New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

[From the German of Paul Gerok.]

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The bells of the churches are ringing—
Papa and mamma have both gone—
And three little children sit singing
Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple,
Though too small to sit in a pew,
These busy religious small people
Determined to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rythm nor tune;
Our worship, perhaps, may be better—
But theirs reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father;
His heaven is made bright by these flowers;
And the dear God above us would rather
Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children—your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love;
All nature around you rejoices,
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on—for the proudest orations,
The liturgies sacred and long,
The anthems and worship of nations,
Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on—our devotion is colder,
Though wisely our prayers may be planned.
For often we, too, who are older,
Hold our book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on—our harmonic inventions
We study with labor and pain;
Yet often our angry contentions
Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on—all our struggle and battle,
Our cry, when most deep and sincere—
What are they? A child's simple prattle,
A breath in the Infinite Ear.
—[Harper's Magazine.

UNA.

For the first time in my life—nearly seventeen years and a quarter—I was alone in the wide, wide world; to be precise, in that bit of it which lies between the Paddington station and Bath. I had all but missed the train, so that my uncle had only time to hurry me into a first class carriage, wherein a solitary lady was already seated, and to give me a solemn injunction to get Aunt Margery to telegraph when I "turned up all right," before the train dashed away.

"All right!" Of course I should be all right! I should think, at seventeen and nearly a quarter, I might be trusted to take care of myself during a three hours journey; the more so as my uncle had "put me in at one end," and my aunt would "take me out at the other."

As soon as I had arranged myself and my belongings comfortably in my corner I took a survey of my fellow passengers—a grim, iron-gray old woman in an exasperated bonnet, who was looking, not daggers—that is much too pointed and brilliant a simile—but rusty nails of the jaggedest description at my poor little hat; such an attractive one it was, too, with the most piquant wax wing imaginable brooding over it with outstretched wings. For my part, I think, when one has a pretty face, it is wicked to spoil it by a dowdy hat. I should have attracted much more attention if I had worn an exasperating extinguisher like my fellow traveler's with an aggravating bow at the top; and, besides, Tom would not have liked it.

I was rapidly losing my temper—it was too provoking. Here was somebody evidently just as ready to find fault and take care of me as anybody at home. My only comfort was that she might get out at the next station, or at all events some distance from Bath. Ah, how little I knew what was coming, or I should have felt glad to have had her glaring twice as grimly from the opposite seat!

"Traveling alone?"

"Yes."

"You are much too young and too pretty to be permitted to do so."

I meekly answered that my youth and prettiness were "faults" over which I had no control, and hinted at the possibility that time might be expected to cure both, if only I lived long enough.

She smiled—yes, really; and not a bad smile either.

"While waiting for that you should have some one to take care of you."

"Take care of me!" I exclaimed, with a little shudder of disgust. "I am quite able to take care of myself—indeed, I am tired of being taken care of. I am almost worn out. Besides, I have been at two garden parties, and have long left the schoolroom" (with dignity).

"My dear, the schoolroom would be the best place for you for the next half-dozen years. I must leave you at the next station, but I will tell the guard to look after you. You will learn in time how good a thing it is to be cared for. Una without her lion would never get safely through this world."

The train stopped; I helped her to gather all her bags and rugs.

"Good by, my dear; your little face has made the day look brighter to an old woman; so you have my leave to keep it unchanged as long as you can," and she actually patted my cheek with a kind old hand as she passed out.

I watched her take her place in a little basket carriage that was waiting for her—watched the old bald-headed man servant stand hat in hand, evidently giving her all the story of life at home in her absence—and felt sorry as I returned her good-by nod when the carriage moved out of sight down a shady country road. I followed her in fancy to a flowery country home, where I felt sure that she lived cosily with old servants, quaint furniture, and old pet dogs, cats and birds. How little I then thought that one day I should——. But I forget; we must not anticipate, as real authors say—that must come in its own place; I had not even seen Tom then.

The train had stopped at a quiet little station, and was just beginning to move on past the roses and hollyhocks, when the door suddenly swung open and a man jumped in. One glance satisfied us that he would not improve on acquaintance. Tom has told me since that he was a "cad." and if a "cad" is an odious, vulgar, red-haired person, with unwashed hands covered with coarse rings, a sky blue satin tie, and overpowering odor of bad tobacco—I know the difference quite well, for Tom never smokes any but the very best Manilas, and I quite enjoy the smell—then most decidedly he was rightly designated.

I saw all this at a single glance, as one does sometimes, and bent steadily over my book, wishing that the hour which would bring me to my dear Aunt Margery was over. Presently I was reading something so amusing that I had forgotten everything beside. The train had left the little station far behind, and was going at full speed, when suddenly a horrid voice close to my ear made me start, and I looked up to see the "cad's" hideous face close to mine—such a wicked, leering face!

"Take off that veil, miss; I'm sure a whiff of fresh air will do you good. This carriage is awful muggy"—that was the creature's very expression—"muggy!" "Besides, it's desperate bad for your eyes to read through that speckled stuff."

Without replying, I bent my head lower over my book, but the letters were getting confused, and my heart was beating with fright.

"Poor little thing! Deaf, is she?" and he took the seat opposite and leaned across, so that I had to shrink into my corner to avoid his touch. Poor little Una needed her lion now.

"Bad for the eyes, miss, and such shiners as yours are too good to be wasted on that stupid book. Give a fellow a peep at them."

And a great red hand advanced toward my veil.

I could only cower into my corner with a great cry of terror—one helpless call on "uncle," knowing the while how far away he was and how unconscious of his poor little Polly's trouble.

In putting up his hand to my veil the man touched me, and the touch, slight as it was, roused a fury of anger such as I had never felt before, and I hope never to feel again; it gave me back my voice.

