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THE KU-KLUX AND JUDGE THOMAS S. CRAWFORD.

The Late Judge of the Twelfth Judicial District of Louisiana.

BY A LAND OWNER IN, AND OLD CITIZEN OF NORTH LOUISIANA.

The recent murder of this remarkably gifted man and able lawyer and jurist, together with that of the accomplished, amiable, popular, but fearless district attorney, while on their way to hold court in and for the discharge of their official duties, has no parallel for its atrocity and shamefulness during all the past bloody decade, so full of the worst of crimes. But beyond this it has a significance that should cause our civilization to blush with shame and our Democratic or Republican government to blanch with fear, and the hearts of all lovers of justice, of freedom and of law to quail.

No tongue can tell with sufficient force, no pen can paint in colors too strong—even aside from the victims themselves—the awful and portentous meaning of this deed. It is the culmination of a doubtful struggle that has been going on in North Louisiana between law and justice on the one hand, and crime and violence on the other, at least since 1867. The desperadoes and their abbettors have at last triumphed by striking down as pure, fearless and incorruptible a judge as ever sat upon the bench—the abbettors themselves being judges. As a sign and example of what may happen to our democratic government, it is the red beacon of despair.

Judge Crawford was one of the finest and noblest types, both in his personal appearance and the constitutional elements of his character, of a true Southern man—hospitable, magnanimous and courteous. Being honest and just and brave, he made no ostentatious display to secure the favor of rich or poor, high or low, through *policy*—a word not in his vocabulary. He never used it, and never acted it. He had a deep, sympathetic nature. His love of mankind was based on a broad and sure foundation. For their good he sacrificed his life. His domestic and social qualities were of the very finest and highest order, and here lies the secret of his obscurity, for there was no civil position in the gift of the American people that he would not have honored; but he loved home and its endearments as man rarely loves it. Here his character shone out with unwonted lustre, and rarely has it fallen to the lot of husband and father to be more fully appreciated and more dearly loved than he. He was modest and respectful, but, being brave and good, he called crime by its right name. As a judge, all the severity there was about him was what arose from his purity and integrity. Penitence in criminals had a great power over him, but the law greater, and he would not infringe upon its requirements. He preserved all his distinctive characteristics in perfect and equal equipoise during all the war and during all the storms that have swept over the country since the war.

This unique, paradoxical, yet consistent and rarely endowed man is very difficult of description. He was wanting in the eloquence of Patrick Henry, but had all his patriotism, boldness and penetration. All the school training or instruction he ever had was eleven months, and yet he traced words with facility and precision to their original roots in the Greek and Latin languages. There was scarcely a department of knowledge that he had not explored or was exploring at the time of his death. He had a powerful and philosophical memory that gave him a permanent hold upon events and their causes. He was familiar with the Jewish Scriptures, and entered with eager interest and confidence into the teachings of Christ and his apostles.

Judge Crawford was known to be no partisan or politician, but a pure and upright judge, his enemies themselves being judges. Many times he was warned of danger. He only looked a little more carefully to his weapons, and sternly faced it.

In the spring of 1869 some of the citizens of this same Franklin parish, the parish site of which is Winnsboro, the parish which had given him more trouble than any other parish in his district, concluded that he was afraid to come and hold a term of court (their reason for so thinking was not known to him then, for he never had omitted being there at the regular terms, whether he held court or not. Often there was little done, as the parish sometimes had officers that either could not or would not perform their duties properly), so they sent a messenger to him with a letter, signed by some of the citizens, offering him a guard. The following is his reply to them, which shows exactly how he regarded the matter.

COLUMBIA, La., March 25, 1869.

Messrs. J. C. Seale, W. W. Campbell and Alexander R. Hendry:

GENTLEMEN—Your favor of the twenty-second instant by the hands of Mr. Logan, reached me last night, in which you say: "The citizens of the parish of Franklin have this day held a meeting with the view of organizing a volunteer militia; and having learned that you had said you would come and hold court in this parish if the citizens would give you a sufficient guaranty for your safety, the undersigned have been appointed to inform you that a company of twenty-five men, composed of our best and most reliable citizens, is now being organized and propose to meet you at such time and place as you may appoint, who will protect you to this place, whilst here, and to your home again, if you desire it.

"While we do not believe there exists any necessity for the escort, yet our community wish the court to be held and are willing to make any sacrifice that you may feel entirely safe. Please inform us by the bearer whether you desire the escort or not."

In reply, I must say at the outset that I imagine you have heard of my saying a great many things that I never said or thought of, and that I have no desire for any one to make sacrifices for me. So far as an escort is concerned, I have never desired it. If the citizens of your parish think I have been or can be kept from holding court through fear, they are much mistaken. While I am fully aware that I am in danger continually, in Franklin and out of Franklin, yet the knowledge of that danger has never deterred me from going to Franklin or anywhere else that I have a right to go, or where duty calls me. In regard to the offer to furnish a guard to protect me while in your parish holding court, I feel grateful to the gentlemen for their kindness to me, and have no doubt but that they are acting in good faith, and that they really desire to have a term of court held; but perhaps they have not duly considered the objects for which courts are held, and the necessary preparations for holding a court so as to be effective.

