JOHN BROWN AND CAPTAIN COOK.

Reminiscences of the Harper's Ferry Trials.

The Daring Young Wanderer Who Ordered His Own Coffin—His Appearance in Jail.

"I had long desired for a literary purpose, writes George Alfred Townsend to the Cincinnati Enquirer, to obtain from Senator Daniel W. Voorhees his reminiscences of the trial of John Brown, where he was counsel for Captain John E. Cook, and made in Cook's behalf one of the most remarkable speeches in causes celebres of history. Mr. Voorhees is so much employed in his public avocations that it was with as much difficulty as reluctance that he obliged me a night or two ago with this most interesting story. I have undertaken to jot it down for myself, but perhaps when I have finished it, it may be better preserved in print. I think there can be no impropriety in the publication if I so conclude.

Beginning slowly and with reflection, Mr. Voorhees spoke to me, somewhat as follows, though I can not exactly give his words:

"I have refrained from talking on the subject of my employment in the Harper's Ferry trials of twenty five years ago. Some things connected with me there I probably can not speak of now. I think, however, that you have had some bias established in your mind to the prejudice of my client, Captain Cook, as one of John Brown's band, and it is due to the memory of that poor boy that I should tell you that my defense of him was not his defense; that he had no part in it; that I, in the effort to save his life, chose my own course, consulting nobody but his brother-in-law, Governor Ashbel Willard, of Indiana, who was a Democrat, like myself. Cook was as determined a follower of John Brown as anyone in the band. I believe he was as brave a man as any of those invaders. His nerve was as good as his courage. He had a gentle, affectionate nature, and in our attempt to save his life the inference might properly be drawn that he put us upon that line of defense. Such was not the case. We were Democrats and he was an abolitionist. We made the only effort to save his life in our power, and that was by representing him as having been under the influence of a powerful mind like John Brown's.

"I was appointed by President Buchanan United States attorney for the State of Indiana. Judge Black, the Attorney General, made out my appointment. At the time of the Brown raid I was perhaps thirty-one years old. The news of the invasion at Harper's Ferry came to Indiana and of course excited the Democrats and most of the people at large as being a terrible thing without any apparent context or connection. The feeling was very high. The United States had a suit at that time, affecting some bank property, and I had to represent the Government. My opponent was a lawyer named Judah. The case was tried at Vincennes, the oldest town in Indiana and one of the oldest in the West. It was the old territoral capital. I had just finished my speech, some four days after the arrest of Brown, when, as I was about to take my seat, I observed a marshal making a signal at me. He took me outside of the court and put into my hands an unsealed letter.

"It said something like the following: 'We have reason to believe that the John E. Cook, who has just been captured in Pennsylvania, and is one of Brown's men, is Mrs. Willard's brother. Carrie and Kate fear that he is their brother. We appeal to you to defend him.' This letter was signed 'Ashbel P. Willard.' I read the letter, and a strange thrill went through me, partly incredulous that such an extraordinary performance of Brown's raid could come home to a democratic official family. 'I was then trying to get a position as a young lawyer, and I saw at once that to defend one of Brown's men would probably break me down at the threshold of my career, when, as yet, I had acquired no means to sustain myself. But I made up my mind at the moment that if this connection really existed I should go to the defense of Governor Willard's brother-in-law. I walked back into the court, stepped up to the bench, and put the letter before the generous Irish Judge. He read it through, and looked up at me with astonishment. Said I: 'Judge, I shall go. How am I going to get rid of the case?' 'You are right,' said the Judge, in his strong Irish brouge. 'I know you will go.' He called up the opposite counsellor, a Mr. Judah, who demurred a little to putting off the case. They asked me how long I would be absent. I told them I had not the least idea. 'Will thirty days be enough?' said the Judge. I said I did not know, but I thought the case ought to be put off for sixty days. Mr. Judah shrugged his shoulders. But the Judge said emphatically: 'I am going to adjourn this case for sixty days, if necessary.' The case was adjourned. I then telegraphed my wife to pack my trunk and bring it to the train, which was going from Vincennes to my own town of Terre Haute. I did not explain to her. She met me and in a few hurried words I told her that Governor Willard had asked my aid and I must give it. The train went on to Indianapolis and the news had been received there that the Governor had applied to me. The United States Marshal, Mr. Robinson, as good a man as ever lived, had made up his mind that Governor Willard had no business to employ me in such a cause. He took me to his room at the hotel and spoke severely against the policy of Democrats engaging in the defense of these marauders. 'The Governor, Willard,' said he, 'may have this brother-in-law in John Brown's band, but he must take his chance with the other desperadoes. These men have attacked not only Virginia, but the United States, and raised a rebellion in our midst.' I listened to him quietly, but said when he had finished: 'Robinson, I am going all the same.' He then walked the floor and spoke yet more fiercely. Just as he had finished the door opened and in walked Governor Willard. Said he: 'Voorhees, did you get my letter, and will you go?' 'Yes, Willard,' said I. 'when do you start?' 'We leave here at 8 o'clock for Harper's Ferry,' said he. Robinson walked out of the room."

