a new man; nobody knows him, so you will not be compromised if seen in his society."

"Thank you, A——," said Roblard, with a sigh. "Fancy my needing the protection of the police! However, I will pay your man whatever is wanted; he must be absolutely at my disposal, like a servant."

"You have grown rich, then?" asked M. A——, with a smile.

"No, but I make some money by my books," rejoined the communist, coloring.

"So much the better," continued the official, in the same vein of banter; then, suddenly changing his tone: "I say, Roblard, tell me the truth: What became of Y——'s papers, for they were never found?"

"How can I tell?" replied Roblard, with a scowl. "I suppose you, too, will accuse me of having taken them. Do I look like a robber?"

"No; but now I come to think about it, you have been leading quite an expensive life in your exile," rejoined M. A——, pointedly. "You have travelled all over America and the continent; you have been subscribing to so called patriotic funds. We have even had to stop a gift of money which you had sent to some political convicts in New Caledonia. All of that is pretty well for an author, eh?"

"Possibly. But authors are not beggars in these days," answered Roblard, evasively. He was irritated, and M. A—— did not think fit to pursue the subject. He left the room, and having rung for the detective about whom he had spoken to Roblard—a sleepy-looking, middle-aged man, named Trouillot—gave that worthy his instructions. He wound up by whispering: "My own belief is, that M. Roblard is mad, so that you will have to keep your eyes about you."

"Very good, sir," answered Trouillot, laconically.

Roblard and Trouillot left the prefecture together in a cab; and the Communist appeared to be in rather high spirits during their drive to a hotel. A load seemed to have been lifted from his mind, and he talked with excitement about the changes he had noticed in Paris, saying how glad he was to get back again. At the hotel, he bespoke two bed-rooms, next to each other, and having a door of communication; then he ordered dinner. By this time his spirits had somewhat fallen, and he watched his companion through the corner of his eyes, as if he did not quite like the looks of him. Trouillot was one of those men who cannot talk, and whose faces do not say much in their favor. He kept on saying "yes, sir," stolidly; and during dinner, ate and drank largely.

Nothing of consequence happened during the evening. Roblard was tired with his journey from Geneva, and after the pair had discussed a cup of coffee and a cigar in the smoking-room, he suggested bed. Both men repaired to their sleeping chambers, and Roblard began by requesting that Trouillot would leave the door of communication between the two apartments open. Trouillot consented, but he was rather dismayed when he saw the communist prepare for the night's rest, by laying on his night table, a six-chambered revolver and a large clasp knife. He vowed to himself that he would sleep as gendarmes are said to do—with one eye open; but this resolution was soon obliterated by drowsiness, the effects of the good dinner he had eaten. Ten minutes after getting between the sheets, Trouillot was sound asleep, and snoring like a trombone.

He awoke in the middle of the night, and recollected where he was; but a peculiar odor was filling his nostrils. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The room was pitch dark. He struck a match, and the first thing he saw, after lighting his candle, was a handkerchief, lying on his pillow, which had evidently been steeped in chloroform. The pungent smell of that poison still lingered about it.

This discovery at once drew Trouillot out of bed, and he strode trouserless into the next room, holding his candle at arm's length. At first he could see nothing unusual; but suddenly his eye met a sight which made him stand stock still in the middle of the apartment. Deep in the alcove, and half hidden by its curtains, hung the lifeless body of Roblard, who was suspended by the neck to the curtain-rod, by means of the bell-rope. He was quite dead; and the surprising part of the matter was, that the door of his room opening on the passage, stood ajar.

* * * * * *

A few hours later, when a summary inquest had been held by the procurer de la republique, that functionary said: "It is obviously the suicide of a cunning madman."

"I suppose so," concurred M. A——, who had been called in. "Yet those conspirators are queer fellows; they cannot even die plainly, like other men."

The same evening, Vuilleux, the journalist, reading the Parisian telegrams in a Geneva newspaper, remarked to a circle of affrighted Communists: "Didn't I tell you Roblard's days were numbered? He was bound to end in that fashion."

Miscellany.

BEYOND.

I have a friend, I cannot tell just where,
For out of sight and hearing he has gone;
Yet now, as once, I breathe for him a prayer,
Although his name is carved upon a stone.

O, blessed habit of the lips and heart!
Not to be broken by the might of death,
A soul beyond seems now less far apart,
If daily named to God with fervid breath.