An immense number of crimes have certainly been committed in your parish recently. Your messenger counted some twenty-four or twenty-five persons who have been killed by violence in your parish, and that not one person is now in custody for committing any of said crimes, but all are running at large, a terror to all peaceable and good citizens. A term of the District Court is or ought to be held for the purpose of trying cases, civil and criminal, according to law, and in order that criminal cases may be tried fairly, the persons who commit crime should be arrested, examined and confined in jail or released on bond. The taking of these preliminary steps is the duty of all justices of the peace, the parish judge, the sheriff and his deputies, constables and all good citizens, and it is the duty of the parish to furnish a secure jail. In this connection, permit me to say that if the good citizens have the power to protect me while holding court they have the power to arrest and confine the lawless. In my opinion this is the proper way to suppress crime and establish law and order.

To hold a term of court and try men for crime who are running at large is worse than a farce. Of course no one who knows himself guilty is going voluntarily to come into court and stand his trial *unless* he has got the thing fixed to suit him and has secured his acquittal before hand, and a verdict simply authorizes him to continue his career of crime and protect him from future punishment. I do not consider acting this kind of a farce as a proper discharge of the duty devolving upon me as a judge of this district, and never intend to make the courts of law of my country a shield to protect and legalize crime, and I am determined to let the courts go by default rather than prostitute them to the support and assistance of crime. I am fully aware that in order to restore the proper execution of the law to our suffering country, to protect the life, liberty and property of our fellow-citizens, it is necessary that the terms of court should be regularly held; but holding courts alone will not do it. All the officers of the law must do their duty, and the good citizens must do theirs. If you have not a sufficient number of justices of the peace and constables in your parish, prompt measures should be taken to get them, and to get men who will do their duty promptly. Let good citizens lend them a helping hand, and when crime is perpetrated, let it be examinnd, and the guilty secured. Then a court would be held that would not be a farce.

I feel a hope that the good people have suffered enough, and that they will organize and put down outrage and crime by enforcing the law in a lawful manner, and my duty, as well as my inclination, will cause me to do all in my power to aid them in so laudable an undertaking.

Respectfully,

T. S. CRAWFORD.

He did not tell them whether he would hold that term of court or not. He felt it to be not only prudent, but his official duty to keep his counsels to himself. So the Franklin *Sun*, a little abusive sheet published in Winnsboro, took it for granted he would not be there, and came out in a very abusive editorial against the judge, saying that he would not hold court when he had been petitioned to. Yet the judge, notwithstanding this additional embarrassment, went at the appointed time, not willing to let personal danger deter him.

He never went to Franklin and returned by the same route. Sometimes he would go through the woods by night alone. Sometimes he would take a steamboat at Columbia, go to Monroe, there take the cars to Delhi, thence to Winnsboro by stage, a route of over one hundred miles to accomplish thirty. That was his safest route, as there was generally other travelers, who were a protection to each other.

Often he has taken one or two resolute men, and on horseback and in by-paths made his way over the swamps, to hold court in Franklin.

This may seem almost fabulous to Northern people—that a man would do this twice a year for eight years for a people that were constantly doing all they could against him. "But," he said, "there are some good people in Franklin; they ought to have court; it is my duty to hold it, and I will do it at the risk of my life, whenever they are properly prepared for it."

Franklin parish was then, and is now, the rendezvous and refuge of the Ku-Klux Klan. Every one who dwells in this Southern country can tell what this means—knows that it means murder and violence to all who oppose them. The officers of the law, who will not wink at their crimes, nor try to smooth over their outrages, are marked by them and elected to assassination. Judge Crawford knew this, yet single-handed he opposed them. He could scarcely muster a corporal's guard in Franklin, who did not tremble for fear they should be suspected of being his friends. Yet how willingly would they have helped put them down, could they but have seen a sure way to do it; but, distrustful of each other, no one knew when his time would come and he be struck down by the assassin.

Judge Crawford's heroism and patriotism in facing and battling this mysterious and wicked organization is almost past belief. In any other country he would have protection and gratitude. In this, when they finally succeeded in taking his unselfish life—he was brought home to his family for burial, and nothing more said about it.

In the spring of 1873 Judge Crawford received a formal notice that if he attempted to hold court in either Franklin or Catahoula parishes there would be an inquest held over his body. A little over a year before this he had received a friendly warning from Arkansas that "he was elected to assassination," and names given; it was signed with cuts of one foot shod and one foot bare. In the fall of 1868, near the time of the general election, he was chased out of Columbia by this same murderous clan and forced to flee for his life—forced to call upon friends for protection. A band of about twenty old Union men rallied to his call and kept guard a week at the residence of a friend who was in the same danger. They then called a council of war and decided that Judge Crawford and his friend should make their way through the woods to Red river, thence to New Orleans and stay there until things grew more quiet, which they did, returning home after the election, thereby being deprived of their privilege of voting.

What does he now on receiving this last notification? He goes immediately to New Orleans, and implores Governor Kellogg for aid to hunt out and bring these bad men to justice, not for his own protection alone, but for the good of the country he loved so well; but this Republican Governor does nothing—not even so much as offer him half a dozen soldiers as a body guard; and Judge Crawford returns home under the reigning domination of a clan, with whom to fail in such an undertaking as this meant death at the first move against them. This failure signed and sealed the judge's death warrant, and laid law and justice prostrate in the dust in North Louisiana.

