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Weekly Clarion.

BY POWER & BARKSDALE

E. Barksdale, J. L. Power, Harris Barksdale.

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THE ETERNAL CITY.

Some leveled hills, a wall, a dome
That lifts its gilded arch and lies,
While at its base a beggar cries
For bread and dies—and that is Rome.

Yet Rome is Rome; and Rome she must
And shall remain besides her gates,
And tribute take of kings and states,
Until the stars have fallen to dust.

Yes, Time on you campaignian plain
Has pitched in seige his battle tents;
And round about her battlements
Has marched and trumpeted in vain.

These skies are Rome! The very loam
Lifts up and speaks in Roman pride;
And Time, outfaced, and still defied,
Sits by and wags his beard at Rome.

[—Joaquin Miller.

Peculiarities of the Plague.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF AN OLD RESIDENT OF NEW ORLEANS.

Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 12, 1878.—A few items in regard to the yellow fever may prove of interest to your many readers. The disease this year is unlike that of any other. Having passed through every epidemic of the past 38 years, I am enabled to see the great difference in the course of the present. While many families have been entirely swept away, other families sick with the fever have entirely recovered. What is strange is, the disease has been the most fatal in the nice, cleaner part of the city, while in the most filthy portions it has prevailed in a mild form. Mr. and Mrs. Isby and son, for instance, all died within ten days. They resided in what is known as "the garden district," where every house has a large garden; the street is well paved with square blocks, and is known as the most aristocratic part of the city. Near the business part of the city, on Camp and West Charles streets, the disease has been very fatal, yet the streets are kept extra clean, having all square block pavement; they are watered every day, and the houses are all well built two and three story buildings. The entire length of Magazine street is paved with square block, the class of houses all of the best, the street is sprinkled every day, no foul, filth gutters, yet the death-rate on this street has been enormous; the Block family all of whom died, were on this street. Prytania street, where the five members of the Barnes family died, is known as our most fashionable one for family residences. It is kept in extra good order. Euterpe street, between St. Charles and Carondelet, has been another fatal location. Here the houses are two story, occupied by families having their own servants, and having during the sickness the very best of doctors and nurses; the street is well paved, overflows, and the location would be selected as the most healthy in the city; yet in every house the most fatal form of the disease appeared, the street had to be barricaded and death claimed its victims in every family residing there.

Now, as a contrast, we will take the most filthy streets, the poorest of families, suffering from want of proper food, with mere sheds for houses and no comfort of any kind, and we find the disease in mild form, very few of the sick even having doctors, and yet nearly all recover. In my own drayman's family, they had six children sick at one time. There was no doctor and no nurse but the ignorant Irish mother, yet all recovered; and in the same block where these children were sick there were over 50 cases, and not a death. I found filth in all the surroundings of that house, and it was enough to make a well man sick to go near there. In my frequent visits to the Washington-street cemetery, which is in the heart of the city, I have seen the same faces in the houses of the the streets opposite to this graveyard. At every funeral the same children would be there—not one missing. This led me to make an investigation yesterday. This cemetery occupies an entire square, bound by Washington, Sixth, Prytania and Coliseum streets, and the entrance on Washington street. Directly opposite this entrance is the family of Mr. Berchmier, consisting of himself, wife and six children; none of them have ever had the fever and all have thus far escaped. There are in the same block five other houses, and as yet not a case of fever in any of them. On the Sixth-street side of the cemetery there has not been a case in the entire block of houses. On the Prytania street side there is a church and but three houses; all of the families in these houses have escaped the disease. On the Coliseum-street side of the cemetery there are a large number of cottage houses, and fever in only one of them. I next interviewed the men who are constantly employed in the burial of the dead. These men open and close the tombs, and are very much exposed, yet they have escaped the fever.