At this point I interposed a question to Senator Voorhees: "Had Governor Willard ever met this brother-in-law, Cook?"

"Yes, I think he had; but not for some years. He told me that when information came that the young man had been born in Haddam, Conn., Mrs. Willard and her sister Kate had concluded that he must be their missing brother. 'Voorhees,' said he, 'we thought you would go. Bad as the boy's act has been, I am going to stand by him.'" The brother then continued: "We traveled by railroad direct for Harper's Ferry, and we went so fast that we arrived there during the day, while Cox himself had only been taken through Harper's Ferry to Charlestown the same morning. He had to be brought by conveyance, while we came by steam. He had therefore been in Charlestown jail only a few hours. When we got out of the cars at Harper's Ferry so soon after this memorable raid, the people of the village, still suspicious of strangers, looked at us, and asked some questions indicative of their feelings.

Joseph McDonald had come with us from Indianapolis. He was a Democrat and the Attorney General of Indiana. While we were in this unsettled state, with the villagers pressing around us, none of whom probably had ever heard even of Governor Willard, notwithstanding he had made the memorable contest against Oliver P. Morton and beat him for Governor, some one said that Governor Floyd, a member of the cabinet at Washington from the State of Virginia, was in the armory grounds at that time. Governor Willard knew Floyd, and asked to be taken to him. He was a fine-looking, typical Virginian, with curling dark hair, rather eagle like nose, and warm temperament. His misfortune, I think, generally came from his personal fealty to his friends. He received Willard with kindness, heard the statement that Cook was probably his brother-in-law, and said he would send us off to Charlestown without further embarrassment.

'Now,' remarked Mr. Voorhees, "I had not gone to Harper's Ferry under any great belief that my services would be really required. I thought that Willard had labored under some misapprehension; that this young outlaw could not be the brother of his wife, whom I knew very well, and who was a beautiful woman and a highly intelligent one. This opinion I continued to have until we reached Charlestown and entered the jail. It is a popular mistake to say that the people of Charlestown were turbulent or offensive. There were a good many people there, and they wore a determined, significant look, but they were quiet. Governor Willard led all the proceedings we took at that moment, and when it was said that Senator Mason, of Virginia, was in the town he asked at once to be taken to him. Mason was a very fine-looking man of considerable hauteur. As a Virginian, he was sensitive to the attack made on his neighbors. I had never seen him before. Willard, however, was quite his match in address. Governor Willard was one of the noblest-looking men I ever saw, and perhaps the greatest natural leader Indiana ever had. He was a very young man when he died, soon after these occurences, but he had swept our State like a tornado against a man as able as Morton, and was the idol of the democracy out there. He stood tall, with his head well thrown back, and when he introduced himself to Mr. Mason, Mason seemed to feel the equality. Mr. Mason went with us to the jail. We entered that building and passed into a hall or corridor and were taken into quite a large room. Nobody was in that room but a rather small young man, who was sitting near the window with his cheek in the hollow of his hand. He was looking out of the window in an abstracted way, as at something far off. I was the last one to enter. Mr. Mason, I think, went in first. But I looked in that room as we came to it, and there I saw stamped on that young man's face, though he was of a more flaxen complexion than his sister, the unmistakable likeness of Carrie Willard. My heart began to droop. I had the evidence before me that Willard had not been mistaken in the identity of the young man. I was so much overcome for a moment that I did not enter the room, but paced the hall outside. I knew that I had to defend this youth upon the terrible charge against him.

'When I went into the room Governor Willard was sitting near this young man and Senator Mason was looking at them both from a chair. I do not think much, if anything, had been said. The young man had now turned his face around, still keeping his hand as he sat against his cheek, and he looked at Willard with a distant recognition as if he was not decided about welcoming him. He had a broad forehead, fine long locks of brown hair, a nearly transparent skin, in which you could see the blue veins, a smooth face, and the chin firm though slight. He had a fine mouth and beautiful white teeth in it, as I saw afterward. He was looking at Willard as at a friend who might now be an enemy, and without very great concern, but like one wearied. I will not attempt," said Mr. Voorhees, "to repeat the conversation, though it was not long. It was something like this: 'John,' said Governor Willard, 'how came you to be in such company? These men are of a different sort from you. You have been better bred, better educated.' The young man replied without any excitement that he was here. Governor Willard then said: 'John, why have you not written to your sisters? They loved you, and you have been lost to them for two or three years.' Cook replied in the same wearied, dreamy way, turning his face back from the window out of which he had looked with the same air of dreaminess: 'I have been in Kansas and out where I have had a good many things to think of. Sometimes I have not had the facilities to write. At other times I have been too much engaged.' 'But John,' said the Governor, looking at him with all his might, 'what were you doing in Kansas or anywhere with these outrageous criminals and disturbers of your country's peace? I want you to tell me how you came in such company.'

