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[From the Independent.]

MY KING.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

Love is King! When he commands,
Let all meaner things withdraw;
Only he, in all the lands,
Royal, unrestricted, stands,
To himself a perfect law!

Love is King! By right divine,
From the Godhead pure he came;
Through his veins the fruited vine
Flows in everlasting wine,
And his heart is fadeless flame.

Love is King! No cringing thrall
Sueing for withholden bliss;
As his own he claimeth all
That his own he cares to call;
What if here his crown he miss?

What though he be dispossessed
Of his throne? An exile he,
Doomed to wander in unrest?
Still, above all, is he blest
In a conscious royalty.

Ah! my King, mistrusted here,
Masked in beggarly array!
Comes a morning, radiant, clear,
When, no more a wanderer,
Dawns for thee a perfect day;

When the heavens shall swing their gate
To thy lordly entering;
When the people of thy state
And all joy on thee shall wait,
And I triumph in my King!

THE RIGHT OF WOMAN TO EQUAL ADVANTAGES IN LABOR.

BY BEVERLEY.

"Woman's rights" is a subject so often canvassed through the press, from the rostrum, in debating societies, and in every grade of the social world, that it seems that she must have some rights denied her, the loss of which entails heavy wrongs; or surely the subject would not elicit such interest as to be so widely canvassed as it is; and since woman, even by man himself, is accorded a position secondary only to his own. (Not much to accord her, say you, since the next in grade is the brute.) It certainly should interest the world at large to see that all her true rights be awarded her. What are they? becomes the question first to be answered. We propose to give one of these, and maintain it by presenting woman in some of the relations of life. Few will deny that as a wife she is fulfilling the great purpose for which God created her. Yet all know that numbers are justifiably old maids, while a large number are widows. Now, surely it is one of the rights of these to be permitted to earn a living with advantages equal to man's, without losing social caste thereby. In fine, necessity should dignify to her any honest labor that does not bring her in contact with coarseness and vulgarity. In this, we of the South are far behind the North and many other countries. We readily understand why this is, and if ever a fault could become honorable through its excuse, this is the one. As mother, she has intrusted chiefly to her the greatest work of earth. We make no exception; it is the greatest, since childhood is the time when everything must be done to fashion the future man for time, and aye, may we not say, for eternity, too? A mother, faithfully discharging her duty morally and intellectually, will find all the time she can possibly spare from the duties of housewife fully occupied. Purity of conscience and firmness in right are indispensable qualifications of a judicious mother. All the relations of home, properly estimated, are calculated to foster these, while frequent contact with the outer world is equally calculated to pollute the conscience and thus weaken them in the right. It is fear of this that has carried our men into the extreme which contracts the field of work for woman, and thus often forces upon her a wearing, grinding poverty that may scarcely be borne by the strongest, and frequently commits the weaker ones to a premature grave, leaving whole families to a dependent orphanage. Man peculiarly admires delicacy of sentiment and refinement of thought and feeling in woman. A true, earnest womanhood, allies her closely to the angels, and she becomes to man the connecting link between himself and heaven, which he somehow believes will eventually raise him from the corrupting influence of the outer world to something higher and purer. There is certainly a powerful alchemy in love; woman is essentially a loving creature, and he allies her love for him, through the purity of her life and her prayers, to God's love for her, and hopes thereby for the power to some day lead him in the right. He may not define his homage for woman thus, and attributes it solely to chivalry, but an anylatical observation will in most cases show that our position is the correct one. The fall of the angels was by expulsion immediately from heaven to hell, and we ever see a fall in proportionate ratio to the height of the being. With these views of woman and this fact established, is it any wonder that the impulsive nature of the Southerner should carry the men too far in shielding woman from every influence calculated to corrupt her by keeping her as much as possible within the sacred precincts of home? Surely not. Were there no refined women, delicately reared and nicely cultured, left to struggle for a living, it would probably be impossible to carry the shielding process too far; but there are, and in numbers, too, all over the world; hence it is but common justice that they should be permitted equal advantages with man in the world, where money must be made. Nay, I claim more for them. Woman is the more delicately organized, by far the weaker; and man, so far from claiming superior advantages, should aid her by especial patronage in in every possible instance. In saying that woman should be permitted equal advantages with man, we do not wish to be understood as ignoring natural limits for her. There is work for which she is not physically adapted, and there is work which brings her in contact with the ruffian and vulgarian; better that she starve than be subjected to this. Here in her naturally restricted advantages is another strong claim upon man's assistance. I can not see how man can pride in his strength and power when he refuses to assist the weak; surely they have become his disgrace. When we see a strong brute trampling the lamb in his way we loathe him, and are ready to kill him; and when we see the elephant rescue the helpless child with his strong trunk and place him on his back out of danger, we honor him, nay, almost love him for the noble deed of power and strength. How much more positively should this feeling plead with man for woman; how can man walk erect among his fellow men when he turns a deaf ear to woman's call upon his strength and power. Has he not by greed of gain debased himself lower than the instinct of the brute? Legislation can do much for woman; it can preserve to her the home and household furniture; it can appropriate for her a State fund to assist when there is no home or furniture and unique as this law would be we believe it should stand upon the statute books of every State. No State office holder should derive from his office over five or six thousand per year, either by salary or perquisites; then the temptation for dishonesty to seek office would be less, and a vast amount would be saved for such purposes as the woman question. There may be two or three State offices that would justify ten thousand, but certainly no more, and perquisites should be rendered utterly out of the question. Legislate though as we may may, woman will ever be more or less dependent upon man, and should be so; let him see to it that he is true to the charge laid by God upon him.