The death rate has shown a very large proportion of children, fully 50 per cent. of the mortality being of young children; and the children who have had the very best care and attention die, while the children of the poor recover. In the orphan asylum we find there have been 83 cases; the Camp-street female orphan asylum has had 74 cases and no deaths. The Sisters of Charity have taken care of these children. The fact that these children sleep in the third and fourth story of the buildings may have been of advantage to them and caused them to have mild cases. There are some families who have from four to eight children and who have not had a case of the prevailing epidemic. I have yet to learn of any citizen having had the fever in previous epidemics and again this year—unless they have spent some time away from the city. After once having had the fever they are always safe, being fever-proof. * *

Well Kept Farms.

A well ordered farm, well chosen stock, comfortable buildings, a neatly-kept garden, roadway or entrance way, gates well hung, fences well kept, shade trees, ornamental shrubbery, paint without and whitewash within—all these are worth more to a farmer in money value than a few hundred dollars carefully scraped together and jealously hoarded and loaned to needy neighbors at interest. No investment pays so well as money judiciously spent in farm improvements. Draining wet land will pay 50 to 100 per cent. on its cost every year; good stock will pay equally well; good roads will turn their cost every year; a gate will save its cost in a short time; a good fence will save its whole cost in one night; a well kept garden, a neat lawn, orchard and shade trees, which need not cost $100, have added ten times that amount to the value of a farm, and the comfort and self-respect gained through the outlay for these and for their possession are worth more than the cost.—New York Times.

Mori's Dream-Picture.

"It was a dream within a dream, I tell you, Charlie. I was asleep in my bed in the next room, and there I dreamed that I was visiting the Randolphs over in Berkshire county. I thought I had been up pretty late, playing billiards with Cale Randolph and some of the boys. I remember distinctly of scoring seventy eight on a run—four ball game. Well, I went to bed tired out, dreamed I did; fell asleep and dreamed this, which I call a dream within a dream."

"Well, Mort," said I, "the thing is not so extraordinary after all. It is a common enough psychological phenomenon."

"I beg your pardon," quoth Mort Amerman, satirically, "would you be good enough to reel me off a little of that last again, please? Say a couple of fathoms or so."

"None of your chaffing now!" laughed I, "but tell me what has all this Chinese dream-puzzle to do with the picture you promised to show me?"

"Much, O Sahib! for on the silent yet speaking canvas have I depicted the scene whereof I speak, and now le voici;" and with that he threw the cover from the painting on his easel, and left me to examine it at my leisure, while he went to his bed-room. The easel was of course in the best position in the studio for viewing the picture, and the soft, delicate light of the autumn afternoon lay full upon it, mellowed, however, by an artful arrangement of screens and shadows, to gain the precise effect desired.

The painting was of the ordinary cabin size, and appropriately painted, being also relieved by heavy maroon drapery, gracefully festooned behind and around it. I am not of those who believe that a truly master-work of art may be described aptly in words, yet I must essay the task for this once, and if I render only the bald outlines of the artist's thought, it may be, perchance, that I shall still be enabled to convey some glimmering of his meaning.

What first fastened itself upon me was the murky darkness of most of the scene. There was a dense and gloomy forest filling up the entire background and much of the middle distance. Out from among that, under the trees, streamed a wild torrent, and plunged over ragged rocks, and through and about the gnarled roots, and between rifts in the solid stone, and so down to a leaping cascade that disappeared at the extreme right in a black and gloomful pool. Stretching back from the right, a broad expanse of gray moor extended in prospective sight to the base of a range of blue-gray hills, that towered aloft into the clouds; a narrow path wound through this moor into the dim distance, and was lost, apparently, in the shades of night, which were fast falling.

On the very edge of a bold rock that jutted over the pool, and on the very boundary of the waterfall, was the only seemingly living object of the picture.