"You shall not! How dare you! You shall not touch me—uncle will kill you!"

The man laughed at my puny rage.

"Kill me for taking care of you! If he does not wish others to fill his place he should look after you better and not let you out alone. You had better be civil, or——"

He drew out a large clasp knife as he spoke and began deliberately to open it, looking at me all the while. It was come at last; I should never, never see home again. One flash of thought, which seemed in a second to take in all my past, with its little discontents, naughtiness and great happiness—my aunt's anguish when she found me lying dead, uncle's opening of the telegram which would bring the news—the darkened home, the broken hearts which would surely carry till they died the remembrance of the dreadful fate of their willful, but oh! their loving darling—all this occurred so vividly to me that, with a great cry for help to Heaven, I fell at the man's feet and entreated him not to kill me.

"Kill you! I thought it was your uncle who was to kill me; Bless your little heart, I am going to take care of you. You look pale. Now didn't you come off in too great a hurry to have time for breakfast? Have a bit of luncheon"—stooping to take a black bag from under the seat. "I always go about provided with something good. I'm a soft-headed boy, I am, and never see a fine young woman suffer, if I can help it. Peck a bit now—do; you have a hungry look."

What should I—must I—do! I sat up, and said as steadily as I could, choking back the tears—for I would not cry before him:

"I am not hungry; I will not eat. Do not speak to me any more. You must not—I am a lady."

"A lady! I know that! Do you think I'd be so good to you if you were not? I know a lady when I see her—and a hungry lady, too—I knew you was. Come, peck a bit. Don't be bashful."

By this time he had unlooked the bag, and taken from it—yes, it may appear improbable, but, oh! it is dreadfully true—a turnip—a great unboiled turnip—a turnip still covered with the soil of the field from which the wretch had taken it! He began to scrape and pare it while I looked on!

Was he mad? I would try to please him, and do as he wished, and then perhaps he would not hurt me. I should soon be with my aunt now, and at that thought I felt the tears coming again, but opened my eyes widely, and bit my lips hard—the tears must not fall. I crushed them back, and sat watching my companion till, having peeled the turnip to his satisfaction, he cut off a thick slice and handed it to me. Raw turnip! And touched by those fingers!

"Come, take it, my beauty—a peach ripe and downy as your own cheek. Peaches is dear, too, this season; but I give no heed to that. If so be as I find a pretty girl to eat 'em. I don't grudge the money. Come, peck away; or do you want me to feed you? No, you shan't have it without 'Thank you.' After all my trouble, that ain't manners," with a significant look at the knife.

"Thank you," I said, eagerly. I took the slice of turnip and began to eat it—yes, I ate it all, every mouthful making me feel more ill. Another slice was offered; I took it and began to eat, but my throat seemed to be closing—I could not swallow.

"Come, finish it. Good, isn't it? The ladies are always fond of a bit of fruit. Don't be bashful—I've something here for you to wash it down. Nothing like a drop of brandy to make it agree with you," and he touched the neck of a black bottle which stuck out of his pocket.

What would become of me? I had once seen a dreadful woman for a few moments at home—a new cook she was—who was, oh! so frightful! Nurse told me she had taken brandy and was drunk. I had thought her mad. If he had made me drink it, and if, when Aunt Margery found me, I—but no, this I would not do; he might kill me first. I went on eating the turnip, and all the while I prayed earnestly for rescue. Was my prayer answered? The train began to slacken its speed—it stopped; but there was no station in sight. I think it was a sliding or something of that kind.

At the side of the carriage where I was sitting there was a steep bank which shut out all hope; at the other side were several lines of rail; beyond was the open country. In an instant my torturer was at my window. With an oath he commanded me to "be still, and stay where I was." I heard some one pass, and, in reply to a question, I suppose, say that we had been shunted to allow a special train to go by—it would pass in three minutes. I called, but very faintly, I am afraid, for no one answered, and the "cad" turned on me so fiercely that I dare not try it again.

The special train swept by, but I hardly saw it—my eyes, my whole soul were fastened on the figure of a man who just then came down the green bank, which was at some distance. I pressed my face to the glass. Which way would he take? He stood up for a moment, and then slowly, lazily sauntered toward me. The glass was up—my only hope was that he would pass close and see me, for I was past calling or moving now. I noted every trifling detail of his figure and dress; he was a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, dressed in light gray; young and with a long golden beard; even the carnation in his button hole I observed, and the strength and careless ease of his figure as he lounged along. He stopped to whistle to his dogs, and then again strolled on, idly twirling his cane.

I do not know what kind of face was pressed to the glass on my side, it was a wild and sacred one, I am sure; but in another minute a pair of great merry blue eyes carelessly glanced up in passing, and were startled into earnestness by the eyes they encountered; the whistle sounded, but, even as it did, a strong hand was on the door handle, the door was wrenched open, the train moved on, he was beside me; I was safe!

I don't know what happened then. My deliverer says that I cried and held one of his hands tight in both of mine; but that I don't believe. In the first place, we had never been introduced, and in the second, two of his fingers are about as much as my two hands can contain at once. I know that when I grew calmer I found him taking care of me, and that I didn't dislike it as much as one might have expected. I don't remember how I told him all; I suppose the turnip and knife, which still lay on the seat, helped me a little; but I do know that he told me "not to be frightened, for he would not throw the scoundrel from the window, as he deserved"—and that he looked so fierce and so strong that I could quite imagine it was a habit of his to throw scoundrels from windows, and that he rather liked it. What he did was to take the creature by the collar and force him down on his knees, in spite of his piteous protestations that "he never meant to hurt the lady—it was only a lark. He would not have done it for a ten-pun note, not if he had known."