The Story of a Communist.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Paris under date of June 13, has been at some pains to collate the facts of the biography of M. Arthur Ranc, whose name is now prominently before the world as the first victim of MacMahon's scheme of moral order:

M. Arthur Ranc, whom General Ladmirault is to prosecute for the share he took in the Commune is not a vulgar or a commonplace radical. Born in 1831, he went through a brilliant school career, and came to Paris to study law in 1849, when the new republic was at the climax of its noisiness, and the students of the Latin Quarter mixed more than was perhaps good for them in the politics of the day. Ecole Normale was then shining with a pleiads of excited youngsters, almost all of whom have since shone in the word. Edmond About, Prevost Paradol, Francisque Sarcey, Henri Taine, J. J. Taine, Elme Caro were the most conspicuous of them. At the Cafe Fleurus, in the street of that name, the painters, Gerome, Hamon, Courbet, who is to pay for the Vendome Column, and several others, who have since become equally well known, formed a club to which students were admitted, and to which the most violent social theories were imbibed along with beer, which was none of the best, and whiffed over Paris in a series of turbulent demonstrations, which were of daily recurrence, and cost Count de Falloux, the Minister of Public Instruction, many a night of wakefulness. In 1848 a procession of students and painters, headed by M. Gerome (now officer in the Legion of Honor and a member of the institute), had gone to the Constituent Assembly with a petition for the abolition of marriage; M. Ledru Rollin, the Home Minister, had encouraged the formation of a student legion for the defense of the republic; and M. de Lamartine had assured a deputation from the Medical School that a memorial of theirs advocating the conversion of the cathedral into a lecture room of positive philosophy should have his most anxious consideration. M. Eugene Sue was then the prophet by whom all the students swore, and swore profanely. This gentleman, who, like Seneca, wrote his praises of poverty on a table lacking none of the good things of this life, had so saturated the minds of his younger contemporaries with the sorrows of virtuous jailbirds and saintlike fallen women, that the students howled despairingly among themselves over the pickle to which their elders had brought the world, and founded a noble newspaper, *La Rehabilitation*, which scored the crimes committed by individuals to the debit columns of society.

M. Arthur Ranc had been factious while studying law; he continued to be so after he had taken his degree, and the only use to which he seemed inclined to put his legal knowledge was to bandy words with the public prosecutor from behind the rail of the criminal dock. Indicted for sedition in 1853, he got off with a fine and warning, but was less lucky in 1855, when arraigned for concern in the plot against the Emperor's life, known as "Le complot de l'Opera Comique." This was a serious business, and, despite his coolness at the assizes, Ranc was sentenced to transportation for life and shipped off to Lambessa. He contrived to escape soon, and returned to France after the amnesty of 1859; but in many respects he was an altered man. His experiences in the convict settlement of Africa had sobered him, and, if not less radical, he was infinitely more cautious. Having no fortune and few friends, he was reduced to earn his living as reader to the *Opinion Nationale*, but contributed also to the *Nain Jaune* and the *Journal de Paris*. He was a bold writer; sarcastic but cold, vigorous but cunning. If prudence could have kept him out of hot water, he need never have been scalded again. But moderation was not always a safeguard under the empire, and an article on the revolution of 1848, which was a trifle too earnest and graphic, landed him for four months at Saint Pelagie. M. Rane now made a vow, and confided it to all his friends, that he would never be caught tripping again. He was a quiet, reserved man, who expressed himself elegantly and had exquisite manners. You would never have taken him for a revolutionist, or indeed for anything that was not perfectly respectable and orthodox. Stout, full bearded, always well dressed, and given to smiling, with an appearance of a demure approval at everything people said to him, he reminded one most of a lady's doctor in good practice. He never practiced at the bar, but varied his journalistic exploits with an occasional novel. He published one in 1869 in the *Reveil*, "Le Roman d'une Conspiration," which was very powerful and dramatic.

In 1870 he was elected member from Paris; when the Commune came he received a large majority as a member. The Bonapartists detest him as the organizer of a detective system that baffled them in the crisis of their fortunes.