A young man prostrate on his knees, shading his eyes with his two hands, and gazing intently into the pool beneath

There was that in the attitude of the figure, so deftly and truthfully expressed by the artist, that sense and meaning grew upon me as I gazed. He was agonizing—distraught. His whole soul was looking forth from his eyes, and seeking in the dim twilight now fast fading to wrest from the obscurity beneath him some terrible secret. So clearly was the story told that my gaze instinctively followed his, and tracked, as his must have, the secret of the black pool. Twining about the base of the rock, upon whose crest the young man knelt, a meshed and tangled warp of roots and fibres first met the eye. But now, clinging with a death grasp to the largest of these, I saw the round, fair arm of a young girl—and then—and as though I should have seen it, and nothing else, from the first, so completely did it now fill the picture, I saw the white figure—limp white garments clinging to the body—and the fine white face, with rich golden hair floating and tangled, on the water and among the roots, and could almost note the swaying to and fro of the soulless form, as it was caught by the eddies, and dragged hither and thither; still held, however, by that trusty dead arm that clung so determinedly to the slimy and black root above.

A touch on my shoulder so startled me that I cried out; it was only Mort, who had entered the room unnoticed, so intent was I in my concentration.

"Well, what do you think of it?" was the first and most natural question.

"You never could have dreamed that," said I.

"Just as you see it, dreamed I it, doubter. Now let me cover it up; and let us go and have some lunch."

"But don't be in a hurry!" said I, seeking to stop him, as he again shrouded the painting beneath its cover. "I have not half seen it yet."

But muttering "some other time," he persisted in hiding it from me, and presently we went to lunch together.

Now, I was in no way satisfied with my friend's reticence, and experienced a very vivid curiosity to hear the particulars of his wonderful dream, which he had so graphically limned upon the canvass; but no effort of mine could induce him to say more concerning it than that it occurred to him just as he had painted it.

The painting was sent to the academy for exhibition that season, and was sold to a particular friend of mine for a goodly sum—for so much, in fact, that I often joked Mort on his dream-picture and the fortune it had brought him; for it really seemed as though its sale was the beginning of a season of great prosperity.

The winter and spring passed, and as summer came and the city began to empty itself by car-loads and steamboatfuls into the country, Mort and I, with a party of other artists like him, or idlers like myself, made up a trip to the Adirondacks. It is needless for the purpose of this story that I should detail our sundry adventures during the weeks we passed among the lakes and hills; nor need I relate our experiences with fish flesh in our numerous hunting and fishing excursions.

We met many acquaintances, and made many new ones, and among the latter were the family of Mr. Sanfield, a merchant from Montreal, who, with his wife and daughter, with the affianced husband of the latter, was passing a few weeks in the search for rest and relaxation from his customary labors.

Alice Sanfield was beautiful, a pet of Canadian society, wealth in her own right as well as prospective heirship, and altogether a "catch." Her lover was an officer in the British army stationed at Montreal, and now on leave—a fine-looking and gentlemanly young fellow of good family, and apparently desperately in love with Miss Sanfield.

Capt. Rowland had, however, one peculiarity, which he displayed on several occasions very prominently, and which led Mort to remark to me one day, when it had been more than usually manifest, that he thought the captain would lead Miss Alice a pretty lively dance when she became Mrs. Rowland. He had, in fact, about the most uncontrollable temper I ever saw displayed in a man. So violent was he at times, that I commonly wondered why he had not long before got himself shot for intemperate insolence in one of his fits of passion. Another peculiarity of his was evinced in frequent lonely wanderings quite away from the hotel, from which journeys he would not return for days together. These disappearances were accounted for by the captain by various sporting excuses, and we certainly should have felt no interest in them had it not been for the incident which I now relate.

One day Mort and I started off on a trip on our own account ostensibly for fishing purposes, but really for my friend to obtain a sketch of a charming vista which had not as yet been discovered by his lynx-eyed associates. Our journey led us some twenty miles from the hotel; we travelled a portion of the way in an open wagon, and then footed it toward the point desired.

On our route we passed a pretty farm house, which we eyed with the gratification which some rural scenes always afforded us, and should have thought no more of it had we not suddenly espied Capt. Rowland, accompanied by a young lady, engaged in earnest and apparently excited conversation.