If one doth rest in God, we well may think
He overhears the prayer we pray for him;
Our Father, let us keep the sacred link;
The hand of prayer love's holy lamp doth trim.

Where the dear dead, once heedless of God's will,
Needing our prayer, that he might be forgiven;
Against all creed, that prayer upraises still,
With the dim trust of pardon and of Heaven.

THIRTY YEARS' REGICIDES.

Attempts to Assassinate Sovereigns Since 1850—A Long and Bloody Record.

A paper published at Berne, has compiled a list of all the known attempts at assassination that have been made since 1850, under the heading "Recent Regicides," a term which, however expressive, is scarcely accurate, inasmuch as the compilation includes attempts on the lives of magistrates and salesmen, as well as on the lives of Princes and potentates. The first crime recorded in this register, is the attempt made in May, 1850, by the Westphalian, Safelage, to shoot the King of Prussia, to the cry of "Liberty for all." On June 28, of the same year, Robert Pate, a retired Lieutenant of Hussars, struck the Queene of England with a cane—an assault, certainly, but not an assault with intent to kill. In October, 1852, a conspiracy to blow up Louis Napoleon with an infernal machine containing 1,500 projectiles, was frustrated by the activity of the police. On February 17, 1853, the Emperor of Austria was stabbed in the back by a Hungarian shoemaker, of the name of Libeny. On the 5th of July following, a second attempt was made on the life of Louis Napoleon, on his way to the Opera Comique. On March 20, 1854, Ferdinand Charles III., Duke of Parma, was stabbed by an unknown hand. Part of the dagger remained in the wound which it inflicted, and the Duke died after twenty-three hours of terrible suffering. The murderer escaped. In 1855 the Italian, Pianori, shot twice at the French Emperor, in the Tuilleries garden. In March, 1856, a Spaniard of the name of Raimond Fuemes was arrested, just as he was in the act of firing a pistol at his Sovereign, and the execution of his murderous design prevented. On December 8, in the same year, Ferdinand II., King of the two Sicilies, was attacked at a review by one of his own soldiers, who wounded him with his bayonet. In 1857, the Italian conspirators, Tibaldi, Bartoletti, and Grelli, arrived in Paris with the intention of murdering the Emperor, but fell into the hands of the police, before their design could be carried into execution. On January 14, of the following year, Orsini, Gomes, Pieri, and Rudio, made their famous attempt to blow up the Emperor and Empress with bombshells on their way to the opera. Their Majesties escaped with some slight contusions, but more than 100 persons of their escort were killed and wounded. In December, 1863, another attempt on the life of Napoleon was made, by a band of Italian assassins. The attempt failed, and the would-be murderers were captured. The same year, the then Queen of Greece was wounded by a pistol shot fired by the student, Dosios. On the 14th of April, 1865, President Lincoln was murdered in Ford's Theatre, at Washington, and Secretary Seward dangerously wounded, by the actor, Booth. A year later, almost to a day, the Emperor of Russia was shot at by a man of good position, of the name of Petronik, in the garden of his palace, at St. Petersburg. A peasant who struck up Petronik's pistol, and so turned the shot aside, and in all probability saved the Emperor's life, was rewarded with a title of nobility and the commission of a Captain in the army. The month afterward, or, to be precise, in May, 1867, Eugene Cohen fired five shots at Bismarck, while the latter was walking Unter den Linden, in Berlin, one of which struck and slightly wounded the great Minister. On June 10, 1868, Prince Michael, of Servia, and a lady of his family were brutally murdered in the park near Topeider. In 1872, Bismarck's life was again attempted, this time by a man of the name of Westerwelle, and in 1874, yet again, this time by Kallman, at Kissengen. On August 6, 1875, the President of the Republic of Ecuador, Gabriel Garcia Moreno, was murdered in the Government House at Quito, and in April, 1877, a similar fate befell the President of the Republic of Paraguay. On May 11, 1878, the German Emperor was shot at by Hoedel; and on June 2, less than a month later, by Nobiling, receiving on the latter occasion wounds by which his life was seriously endangered. Nobiling killed himself in prison, while Hoedel perished on the scaffold. On October 25, of the same year, an attempt to assassinate the King of Spain, was made by the Socialist Moncas, who, taken red handed, paid with his life the penalty of his crime. Less than a month thereafter, November 17, the life of King Humbert, of Italy, was attempted by Passanante, whose sentence of death was commuted, at his Majesty's own instance, to one of perpetual imprisonment. Last year, as will be fresh in the memory of all, the Emperor of Russia had two narrow escapes from death at the hands of his Nihilist subjects, and the closing day of the old year, witnessed the latest essay at regicide at present on record, the attempt of Otero to shoot the King and Queen of Spain.—*Manchester Examiner.*