While a pious couple of Momenee, Illinois, were at church one recent Sunday, their house was entered by a party of desperadoes, who hanged the sole remaining occupant, an old lady relation. Moral: Either the old lady ought to have gone to church regularly, or the rest of the family oughtn't.

[From the Vidalia Herald.]

RETROSPECTION.

Though time has touched with silver hues my hair,
And seamed and furrowed features once so fair;
Though 'neath his ruthless hand, all bent and bowed
The form that erst stood so erect and proud;
Though of my life the sands are almost run,
And soon my long, long journey will be done,
Yet oft in melancholy mood I sigh
O'er the vanished joys—o'er happy days gone by.

I know my sky was not always serene;
That shadows 'midst the light were sifted in,
But yet methinks few skies are ever clear,
And clouds will gather where erst all was fair.
Yet when Old Time each gaping wound has healed,
And in the heart a soothing balm instilled,
Upon the light fond memory loves to dwell,
And strives each gloomy shadow to dispel.

Away beyond the vista dim of years,
That vista veiled with bitter burning tears,
Back to that happy time so long gone by,
When all was pleasure and when all was joy—
Back to my boyhood's days—my childhood's home,
With soft, alluring glance she bids me roam,
And tries to leave behind each woe, each pain,
To chase the cloud and bid the light remain.

For in my heart some mem'ries will hold sway,
Which naught save death's cold hand can drive away;
Aye, mem'ries which e'er float within my mind,
Or deep within my bosom lie enshrined;
They surge and throb within my reckless brain,
And in my heart are echoed back again;
They haunt like spectres ev'ry waking hour,
And e'en in dreams assert their wondrous pow'r.

And ev'ry fond and hallowed thought above,
Of father's care, of mother's tender love,
The memory of her I loved so well,
Within my soul's pure depths shall ever dwell,
And when she yielded 'neath death's cruel sway,
From out my life the brightness fled away,
And naught on earth can ease the bitter pain,
Or fill the void within my heart again.

Oh, what a dream is life! how soon, alas!
Our bright hopes fade, our joys how fleetly pass;
E'en as the mist that crowns the mountain's brow
Or like the dew upon the vale below.
And swiftly borne upon the wings of time,
First goes our youth, and then life's glorious prime,
Till hoary age has come, and bids us crave
Our refuge sweet from all life's cares—the grave.

AN EASTERN ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE

Mr. J. M. Francis, our consul at Athens, Greece, writes to the Troy *Times* as follows:

A few years since there lived in Bebek, a village on the Bosphorus, some six miles above Constantinople, an elderly Greek gentleman named Tchelby Yorgaky. A warm-hearted, genial old gentleman was Mr. Yorgaky. He was the possessor of some property in real estate, and a sufficient income was derived from this source to supply the moderate wants of himself and his amiable wife, leaving a balance, more or less, which was distributed for charitable objects. They had no children. The venerable couple were very happy in each other's society. They had few intimate associates outside. But among these was a friend of ours, an eminent American citizen, who for some time resided near their dwelling in Bebek. One day our friend was invited to spend a social evening with Mr. Yorgaky, the latter saying that, if agreeable, he would on this occasion relate some facts of his family history which might possibly prove interesting as constituting a strange chapter of real life at the East. Our friend promptly accepted the invitation, as any live Yankee would have done under this stimulus to curiosity. The old gentleman's statement—and our friend vouched for Yorgaky's character for truthfulness, after an intimate acquaintance with him for many years—was substantially as follows:

My father's name was Yohannis Giros. His father carried on the bakery business. At quite an early age Yohannis was employed as bread seller at his father's stall near the Egyptian bazar at Stamboul. There he made the acquaintance of a Turkish boy of about his own age named Ibrahim, who was employed as salesman in his father's tobacco shop close by. A remarkable friendship grew up between these two boys. All their leisure time they spent in each other's society. They indulged in sports together. They talked over plans of business by which in future years they might not be separated a single day. They would achieve fortune, and share their wealth together. These were the day dreams of Yohannis and Ibrahim. Time wore on. The boys had attained the age of seventeen or eighteen years. Ibrahim's father secured for his son a situation as tchibouki (pipe bearer) to the Pasha of Bagdad. This was great honor for a boy in humble circumstances. But Ibrahim did not desire the place, for it would take him far, far away from Yohannis. Parental decision, however, was omnipotent in the case, and go he must. But before separating the boys had a long conference together. "I must go," said Ibrahim, "but I shall return to Constantinople as a pasha, and then you will share my honors and fortune." The separation of Yohannis and Ibrahim was painful. When the final adieu was spoken, each pledged the other that his friendship should remain constant so long as life endured. Yohannis sorrowfully returned to his business at the bread-stall; Ibrahim accompanied his master on the long journey to Bagdad.