The lady was seated on a little knoll a hundred yards or so from the house, and the captain stood beside her, leaning with one hand on the tree beneath whose shades she sat listening to his words. We were out of sight of them in a moment, and with a few remarks as to Miss Sanfield's probable appreciation of the scene if she had witnessed it, we continued on our way.

Guides had preceded us with a tent and sundry appurtenances, and on reaching the spot selected for our encampment we found these duly arrived and in order, and located ourselves for the night, Mort intending to make his sketch the next morning.

It was a bright, starlight evening; we were located just on the edge of a pretty, brawling brook, and as we sat, after a delicious trout supper, smoking our pipes and chatting lazily, we felt about as comfortable as was practicable. Twilight had faded suddenly, and just as the stars became rather necessary for illuminating purposes, a shrill scream startled us from our seats on an old log, and thrilled us to the very marrows.

One of the guides said:

"That was a woman's scream, and near by."

Then we dashed in the direction of the sound, which led us straight down the courses of the brook. A few moments brought us to the outlet of the little stream, and as Mort and I turned a projecting rock we came upon a thrilling scene indeed.

Mort saw it first, and crying, "My dream! my dream!" he fell flat on his face in a dead faint. And as I stood over him, leaning forward, the moon shone full upon the original of the painting I had seen in Mort's studio in New York.

Here was the cascade and the black pool; there were the gray moon and the distant mountains. The gnarled roots and fibres twisted together far beneath me in the clasp of a fair white arm, and the white figure rose and fell with the rise and fall of the running stream. And on the bank opposite, prostrate on his knees, shading his eyes with his hands, while he peered into the rocky chasm, was Capt. Rowland.

Even as I looked he rose to his feet, and, throwing his hands wildly in the air, fled from the scene. The noise of the falling water had prevented him from observing our approach, and it was impossible for us to reach him. It took us a full quarter of an hour to get to the bottom of the little ravine, and longer yet ere our united efforts could draw the poor young creature to the bank. We took her to the little farmhouse, which was about a quarter of a mile away; and then, leaving the guides to follow with our traps, we pushed rapidly to our wagon. The next evening we reached the hotel, Mort nearly crazy with excitement, and I not in a much better condition.

Now, I had not informed the old farmer and his wife of having seen Rowland. Neither had I told the guides, who had come up too late to see him.

To each and all of these I simply related the finding of the body of the young lady, who proved to be from Montreal, visiting the old farmer, who was a connection of hers.

I acted thus on both reason and impulse, which worked together in this case. Impulse and reason both agreed that as no human being but Capt. Rowland knew how the young lady came to her death, any story which he—Capt. Rowland—saw fit to tell must necessarily be accepted. Impulse alone suggested to me a possible means for discovering the truth of the occurrence, and as Mort had not seen the captain, but only the body and its surroundings, which so recalled his dream, I had only to keep my own counsel—and I did. The farmer and his wife assumed that she must have wandered in the woods, as was her custom, and fallen accidentally into the pool, and I did not attempt to change their opinion. They knew nothing of having any visitor that afternoon, and I left them mourning for the sad accident and the painful duty which had fallen upon them, of communicating the awful tidings to the young lady's friends in Montreal.

At the hotel, the first persons whom we saw were the Sanfields, accompanied as usual by Capt. Rowland. He seemed in his customary frame of mind, and as I started a messenger with a telegram for New York, I ground my teeth in rage that time must elapse before I could expose him.

Two days later, a package came to me by private hand, and that same evening I invited a number of gentlemen, including Capt. Rowland, to come to my room and examine a rare painting. They came, the captain in excellent spirits, holding his eyeglass in readiness.

The painting stood on an easel, and was shrouded with black velvet. Candles with reflectors, arranged in front of it, threw a brilliant light upon the gloomy covering. The gentlemen were arranged in a semi-circle in front of the easel, Capt. Rowland in the centre, and I drew aside the velvet covering.

I saw Rowland start as though he had been stung; he gave a yell which was positively inhuman, and sprang for the door. There he found me with a revolver pointed at his face, and in two minutes he was in the custody of two detective officers from New York.