PLAIN TRUTHS.—If the Chinese will bring their wives and families to America, or if they marry and raise families here, they have as much right to remain as any other people; but if 99 out of every 100 of the Chinese who come here are males, and the one female a prostitute, and if the men herd together while here, with the intention of returning to China when they have saved money enough, they are the enemies of every civilized workman, and should either be barred out or driven out.—*Boston Post.*

SCIENCE AND PROPHECY AND 1881.

It is not a little remarkable that many shining lights of the occult sciences should point to 1881 as the time of startling events in the economy of nature, if not of the end, when we are told that "the earth and all therein shall burn up, and the atmosphere part asunder with a tremendous noise." In this connection, to such as believe that man is possessed of an inner soul-life, independent of the bodily organization, which, at times, comes forth and dives into futurity, the prophecy of old mother Shipton, that the world will come to an end in 1881, may be fruitful of direful bodings. Her revelations were first published in 1448, were republished in 1641, and have since then, at irregular intervals, been used by the press to fill up. Without designing to accord to this ignorant priestess of the tripod the possession of a further-seeing intelligence than belong to Tyndall or Secchi, the fulfillment of many of her predictions furnishes, to say the least, a wonderful chapter of accidents. Regarding the unfulfilled burden of her song, it is claimed that the language of the great English seers had especial reference to the end of an arbitrary period, and not to the upsetting or breaking up of the whole system of nature. Next in the order of respectable authorities come the pyramids. Fully 4000 years ago, say the antiquarians, the rough and rugged road of the grand gallery of the great pyramid was inscribed with a marking at the year 1881¼, "where the passage expands into a magnificent corridor, where the high priest celebrated the resurrection of the entire brotherhood of man." These signs, we are told, indicate that in 1881¼ new sets of sun centres and constellations will exert their influence upon our planet, culminating in physical disturbances similar to those by which Dr. Hitchcock, the geologist, has been enabled to define the different periods of organized existence from the protozic to the alluvial, which, remarkable to be told, correspond with the six days of the creative work. The pyramid almanac is based on the observation by the Egyptian philosopher "of the zodiacal signs and changes in heavenly bodies, and the consequent cycles of time, the lesser of 6000 years, which are a quarter of the entire grand cycle of 24,000 years." Modern scientists, in trying to account for the remains of tropical plants beneath the dreary ice fields of the Arctic regions, have wandered so far into the domain of speculative fancy that most of them can not find the way out of the mazes of their own theories. On the other hand, a few of the more practical, after careful observation and experiment have arrived at a theory which, while plausible, borrows interest from the impress of wisdom in the pyramids. One astronomer, has advanced the theory, based on dynamics, that at certain points in the sun's blazing revolution around his centre of attraction, in the constellation Hercules, that luminary's planetary attendants would have to undergo a change in the direction of their polar axes through the counter attraction of Sirius and other centers of systems. This astronomer has gone so far as to locate the last north polar axis of the earth in Utah, and subsequent experiments have ddveloped a partial depression in the surface of the territory, which, to say the least, is very remarkable. Another astronomer, Professor Mitchell, examined the plainisphere of the ancients, and reports it correct to a single fraction of a degre. A lady lecturer, in San Francisco, of much research, discovered on the masonic emblems, recently discovered in the pyramid, held that the mysteries of ancient free masonry were firmly founded on the science of celestial mechanics, by which the ancients calculated the polar axial changes to a day. In the course of her lecture she said: "The last polar action dates 6000 years ago, and another is now at hand. The last was calculated in ancient Babylon to the exactitude of a day, and its mighty walls were fashioned to meet the emergency of the mighty flood, which its people feared from a polar axial change. They then calculated to a day the change coming in the era in which we now live. This history of the sun, that rises in the east, as the beauty and glory of the day, the ancients found to be the history of the human race, when properly read and understood; hence founded thereon mysterious orders of priesthood to perpetuate the solar history. Noah lived and was rescued by a knowledge of these mysteries, during the occurrence of one of these returning grand eras of many compound multiples of 6000 years." Leaving the geologist, whose hammer has been ringing on the shield of the biblical defender, and the astronomer who, in looking after new stars, has been charged with a design to eclipse the star of Bethlehem, and turning towards the domain of religion, we find such erudite scholars as Emilio Castellar and Prof. Baldwin, poring over Daniel and stopping the pendulum of earthly time at or about 1881. It is certainly remarkable that these men, in exploring futurity by the chart of biblical prophecy, should rest the destiny of the globe or its superficial transformation upon the same notch of time as the Egyptian high priests.