"Cook then dropped his hand and looked firmly in Governor Willard's face, and his blue eyes distended and flashed, and as he raised his upper lip I could see those fine white teeth shine. Said he: 'Ashbel, I went to Kansas three years ago to get my living and disturb no man. I had no intention of breaking the peace anywhere, but the border ruffians had come into Kansas to do as they pleased. I was going from Leavenworth to Lawrence with a cherished friend, Alexander Stuart, when a band of these border ruffians rode up to us and fired upon us, and they killed my friend by my side. His blood was spilled upon my garments. He died in my arms. I raised my rifle and emptied two of their saddles. For this act a price was put upon my head, and I was hunted like a wolf.' As Cook spoke these words he turned his face from his brother in-law and looked right at James M. Mason, as if he instinctively guessed that man to be in sympathy with those border ruffians. Mason was a proud man, but as he heard these words his mind seemed to be disturbed, and the young fellow looked him through.

"Governor Willard then spoke up and said: 'John, if that was the case it will account for your having been in Kansas, but what are you doing here in this peaceful community among a band of assassins?' Cook, who had been aroused before, as if resenting the reflections upon his companions and their motives, hesitated a minute and said: 'Yes, I am here.' He gave that dreamy look out of the window again, and then returning the gaze of his brother in-law, though in a more softened way, he said: 'Ashbel, when I was in Kansas I learned to hate slavery. I felt that it was not right to keep men enslaved, and I did for these men what I would expect them to do for me if I were in their place. I came to set them free if I could." Governor Willard remarked that it had been a poor business, or something to that effect. Cook said: 'Well, I am disappointed in the slave I put arms in his hands, and he would not fight. I thought he would fight for his freedom. He has not done so, but I can not feel that I tried to do wrong when I came to help him.' 'John,' said Governor Willard, 'your sister is my wife. And I have made up my mind to stand by you. You are in peril of your life. I shall not desert you.' 'Ashbel,' replied Cook, 'my life has been in peril for two years, day and night. I have been in peril all the time. This is nothing new to me.' 'But, John,' said Governor Willard, 'you have never been in such peril as you are now. Every probability of a criminal death is before you. What will your old father and mother think when they come to see you?' Cook now showed emotion, and something of a shudder went through him. For a moment he broke down."

Said I: "How was he dressed, Mr. Voorhees?"

"He wore a corduroy suit of drab color. His hair was rather wild and uncombed. He had been brought across the country from Pennsylvania and had been but a few hours in the jail when he got there. He looked like a boy. Indeed he was only twenty-three years old. Yet underneath that gentleness was rather a serious nature. I should think he was five feet nine inches high. He was light and wiry. His countenance was generally mild, but would be lightly expressive. His voice was soft and low as a woman's. As I looked at him with my anti-abolition feelings, a conviction of the tremendous significance of this sentimental, crusading hostility to slavery depressed me. It had entered into the house of my friend, and here it was no longer in distant Kansas, but right among us. Democrats as we were. We left Cook at the first interview with our minds still disturbed, and sought our quarters. From that time onward I saw him daily.

I inquired of Mr. Voorhees about the social connections of Cook and of Governor Willard. "Cook," said Mr. Voorhees, "was the only son of very respectable, upright parents in Connecticut. He had four sisters, one of whom married a Mr. Crowley, a prosperous mercant in New York; another married Mr. Stanton, of New York, also a man of consideration; a third married Governor Willard; the fourth sister, Katie, was unmarried, and, I think, never has married. John Cook studied law at Williamsburg, N. Y., with Mr. Stearns. Mr. Stearns' daughter is the wife of Homer A. Nelson, former member of Congress and Secretary of State in New York. She remembers Cook well when he was in her father's office in Williamsburg, and how much children took to him. He had a very pleasant way with young children. He did not complete his studies, I think, but went to Kansas when he was about twenty. Governor Willard was born in Utica, N. Y., of old Massachusetts stock, and it is said that his great great uncle was executed at Salem, Mass., for hostility to the authorities there who were hanging witches. The Cook girls were bright and vivacious, and had fine characters. Governor Willard's wife had been a school-teacher in southern Indiana when he came there to settle. They were very fond of each other. Willard had the consumption. Governor Willard died while governor, and his widow survived him but a little while. Their son is the leader of the Indiana Legislature, is a Democrat, and has twice supported me for Senator. They had a daughter, who is married to a gentleman at Liverpool, England."

Said I: "Did Captain Cook, of Harper's Ferry, leave posterity?"

"Yes; he had a child which was only about four months old when he was executed. That child lives at Bloomington, Ill., and is now a fine boy or young man. The mother, whom Cook married at Harper's Ferry, and whom he dearly loved, is a respectable lady, and has long been married to her second husband."