Years passed by; Yohannis succeeded to the humble business of his father on the decease of the latter; he married, and was blessed, as the poor are so often blessed, with many children. By steady industry and strict economy he was barely enabled to support his large family comfortably. His mind frequently dwelt upon the scenes and loves of youthful days, and the Turkish boy Ibrahim was always a central figure in these memories. A dozen years prior to this time he heard that his dear friend of boyhood's days had died, but the memory of that friend was reverently cherished by him; one so dearly loved in the fervor of youth could not be forgotten by the generous-hearted Yohannis even amid the cares and struggles of a life of toil.

One afternoon, while partaking of his frugal meal, and surrounded by his loving family, Yohannis was startled by the appearance of a very unwelcome visitor—the chief police officer of the Sublime Porte. The official announced to Yohannis that he must accompany him immediately to the Porte. In those barbaric days such a summons meant condemnation and death, often without any assignable or known cause. Yohannis and his family were terrified; they pleaded for delay. But the officer was inexorable; Yohannis was dragged away amid the piteous cries and pleadings of his wife and children. Arrived at the Porte, the officer conducted his prisoner through a long hall with guards stationed on either side, to the door of an apartment, where, at a given signal, the door opened and Yohannis was at once brought face to face with the Grand Vizier.

"This is our sublime master, the grand vizier," said the officer. Yohannis immediately prostrated himself before that august personage, and commenced pleading very earnestly for his life. "Spare me, sublime master, spare me," he ejaculated; "spare me for the sake of my innocent and dependent wife and children, if not on account of my innocence of all wrong-doing. Why should I be brought here to be made the victim of the bowstring or the ax? I have been a good and peaceable subject of his majesty; I have earned bread for myself and family by honest labor; I have wronged no man. Let me go, and you shall have their blessing and my prayers in return for your mercy. If I am killed they will die, for they can not earn bread to support life."

"You can not go back to your business," said the grand vizier, calmly.

"Then, sir," responded Yohannis, in a more resolute tone, "the blood of an innocent man and his family you are about to murder be on your garments. The avenging power of almighty justice pursue you, sir, to the end. Your crime shall not go unpunished."

"Yohannis," replied the grand vizier, "arise and answer my questions."

"Yes, sire, sublime master."

"When a boy you served as bread seller for your father, close by the Egyptian bazar?"

"Yes, sire, and I now keep that same stall."

"You had a friend named Ibrahim, who attended his father's tobacco shop very near you?"

"Oh, yes, sire; oh, yes," answered Yohannis, nearly overcome with emotion.

"And you and Ibrahim, on parting, pledged each other to friendship for life; Ibrahim saying that he should return some day with the honors and wealth of a pasha, and he would share with you the benefits of his position?"

"Most truly you have spoken, sublime master; but this was long ago, and poor Ibrahim—I shall soon meet him in a better world than this—has been dead these many, many years."

"Ibrahim is not dead," said the grand vizier; "he lives and is in good health; he remembers Yohannis Giros; he never forget the pledge made him at the time they parted; and now he has the ability and determination to make good that pledge. Yohannis Giros," exclaimed his excellency, rising from his seat and extending his arms, "Yohannis Giros, behold in me your friend in boyhood. Ibrahim, the tobacco seller."

The two embraced and kissed each other; tears flowed freely. Yohannis was almost crazed by the mental reaction. He sobbed and cried like a child. The great heart of the grand vizier was filled with gladness. As soon as the emotion awakened by this exciting scene could be controlled Ibrahim said to Yohannis:

"Now you are appointed to a responsible post; you will be my satoff (banker). You will at once receive your outfit of dress. When properly attired go hence with the attendants of my staff to your home and tell the good news to your wife and children. The horse and equipage suitable to your rank are ready for you. You will at once be provided with all the means required to place your family in a position becoming the dignity of your situation. Attend to these duties to your family first of all; close up your little business, and then report to me for duty. Yohannis and Ibrahim are reunited, the pledge of boyhood is fulfilled. Great is the Lord God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

Yohannis was then arrayed in the glittering uniform of his rank, a beautiful Arabian charger handsomely caparisoned was furnished him, and with personal servants and a guard of honor he rode rapidly to his humble dwelling at Stamboul, having been absent little more than two hours. The family could scarcely credit their own senses when Yohannis re-apperred so wonderfully changed externally, and with his retinue of servants. They were overcome with joy. The scene can be better imagined than described. From that day forth they enjoyed happiness and prosperity.

Ibrahim's course has been this: From the humble position of tchibouki (or pipe-bearer) to the Pasha of Bagdad, he was successively promoted to be clerk, secretary and Keyha Bey; then as Pasha, and subsequently as Pasha of Bagdad, succeeding his former master; then as Pasha of Aleppo, and finally, in recognition of his great ability and successful administration of affairs, he was appointed by the Sultan as Grand Vizier of the Turkish empire.