The judge, if discouraged for a time, soon rallied, drawing and depending alone upon the vast resources within himself, and became as fearless and more hopeful than ever, for he had found a strong and willing ally in the district attorney at last, Mr. A. H. Harris, so recently elected. Two such officers united against crime was ominous to criminals.

The prudence, moral grandeur and heroism that so fitly comported with that of his whole life, displayed by the judge from this time to the day of his assassination, is beyond all estimate. Contemplate him well, ye men of Franklin and Caldwell parishes, ye will not soon look on his like again.

The spring term of court had to go by default, the judge not being willing to risk his life alone; but the fall term coming round, the peaceable citizens of Franklin, and many members of the bar, requested the judge to hold court in Franklin, assuring him that it was quiet there, and in their opinion there was no danger. He so much wished to establish law and order in a lawful manner—he so sincerely loved his country and wished to do what was best for it—that, laying self aside, he started to Winnsboro to hold the second week of court, and was brought home a mangled and bloody corpse, a martyr in the cause of law and peace.

Ye men of Southern blood, ye men of honor, here is your brother, one of whom ye may well be proud. The peace and prosperity and glory of our Southern clime and sunny homes unite in calling you to raise your voices as the voice of one man in defense of his just fame and against his foul assassination, not so much that it may reach the ears of government, but that it may so reach the ears of the people as to exterminate this lawless, cowardly and wicked violence that has been organized and is cunningly and craftily kept alive in our midst. Let it no longer find a sanctuary in political parties, in the public press, and in that most abused of all sanctuaries, the Southern people. Let them no longer be able to find the semblance of a pretext for electing men to assassination.

This organization for crime is worse than the famed "Avengers" among the Mormons, and aside from the inquisition of Rome it is the most cunningly devised scheme ever set on foot among men to inspire terror and rob men of their lives and drive them from their homes. It has thus far—save perhaps in Georgia and the Carolinas—out witted the laws and set the State and national governments at defiance. It is said not now to exist; that President Grant compounded with their leaders just previous to his last election. If so, we presume his terms were that they should return to the support of civil law and abide its processes, promising a liberal use of executive clemency. It this be so, they have proved false to the terms, and have used the opportunity thus gained to improve their tactics and make them more disguised and efficient than ever, as has been abundantly instanced all over our country since that time. There is no estimating the terrible power of such an organization in a country. Men will go in where they think it necessary to make them safe in their lives and homes. Hence three-fourths of all the white male population in Northern Louisiana in 1868 were members of this Klan. The great trouble with the workers of it is to keep its terrible power within bounds. We heard one of its officers say, by way of an apology for their workings, that "he went down to —— parish", where they had murdered over twenty men in less than three months, "and told them that if they did not behave themselves better he would bring a squad down upon them and execute the last one of them."

What is to be done with a population who have thus criminated themselves? Judge Crawford said establish civil law over them. The desperadoes and their abettors said not. They were willing to furnish the judge with an escort—a mob—but not the sheriff a posse, unless, perchance, he was of their number or would become their tool. With two such officers as the judge and Mr. Harris, the desperadoes saw that their reign was over, and that a day of reckoning was at hand.

Hence the time had now come to execute a sentence that had been passed in more klans than one against him. Mr. Harris sprang gallantly to his side, how nobly, how bravely they acquitted themselves, let the facts declare and history record. One would suppose that the trees where the horrid assassination occurred would have eyes and ears and voices to witness against the murderers. But instead of this, the abettors of the crime are busy in filling all the ears with ingeniously devised falsehoods and forestalling the press with brief notices mixed with truth and falsehood, representing it as a matter of personal spite and revenge and of doubtful character at that. They say that "it has no political significance whatever." Now this vague utterance, if it means anything, means that the Ku Klux Klan or Knights of the White Camelia, is a political organization, and it aims to put a quietus on all investigations or stir about it, and thus screen themselves from all guilt in the murderous deed.

Mrs. Crawford says: "I am almost in despair in trying to prove or have anything proved against these desperadoes. The people seem willing to testify, but are so depressed with fear that they are even afraid to own that they are afraid." This corresponds with what we heard one of Louisiana's honest and brave men say in the peaceful year 1870, when all was quiet, in relation to certain unconvicted criminals, then at large, against whom he could give some very pointed circumstantial evidence. He said: "I will not witness against them unless the government will give me security as to life and property and the only security they can give is to buy me out, so that I can leave the country. The judge may put me in jail, but I will not witness."

Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Harris have both left with their families, at a great loss pecuniarily, not willing to raise their children under such an influence. Yet this must all be hushed up as stuff not to be believed, a mere bugbear.

They say: "We want immigration here to settle up our rich alluvial lands. You will injure the country by telling such ghost stories."

Yes, the good people of Louisiana have borne this evil long and patiently, fondly hoping that there was virtue and intelligence enough in the evil itself to bring it to an end; that it would come to an end of its own accord. But with the triumphant assassination of Judge Crawford and District Attorney Harris, all hope is gone. The great bulwark of law and impartial justice is cut down.

Now what is to be done with this gigantic power that controlled the ballot-box by intimidation in 1868, and whose manifest aim ever since has been to gain a permanent control of it by the same means? This power that intimidates judges and juries and officers of justice, and hushes up the mouths of witnesses against crime, and that can manufacture evidence to suit its own wicked purposes?