Said I: "Mr. Voorhees, you were saying that Captain Cook had not been responsible for your line of argument leaving him out of the usual motives or status of Brown's men?"

"Why," said the Senator, "we who had come there to save Cook's life had no other purpose than that. All that we were looking to was his sister and parents. To that single end I bent my whole argument. I was a Democrat, and an anti-abolition Democrat. John Brown and his raid were at the moment the subject of universal execration. I made up my mind if possible to save Cook's life by putting him in the position of a young man under the magnetism of Brown. So I denounced the abolitionists as not only responsible for this raid, but for misleading this young man. I used every point within my reach to that end. There was not the least chance any other way to get him off and not much in that perhaps. But I took the desperate chance. Now," said Mr. Voorhees, "it is a singular fact that Cook neither before nor during nor after my defense ever alluded to it. When I was making my speech, with Governor Willard sitting near me and Cook not far off, and while I was denouncing the abolitionists who would so pervert this fair-haired wanderer, I saw Cook's face at one time looking at me with a most extraordinary expression of countenance. It was that of astonishment, as if he was surprised that I should take that way of defending him. I have no doubt myself but that old John Brown inferred from my speech that Cook had deserted his cause. The anti slavery papers may have fallen into that inference. But there is nothing whatever to sustain it in real fact. Cook never repudiated his companions. He always spoke of John Brown to me in terms of the highest admiration. He spoke of his associates with equal respect. He simply allowed his brother-in-law for the sake of his sisters to use what legal line he chose, but he never made a suggestion nor did anything to alter my firm conviction that he was a sincere fanatic in that extraordinary performance."

Mr. Voorhees remarked: "Since time has elapsed, and I am speaking of things in their actualities, let me say this: There never was, probably, in this world such a remarkable band of men as that of John Brown. Think of it! All of the band were mere youths, almost boys, except Brown himself, and he was perhaps sixty years of age. They fought with him in the most unflinching way, lost their lives with a courage unsurpassed, and those who remained to be executed were cool, consistent and firm in the end. None of them went to the gallows with more bravery than John Cook. In some respects he surpasses all the rest in force of character. I heard him order his own coffin. After he was sentenced to death, instead of giving way to despair, he sat down and wrote that most wonderful letter to his wife and mother, telling them to bring up his boy to understand in what cause he had died. John Brown probably thought from the nature of my defense that Cook was not firm, but that was an error. When Cook went to the scaffold with young Coppick, his cell-mate, and the death cap had been pulled over their faces, he said: 'Ned, where is your hand? Let me take your hand.' They grasped each other's pinioned hands, and died in perfect composure."

It here occurs to me that perhaps I have misquoted Mr. Voorhees as to the time when Cook wrote the above remarkable letter. I think it was written after he and Coppick had attempted to escape and were brought out from their cells. Mr. Voorhes said, I think, that he saw the shackles struck from their feet, and that then Cook sat down with the gallows close behind him, having, indeed, but a few hours to live, and wrote the above cool letter in a clear and unshaken hand.

As another instance of Cook's coolness, Mr. Voorhees said that he was a superb handler of arms, and that Lewis Washington had remarked to him (Voorhees) that Cook could take a revolver in each hand, and alternately lifting his hands could drive a bullet through a spot as big as one's eye.

Said I: "Did he show any gratitude to you for your endeavors?"

"Cook really loved me," said Mr. Voorhees. "He was more open and frank with me than with his brother-in-law, because he knew that I had complete sympathy with him. His brother-in-law had reflected on his case. I never did to him. I took the boy into my heart, and while in court I used my own way to save his life. I never upbraided him for what he had been engaged in, privately. To me he was a constant being, notwithstanding my aversion at that time to abolitionism."

"Was he not a little set up in his own esteem?"

"He had confidence in himself, but I do not recall that he was vain. He let us handle his cause as we saw fit. As I have already told you, he never referred to my speech in his favor, though it was made a feature of by almost everybody else."

Said I: "I would like to have from you an idea of the delivery of that speech."

"I spoke about two hours," said Mr. Voorhees, "and, although I can not say that there were tears or expressions of sympathy with Cook, the interest in the court-room was most remarkable. I saw old Lewis Washington, for instance, who was a very nice man, and whom Brown had kept in the engine house, standing on the top of a stove which had no fire in it, and on tip-toe at that, looking down at me with his mouth wide open, and I thought to myself: 'What is he standing on that stove for?' Then I saw the people standing on their chairs all around the court. After I had finished the whole jury, led by their foreman, came over to the hotel to say to me that in deference to my argument they had not convicted Cook of treason in order that he might have a chance for executive clemency. All those prisoners had been indicted for murder, for inciting slaves to rebel, and for treason against the State of Virginia. In cases of treason the Executive could not pardon. Now, Cook was just as guilty of treason against Virginia as any of the other prisoners, if treason there was. All but he were brought in guilty of treason. He was found guilty on only two counts. James M. Mason came down from Winchester to tell me that he had not heard my speech, but that it was so noised about that I must prepare it and publish it. Said I to Senator Mason: 'I am just getting sheets ready now.' 'Then,' said he, 'I will go right out, because that speech must be published and put on record.'"