"ALL BOSH."—John A. Logan says the talk about Grant's withdrawing from the Presidential contest is "all bosh." Of course its all bosh. Grant was never known to refuse any thing—not even a free lunch. Nor a bull-pup. Nor back pay. Nor front pay. No, not anything. He has no modesty of that kind. His inclinations and leanings are all in the direction of taking all he can get and giving as little as possible. He was unwilling, even, to give the soldiers the pensions due them. It took a Democratic Congress and a fraudulent President to do the soldiers of the country justice. We congratulate the Democratic Congress and a fraudulent President. But Grant is nothing, if not selfish. He's the great American "Take-All-He-Can-Get."—*Council Bluffs Globe.*

THURLOW WEED'S TEMPERANCE PLAN.—On the temperance question, Mr. Weed thus gives his idea to a *Herald* reporter: "I am with those who seek to mitigate the evils of intemperance; for while human nature is what it is, all prohibitory laws must fail. A like vigor of effort in another direction would yield good results. If I were a younger man I would labor to make ours a great grape growing country, so that wine might be as cheap as cider, and I would impose an almost prohibitory tariff upon imported and distilled liquors. I would strive to make our country what France is—a sober country."

HOW THE PARTY FARED UNDER GRANT.—In the Forty-third Congress there were 195 Republican members of the House, and only 88 Democrats. In the Forty-fourth Congress there were but 108 Republicans to 168 Democrats. As the unpopularity of Grant's eight years' administration thus destroyed the Republican majority, should he be elected for the third time, how long would it take him to give the entire House to the Democrats? Let those exhibiting him over the country as an aspirant for the nomination at Chicago, brush up their arithmetic and cipher it out.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHESY.—"Mother Shipton's prophesy," professedly dating back as far as 1488, is frequently making its reappearance in our contemporaries. It can do no harm to say, as has been said before, that the lines which predict quite clearly certain events of modern times have been added within a generation past. The only announcement of importance made in advance of its occurrence is, we believe, that declaring that the world will end in 1881.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO ATTEND TO.—Kentucky and Missouri are said to be booming for a third term, and we are informed that Grant will "sweep" both. Probably; but what the Republican party wants to do is to provide for the "sweeping" of a few doubtful States after the nomination, rather than a lot of sure Democratic States before.—*New York Tribune.*

"I am for Grant for King, or for that matter I am for his son Fred to follow him, so long as there is any danger of the Democracy ruling." These are the words of O. M. Wilson, an Indiana advocate of a third term, now in Washington. Can it be common sense to put up a candidate against whom such declarations will come back?—*Utica Herald.*

A missionary who returned from Zululand before the late war, gives the pronunciation of Cetywayo as "Tsewayo."

THE MAN O' AIRLIE.

Oh, there aboon you heather hill,
Where footfa' comes but rarely,
There is a house they point out still,
Where dwelt the Man o' Airlie.
He wore a coat o' hodden gray,
His hand was hard wi' labor,
But still he had a hamely way,
O' standin' by his neighbor.

His burly laugh made men rejoice,
His words the neighbors guided;
The little children loved his voice,
And in his smile confided;
The words to-day that left his lip,
Became a deed to-morrow;
Hout, man, the friendship o' his grip
Would lift the heart o' sorrow.

He was nae loud, he was nae proud,
He lacked in larnin' sairly,
An' yet ye'd pick him frae the crowd,
The honest Man o' Airlie.
His wealth it was na' in his land,
It was na' in the city;
A mint o' honor was in his hand,
His heart a mine o' pity.

He's dead and gane, this Prince o' Fife,
Mute is his burly laughter;
But, ah! the music o' his life,
That bides with us long after.
His mem'ry lives, the man may die,
That lingers bright an' lo'in',
Just like a star lost frae the sky,
Whose ray survives his ruin.

ST. PETER'S HANDWRITING.

The Bible Society of London Denies that It Has Inquired into or Confirmed the Authenticity of a Papyrus Said to Be Written by the Apostle.