"Hold your tongue. Swallow this, and think yourself lucky to escape six months on the treadmill. For the lady's sake I will not prosecute you, and I will not break every bone in your body, as I should like to do, as it might annoy her to see it done. But you'll eat this, to the last morsel—mud and all! I should say it is not the only dirt you will have to swallow in your life! Down with it!"

And when the last atom had disappeared my deliverer, with a panting shake, flung the creature into a corner, where he lay till the train stopped, and turned to "take care" of me again.

I almost shrank from the stern face to which I now raised my eyes, but it softened in a moment, and I lay back in a corner and rested silently and thankfully, while he interposed his broad shoulders between me and the other end of the carriage, till the train again stopped, and I saw Aunt Margery's dear old face on the platform.

I am sure she wondered at the eagerness of my clasp, and at my face, which I still felt was white and scared. I made a little motion toward my deliverer, but could not speak a word. He said a few words and gave his card to my aunt, who accepted the situation as graciously as she does everything, and looked rather anxious to get me safely into the carriage and home, and in five minutes we were driving away.

"What did he do for you darling?"

"Oh! he was so strong and so good to me, and he made him eat the whole turnip, auntie!"

"The whole turnip! You are ill, Polly! Come, we won't talk or think of it now."

And she quieted and petted me, evidently thinking that I had lost my wits, until I was lying on the sofa in her drawingroom, able to tell her all.

Well, that was my first and only attempt at "taking care of myself." I never want to do so again. Tom takes care of me now—of course, you understand that it was he who came to my deliverance. Aunt wrote to him that very evening, and my father came down from London next morning on purpose to thank him; then Tom called, and so—and so—the end of my story, or, perhaps, I should say the real beginning of it, is that I am his wife now.

At first I did think it a pity that my husband should be only "Tom," when I had always intended to marry at least three syllables, as I am merely "Polly;" but now I think Tom the most charming name in the world, and would not change it.

I have only one thing to tell. The old lady with the disagreeable bonnet is Tom's aunt. I am writing this in her house, which is just what I fancied it, and she is the dearest and kindest old woman in England.

"Una has found her lion," she says.

I don't think I am much like Una; but Tom is a darling old lion, with his tawny beard and splendid strength, on which his wife loves to lean. I hear him calling "Polly" from the lawn, where he lies, lazily puffing his cigar under the cedar; and as he can growl on occasion, if I keep his majesty waiting too long, I better go.

"Coming, Lion."—*London Magazine.*

Wants a Situation.

A few months since a merchant, well known in New Orleans, thinking to better his fortunes, transferred his business to another city. "The judge," as he was familiarly called, on account of his grave looks and dignified manner, is a bit of a wag, and sometimes "drops into poetry," and occasionally sits down to prose. From time to time reports have reached us that "the judge" was making money and doing well. These reports are evidently untrue, for in a late number of the St. Louis *Republican*, writing over the signature of I. X. Peck, he appears as an applicant for a situation as an obituary editor, and gives a sample of of his abilities. He says:

Our parents were wealthy but honest, and of course we are now poor; but we can live on a very little, because Mary Ann and I have made ourselves into a grange and buy at retail at wholesale prices.

May be you have a full corpse to do your funny writing, so if you will engage me I will do anything in the obituarian line; it will suit our feelings better, for Mary Ann and I have been in affliction lately. Great grandmother Peck died last week, aged CXIX. She died once before, when she was ninety six, but just after she was laid out she seemed to remember somehow that she had forgotten to finish footing a stocking for her youngest boy, who was only seventy-four years of age, so she came to again; and as winter was coming on, and so much knitting to be done, she concluded to keep on for twenty years or so. The doctor thinks if she ain't disturbed she is gone for good this time. Me and Mary Ann sat up with her to the last, and she was checked off into the full fruition of her faculties. I couldn't help moralizing as I sat by her bedside how lean a person can get and yet consume so much gruel—she beat anything all hollow that I ever saw. Poor old soul, she was so lean that the mosquitoes had ceased to be a burden; they used to light on her and hammer on her skull with their bills till the room sounded like a telegraph office; then they would scratch their heads with their hind legs and sail out of the window, worn out. She seemed to gain a little flesh after we came here from Chicago and got new spirits; but somebody told her that her name was accidentally left out of Edwards' Directory, and she fell off again. She hadn't waked any to speak of for the last twenty-two years, and it used to console her to think how much she had saved on shoes. When I look at the old calico cushion with its faded roses that she sat embowered in since she was 104, I heave a sigh at the transitoriness of all sublunarian comfort. Her eyes got so weak that she wore seven pairs of glasses for a spell, but they warn't strong enough for her to get the sense out of her Scriptures, so we had a pair of opera glasses mounted, so she could wear them on her nose. She sat up the heftiest part of the day before she snuffed out, and told me many things confidentially. She remembered distinctly when General Washington got the check cashed that Oakes Ames gave him for signing the Pacific railroad bill; and she was quite a big girl when Cyrus Field and Hendrik Hudson brung the Atlantic cable over in the Mayflower. What is home without a great-grandmother—she is gone, let her R. I. P.

The Pope Again Ill.

[Milan Letter to the London Times.]

Private information reaches me from Rome confirming the reports which have lately been in circulation respecting the Pope's health. The holy father, it seems, has been laboring under some slight attacks of fever. The complaint exhibited no very serious alarming symptoms, but it left his holiness in a state of great mental exhaustion and prostration. The latest tidings were that he had already sufficiently recovered to be able to say mass; but his receptions and walks in the gardens, and even in the library, had been discontinued, and I do not hear that they have been since resumed. My informant from Rome proceeds to state that it is the opinion of physicians thoroughly acquainted with the Pope's constitution, that his health can not fail to be dangerously affected by the first chill in the atmosphere, and that he will not probably be able to live through the fall of the year. You may remember that the impression of what might happen in the autumn was already foretold by competent persons in the early part of the summer. The prediction may be entitled to little attention, but under the circumstances, is at least worth referring to.