Mr. Voorhees spoke with diffidence, and undoubtedly withheld from me the full narrative of the effect of his address. He paid a compliment to Mr. McDonald for his assistance in the case.

I was led to inquire about Governor Wise's refusal to pardon Cook. Mr. Voorhees said: "I can not talk to you about that matter. I felt indignant toward Wise on account of my friend Governor Willard, but I shall not speak on that subject except to tell you that I went to Richmond with Willard when he asked Wise to pardon his brother-in-law. Wise could not brave the public opinion. Willard went into another room with him, and when he came out I heard him say: 'Governor Wise, all I shall ask of you now is to let me have the body of my wife's brother.' Wise sat down and wrote the order. As we walked down the hill, Willard being ahead of me, I stepped to his side and he said: 'I am Governor of Indiana and Mr. Wise is Governor of Virginia. If his wife's brother were condemned to death in Indiana, and the public opinion of that State were howling at my doors, he should not have one minute to wait for a pardon.' "It was a bitter hour," said Mr. Voorhees, "and as both parties are dead I will not say more about it."

Said I: "Senator, did you see anything of John Brown and the other men?"

"Yes, they were trying John Brown when I reached Harper's Ferry. He looked to me like a substantial old farmer. There was nothing vicious or very particular about his face except its firmness. He had some intellectual ability, too, and would conduct parts of the cross examination or concede statements by witnesses before they were made. When he got tired he would say to the court that he could not stand it any more that day, and the court was generally adjourned for him. He was a remarkable instance of how a popular impression of a wrong will lift a man out of his ordinary level when he rises against the wrong. Any ideal cause which a man espouses and gives his life and courage to will raise him intellectually and even morally. Brown put into action what other people were talking about, and so he rose to be the perfect hero to those young men. Young Coppick, who was hanged with Cook, was a bright, plain, candid young fellow. Stevens, another of Brown's men, seemed to us Democrats who went there to be somewhat more of the ruffian than Cook or Coppick."

Said I: "Did you find, when you returned to Indiana, that your defense of Cook had injured you?"

"No; quite to the contrary. Even Robinson, whom I have mentioned, the marshal, came to me and said: 'Voorhees, you were right in going there.' I was elected to Congress in the district where I had been defeated not long before. One's instinct of friendship hardly ever misleads him."

Mr. Voorhees concluded his story with an account of the funeral of Captain Cook:

"Governor Willard and myself waited in the Jersey City depot for the train to come which contained the body. I assisted with my own hands to put the coffin in a hearse we had brought there. It was a cold and chilly night in winter. The hearse was then put on the ferry boat and taken over to New York and to an undertaker's where a magnificent coffin was prepared. Some struggle arose about having the funeral in a church, as most of the orthodox denominations were hostile to the abolitionists. It was finally concluded to have the funeral at a private house, and some gentleman who was not afraid of what others might say gave his house for that purpose. There were probably a thousand persons at the funeral, which was held in Williamsburg, N. Y., where Cook had studied law. Mr. Callicott delivered an eloquent address, and Cook's letter was read. The body was then taken to one of the cemeteries in the rear of Williamsburg and interred. I saw the body as it was being made ready for the coffin. He looked like a gentle boy, as he was. While he was in prison at Charlestown, Governor Willard provided him with excellent clothing and all that money could bring. Cook was the uncle of the present leader of the democracy in the Indiana Legislature and the chairman of its finance committee."

"Did the Willard family feel that their brother's death was a disgrace."

"No. Governor Willard did not live long, but there was a hardening in his mind on the slavery question. Cook's sisters became anti slavery in their feelings. I think they set their faces against that condition of things which brought that boy to his end. But there we were," said Mr. Voorhees, "like the first little vessel caught on the lee-shore, with the great ocean of the war coming on behind us."

Opiates.

[National Review.]