Our only hope is in a military force, established at Columbia or Monroe, even if it has to be done against the wishes of a white majority. This might be necessary were there no blacks here, but how much more necessary as it is? This force must be for a term of three or four years, to set the wheels of civil government to running smoothly, to clear the docket and set everything in order. A less period will do more harm than good. The fact is a military force has been needed here every year since the war. Any statesman with half sense might know that if ever a military police was needed, it would be under the new relation and order of things into which the war precipitated us. But our Governors, since Hancock, have known or cared very little for our wants. They seem to have been wholly intent on money making or squabbling for power. They have proved themselves wholly incompetent to fill their office.

The Proposed Change in the Method of Electing President and Vice President.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections will hold a meeting to-morrow morning to discuss the question of reform in the method of electing President and Vice President of the United States. This subject had been considered at one previous meeting of the committee, when all of the members seemed to favor the plan proposed by Mr. Morton, which was, briefly, to divide the States into districts similar to the present congressional districts, and allow the electors to vote directly for the candidates for the offices. In canvassing the election, the vote in each district would count one. As this plan would deprive the States of their direct representation in the matter, Mr. Morton proposes that each State shall be entitled to two additional votes, the political complexion of which shall be the same as that of the majority of the districts. Another important feature in Mr. Morton's plan is to establish tribunals for the settlement of disputes growing out of the voting for President and Vice President. The United States District Courts have been suggested as proper tribunals for the reference of these questions.—*Washington Correspondence New York Tribune, April 10.*

SHE KISSED THE DEAD.

BY HOMER GREENE.

She kissed the dead. Her warm, red lips
Were pressed against his marble brow.
"For if he's but asleep," she said,
"And is not numbered with the dead
He'll rise and kiss me now."

She kissed the dead. Her warm, red lips
Were pressed against his lifeless cheek.
"For he will know," she softly said,
"My kiss, and if he be not dead,
He'll turn to me and speak."

She kissed the dead. Her warm, red lips
Were pressed against his lips of ice.
"He answers not," she weeping said,
"I know my darling must be dead,
For I have kissed him thrice."

The Responsibility of Women.

It is offered as an excuse for the recent very extraordinary proceedings against liquor sellers, that women are peculiarly sufferers from intemperance among men. The drinking shop, it is alleged, seduces husbands and sons from their homes, tempts them to the spending of wages needed in their households, and is the fruitful cause of vast domestic misery, which falls heavily upon the women of the family.

No doubt this is true. But we accuse women of being specially responsible for this condition of things. We charge that men, especially young men, are seduced to the drinking shop because it possesses superior attractions to their homes. We indict women, both as mothers and as wives, for such neglect of their duties that their husbands and sons have been driven abroad, in the pursuit of those pleasures and felicities that women are under moral obligation to provide in the household.

There are some men so depraved by nature that no influence is powerful enough to keep them from evil. These exceptional cases we exclude from present consideration. They are morally diseased, and the physician alone can adequately deal with them.

But the average man is entirely susceptible to influences. His conduct is certain to prove a definite result of training and education. It is a matter of pure dynamics. If the good influences that surround him are greater than the evil ones, he will yield to the former; if the evil influences are greater than the good ones, he will surrender to the latter. Of course, this is just as true of women as it is of men. But the question now before us is this: How far are women responsible for the dissipated courses of men? How is it that the society of the dram-shop is a greater social power than that of the hearthstone.

When we hear a woman complain that her sons have drifted away from the dominion of her influence; that, while educated at her side, they have come to prefer the companionship of the vicious to that of her—then we know that this mother has been unequal to the duty imposed upon her. Where there are no distinctly inherited depravities, there has been some fatal neglect in the home training that has permitted this deplorable result to come about.

When we hear of the husband who ceaselessly seeks for his felicities abroad, who prefers the public house, the club, or boon companions to the society of his family, then we are assured that in some way the home, which ought to be first in his affections, has failed to assert that dominion over his heart which, if rightly conducted, it would have been sure to do.

The average American interior is oppressively dreary. Men eat and sleep in their houses because it is more convenient to sleep and eat there than elsewhere; but, beyond this, the ordinary "roof tree" is utterly without attractions. It is without attractions, not so much from neglect as from a perverse determination that its whole economy shall be of the most pinched, stinted, narrow and cheerless character, such as only dull imagination, false economy, cold sympathy and selfish tastes can make it.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longing for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of these natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them into the society that in any measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses, at first, for love of liquor—very few people ever really like the taste of liquor—they will go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which, they discover, does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish those demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhoods, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends upon you. Do not blame miserable barkeepers if your sons miscarry. Believe it possible that, with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatsoever.

The influence of the wife is always abridged by the facts of the early training of her husband. He comes to her a man with his habits formed. A woman should be sure not to marry a man with depraved tastes; and, with good inclinations and correct habits at the beginning of married life, a wife must have a very weak hold upon her husband if she suffer him to slip away into dissipation. In these cases, we can but suspect either cooled affection, bad temper, dreary companionship, or something in the administration of the domestic life whereby the man ceases to find pleasure in his home.