The Law About Miscegenation.

Hon. Robert Townsend, a Nebraska probate judge, has recently taken some pains to ascertain, as far as possible, from official sources the laws in all the States concerning the intermarriage of whites and blacks. The Omaha *Republican*, publishing the results of his inquiries, says that such intermarriages are now valid in New York, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, New Jersey, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the District of Columbia. Maine, Michigan and Illinois report that, although they have prohibitory statutes, yet the law with them is a dead letter, and that "such marriages frequently occur." The gentleman replying from Connecticut said: "There is no law in this State that prohibits the intermarriage of whites and blacks unless the black objects."

Max Adler says: "When breech-loading rifles were first introduced among the Kickapoo Indians, the principle upon which the weapons are constructed was not exactly understood. Jumping Bear got hold of one, the barrel of which opened at the rear with a spring and was attached to the stock with a hinge. The chief got it open and put the cartridge in, and then he was deeply perplexed to know how to get the barrel back in its place again. After making sundry futile efforts he abandoned the attempt and carried the gun around with the stock hanging loose. He thought he would use it as a club, at any rate, even if it wouldn't shoot. One day, soon afterward, he became engaged in a discussion with an Arrapahoe Indian—probably upon the subject of Cæsarism, or hired girls, or the price of mutton, or something of the sort, and he attempted to convince the other gentleman of the unsoundness of his views by whanging him over the head with the demoralized gun. As the butt struck the noble savage it shut on the end of the barrel with a slam, exploded the cartridge, and in less than a minute that exasperated leader of the Kickapoo section of the North American Indian race was browsing around in the happy hunting grounds in a condition of unfeigned astonishment. His bereaved family neglected to load up that sacred relic of their departed head until they had taken a few lessons; but now, when an Arrapahoe Indian presents heretical opinions concerning mutton, or such things, they perforate him properly."

Death of a Priest.

We are pained to chronicle the demise of the Rev. Father McGrath, prefect of the second division, and professor of English, rhetoric and algebra in the Jefferson College, of this parish. This sad calamity took place last Friday, and the father's remains were followed to the grave Saturday by a large concourse of friends and mourners.—*St. James Sentinel.*

THE OLD STORY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The waiting women wait at her feet,
And the day is fading down to the night,
And close at her pillow, and round and sweet,
The red rose burns like a lamp alight,
Under and over the gray mist tops,
And down and down the mossy eaves,
And down from the sycamore's long wild leaves
The slow rain drops and drops and drops.

Ah! never had sleeper a sleep so fair;
And the waiting women that weep around
Have taken the combs from her golden hair,
And it slideth over her face to the ground,
They have hidden the light from her lovely eyes,
And down from the eaves where the mosses grow
The rain is dripping so slow, so slow,
And the night wind cries and cries and cries.

From her hand they have taken the shining ring;
They have brought the linen her shroud to make
O the lark, she was never so loth to sing,
And the morn she was never so loth to wake!
And at their sewing they hear the rain—
Drip-drop, drip-drop, over the eaves,
And drip-drop over the sycamore leaves,
As if there would never be sunshine again.

The mourning train to the grave has gone,
And the waiting women are here and are there,
With birds at the windows and gleams of the sun,
Making the chamber of death to be fair,
And under and over the mist unlaps,
And ruby and amethyst burn through the gray,
And driest bushes grow green with spray,
And the dimpled water its glad hands claps.

The leaves of the sycamore dance and wave,
And the mourners put off the mourning shows,
And over the pathway down to the grave
The long grass blows and blows and blows,
And every drip drop rounds to a flower,
And love in the heart of the young man springs,
And the hands of the maiden shine with rings,
As if all life were a festival hour.
—[Atlantic Monthly.

"THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS."

Henry Ward Beecher on the Late Financial Crisis.

[From the Boston Post, October 3.]

Last evening the first of the Old Bay State course of lectures was delivered in Music Hall by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who took for his subject "The Battle of Business." He spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—The battle of business is always the chief interest in the nation's history. It is just now the engrossing and almost exclusive theme of thought and conversation. One of those great storms which the past is unfortunately so well acquainted with has just passed over us, and all along the shore we see the wrecks, or stately vessels stranded, waiting for some rise in the tide that shall float them again. Everywhere disaster, or fear of disaster, and hesitation. Commerce is to the body politic what the nerve system is to the human body—the sensitive part. When it falls into convulsions every organ in the body suffers; and commerce is so interwoven with the life of the nation that when it suffers paralysis everything sympathizes. He that embarks in it is like one who sails upon a tropical ocean: magnificent skies are over him but tornadoes spring out of them. If all men were honest, truthful, intelligent and generous, how easy would commercial life become! It is selfishness, dullness and the want of moral force that makes business dangerous and burdensome. Every avocation has its peculiar trials, and each one is apt to think that its own are sharper than any others. So the pain we feel to-day is very apt to feel more severe than anything we ever had before. But the exactions and anxieties of commerce, always severe, at times mount up into degrees that are seldom experienced by any other profession in life. Having long been observant of the life of the professional man, the mechanical man, the laboring man and of the commercial man, I have come to think there is no class of men, take one time with another, that suffer so much, bear so heavy burdens, are rasped by anxieties so severe and, at certain crises, suffer such anguish as commercial men. The intensity of business is one cause. If we could but introduce a habit of slowness it might be otherwise; but from the very nature of the genius of our people, our climate, the sharpness of competition, the excitability which is nurtured by all our public habits, by all these things business is driven with an intensity which grinds up every few years multitudes and multitudes of men who are conducting it. Men know no rest, no moderation of hours. Early, middle and late they are driven, scarcely knowing how to consult the laws of health, and certainly not how to consult that moderation which is so necessary to mental and moral life. They live upon the edge of excitement perpetually, and disdain calm. Home, that should be the counterbalance of out-door excitement, loses its benefits and virtues. It is a place for sleep, for eating; it is a repair shop. Men shoot into it and shoot out of it, but do not rest there, and certainly do not recuperate there. While in other lands business flows with the tranquillity of a canal, with us it rages and roars incessantly. The effects of over competition still further aggravate these troubles. Men enter business seeking for fortune, and fortune is an ideal thing, in the pursuit of which they never know when to stop. If, now, you add the complications which arise from moral aberrations, you make the picture full sad enough. I think men have some faith in a hereafter and moral government, but very few men, in the desperate strife of business, have any practical faith in moral qualities. To a large extent, men believe that by sharpness, by shrewdness, by legerdemain, they may amass property and maintain it. That honesty, truth and fidelity are indispensable, multitudes do not believe, and every false element which enters into a man's business is like a rotten timber in a ship, which, by and by, when the stress of the storm comes, causes them to spring a leak, and their affairs are foundered. But men seldom understand this to be the result of moral obliquities. So long as this want of faith in moral qualities exists the business community will always be subject to storms. In any other sphere there are more certain grades to right and wrong, and in business the customs of commerce are a certain guide, but often complicated questions arise where it is not easy to discern by these what is right or wrong. There are some who know what is right but are overcome by stress of feeling—who wish to get right but are pressed by what they are pleased to call necessity. A more common error arises from the dull and non-interpreting conscience. My impression is that the majority of men do not want to be dishonest, and it is rather an exception to find a man dishonest on purpose.