The first indulgence is in some sense legitimate; is almost enforced, either by acute pain or chronic insomnia. The latter is perhaps the most dangerous. The pain, if it last for weeks, forces recourse to the doctor before the habit has become incurable. Sleeplessness is a more persistent, and to most people a much less alarming thing; and it is moreover one, with which the doctors can seldom deal save through the very agents of mischief. Neuralgia, relieved for a time by chloroform or morphia, may be cured by quinine; sleeplessness admits of hardly any cure but such complete change of life as is rarely possible, at least to its working victims. And the narcotist habit once formed neither pain nor sleeplessness is all that its renunciation would involve. The drunkard it must be remembered, gets drunk, as a rule, but occasionally. Save in the last stages of dipsomania he can do, if not without drink, yet without intoxicating quantities of drink, for days together. The narcotist who attempts to go for a whole day without his accustomed dose suffers in twenty-four hours far more cruelly than the drunkard deprived of alcohol in as many days. The effect upon the stomach and other organs, upon the nerves as well as on the brain, is one of indescribable, unspeakable discomfort amounting to torture; a disorder of the digestive system more trying than sea sickness, a disorganization of the nerves which after some hours of unspeakable misery, culminates in convulsive twitchings, in mental and physical distress, simply indescribable to those who have not felt it. Where attempts have been made forcibly and suddenly to withhold the accustomed sedative they have not infrequently ended in a few days in madness or death. In other cases the victim has sought and obtained relief by efforts and through hardships which in his or her best days would have seemed impossible or unendurable. One woman thus restrained escaped in deshabille from her bed-room on a winter night of arctic severity; ran four miles through the snow, and was fortunate enough to find a chemist who knew something of the fearful effect of such privation, and had the sense and courage to give in adequate quantity the poison that had now bebome the first necessary of life. In a word, narcotics, one and all, are to those who have once fallen under their power tyrants whose hold can hardly be shaken off, which punish rebellion with the rack and with all those devices of torture which medieval and ecclesiastical cruelty found even more terrible than the rack itself; while the most absolute submission is rewarded with sufferings only less unendurable than the punishment of revolt. DeQuincey's dreams under the influence of opium were to the tortures of resistance what the highest circle of purgatory may be to the lowest pit of the inferno.

In a few days more the country will have a clearer idea of what the inauguration has inaugurated.

THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has established his hearth and the sum of his possession and fortunes, whence he will not depart if nothing calls him away; whence if he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he ceases to wander. —Condition from Civil Law.

"Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in the nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky."
—Longfellow.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Simplicity of Logic.

Max is four years old and bonny,
Sharp as bee-stings, sweet as honey,
Full of little quips and wiles,
Baby frowns and baby smiles;
Doffs his hat to any stranger,
Squeezes Pussy, kisses Ranger;
To be brief: has all the arts
That run away with people's hearts.

And my little lad chops logic
Like a grown-up pedagogic,
Only simpler? thus he reasons:
What is good befits all seasons;
If a thing is true, its true,
Whether said to me or you.
Ah! might grown folks solve their puzzles
Without putting thought in muzzles.

Well, his mamma gave instructions,
But he made his own deductions.
"When you've something nice to eat,"
She said, "and company to treat,
Serve the first your little playmate,
Put the largest piece on her plate,
And keep the smallest; don't forget,
A gentleman must be my pet."

Max went to Marian's next day.
Programme: the cake; then after, play.
A home once more, this mamma tender
Said: "Well, dear, did you remember
And give the largest piece of cake
To Marian?" Pause; then outbreak:
"Why, mamma, you fink I know nuffin?
Oh, I geth I 'members sumfin—

"'Give company the largeth piethe,' you thaid.
An' I had cake, an' she had bread;
An' I wath company; of courta
I had the largest piethe of both."
His mamma smiled, for logic won;
She failed to scold her little son,
But ever after this, she tried
To keep logic on her side.
—Eleanor Lewis, in February Wide Awake.

In a Southern School-house.

What is a gentleman? A gentle man. In all that he does he has consideration for others. It is very possible that he can not take off his hat to a lady with as fine a grace as some men who have the veneer of politeness, but are selfish and brutal at heart. It is the intention, the sincerity, the heartiness of the man or boy, which tells whether he be really a gentleman or only the counterfeit and the sham. It sometimes happens that young men have true politeness in their souls, but need a rough shaking to bring it out. That was the case with the young fellow of whom a lady writes in the Journal of Education. She says:

I was a Yankee school-teacher way down South. I was young and full of zeal. My scholars caught my enthusiasm. We were having a happy session. Three weeks of the term had passed. Affairs in the school-room were going smoothly and pleasantly. Not a harsh word had been spoken.

"It is really delightful," I wrote to my sister. "Southerners have been misrepresented. I never saw Massachusetts pupils so willing and eager as these scholars of mine. I have found the Paradise of school-teachers. The girls are as sweet as their garden roses and the boys are manly and true."

But a slight cloud soon appeared in the sunny sky. A new scholar came on the fourth Monday. He was from "Pleasant Valley," he said. He "had kept school, but wanted to be learnt a little more." He was tall, red-haired, red-whiskered, blue-eyed and blushing. "He'll give me no trouble," I said to myself, but I had yet to learn the ways of the world, and of Southern mountain boys.

On Tuesday morning I was in my usual place, and had my first word of reproof to say. I hastened to utter it as soon as the opening devotions were ended:

"Young gentlemen, the one who takes care of the house tells me that some of your places are covered with filthy tobacco-juice. I am sorry that any of you use the nauseous weed. I feel sure that you will grant my request and leave no marks of this dad habit upon the floor of our school-room."