"And this," said the old gentleman to my friend at Bebek, "is the true story about my father, which I promised to tell you, and which, I think, presents an example of sublime fidelity in friendship. As I bless the memory of my noble father, so also do I bless the memory of his benefactor and friend, the true-hearted Turk Ibrahim, once the tobacco seller at Stamboul."

I have given this narrative as related to me, without embellishment. The property owned by Tchelby Yorgaky at Bebek was inherited by him from his father, and the latter became its possessor from that pledge in boyhood exchanged between Yohannis and Ibrahim.

Life in California.

[From the Marysville (California) Appeal, June 24.]

A bold and successful highway robbery was perpetrated yesterday afternoon, at about one o'clock, between this city and the Oregon House, and about twenty-one miles east of Marysville, when the Downieville stage, on its way down, was intercepted, the treasure box of Wells, Fargo & Co. taken from the stage, broken open in the presence of the driver and passengers and robbed of its treasure, consisting of about $2800, of which amount $2200 was for the banking-house of Rideout & Smith, $200 for Decker & Jewett's, $100 for the Marysville Savings Bank, and the balance addressed to unknown parties and in small sums and packages. The stage left Downieville at 3 A. M. yesterday, with the mails, express, treasure, and the following passengers: Daniel Kime, W. T. Day and Mrs. Ashcraft and a little girl.

On reaching the turn and rise in the road a short distance west of the toll house, near the Oregon House, three masked men, with double barreled shotguns cocked and leveled, stepped down the bank of the road and commanded Johnny Sharp to halt. The driver obeyed orders, when the leading robber said, "Hand out that box." Mr. Kime, who was occupying a seat beside the driver, got down and hauled from under the seat the treasure box, the robber remarking as he took it, and addressing himself to the passengers, "Don't be frightened, we will not disturb you." Sharp proposed to proceed after he had delivered the box, but the robber said, "Hold on where you are." Sharp informed us that, at this time, his horses became very restive, and he himself was not over pleased with his company, and would have preferred to move on. Two of the robbers covered Sharp with their guns, while the third took the treasure box, set it down by the roadside and broke open one of the ends with a large rock, the third blow finishing the job. Such contents as the robber desired were soon transferred to his pockets, and the box returned to the stage, with a command to "drive on." Mr. Kime gave a partial description of the highwaymen. They were all masked by sacks hauled close over their faces. The leader was quite tall, and from his talk and movements he was judged to be a much older man than his companions. He wore a checked calico shirt which hung down over his hips. The other two robbers were averaged sized men. One of the party was very fair skinned, as was observed by a little exposure of the face under the eye-holes of his mask. None of the party wore gloves, and their white hands decided their complexion. The robber who handled the box cut the back of one of his hands, which bled profusely. Our police are on the alert, and it is hoped they will succeed in catching the rascals.

Simplicity in Living.

To live simply, to master and control our expenditure, is a sore need in all classes. The influences which surround us, the ideas in which we have been brought up, the habits which we fall into as a second nature, all sway us in the same direction. Every family and every class seems to have caught hold of the skirts of the one above it, and to be desperately holding on. Well, as Mr. Goldwin Smith says, the best thing they can do is to let go—the only thing needed which will give themselves any comfort or make their lives of real use in their generation. The moment they will do so, and begin resolutely to live without regard to what their neighbor on the right spends on carriages, or those on the left in upholstery, they will find themselves rich for all good purposes. From that moment it can no longer be said of us with truth that we dare not trust our wits to make our houses pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice creams. And this most needed of all reforms is just the one which every soul of us can carry through for himself or herself. We can not sweep our whole street. No doubt. But every one of us can sweep our own doorstep, and if he will do it quietly and regularly anon his right and left hand neighbors follow, and before long the whole street is swept. And in this way, and by this means, can almost all those social tangles which we have been glancing at casually this evening, be set right. Simple living! To it even the great household question, at once the most ridiculous and the most harassing of social troubles, will in the end yield, will begin at once to look not wholly insoluble and hopeless. Speaking of this sore question in the nation, the other day, one of the wittiest of American essayists took up the cudgels for Bridget against her numerous accusers. "My good friends," he argued, "what else have you any right to look for? The things which American life and manners preach to her are not patience, sober-mindedness, faithfulness, diligence and honesty, but self-assertion, discontent, hatred of superiority of all kinds, and eagerness for physical enjoyment;" and the words come home, I fear, with singular force to us islanders also in these days. Let us hope that the picture of the good coming time which he goes on to draw may prove true for us also. "Whenever the sound of the new gospel which is to win the nations back to the ancient and noble ways is heard in the land, it is fair to expect that it will not find her ears wholly closed; and that when the altar of duty is again set up by her employers, she will lay on it attractive beefsteaks, potatoes done to a turn, make libations of delicious soup, display remarkable fertility in sweets, and extreme fondness for washing, and learned to grow old in one family."—*Thomas Hughes.*

The famous Minnehaha Falls were sold last week for less than $2000 an acre.