On the whole, men prefer to speak the truth, and to do the thing that is right, and they fail partly from pressure of circumstances and partly because they don't know how to find out what is right. They are prone to follow feeling rather than calculation founded on experience, and as they go into business early in this country, and as individualism has developed self-reliance into almost morbid conditions, so they are continually acting not so much from what they know as from what they feel. It is just this which makes the sanguine speculator. I do not mean a speculator in the more offensive sense. It is over-hopefulness which leads them to prove new ways, new processes, and embark in unsafe directions. They may, in some sense, be called the pioneers of safe men. They start with almost every sail spread, and when they run aground other men mark where. They split upon a rock, and the next man that comes avoids it.

The disasters of hopeful men form the charts of more cautious men. We are accustomed to throw them overboard with little praise, and speak of them as light and sanguine men, who are always too fast. But they are benefactors; they sow, others reap; they invent, others make money out of their inventions; they push projects just far enough to show their feasibility, and die in their tracks. When we come to write the biographies of public benefactors a prominent place should be given to the over-sanguine who sacrifice themselves for cautious men. [Laughter.] But this sentiment leads also to gambling in its most barbarous form. This is the incurable type of the disease of hopefulness. It is a crying shame that it should be in the power of bad men of this stamp to convulse the nation for no other purpose than the selfishly filling of their own purses. [Applause.] I recognize the legitimacy of brokerage and transactions in stocks, but as it is, and has for years been conducted, it is a crime so barbarous that if anything deserves a halter this deserves it. [Applause.] The bold, sagacious, cunning men who are controlling our fiscal affairs have it in their power to at times even place government in peril, as when in our great war it was attempted to make the sale of the United States bonds impossible, and it required the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, to break the market by a governmental interference that could only be justified as necessary for the national salvation. When one or two men have it thus in their power to make the whole nation ask government to take to itself the sovereignty of the Cæsars; when it becomes necessary that the most dangerous of all powers—the power of the treasury—should be intruded upon public affairs, it is one of the signs that we have not yet learned how to conduct commerce in its higher forms, and that there is yet to be an era of reformation in these matters. One of our few consolations in looking at these men is that they never keep their ill-gotten riches. I have seen the dethronement of, I think, seven of eight kings in Wall street. My observation commenced about the same time that Jacob Little flourished, and one by one I have seen them all fall. But they are down to-day and up to-morrow, and like the wounds that Milton describes as made by angelic hands in ethereal forms, their wounds close almost before the gash has passed over it. But how many innocent persons are destroyed by them? Hundreds of thousands. Juggernaut wheeling over his votaries was as nothing to this, for they sought destruction. But here, throughout the land, it is in the power of a few men, malign in avarice, to so shape the commercial system that no man is safe, and hundreds remote from the centre of the convulsion are cast down in utter ruin. It is a burning shame, and if public sentiment can not restrain it, there ought at least to be found out a law by which this overwhelming power should not be given to commercial men under such circumstances. One of the greatest dangers of our time is the consolidation of wealth.

I know not why men should be allowed indefinite power through money any more than through politics. We watch in politics against anything in the nature of sovereignty, but of that we stand in no danger. Old fashioned aristocracy is done and over; our special danger is from the aristocracies that grow up through the accumulation of monstrous fortunes. In New York there is a manifest tendency to concentrate business into the hands of a few men. I know Mr. Stewart and respect him personally, but I think it is better that the same amount of business done by one man would be better if it were done by fifty. Property is like snow—if it lies level all over the road it is good traveling, but if it is accumulated at one part it makes it impassable by its very abundance. [Applause.] The tendency to accumulate landed property, not unknown in your own vicinity, is also a danger. It is not good for the men who accumulate it, nor for the neighborhood. To-day the great companies are organized, and some of them hold in their hands more votes, if they choose to use them, than the people themselves in the outlying cities or neighborhood. Corporations can buy conventions, and as for Legislatures, they are as venal as the market. [Laughter.] Present company is, of course, excepted. [Laughter.] But where the blessed example of Puritan ancestors does not restrain men, if the children of New England wander a few States away, buying a convention is as common as buying a dinner. Every man is marked down, and his price put over against him. I speak of what I do know—the old ones' prices are known, because it is remembered what it cost the year before to manage them [laughter]—and the new men are speedily found out. I believe the most honest men are generally professional men. The cheapest and easiest men to buy in the Legislature are the farmers; and it is what we might expect, because really men are not honest by internal impulse, for honesty, like manners, comes by practice.