That evening he confessed everything. Entangled with the poor girl, he had vainly tried to buy her silence, that he might marry the rich Miss Sanfield. Failing in that, he lured the girl to accompany him in a walk through the woods, and had there pushed her into the pool.

I hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him satisfactorily executed according to law, but in this he defeated justice. He bit a hole in his arm while confined in the prison awaiting his trial, and bled to death.

Thus Mort's dream picture turned State's evidence, but as to the secret power by which this silent but sufficient witness was created, months before the incident it depicted had occurred—I give it up.

A Run for Life.

AN EXCITING CHASE AFTER A COLORED RAVISHER, IN WHICH WIND AND LIMB OUTWIT SHOT AND BULLET.

Louisville Courier-Journal.]

No new developments were brought to light up to a late hour last night in regard to the horrible outrage committed upon Frances Otte, by two negroes, one of whom is supposed to be George Washington. All day Sunday the wildest excitement prevailed, and threats of violence upon the perpetrators of this dastardly deed were openly made. The entire country for miles around was searched by citizens, who firmly intended to lynch the negroes if caught. The excitement somewhat subsided yesterday, although the entire community denounce the negroes in the bitterest terms, and many have not wholly given up the idea of lynching Washington, should he fall into their hands. Henry Otte, the brother of the outraged girl, at the head of a posse of thirty citizens, made a diligent search all day yesterday, and people who are acquainted with young Otte say that should Washington fall into his hands he would never be returned to the city alive.

The vigilance of the police in pursuing the chase with such determination is highly commendable, and it is more than likely that the negroes will be captured by them. Both men were tracked into the cave in the eastern part of Cave Hill cemetery Sunday, but they escaped from the cave and were not seen again until discovered by Lieut. Steller. Lieut. Hollinseed and Officers Covert, Kenneman, Ganz and Hennessy spent all day yesterday in the search, but neither of them caught sight of Washington, nor did they hear of him at any point.

They all separated at the Workhouse creek and searched an area of at least eight miles between the Workhouse and Brownsboro roads, but returned home without having accomplished anything whatever. Lieut. Minton met two negroes yesterday who say that they saw Washington about 10 o'clock Sunday night, badly wounded and

BLEEDING PROFUSELY,

having two wounds, one in the back and the other in the neck, both ugly and dangerous. He was near the waterworks road and going in the direction of the river.

Lieut. Jacob Steller is the principal officer who has been working up the case, and an account of the exciting chase he was engaged in all day Sunday will prove of interest. He started out late Saturday night, and since then he has been almost constant on the march, having rested about eight hours only during the last two days. Three squads were formed, two men in each squad. They took separate routes, one party going out Shelby street, the second took the river road, and the last division followed the course of the work-house creek. In addition to these, three squads of citizens were formed, altogether numbering.

SIXTEEN WELL-ARMED MEN.

They scoured the whole country, especially watching the river bank, for the circuit of seven miles. They followed closely upon the trail of the negroes, and at half past four o'clock Sunday afternoon, while near the Lying-in hospital, they felt certain of having bagged their game.

Lieut. Steller and Officer Hamilton went to the top of the hill, where they separated from each other at a distance of almost one hundred and fifty yards. The lieutenant stationed himself on the summit of the hill and Hamilton on the side. They dodged along the hill behind the trees until they arrived close to the hospital, when they noticed two negro men, whom they immediately recognized as Washington and his companion. The lieutenant motioned to Hamilton to dodge along the hillside, while he jumped from tree to tree, and they were within half a square of the negroes before they observed him. At this point the negroes separated. Seeing that they were discovered, Washington pressed both hands against his hips and started off at a rapid trot. The officers then directed their attention solely to Washington, and Steller stepped from behind the trees and excitedly yelled to Washington to "halt." Startled at Steller's clear, ringing voice, which penetrated to the depths of the forest, he increased his speed at every jump, until he seemed almost to have attained the

SPEED OF A REINDEER.