It will be asked if men, too, are not responsible for the felicities of home. Assuredly. They must bring to it generous spirit, affectionate regard, kindly temper, sympathetic appreciation. But, in a large majority of instances, the torpor of the wife; her pinched economies, her fondness for negative life, rest and quiet; her distaste for all topics outside of domestic ones; her inability to feel interest in the doings of the world; her general lack of intellectual activity—she may be as intellectual, strictly speaking, as her husband, but she will be interested in a much narrower range of subjects—it is these things that give to the average family circle its deadness and dullness. Women are content with a calm, colorless life, while men want stimulating society, and, unless women can comprehend this masculine need, they will fail to exercise that influence which, rightfully understood, might be made supreme.

So we say to these crusading women: Return to your homes! Scorn the thought that you can not make your households more delightful than barrooms. Banish your narrow asceticism. Make your religion a source of cheerfulness, and not of gloom. Convert your houses into temples of innocent pleasure. Be bright and stimulating companions to your husbands and sons. Understand at once that badly-kept homes have driven more men into irregularities than anything else—and upon you mainly rests the responsibility for the evils thus arising.

We are not asserting that intemperance would end with the change in the policy of women that we have proposed. Intemperance often comes of causes to subtle for human analysis. But it is asserted that intemperance is promoted by dram-shops, and it is this influence, this cause of intemperance, that women are entirely competent to remove, by seeing that the hearthstone shall be more seductive than the alehouse.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Who Printed the First Bible?

In the year 1420 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used, after dinner, to walk in the famous wood that up to this time is growing just without the city walls. One day, while walking there, he found a very smooth piece of beech bark, on which—as he was a handy man with his knife—he cut several letters so plainly and neatly that after he returned home he stamped them upon paper, and gave the paper to his boy as a "copy." After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman—whose name was Lawrence Coster—fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blackening them with ink he made black stamps upon paper, and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters—which was really printing.

But before he succeeded in doing this well, he had found it necessary to try many experiments, and to take into his employ several apprentices. He did his work very secretly, and enjoined upon his apprentices to say nothing of the trials he was making. But a dishonest one among them, after a time, ran off from Holland into Germany, carrying with him a great many of the old gentleman's wooden blocks, and entire pages of a book which he was about to print.

The Dutch writers credit this story, and hint that the runaway apprentice was John Faust, or John Gutenberg; but the Germans justly say there is no proof of this. It is certain, however, that there was a Lawrence (Custos, of the cathedral,) who busied himself with stamping letters and engraving. His statue is on the market place in Haarlem, and his rough looking books are, some of them, now in the "State House" of Haarlem. They are dingy, and printed with bad ink, and seem to have been struck from large engraved blocks, and not from movable types. They are without any date, but antiquarians assign them to a period somewhat earlier than any book of Faust or Gutenberg, who are commonly called the discoverers of printing.

John Gutenberg, at the very time when this old Dutchman was experimenting with his blocks in Holland, was also working in his way, very secretly, in a house that was standing not many years ago in the ancient city of Strasburg. He had two working partners, who were bound by oath not to reveal the secret of the arts he was engaged upon. But one of these partners died; and upon this his heirs claimed a right to know the secrets of Gutenberg. Gutenberg refused, and there was a trial of the case, some account of which was discovered more than three hundred years afterward in an old tower of Strasburg.

This trial took place in the year 1439. Gutenberg was not forced to betray his secret; but it did appear, from the testimony of the witnesses, that he was occupied with some way of making books (or manuscripts) cheaper than they had ever been made before.

But Gutenberg was getting on so poorly at Strasburg, and lost so much money in his experiments, that he went away to Mayence, which is a German city, farther down the Rhine. He there formed a partnership with a silversmith named John Faust, who took an oath of secresy, and supplied him with money on condition that after a certain time it should be repaid to him.

Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. Some accounts say he had a brother who assisted him, and the Dutch writers think this brother may have been the robber of poor Lawrence Coster. But there is no proof of it, and it is too late to find any proof now. There was certainly a Peter Schoffer, a scribe or designer, who worked for Gutenberg, and who finished up his first books by drawing lines around the pages and making ornamental initial letters and filling up gaps in the printing. This Schoffer was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg very closely. He used to talk over what he saw and what he thought with Faust.

He told Faust that he could contrive better types than Guttenberg was using, and acting on his hints, Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, run types in a mould. This promised so well that Faust determined to get rid of Gutenberg, and to carry on the business with Schofer, to whom he gave his only daughter, Christine, for a wife.

Faust called on Gutenberg for his loan, which Gutenberg couldn't pay, and in consequence he had to give up to Faust all his tools, his presses and his unfinished work, among which was a Bible, nearly two-thirds completed. This Faust and Schofer hurried through and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies in the national library at Paris, one copy at the royal library at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is not what is commonly known as the Mayence Bible, but is of earlier date than that.

It is without name of printer or publisher and without date. It is in two great volumes folio, of about 600 pages a volume.

It was certainly the first Bible printed from movable types, but poor Gutenberg got no money from it, though he had done most of the work upon it. But he did not grow disheartened. He toiled on, though he was without the help of Schoffer and of Faust, and in a few years afterward succeeded in making books which were as good as those of his rivals. Before he died his name was attached to books printed as clearly and sharply as books are printed today.—*St. Nicholas for April.*

Spiritualism.