Men may wish to be honest and not know how. To wish to be honest, and to know how to be honest, too, is to be very near Heaven. It is my opinion that if it were their wish there are three railway companies whose terminus is New York, who could buy up this nation, and put in any President they pleased. Our danger, therefore, is not from the old aristocracy. Old families! How innocent is the pride of old families! They are merely too good to walk with common people, and sometimes get disliked because they are exclusive; they enjoy themselves, but have no power. There is nothing in the world so powerless as aristocratic circles and sets; the men that carry the deadliest influence are the men that carry purses. So when the storm smites one of these men and he goes down I am very sorry; but still I say to myself, "It is one danger less." It is a comfort to find once in a while that there are schemers in the world who are not stronger than God, and that the devil can't have his way all the time. [Laughter and applause.] The worst of all usages is that of putting into the risk of commerce funds intrusted to men's hands not for their own use, but for keeping to specific purposes. There ought to be a new education on the subject of using money that is not your own. I speak with a fellow-feeling, having been the treasurer of several small associations, and never getting out without defalcations, which had to be replaced by about four times their amount. We are coming to a stage, fellow-citizens, when faith in man is essentially shaken, and by and by we shall be able to say, as was said of old, that an honest man is rarer than gold itself. I need not say with those causes of disturbances I have enumerated, that the career of men who embark in commerce is one of great uncertainty. There is much that is illusory in their gains and prosperity. It is reputed that about ninety to ninety-six per cent of all the men who embark in business fail once in their lives. I don't know that failure is the worst thing that can befall a man, but I suppose there are few occasions which cause suffering equal to that of failure.

Who knows what struggles inspired by pride go on against failure? When such men go down I always feel inclined to pass them as I would a mourner at a funeral. It is a brave thing to see a man who has gone down rise again and re-enter upon the conflict of life; but if this may not be, then it is a noble thing to see him who is able to be poor, to see him who has been among the tallest, content to walk among the lowest without murmur or complaint. Look for a moment at what may be called the remnants of life; not the vicious, but the broken down. The wrecked clergyman, who passes from the pulpit to the agency, and down to still humbler means of living, if he be weak will speak of what he has been, but if brave he will be silent, and contentedly wait to be brought to all those things in which he has taught his people faith. My experience is that clergymen are not always the shrewdest or the most thrifty of men, but there is not a better set of fellows in the world if you can only get their coats off and their loose gowns on at home. [Laughter.] I would say more if I were not a clergyman myself, and might be suspected of favoring my kind.. [Laughter.] The wreck of the man of fashion or pleasure—how worthless are such men! As gilded chariots out of date are thrust away under sheds to rust and rot, absolutely worthless, so are the men who have pursued fashion and pleasure. What shall I say of the wrecked politician? In crowds he has lived, and politics is his only resource. What is he if these forsake him? All the varied interests of human life pass before him and have for him no interest. Burned out with excitement, he is a chimney where men have forgotten to build a fire. The broken down merchant—how many there are in every village, town and city! Let me not at such a time as this speak disrespectful words, for there may be many with aching hearts in this presence who scarce know where to-morrow shall find his household. How inspiring in such an hour of distress is the countenance of woman! Many a strong man, bowed and weakened by anguish, has been lifted up and carried forward by that courage of woman which never shines so brightly as in the extremest emergencies of life. Then when disaster comes, and when the long fear of breaking the secret to her has had to be faced, instead of tears and despair which he expected, her radiant face, full of love and hope, seems never to have been so angelic. Yes, woman can go down with man, step by step, to the very mouth of the grave, and find hope beyond it. Blessed is that man over whom stands such a faithful friend in the hour of death, or in the emergency of bankruptcy. [Applause and tears.] But I should fail in the purpose for which I speak if I did not point out how necessary it is to carry with us those elements which do not relate to external affairs, and which will abide with us, come what will. Though a man be poor, he need not be unhappy. I am not rich, I am not poor; but if I were a great deal more necessitous than I am I do not believe it is in the power of poverty to make me unrich or unhappy. There is nothing more worthy a man's admiration than the sky above him, and that process of the seasons which comes to all alike. I own everything that you own and display. Is your house yours? To pay the taxes, yes; to bear the responsibility, yes. But its beauty is mine. Is your garden and orchard yours? Mine too, mine the wafted fragrance, mine the blossoms, mine the color and mine the gladness that you are glad. No man can appropriate the vales or mountains, the seasons or the atmosphere. A walk in Broadway is enjoyment, and a walk in Washington street is refreshment; it is a great deal better than sitting in a chair and repining. I am always glad, too, to see the faces of little children. They are somebody's children, if not mine, and I should suspect myself of growing old and adamantine indeed if boys and girls could pass before me without waking up a joy within my soul. He who has the sympathy and respect of his neighbors who know him and love him, he who has a heart to rejoice in the happiness of other men, he who has been trained to enjoy himself in nature, he who knows how to maintain himself on a little, he who has faith, self-reliance and faith, need not be harmed by going down. Let no man, then, count that the worst misfortune can befall him. Let us look higher than mere property, to something which will stand us instead when every thing else fails.

Young man, if you are happy now, if you have enjoyments now outside of those of mere fancy, founded on moral and rational grounds, carry that along with you; for the investment you make now of the heart and conscience will determine whether you shall be happy, rich or poor hereafter. No happiness comes from money. All happiness comes from the soul itself; and if you grow rich and grow curmudgeons, it is not in the power of joy to ring the bell in your steeple; but if you grow poor in your misfortunes, it is not in the power of poverty to put out your light of enjoyment in the man who can enjoy himself. The man who has learned to be proof against all misfortunes is proof against death itself. [Applause.]