A pleasant smile and a nod ran from face to face around the room, and I felt that my request would be gladly heeded—by all save one, at least. The face of the new scholar showed beneath its blushes a trace of mortified pride and sulky self conceit.

"He's well-named Stamper," said Katie Knight, as she walked home with me at noon. "He stamps round as though he owned 'all creation and the niggers.'"

"He needs to have a little more knowledge stamped into his bushy head," I thought; but I said not a word to Kate.

On Wednesday morning, Stamper's place was covered with tobacco-juice. Stamper's eyes were on his book. Stamper's fingers were busy with "the United States Rule." Stamper's teacher was thinking of her broken rule, and wondering whether Stamper carried a pistol.

"You heard my request yesterday, young gentlemen," I said in a trembling, yet determined voice. "It must be obeyed. Gentlemen do sometimes smoke and chew. I have seen them do it, and have been sorry for it; but one thing I am sure of—no gentleman would make filthy a school-room floor after he had been requested by his teacher to do otherwise."

Nothing more was said. Stamper stamped out. He did not come back that day.

"He went down to Willow Dell Seminary," said John to Kate, after school. "Says he'll show the Yankee schoolmarm how to call him 'no gentleman.'"

On Thursday morning the devotions were pleasant but solemn. The teacher's voice was trembling and earnest. Stamper was in his place. He looked triumphant and snapped his blue eyes as much as to say, "She won't dare to touch me!"

"Mr. Stamper!" I said, after a few moments of quiet study; and a few glances in a particular direction made every one suspect that something unusual was coming. "Mr. Stamper, will you rise?"

"Mam?" said the astonished six-footer.

"Will you please to arise?"

He arose. "Will you tell me why you left school without permission yesterday?"

"Reckon I'd better not," he at length stammered.

"I wish to know why. I happen to be the teacher of this school—the one who makes the rules. Why did you leave school without permission, yesterday, Why did you not return?"

"'Cause ye called me 'no gentleman.'"

"Are you a gentleman?"

"Reckon I be."

"Do gentlemen annoy ladies?"

"No, mam."

"Well, sir—gentleman or not—I give you ten minutes to apologize and remove the filth from your place or you may leave the school-house and not return. You are a sham gentleman; we want no such here."

Stamper's face grew redder than his hair. His blue eyes showed a shade of green. He looked round upon the unsympathizing scholars. He looked up at the determined little teacher. He was conquered. The filth was removed in spite of many surpressed giggles.

"I humbly ask your pardon. I'll try to keep your rules, and a heap more if you make 'em. You've got mighty good pluck, and I've been as mean as an abolitioner. I'll study right smart the rest of the season."

Stamper broke no more rules. He chewed no more tobacco. He became one of my best pupils, and helped to make the dear old school-room a sunny spot in my memory.

"Ah, but she did give me the best taking down I ever had," he said, many years after. 'Never learned a better lesson! How mean I looked to myself! I resolved, then and there, to be a sham gentleman no more."

Earning Her Way.

[Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in Golden Rule.]

Young Laura Wood had been cared for comfortably during several years of helpless orphanage by Aunt Maria Hunt; but now kind Aunt Maria was about to leave her for a far off land; and one from whose shores there is no return.

The annuity on which aunt and niece had lived comfortably, ceased, of course, with Aunt Maria's death, and Laura, at sixteen, would be left penniless. Aunt Maria's judicious plan had been to keep Laura at school as long as possible, hoping she would be fitted for a teacher, as it was no part of her plan to leave the young girl without some resource by which she could comfortably provide for herself, when her school days should be ended.

But disease had done its fatal work quickly, and good Aunt Maria's only regret at leaving a world in which she had seen much sorrow, was because she must leave her dear Laura unprovided for. Just before she died, she gave Laura one parting piece of advice. She counselled her to find employment at once, whatever she could; to take the first thing that offered which she could do at all, and to be sure and do her very best at whatever she undertook.

It tried the poor child sorely, but there was no other place for her but at the mill. She had often pitied the poor girls, who day after day, went by with their lunch-baskets to spend the long, tiresome day in the noisy mill.

They were not the companions she would have chosen, but work was scarce in the town where she had lived; and owing to her auntie's secluded habits she had no friends with sufficient influence to help her to more fitting and congenial occupation. Two years later, if Auntie had only lived, she reflected, she might have been able to teach; but her course of study had been interrupted rather too prematurely to admit of it now.

But Laura had been faithfully trained by a Christian guardian, and while her heart was very tender from its sore bereavement, she resolved to do her very best, even though no one would take special note of her efforts, and though advancement might be long delayed.

It was even more laborious and trying than she had anticipated, standing by a revolving loom all day tying a knot here, [illegible] at a loose thread there, clutching [illegible] loop which threatened a detaining tangle if not straightened on the instant.