BRANDY-AND-SODA.

[After Swinburne.]

Mine eyes to mine eyelids cling thickly;
My tongue feels a mouthful and more;
My senses are sluggish and sickly;
To live and to breathe is a bore.
My head weighs a ton and a quarter,
By pains and by pangs ever split
Which manifold washings with water
Relieve not a bit.

My longings of thirst are unlawful,
And vain to console or control.
The aroma of coffee is awful,
Repulsive the sight of the roll;
I take my matutinal journal,
And strive my dull wits to engage,
But can not endure the infernal
Sharp crack of its page.

What bad luck my soul had bedeviled,
What demon of spleen and of spite,
That I rashly went forth, that I reveled,
In riotous living last night?
Had the fumes of the goblet no odor
That well might repulse or restrain—
O insidious brandy-and-soda,
Our Lady of Pain!

Thou art golden of gleam as the summer
That smiles o'er a tropical sod,
O daughter of Bacchus, the bummer,
A foamer, a volatile tod!
But thy froth is a serpent that hisseth,
And thy gold as a baleful fire doth shine
And the lovers that rise from thy kisses
Can't walk a straight line.

I recall with a flush and a flutter
That orgy whose end is unknown.
Did they bear me to bed on a shutter,
Or did I reel home all alone?
Was I frequent in screams and in screeches?
Did I swear with a force to affright?
Did I perpetrate numerous speeches?
Did I get in a fight?

Of the secrets I treasure and prize most
Did I empty my bacchanal breast?
Did I button-hole men I despise most,
And frown upon those I like best?
Did I play the low fawner and flunkey
With people I always ignore?
Did I caracole round like a monkey?
Did I sit on the floor?

O longing no research may satiate,
No aim to exhume what is hid!
For falsehood were vain to expatiate
On deeds more depraved than I did.
And though friendly faith I would flout not,
On this it were rash to rely,
Since the friends who beheld me, I doubt not,
Were drunker than I.

Thou hast lured me to passionate pastime,
Dread goddess, whose smile is a snare!
Yet I swear thou has tempted the last time—
I swear it; I mean what I swear!
And thy beaker shall always forbode a
Disgust it were wise to disdain,
Oh, luxurious brandy-and-soda,
Our Lady of Pain!

—Hugh Howard in the New York Graphic.

"JIM SMILEY."

[As related by Simon Wheeler, Esq., of Angel's Camp, Calaveras county, California, on being asked for information concerning a certain Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley.]

There was a fellow here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of 1849—or may be it was in the spring of 1850—I don't recollect exactly, somehow though what makes me think it was the one or the other, is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but, any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides.

Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he almost always came out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he'd bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here—and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even saw a straddle-bug start to go anywhere, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he would bet on anything—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife lay very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't agoin' to save her. But one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerably better—thank the Lord for His infinite mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Providence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says: "Well, I'll risk two and a half that she don't, any way."

This yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen minute nag, but that was only in fun you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse for all she was so slow, and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little, small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wasn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as the money was up on him he was a different dog; his under jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time till the money was all up, and then all of a sudden he would grab the other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year.

Smiley always come out winner on that pup till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take hold of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece, and laid down and died.

It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius; I know it, because he hadn't had any opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under the circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, this yer Smiley had rat-tarriers and chicken-cocks, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but sit in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flatfooted and all right, just like a cat.

He got him so up in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything; and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Daniel Webster down here on this floor—Daniel Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out: "Flies! Daniel, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't been doing any more than any other frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellows that had traveled and been everywhere all said he laid over any frog that they ever see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little box, and he used to fetch him down town, and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in that box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm! so tis! Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate: "Well. I don't see no p'nts about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "May be you understand frogs, and may be you don't understand 'em; may be you've had experience, and may be you ain't only a amature as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I am only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right; if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin and set him on the floor. Smiley he went down to the swam, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley, he stood scratching his head and looking down on Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for; I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him, he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck and lifted him up, and says: "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pounds!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——

Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard and got up to see what was wanted. And turning as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't agoing to be gone a second."

But the stranger did not think that a continuation of his history of the enterprising vagabond, Jim Smiley, would be likely to afford much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas N. Smiley, and so I started away. MARK TWAIN.

American Morals.