An Editor's Prophecy.

The *Modern Thinker*, published in December, 1872, contains the following predictions by D. G. Croly, of the New York *Herald*, based, as he remarked, on facts obvious to everybody. How far these predictions have come true, our readers will judge:

It is now a commonplace of modern thought that ability to predict establishes the validity of any science. To prove that sociology has made some advance in the direction of certainty, I venture upon a few generalizations touching the future:

First—I predict that the Democratic party will never contest another Presidential election under its old name and organization. The new anti-administration party will have another name, and will fight under new leaders.

Second—I predict that questions of administration, such as civil service reform, minority representation, the control of telegraphs and railways, and the extension of the powers of the central government, will be the main issues in future political campaigns.

Third—I predict that within the coming two years this country will experience the worst financial panic known to its history. It will be more wide-spread and disastrous than even that of 1837. All the debts created by our paper money era will be wiped out or compromised. Land will temporarily fall to one-half its value.

Fourth—The panic will be precipitated, in all probability, by the failure of the Northern Pacific railroad, and perhaps the bankers who manage it. This will bring to light such an amazing amount of fraud in connection with our railroads as to discredit all stocks, good and bad. The bears will hold high carnival. The men of most repute in financial circles and on "the street" will prove to be common cheats. While the panic will commence, from all appearance, in railroad circles, and will be confined for a time to the new Western enterprises, it will spread finally to the national banks, and will develop an amount of rottenness in those institutions which is now beyond the power of the imagination to conceive.

Fifth—I predict that in ten years' time the Northern Pacific railroad enterprise will be regarded as one of the most astounding instances of human credulity and folly. It will be a matter of profound astonishment that among a business community tens of thousands of sensible men could be found to invest money, with a hope of profit, in a railroad which began nowhere, ended nowhere, and ran for the most part through a howling wilderness. That this road may be built is possible; that it can be made to pay, for the present generation, is too crazy a chimera to be for a moment entertained.

Sixth—I predict that when all the great Pacific roads break down, as break they must, an immediate demand will be made for the government to control and run them. This will be the entering wedge for the final control of all means of rapid transit by the central government.

Seventh—I predict that, before the breakdown of our railroad system, corruption will be rampant in Washington; the railroad rings will run the government wherever their interests are at stake.

Eighth—I predict that very few will pay any heed to these prophecies, and that, after they prove true, they will have been forgotten, and another instance will have been given how prophets are not honored in their own time and nation, in the fate of a positive predictor.

Sad Accident at a Serenade.

[From the Danbury News.]

Those of our readers acquainted on Monson street will remember that the roof to Mr. Forceps' saloon adjoins his house and is approached by two windows. One of these windows is in Mr. Forceps' bedroom. On this roof Mrs. Forceps has spread hesitating tomatoes with a view to hastening their ripeness. Last Wednesday night she put five more with their fellows, making thirty in all.

The Forceps have a niece visiting them—a young lady named Hall, of Thomaston. She has made the acquaintance of many of our young people, and on Wednesday night several of them got together to give her a serenade. Providing themselves with requisite instruments, the young men took up a position near this addition we speak of, and struck up on the instruments. Mrs. Forceps was first awakened by the music, and nudged her husband. He also awoke. The music was grand—not loud or coarse, but soft, low and harmonious. Mr. Forceps was very much pleased, and got up to the window to hear it. Then Mrs Forceps got up also, and retying her nightcap, stood beside Forceps. "They're serenading Ellen," said she. "I know it," said Forceps. "Who can they be?" she asked. "I don't know, I'm sure," said he; "but I suppose I could find out if I could creep out on the roof and look over." "Why don't you," said she, her curiosity increasing. "I'm afraid they might see me," he said. "I don't think they would," she said. "They wouldn't be looking upon the roof, would they?"

Mr. Forceps thought a moment and then concluded no one could see him, as the moon had gone into a bank of clouds, and objects were quite dim. And then he softly opened the blind and cautiously crawled out on the shingles, completely encased in red flannel under-clothes and a nightcap of the same rich material. The music still continued coming up through the night air in waves of ecstatic harmony. Mr. Forceps sat down on the roof and laboriously worked his way to the eaves. Then he lifted himself up to turn over and look down, and just then he stepped on something soft and yielding, felt his feet give, made a desperate clutch at the shingles, was too late, gave a piercing shriek, and shot off the roof and went revolving and howling in among the band, followed by the tomatoes, and madly cleaving the air with his red flannel limbs. He struck on his back on the bass viol, and with one leg tore the entrails from an accordeon, and with the other knocked all the keys from a silver-mounted flute. The man who plays the base viol was driven senseless into a pile of pea brush, and the flute player, with his mouth full of blood and splinters, jumped over the fence and fled.

What became of the others Mr. Forceps does not know, he being too busily engaged in getting on his feet and into the house to make a critical examination of the field. It is presumed the bass viol man died on the spot, and was surreptitiously removed and buried by his companions, as there was no sign of him about the premises in the morning.

American Ministers in London.

[London Letter to the Washington Chronicle.]

So far as we can learn, and we have no reason to doubt the source of our information, General Schenck, in his popularity and influence, compares favorably with Charles Francis Adams, Reverdy Johnson, or Mr. Motley. The first and last prided themselves on their exclusiveness. They knew few English and no Americans. There is no place in the world where one can be so exclusive as in London. Here one, if he so pleases, can retire from the world and all its vanities. He can, if he wishes, include his own family and particular friends, and shut himself up in a close closet and be heard of no more. This is what Messrs. Adams and Motley did with eminent success. Reverdy Johnson, being of a convivial, social nature, and having a treaty to negotiate, went about dining and drinking in the liveliest and most cheerful manner. He came in time to be regarded as the ablest diplomat, in a digestive way, in all Europe.