It had taken weeks of patient toil to learn how to watch the back of the growing fabrics, and see that no flaw crept in through inattention or neglect.

One day, Lu Brooks, a showy, dashing girl, approached the place where Laura stood, scissors close at hand, watching the roll of material, every inch of which as it slowly progressed towards completion was quickly inspected by Laura's sharp eye.

It was nearly lunch-time, and Lu, basket in hand, was evidently waiting for the clamping machinery to stop its loud whim, that she might sit by Laura while they enjoyed the noon rest and ate their luncheon.

"Law! what makes you so awfully particular to snatch at every little thing that isn't just so smooth; that's only coarse stuff you're at, anyway, and doesn't require any great pains taken with it anyhow?" and Lu looked contemptuously at the cloth Laura had been watching so carefully.

"Why," said Laura cheerfully, "the only way to ever reach the finer fabrics, and work which pays better, is to show how perfectly I can do this."

"Humph!" rejoined Lu, "if you think there's much chance for promotion in this old barn of a place you're very much mistaken. I've stood in the same spot cutting open boxes of labels and marking them for the last two years and all the thanks I've ever got besides my meagre pay, was being scolded and found fault with for the occasional mistakes I make. I don't kill myself to suit them, I can tell you; don't care a snap if I do blunder now and then. Old Jenks, the foreman, would rather find fault than not, and Mr. Hubbard himself isn't at all given to complimenting you for your exertions; it's just like any other tread-mill existence," concluded Lu, "hard work, poor pay and no thanks."

"Mr. Hubbard," said the foreman a few weeks later, "I think if Miss Wise is about to leave the assorting room, it might be the best thing you could do to put Miss Laura Wood in her place."

"It's a responsible position," returned the proprietor, "and there are a great many hands who have been here far longer than Miss Wood, but as you know, I generally leave things of this kind to your management, as you have better opportunity of judging the ability of different ones than I have."

"It is true," continued the foreman, "Miss Wood has been with us a little short of six months, but her work at the loom is simply perfect. We never had the reverse side of the particular cloth she has tended so smoothly prepared until she learned just what her duties were."

A year later Mr. Jenks, the foreman, again addressed Mr. Hubbard.

"I think, sir, if Woolwich is going, Miss Wood is the young person to put in his place."

"But we've never had a woman in the order room. It takes insight into the business, a careful knowledge of just our needs requirements, a stern application to the interests of the house in every particular to anticipate and give due notice of what must be promptly forthcoming in a house like this. Isn't Miss Wood very young to undertake such duties?" and Mr. Hubbard regarded the shrewd foreman a little anxiously.

"My dear sir," that gentleman replied, "ever since the day that young lady came into this mill, it has been perfectly apparent to me that her prime motive was not merely to earn her living, not simply to perform her duties mechanically and passably acceptably, as is the general rule, but there has been conscientious attention paid to the very smallest detail of her work every time. I tell you, sir, it would be perfectly safe to trust that young girl in any department of your business she could be made to understand, and her untiring application would admit of her learning well anything she resolved to know."

When Laura Wood was twenty years old, she occupied the position of confidential clerk, chief correspondent and general aid to the wealthy Mr. Hubbard

Report says that Mr. Hubbard eyes anxiously and suspiciously one of his most prosperous customers, who, when he goes to the manufacturer's to buy goods, lingers longer at the mill and in the place than is necessary merely for business purposes.

And once when the trusty foreman broached the subject to Mr. Hubbard, hinting at the possible outcome of the affair, the merchant replied.

"It would be an irreparable loss to us, Jenks, an irreparable loss! Not that I should be very sorry, but very glad, to see so fine a girl well settled in life, and not but what she would adorn any position; but the great value of Miss Wood's services consists and always has consisted in that fixed determination which certainly governs all her actions, to do even the minutia of every day work in the best way possible.

"My dear sir, if young people setting out in life would only recognize the importance of doing things well, thoroughly and conscientiously, rather than hurridly and often imperfectly, there would be no trouble about promotion all in good time. Advancement is sure to follow the best efforts of either man or woman, and duties often repulsive at first, will take on dignity, even beauty in their way, when accepted and discharged as what God has sent to just them to do."

A Punctured Masher.

As they were all coming out of the theater together young Sypher accidentally trod on the dress of the pretty girl just ahead.

"Oh, shoo!" involuntarily exclaimed the pretty girl, as suddenly brought up.

Young Sypher thought he saw a chance to make a mash.

"You needn't shoo me," he simpered, smartly, I'm no cow."

"No," the pretty girl returned, with a glance that pinned him to the side of the lobby; "perhaps not now, but you will be when you grow up."

Then she swept on, while young Sypher was so astounded that he actually forgot to light his oakum-stuffed cigarette when he got outside.—Troy Times.

R. R. R.

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