LONDON, April 5.—The British and Foreign Bible Society deny the allegations of certain Italian papers that they have sent out a commission to inquire into the authenticity of a manuscript supposed to be written by Peter the Apostle, or that they have ever offered any sum for its possession. [The allegations appeared in the *Seminarte* and *Fiaccola*. Protestant evangelical journals published at Rome, and, according to their statement, was copied by them from the *Sabaoth*, an organ of the Jewish community printed at Jerusalem, where the manuscript written by the hand of the Apostle Peter is said to have been discovered. On July 14, 1879, so runs the account, there died in Jerusalem, in the 110th year of his age, a reputedly poor man of the name of Core. For fifty years he had led the life of a hermit in a grotto at the foot of the hill of Gethsemane, enjoying for the greater part of that period a saintly reputation, and looked upon by Christians as one of the holiest of men, as in outward appearnce he was one of the poorest. When his death became known, and it was ascertained that no kinsfolk claimed his effects, and that he had left no will, the local authorities took possession of his grotto. On entering, they were surprised to find it furnished with considerable luxury. Magnificent tiger skins were spread over the floor, and the anchorite's bed was composed of costly furs. Underneath the skins a trap-door was discovered, leading to an underground apartment, sixteen feet square and twelve feet high. In one corner of this room stood an ironbound oaken chest. With some difficulty it was broken open, when out rolled a stream of broad pieces of various dates, countries, and denominations—English sovereigns and shillings, French gold and silver, Turkish sequins, and Mexican dollars—of a total value, as was estimated, of £3,000. This sum was supposed to be the produce of the alms and oblations which the holy man had received from the credulous faithful during the half-century of his saintly seclusion from the world. At the very bottom of the chest, where it had been covered over by the hermit's treasure, a still more important find was made—a packet wrapped up in old and almost rotten newspapers. These papers contained a splendid and antique Cashmere shawl of great value, though somewhat injured by damp. Inside the shawl were divers documents, from which it appeared that the deceased anchorite was a Hebrew, belonging to a rich family of Stockholm. Among these documents was a voluminous papyrus manuscript, folded in green silk, so old that when touched it became dust.

The manuscript bore the following inscription:

"Peter, the fisherman, desciple of Jesus, the Son of God, and continuator of His work, speaks to the people of the earth who listen to the word of the Lord, according to the love, and in the name, of the most holy God."

The subscription to the manuscript, "written in a style equally strange and elegant," runs thus:

"I, Peter the fisherman, in the name of God, finished the writing of the word of love in the fiftieth year of my age, the third Easter after the death of my Savior and Master Jesus Christ, son of Mary, in the house of Beliert, the scribe, near the temple of the Lord."

The papyrus of the manuscript is described as being strong and flexible and the ink very black, from which it was at first supposed that it might be the work of Core; but scholars and experts at Jerusalem, by whom the writing has been submitted to a searching examination, are of opinion that no man of this age could write old Hebrew so pure in style, with such an intimate knowledge of the meaning of many obsolete words, and so complete a mastery of the archaic forms that characterized the literature of the epoch in which the new epistle purports to have been produced. A further proof of its antiquity is that the papyrus of the manuscript has long ceased to be made. To save the doubts which still remained as to the genuineness of the document, the account goes on to say that the Bible Society of London were asked to send out a Commission to look into the matter and deliver judgment. This was done, and, after long investigation, the Commission pronounced in favor of the authenticity of Core's papyrus. They considered it to be the veritable work of the Apostle Peter. It was added that the philosophical, philological, historical, and Biblical questions to which the find will give rise cannot fail to be of the highest importance and interest. The *Sabaoth*, it appears, did not hesitate to state that there had been a lively interchange between the London Bible Society and the heirs of the deceased hermit—the Cores of Stockholm—with reference to a sale of the precious papyrus, and that an offer of £20,000 for it had been unhesitatingly refused. At the same time the owners are quite willing to consent to its reproduction and translation (doubtless for a sufficient consideration), and the Brothers Abdullah, of Constantinople, have offered to make a photographic fac simile of the manuscript.—*New York Herald.*

Why an Old Soldier Don't Want Grant to Run.

To the Editor of the Peoria Transcript: If ever there was a time when the party needed to elect a Republican President it will be at the coming election. Then we should nominate a man we all could unite on and make sure work. There are a good many old soldiers of the late War that will hesitate to give Grant their vote. Grant became a Great General during the War, and did not his soldiers who fell or survived "fighting it out on this line," help to make him such? Grant ran twice for President, and the same old soldiers put their shoulders to the wheel and helped raise him to the highest office in our country. While he was President his salary was increased. Did he take it? Yes.