Miss Mary J. Holmes, London correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal*, writes as follows:

Spiritualism seems to be going through a critical test now by the scientist of London. The medium through whom the experiments are mostly being made is a young lady of about eighteen years of age—Miss Florence Cooke. She is not a public medium, but the manifestations that take place in her presence are of such a startling character that it has been quite impossible to confine the exhibitions of them to her family and friends only. Many persons of distinction and celebrity have witnessed the same at her house. In seeing the phenomena, the first condition is tying Miss Cooke firmly in a cabinet and sealing the knots. There is then a curtain dropped over the door between her and those present, which, of course, places her in the dark, while those in the room are in the light. In a short space of time there comes from the cabinet a female figure, draped in white, with a white veil falling over the head, but not covering the face. The feet are naked. She walks around the room, speaking to all; says her name is Katie King; allows persons to feel of her dress and shake hands with her, which are as tangible to the touch as any other material thing on earth. The size and form of the figure is much like the medium, Miss Cooke, which fact raised many skeptical doubts in the minds of those who witnessed the manifestations, thinking it might be Miss Cooke who had freed herself from her cords and dressed for the play. However, in every instance after Katie had returned to the cabinet, they had raised the curtain and found Miss Cooke in a state of trance or unconsciousness, securely tied and sealed as when they left her. Here was a case for Professors Crookes and Varley to test the physical force question. Miss Cooke very readily yielded herself for them to experiment on the phenomena. I will give their experiences as Professor Crookes gave them to me: He took Miss Cooke first to his own house, that he might be sure of all the surroundings. He then improvised a dark cabinet with a curtain door. They placed the medium inside and securely tied her. Professor Varley then placed a gold plate on the inside of each wrist, to which was attached insulated wires leading out into the room to a very sensitive electrometer. They tried every motion of her hands and arms, and the placing of her arms together to see the different forces of electricity produced by the different positions, Professor Crookes observing all the time, while Professor Varley had his eyes on the electrometer. After thoroughly learning the effect produced by each movement of hers, they placed the curtain before her, leaving her in the dark. Soon the figure calling herself Katie made her appearance, the electrometer not showing the least movement. She said: "What do you want me to do with all these wires?" They told her nothing—only to come into the room and make such motions with her hands and arms as her medium had done. Katie at once threw her hands around in a lively manner, which did not effect the currents of electricity in the slightest degree. Then Katie asked Professor Crookes to bring a lighted candle and hold it to her face, and see if she looked like Miss Cooke. He tried it, and found she had fair complexion and light hair, while Miss Cooke is quite dark, with dark hair. Professor Crookes says that, as far as human tests are concerned, nothing could be more conclusive than that here was a genuine phenomenon outside of the conscious aid of the medium. On the disappearance of Katie into the cabinet, they at once raised the curtain and found Miss Cooke in the same condition as when they had shut her in, only in an unconscious state or trance. More than this, Mrs. Crookes says she undressed Miss Cooke after she came out of the cabinet, and there was nothing about her that could by any possibility have furnished the drapery and veil for Katie, which disappeared with Katie herself. Mr. Walace, the great naturalist, is bringing out an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, recognizing the facts of Spiritualism, and stating corroborating proof of its being an unseen intelligence, and is what that intelligence says it is—the spirits of our departed friends. So much for the labors of some of the English scientists. We may soon expect to see paragraphs in the scientific journals on physic force, together with mechanical appliances and inventions.

Improvements in Cavalry Equipments.

After a session of two months at Fort Leavenworth, the board of army officers appointed to report upon cavalry equipments met at Watervleit Arsenal, West Troy, on the twenty-fifth of March. The board has about completed its labors, and will soon make its report to the War Department. This is the first board on cavalry accoutrements ordered during the past twenty-five years. It has adopted several improvements, the most important of which are given as follows in the Troy *Times*:

The saddle has been greatly improved. The groundwork is the McClellan saddle, but the tree is hereafter to be made in strict accordance with explicit measurements, and not to be varied slightly, according to the taste of the maker, as heretofore. Instead of the saddle-bags now in use, a larger bag has been adopted which will carry five days' rations, thus doing away with the haversack for cavalry. A dark blue felt saddle-cloth has been adopted. The bit has been materially changed, and is a curb bit of bright shear steel, made somewhat after the style of the English Chiffany bit. The portable forge and blacksmith and saddler tools and materials for cavalry, which have heretofore been carried in separate boxes, have now been neatly and compactly arranged to be carried in a two-wheeled vehicle after the pattern used in the Prussian cavalry. This forge wagon is so arranged that one horse goes in shafts and attached to the whiffletrees. The ammunition is to be carried on the soldier's belt, in a double row of cartridge loops, which can be removed at pleasure, and so arranged as to equalize the weight. By this arrangement a soldier can carry a larger amount of ammunition than heretofore. An improvement has been made in "side lines" for securing horses while herding upon the prairies. The strap extends from the front to the hind leg on the same side, so that the horse can not run. The board will also settle the amount of material (leather, sewing material, etc.) to be issued to a troop each half year. The question of the horseshoe will be decided in a few days. The commandant at Springfield armory has already received orders to manufacture the carriages for the Gatlin gun after the pattern recommended by the board.