Dr. J. G. Holland writes in *Scribner's* for July as follows:

The grand evils which menace the people of America now are not to be found in the corruptions of municipal or national rule. The reign of the rings is broken, or tottering to its fall, and vile men are hastening to relieve themselves of the odium which attaches to it. Even those who seek to form new combinations for personal power and profit find it uphill work, and fail to make their intrigues fruitful. The wrongs which now front us, and wait with desperation or trembling to be righted, are connected with the great railroad corporations and their combinations and monopolies. The people, by whose consent and for whose benefit these railroads were built—railroads to which have been devoted enormous areas of public lands and stupendous prerogatives and privileges—are determined to have something to say about their management and determined that their power shall be curtailed. The corporations which have built them and are administering their affairs are manipulating or controlling legislatures and superficially enriching all connected with them, while the farmer can not get a paying return for his wheat at his door, and the consumer buys his bread at an exorbitant price. The fight of the people with these monstrous powers is begun and is to be the great fight of the next twenty years. The issue is not doubtful, though it may be long delayed. Little Vermont finds to her surprise, that she has been imposed upon, and hastens to do her people justice; and it is safe to predict that in five years the railway kings, and overbearing monopolies, and the corporations which run railroads for the benefit of their managers, will be so thoroughly "investigated" that they will find it for their interest to conduct their operations with a degree of deferential reference to the interests of the people whom they have cheated and oppressed. It seems to us that there is at this time a very healthy public sentiment. No public iniquity lives without protest. No wrong-doer sits easy and unconcerned in his place. The old apathy under wrong and misrule is passed away. The good elements of society and politics are full of hope and courage; and we believe it to be susceptible of proof that no European country is less dominated by corrupt men than ours, or more willing and efficient in the demolition of all forms of wrong. If there is an apparent difference against us, it is simply because we advertise our sins more widely than our sister nations, in order that the people may take intelligent action against them.

A Printer's Will.

The will of the late John H. Eastborn, of Boston, bequeaths sums of money ranging from $500 to $2000 to many personal friends and employes in his printing office and his family servants. Also, to several persons who had served an apprenticeship in his office. His printing office he gives to three workmen who have been long in his employ. Among his personal friends, Thomas Barry, the veteran actor, receives $2000, and B. P. Shillaber $1000. Five thousand dollars each is bequeathed to the Franklin Typographical Society, the Home for Old Men, Old Ladies' Home, Boston Asylum and Farm School, Infant Asylum, Home for Orphans and Destitute Children, $40,000 to the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, and smaller sums to numerous other benevolent purposes. Liberal provision is made for his widow and relations, and the remainder of the property is given to the Boston Provident Society, the income to be expended in supplying food, clothing, fuel, and other necessaries to the poor of Boston.

Among the Kanakas.

[From the Alta California.]

The interior of the native hut, where we now are, has a very pleasant, clean appearance, with an order of fresh grasses, and an aromatic fragrance from the numerous wreaths of maili, or native myrtle, which, stripped from the wood, with all its bright green leaves attached, is fashioned into garlands and wreaths, with which to deck the rafters and crossing poles of the house.

The interior is divided into three compartments by sheets of snowy *kapa*, or bark cloth, suspended from the poles that stretch across the hut from side to side and end to end, tying the walls together. The floor is covered with small, smooth pebbles, over which are laid heavy mats, braided of the leaves of the *hale*, or "screw palm." These mats are made the full size of the room they are to be used in, and being piled one over the other, renders the floor soft and yielding to the foot.

Reclining upon their smooth, cool surface, with a *pulu*-filled pillow beneath our heads, and several more skillfully adjusted beneath our limbs by the old lady before mentioned, we ascertain that we can enjoy the novelty of a *lomi-lomi;* after our long ride we feel that nothing would be more acceptable, and we arrange ourselves for the operation.

Stretched out upon the smooth, fragrant mats, we are surprised to see kneel down by us a couple of young and pleasant looking females, whom we had not seen about the premises before.

We are not disposed to be over curious in the matter, chiefly because we do not care, and in addition, we do not wish to delay the process to which we have submitted.

With a preliminary smile that reveals a set of most beautiful teeth—all her own!—our young friend proceeds to knead and mould our limbs with her small, well-shaped hands, tracing with dexterous fingers the course of our tired muscles, and by her scientific manipulation driving from them all latent aches, and causing them to tingle delightfully. Each joint is flexed and reflexed until we feel as supine as old rags. With a peculiar rolling motion, the knuckles of their hands are moulded into the angles and curves of our bodies, and this is prolonged until all symptoms of involuntary resistance on our part have vanished, and we are rolled from side to side and kneaded into a state of blissful lassitude that leaves us nothing to desire in the way of perfect rest.

Our heads are manipulated by being forcibly pressed between the palms of the hands, in such a manner as to seemingly sensibly alter the shape of our sinciput and occiput. All of these motions tend to drive the latent headache down the spine, and by forcibly pinching the back of the neck the operator sends a series of electric thrills through our bodies, and out to the tips of our fingers and toes.