In 1862 there was a call for 300,000 volunteers, and soon another 300,000, and these calls were answered by men enlisting to save their country. These two calls have never had justice done them in getting as much bounty as other calls for soldiers. Some of the '62 soldiers died of disease, some were killed in action or died of wounds, while others died in prisons, and a part came home perhaps broken down for life. The Equalization Bounty bill for the benefit of these calls passed both Houses of Congress, and the President who took the extra salary vetoed the bill. He helped himself, but would not help those who made him a great General and President of the United States. He could not help the soldiers, but could sign a bill to demonetize silver, impoverish the country and help Wall Street. "SIXTY-TWO"

AN association of ladies in Pensylvania has succeeded in purchasing the house which General Washington occupied as his headquarters at Valley Forge, and has begun a movement to buy the 2,000 acres adjoining and put a soldiers' home there.

REDEMPTION LIST.

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE,
TROY, DONIPHAN COUNTY, KANSAS,
March 15, 1880.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following described lands and town lots were sold for the taxes, for the year 1876, on the 4th day of September, 1877; that the three years allowed by law for the redemption of the same will expire on the 5th day of September, 1880, and any tract of land or town lot unredeemed by that time, will be conveyed to the purchaser by tax deed.

ROBERT FLICKINGER,
County Treasurer.

LANDS.

IOWA TOWNSHIP.

Owner.		Quarter.	Section.	Town.	Range.	Acres.	Tax.
John P Johnson		nwd ¼ lot 1	5	1	19	11	84 73
do		nwd ¼ lots 3 & 4	8	1	19	36¼	14 02
Jno S Beeler Jr		w hf s e	17	1	19	80	110 89
do		n hf s e	20	1	19	80	144 29
Unknown		p t s o	36	1	19	20	26 74
do		s w q r s e	36	1	19	40	64 49
do		n w f r	18	2	19	145	164 32
H N Seaver		s e	21	2	19	160	300 77
E Gee		p t s o	23	2	19	10	12 58
Unknown		p t w hf s e	9	2	20	70	65 30
John Alfrey est		w hf n w q r n e	16	2	20	20	13 73
J P Johnson		p t s w q r s w	21	2	20	4	6 23
T J Ragland		mid p t s e	30	2	20	50	51 13
James Browning		p t s o	33	2	20	10	9 08

WOLF RIVER TOWNSHIP.

Owner.		Quarter.	Section.	Town.	Range.	Acres.	Tax.
S E Bonesteel		e hf n e	5	3	19	80	34 66
John Corbet		n e q r s w	16	3	19	40	49 94
I & J Denton		p t s e q r n e	24	3	19	2½	3 83
Unknown		w p t w s l d s e	7	3	20	5	10 65
do		p t s e p t n e	18	3	20	34	82 45
J Hamilton		s w q r s w	18	3	20	40	73 42

CENTRE TOWNSHIP.

Owner.		Quarter.	Section.	Town.	Range.	Acres.	Tax.
Isaac Curd		n w q r s w	23	2	20	40	28 70
N Pennell		p t n w	11	3	20	45	17 56
do		p t n w	11	3	20	45¼	18 02
do		p t n w	11	3	20	55¼	81 02
J B Payne		s e fr	20	2	21	75	12 88
Dr Yaryan est		p t s o	22	2	21	9	10 61
Metter & Selover		und hf s e	26	2	21	80	34 66
Crabb est		e p t n o	28	2	21	103	42 92
Wm Highley		n w q r s e	3	3	21	40	17 98
James M Trant		s w	4	3	21	160	164 71
John Robinson		w hf n w	5	3	21	80	66 77
Jesse Cox est		p t s w	8	3	21	20	49 37
A Perry		s w q r s e	16	3	21	40	41 55
Ellen Reed		w q r n e	23	3	21	40	55 22

WAYNE TOWNSHIP.

Owner.		Quarter.	Section.	Town.	Range.	Acres.	Tax.
W W McCabe		s p t w q r s e	18	4	20	10	11 73
Elizabeth Long		s 40 a n w	35	4	20	40	37 14
John McNemee		s w	7	4	21	160	264 02
G C Adams		s w q r s w	20	4	21	40	226 61
B O'Driscoll		s e	31	4	21	160	319 03
Patrick McCarty		s e	33