Publication of Army Records.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* says:

Senator Logan, chairman of the Military Committee, is considering a proposition looking to the preservation of the records of the war by printing those portions which are essential to a full and impartial history. At the close of the war Congress directed this work to begin, and quite a mass of records were copied and sent to the printer. Before any were put in type, for some reason not fully understood, all further steps were suspended. Twice since, the largest part of those records, including Confederate archives, have been seriously endangered by fire, and as none are in fire-proof rooms or buildings, the risk of their destruction is very great. Aside from this, the custom and rules of the War Department do not permit any inspection of those records for other than official purposes. Several persons of standing, desirous of preparing a history of certain campaigns or battles, have found it impossible to obtain access to the proper official documents. This difficulty does not arise from any desire on the part of the authorities to conceal them, but such history is distributed through reports, a collection of telegrams, orders, etc., belong to the papers of the office and of many headquarters, and such a search as would be required can not well be made for individuals.

Aside from the question of the preservation of the records, it is regarded as just to all who served in and all who supported the war to have its real inside history known. At this late day it is held that no one could be injured by such publication, except such as deserve to be, while countless unjust things done would be rectified. A large part of this history is contained in the telegrams now collected and arranged in the War Department. These, with the executive orders and telegrams, and the correspondence recorded in the headquarters letter-books and the reports of general officers, indicate the character of the records which are embraced in Senator Logan's plan. The Confederate records were carefully arranged and indexed by the late Dr. Lieber, and the printing, if ordered, will, in the end, include these also. The appropriation needed to begin the work will be moderate.

Ascension Parish.

We learn from the Donaldsonville *Chief*, of the eleventh instant, that the police jury of Ascension parish has taken prompt action, almost in anticipation of Governor Kellogg's letter of instructions:

The police jury met this noon, in response to a petition of freeholders, and entered into an arrangement with leading planters to keep the levees in good condition to meet the coming flood. The plan is this: Messrs. E. Jones McCall, James Teller, Ben. Gibson and A. S. Darrow are appointed superintendents of levee work, the two first named for the right bank of the river, the remaining two for the left, with authority to call out as large a number of laborers as may be required, and any laborer refusing to work when called upon is subject to a fine of $2 per day pending such refusal. The superintendents, above named, agree to pay these laborers at the rate of $1 per day, and the police jury bind themselves to make the amount expended good as soon as they are able to do so. We have no time or space for comment now, but will simply say that the arrangement seems as wise and judicious as could be desired to insure the public safety.

Our Levee Company.

As is well and disagreeably known, our levee matters are in the hands of a corporation. We pay taxes—very heavy ones by the way—which the company receives, and in return are guaranteed or rather promised sufficient levee protection to ensure us against overflow. How this contract is fulfilled has been notorious ever since the formation and incorporation of this company. On our part the payments have been prompt and unremitting—on the part of the commissioners levee building has been the exception rather than the rule. It has been thus from the very first. We hope the climax is now arrived at.

Two or three weeks ago, for instance, there was a beautiful embankment in Tensas parish, known as the Kemp levee. It was an imposing structure. When it was completed Professor Forshey, then the chief engineer of the Levee Company got on top of it and made a speech. He said there never was and never would be such a levee; it was an everlasting monument to the liberality and fidelity of the corporation under whose auspices it had been built. The planters felt edified, and cheered the learned gentleman loudly. They went to work, invested money, put their fields in order, and in short, risked everything they had upon the strength of that levee. And then, when the river rose the levee melted away like some vision of the night, and was discovered to be a cheat, a fraud and an imposition.

The other day a crevasse occurred at Thibodaux. General Jeff Thompson, the then engineer in chief, rushed over to Lafourche, got up on the levee, looked around, smoked a cigar, and returned to New Orleans the same day, saying there was no help for the people of that section. Everybody knew better. Any overseer in the neighborhood could have closed the break if material and money had been furnished. But General Jeff said nothing was possible, and left Lafourche to its fate without another word.

Of course these are only isolated cases. The levees everywhere in the State are feeble and defective. For several miles above New Orleans they are protected solely through the enterprise of the Jackson Railroad Company and Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railroad. Elsewhere the planters are left to take care of themselves. And, occasionally, scattered here and there, cases in a desert of imbecility and neglect, we see one stretch of good levee, just to show that the company remembers something beside the collection of taxes and the announcement of dividends. They are few and far between, but they have served—thus far, at least—to keep up the illusion and to preserve the Levee Company monopoly.

We wonder, now, whether this state of affairs is to last forever. Is it possible that we are never to have a Legislature brave enough and honest enough to demand a better arrangement for protecting the agricultural interests of the State? Let the people bear this in mind next fall, and let them make the levee question an element in their platform. It is nearly time for party lines to be ignored in behalf of great questions which involve the very existence of our dearest interests.—*Brashear News.*

Why Women of Ideas Fail.