And why is it that a diplomatic agent, paid $18,000 a year by our paternal government, can be so exclusive at his post as to see no one? The answer is, because such diplomatic agent has nothing whatever to do in a diplomatic way; and we are astonished that Henry Watterson, so able a journalist as he is, should commit the absurd blunder of calling for an able statesman to fill the place of minister here, when a little inquiry and less thought would have taught him that the position is without any responsibility or duty, trust or labor. In a word, it is a sinecure.

European diplomacy—by which we mean the employment of agents possessed of certain diplomatic powers to reside abroad and represent their several governments in such capacity—has long since lost its usefulness. It never had even an existence with us, and could not, under any circumstances, have any usefulness. The fathers, in the creation of our government, recognized our isolated condition, so far as Europe was concerned, with great comfort, and made no provision for a diplomatic corps. Until the year 1856 it was not even recognized by law, and the agents sent abroad in a so-called diplomatic capacity were regarded as clerks of the State Department. They are such now.

The President can not commission a minister plenipotentiary, for he can not clothe the agent with a power he, the President, does not himself possess. Without such powers the so-called minister is only a penny-post. He receives and forwards dispatches that could quite as well be sent direct by mail. We had a lively illustration of this in the case of Reverdy Johnson. The gay old gormand negotiated a treaty under the impression that he was a minister plenipotentiary, and the President confirmed the action of his agent. The English statesmen took a lesson in our constitution by seeing the Senate of the United States reject the work of the executive.

The whole affair is a sham and a mockery. Contrary, as we have said, to the spirit and letter of our constitution, it suffers by the contrast the agents or the clerks of the State Department make to the real or diplomatic corps of Europe.

Mark Twain's Last Joke.

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.]

An American lady who was being shown through one of the shows of London—Newgate—the other day expressed herself rather forcibly to the warder concerning several features of the prison, which hardly appeared to her humane. She was grieved to see the elaborate and new machinery for holding prisoners tight while they are flogged with the cat, stocks for holding their feet, and similar arrangements for the body and hands. The lady asked where the thumb-screw was. The warder innocently replied that they hadn't any. However, he must afterward have pondered more profoundly over the sarcasm of the inquiry, for more recently another American lady, upon giving expression to a similar feeling about the resuscitated stocks, was sharply told by the warder that they had managed to get along there without flogging for many years, until some Americans came over and began to garrote the citizens, and this was found to be the only way of dealing with them. The lady replied that it must have been because the English came over and took away their business, since American prisons were full of Englishmen.

"However," she added, "we don't torture them."

On coming to the small alley in which executed criminals are buried, this lady—who is a good Quaker—shuddered at that, and the warder said:

"You will notice here that ours is a great improvement over the American plan. In America they give the bodies of executed criminals to their friends, who, as likely as not, make a hero of him, and bury him with pomp. But these scoundrels dred being buried away in this alley almost as much as they dread the gallows. This is a chief part of their punishment."

The lady having suggested that execution was quite enough, the warder replied: "Not a bit of it. I was showing our place the other day to a remarkably intelligent American, who admired our arrangements exceedingly, only he thought we were too lenient. That gentleman said that the great mistake in America was leniency. 'Would you believe it?' said he, 'we caught a rascal in America the other day whom we ought immediately to have burned, and we only hung him. But we are coming to our senses, and are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom the gallows is too good.'"

"Will thee be good enough to tell me the name of the American gentleman who made that remark to thee?" said the Quakeress.

"Ah, yes," said the warder, reflectively; "let me see—it was a Mr. Mark Twain."

De Quincey's Method of Composition.

[From Hearth and Home.]

It is singular but true, that Thomas De Quincey must be included in the list of "off-hand," it might be said "slap-dash," authors. The sentences of the opium eater seem at first sight to be constructed with extreme deliberation and a sedulous attention to the choice of every word. In the miscellaneous essays of De Quincey, more especially, the style is measured and unhurried. The slow paragraph rolls on through mazes and parentheses with subtle pauses, involutions, complicated connections, and far-reaching allusions, line after line, page after page almost, and the reader seems listening to the utterances of some sage delivering his profound thoughts in sentences as deliberate as the "occasion requires."

The real fact is that De Quincey was one of the most off-hand of writers. When the mood of composition came he sat down at once, scrawled with great rapidity in his shaky handwriting page after page, without taking the trouble to erase, threw the written sheets over his shoulders one by one, and having "wreaked himself upon expression" and gotten rid of ideas, went back to his decanter of laudanum, entirely oblivious and equally careless of the litter upon the floor. That litter was picked up, assorted and sent to Mr. Blackwood, and the author only saw his work again when it was in print. It is all collected now in volumes—this hasty scrawling of a great genius—and the world reads it with avidity.

We were favored last week with a visit from the division superintendent for this district, Professor P. M. Williams. From our observation, and public expression generally, Mr. Williams is winning for himself golden opinions on account of the straightforward manner in which he discharges his official duties, for his courteous deportment to all classes, and for the zealous and efficient manner in which he is laboring to promote the educational interests of our section of country.

If the cause of education in his district does not prosper, we think we are safe in saying that the fault will not be his, for one more energetic and apparently more devoted to the great cause of learning and enlightenment, it has not been our good fortune to meet with. What we like best in the professor is, that he is practical in all his ideas upon the subject of education, and favors a course of instruction which is best calculated to qualify the youth of the country for all the practical duties and responsibilities of life. We are glad to see the professor looking so well. May his shadow never grow less.—*Greensburg Star and Journal.*