All the while the gentle palmists have been keeping up a ceaseless chatter with each other, not only being totally unintelligible to us, but soft and harmonious with vocals, producing somewhat of the effect of merry water rippling over a pebbly bed in some shady recess of a deep cove wood.

There is a dreamy fascination, too, in the steady gaze of a pair of full, soft black eyes, heavily shaded with long, silken lashes, and in their fathomless depths we read unutterable things. About this time we begin to wish that we had a superficial area of body, like Daniel Lambert's, in order that the process may be indefinitely prolonged; but, such not being the case, and our entire bodies having been gone over more than once, we are forced to dismiss our *lomi-lomi* ists, when there is no longer any excuse to detain them.

There is a glorious feeling of rest stealing over us as we lie upon the soft mats and listlessly gaze through the open doorway at a group of natives squatted around a hugh calabash of *poi*. We are too supremely indolent and comfortable to feel any hunger at the sight, and are therefore well content to remain where we are and watch them.

They have spread a clean mat upon the surface of pebbles that form the platform on which the hut stands, and, placing in the middle the calabash spoken of, full of the parti-looking preparation of *kalo*, called *poi*, arrange around it little heaps of dried fish, broiled quail, roasted *ku-kui* nuts, salt, seaweed, crabs and shrimps. Then the family, with all the others that chance to be present, arrange themselves in a circle, within arm's length of the *poi*, and the feast begins.

First, a shallow calabash filled with water is handed around, into which they dip their fingers and then dry them on a bit of *kappa*. The sleeve of the right arm is tucked up, and one after the other they dip one, two, or three fingers into the plastic *poi*, and, with a dexterous twirl, extract a mass varying in size according to the passible dimensions of the mouth to which it is conveyed. There is a practiced skill evinced in the manner in which this feat is performed. The head is thrown back, the eyes closed, the mouth opened and the adhesive mass vanishes. The fingers are withdrawn—clean, and a pinch of salt placed on the tongue and tasted with a smack that almost makes our mouth water. At times we note one pause with two or three fingers loaded with *poi*, which is kept from falling off by gently waving to and fro, and turned from side to side in air, while the bearer makes a remark, or joins in the hearty laughter that is always breaking out; after which down goes the lump "with neatness and dipatch."

Our fair *lomi-lomi*-ists join the group, and, while room is made for them, we are able to tell, from a certain embarrassed air they wear, together with the frequent repetition of the word *koali*, or "white man," that they are being joked with on our account.

The Hawaiians are a great people to laugh; it comes to them as easy as lying, and they indulge in both on any and every occasion.

What with the feeling of lassitude that has crept over us in consequence of the *lomi-lomi*-ing we have undergone, enhanced as it is by the perfect repose around us and the luxurious coolness of the soft mats, the drowsy influence of the soft air stirring the rustling leaves of the thatch overhead, and the knowledge of the fact that we have nothing else to do, we drop alseep, with the vision of a plumy *kahili*, or feather fan, waving to and fro over our heads.

Gold in New Hampshire.

The Boston *Transcript* remarks that it is some seven or eight years since the discovery of gold-bearing quartz in Lisbon, which, at the time and for a year or two subsequent, caused considerable excitement among the inhabitants of the section of country near by, and brought to the town many persons of speculative tendencies and others who really meant business. The rock from the different quartz veins was thoroughly tested by fire assay, and found to be gold, bearing from $10 to $150 to the ton of ore; a company was formed, shafts sunk in two places, two quartz mills erected and furnished with the most approved machinery, and the business of gold mining was begun in earnest. But owing to the existence of the baser metals in the ore, the gold salvage was less than the expense of mining. For a year or two new comers, with new ideas, made trials of the rock, all being satisfied from the tests that sufficient gold existed to pay a handsome profit to the successful operator. The matter finally became so discouraging, from failures in every instance, that the operations were abandoned and the works have lain idle till this summer, when the work has been started anew by a party from Philadelphia, who has for a certainty discovered the method of working necessary for this particular rock. The recent operations have been most successful, the ore yielding $85 per ton, and a profit of more than $50 per ton to the operator.

The Italian *News* says: A young man of gentlemanlike exterior, in a moment when the Church of St. Vitalo was nearly empty, entered the confessional box and shut himself in, awaiting some applicant for confession. A young lady soon after knelt down and began her confession. But the sachristan, knowith that the priest of that particular confessional was away from Rome, suspected a trick and ran to call some priests in the church; they immediately went to the box, opened the shutters, and lo! found the gentleman hearing the confession of a pretty girl. The horror was general, but that of the young lady great in the extreme. The young man said he had entered the box with the intention of having a little rest, as he felt sleepy. Measures have been taken to denounce his conduct to the authorities for excommunication, and the young man was exceedingly glad to escape with so little punishment.