Many a woman wears herself out in her very prime—puts all the wine of her life into one hasty beaker, and empties it in sacrifice at the feet of her destiny, and has never thereafter anything more so good to give; the rest is all dregs, made up of broken spirits, impaired nerves, fretful complainings and fruitless aspirations. Women have grand ideas, earnest intentions and very noble aims. One means to be a great author, another is in love with science, another has taken upon herself to prove that women are meant to reform political science. They go at work splendidly. What dash—what enthusiasm—nerve! I look on admiringly, even though my admiration is broken in upon by a presageful sign, when I think how, in most cases, it is all going to end. For lack of pluck, of industry, of stability? No. Simply for a lack of a judicious investment of time and strength. It really does seem that when a woman gets an idea into her head she hasn't room for any other beside it. Her project takes possession of her. It eats with her, walks up and down with her, and fills every place. Now the human mind is not so constituted as to be able to stand this sort of thing often or long. It either drives ordinary people crazy, or breaks them down mentally or physically. Men have the common sense to recognize this fact. I do not like to affirm that they have more consecutiveness than women, but I do affirm that this faculty in them is cultivated and trained, while women with oceans of time to do everything in as a rule, are never up to time. Yet they are always fagging away at the grand idea. A man has certain hours in which to do his work, and when those hours are over he puts on his hat, leaves his business in the office, and goes off somewhere for a change—plays with the children, visits friends or goes to the theatre—and after that to bed and to sleep. Consequently, he comes fresh to his work the next day, takes it up where he left it off, and is much better able to pick a knotty problem than if he had been all the time worrying over it. There's much more in unconscious celebration than most of us believe.—*Howard Glyndon, in New York Mail.*

Cooking as a High Art.

Mrs. Walter C. Lyman delivered at Association Hall, New York, on Tuesday, the first of her second course of lectures. Her subject was "Digestion, or How to Prepare Food to Nourish the Body Best." Among other things she said: "When, as Ruskin says, we shall possesses the economy of our great grandmothers, English thoroughness, French art, and Arabian hospitality, we shall understand the preparation of food. Not until ladies will be watchful, careful and studious over what appears on their tables, will civilized people be well fed. The ideal cook will prefer wild animals to stalled, because their meet is more digestible; he will seldom prepare for table salted meat, because it lacks porosity; he will laugh at fried steak and call it vulgar because all the juice and much of the flavor will have exuded; he will forbid veal for the same reason that he would throw away unripe fruit, and discourage the use of lamb for analogous reasons. If wild hogs could be obtained he would occasionally grace the table with pork; but because swine have been so long domesticated they have become scrofulous and therefore unfit for food; he will never have Irish or Yankee stews, because cosmopolitan living among vegetables cooked together produces discord in the stomach. If he served a refined family he would prepare food artistically, and select it with reference to its odors and flavors, because a pleased eye and agreeable nasal sensations are appetizers; if his master were a student, he would give him an allowance of fish perhaps once a day, and oysters *ad infinitum*, because oysters and fish as brain builders stand first; if his mistress thought little, she should have few oysters, because her brain, not being exhausted, an excess of phosphoric stimulus would have an effect upon her similar to that of alcohol on a hale, robust man.

Mrs. Lyman concluded by saying: For hygienic reasons we should remain long at meals, and discard from conversation anything weighty or profound, because the stomach requires a large amount of blood. A five minutes' nap after dinner, by allowing muscles and nerves to relax, is desirable. Walking and violent exercise after eating should be avoided.

The "Enfant Terrible."

It is not wise to do or say anything to a child under an injunction not to tell. Here is a story in point, which was reported to me from the ladies at Fingask, Perthsire, (1853). A Highland family of some dignity, but not much means, was to receive a visit from some English relations for the first time. Great was the anxiety and great the efforts to make things wear a respectable appearance before these assumedly fastidious strangers. The lady had contrived to get up a pretty good dinner, but either from an indulgent disposition, or from some defect in her set of servants, she allowed her son Bobby, a little boy, to be present, instead of remanding him to the nursery. But little was she aware of Bobby's power of torture.

Bobby, who was dressed in a new jacket and pair of buff colored trowsers, had previously received strict injunctions to sit at the table quietly, and on no account to join in conversation. For a little while he carried out these injunctions by sitting perfectly quiet till the last guest had been helped to soup, whereupon, during a slight lull in the general conversation, Bobby quietly said:

"I want some soup, mamma."

"You can't be allowed to have any soup, Bobby. You must not always be asking for things."

"If you don't give me some soup immediately, I'll tell you!"

The lady seemed a little troubled, and instead of sending Bobby out of the room, quietly yielded to his demand. Soup being removed and fish introduced, there was a fresh demand.

"Mamma I want some sea-fish," (a rarity in the Highlands.)

"Bobby," said the mother, "you are very forward. You can't get any fish. You must sit quietly, and not trouble us so much."

"Well, mamma, if I don't get some fish, mind I'll tell *you*!"

"O Bobby, you're a plague!" and then she gave him the fish.

A little further on in the dinner, Bobby observing his papa and the guest taking wine was pleased to break in once more.

"Papa, I would like a glass of wine!"

By this time, as might well be supposed, the attention of the company had been pretty fully drawn to Bobby, about whom in all probability, there prevailed but one opinion. The father was irritated at the incident.

"Bobby, you must be quiet; you can have no wine."

"Well, papa, if I don't get—some wine, mind—I'll tell *you*."

"You rascal, you shall have no wine!"

"You had better do it," answered Bobby, firmly. "Once, twice—will you give me the wine? Come, now, mind, I'll tell *you*. Once, twice—!"

The father looked canes and lashes at his progeny. Bobby, however, was not to be daunted.

"Here goes now! Once—twice—will you do it? Once—twice—thrice? My trousers were made out of mother's old window curtains."

Stiff English party dissolves in uncontrainable merriment.—*Chambers' Journal.*