Their main hope in capturing him now was to terrify him by firing at him, and a regular broadside was opened upon the fleeing negro. He was compelled to pass these points, when his life was momentarily in danger. He easily passed Steller, when Hamilton commenced firing, and was followed by several shots from the keeper of the pest-house. Whether the shots took effect is not known, but Washington continued his flight without the least signs of fatigue. He ran down the hillside toward the Workhouse road, where he met another obstacle to his path, a party of four, composed of the brother of the girl and three others. Each man levelled his gun at Washington, and they discharged a single volley at him, but apparently with no effect. His pursuers came flocking in on all sides, and finally at least twenty men joined in the chase. The fleetness of foot with which the negro was possessed appeared simply marvellous. The gap between himself and his pursuers gradually widened, and maddened and enraged at the fear of his escape, the men kept up a constant fire, which, however, proved of no avail. All along the route, when any one appeared to impede his progress, he would

SEIZE IMMENSE STONES,

which he hurled at them with unerring precision, and by the greatest agility his pursuers avoided the dangerous missiles. After running about a quarter of mile he stooped down and pulled off his shoes and coat, which he threw aside and ran rapidly ahead. Finally his pursurers lost sight of him entirely, and were compelled to give up the chase, feeling greatly chargined at the disappointment they had received. Washington's escape was really a remarkable one. The only reasonable supposition is that he was well acquainted with the roads and by-paths, and feeling secure upon every inch of ground upon which he trod, he could run with more rapidity than his pursuers, who, in all probability, were not acquainted with the roads and forest, and did not find running quite so easy.

Nothing more was seen of either Washington or his accomplice by this party, and they utterly lost track of him. Later in the night Officer McGrath picked up his coat in the work-house quarry, and found it

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS

and full of blood. Bullet-holes were found in the back, sleeves and side of the coat. The officers searced yesterday every thicket, barn and outhouse where there was any liklihood that he might be concealed, but failed to discover the slightest trace of him.

Nothing daunted by the discouraging results, Leut. Steller and Officer Hamilton received information yesterday evening that Washington was concealed near Gilman's Point, was suffering terribly from his wounds, and had sent for a doctor to extract a bullet which had lodged in some part of his body. They secured an express wagon, and shortly after six o'clock started for Gilman's Point.

Dr. C. J. Rademaker, the attending physician of the outraged girl, says her recovery is almost certain should there be no other complications.

FRANCES OTTE

is a girl eleven years of age, rather heavy set, about four and a half feet high, with light brown hair, ruddy complexion, rosy cheeks, and is quite an attrative, good-looking girl. She had seen Washington at her parents' residence several times, and still remains firm in her belief that he was one of the men. Dr. Rademaker says that there is no doubt that some sharp instrument was used by the black fiends in order to accomplish their designs, but he feels confident that she will recover.

Lieut. Steller and Officer Hamilton returned from Gilman's Point late last night and reported that they had been unsuccessful, and that Washington had again disappeared. He must be somewhere in the vicinity of Louisville, as it would be impossible for him to swim the river in his present condition and at this time of the year. It is highly improbable that he attempted to cross the river by swimming, and there is there is hardly a boatman in Louisville who would dare assist him in making his es cape.

A Triple Wedding.

IN WHICH THERE IS BUT ONE MAN AND THREE CONCUBINES.

Salt Lake Tribune.]

Some years ago Mormonism picked up a young man in Australia named John Miles. He was of a pretty good family, but had been cast off by his father for his general bad character, and therefore he found the Saintly doctrines of latter days agreeable to his grovelling instincts. Before leaving Australia, however, he made the acquaintance of a Miss Owens, and was smitten by her charms, but she returned to England and he came to Zion. After reaching here he wrote her proposing marriage which proposal she accepted, but he says he never got that answer. In the course of a few years he had grown far in the spirit of his holy faith that he was deemed worthy of bearing the gospel to the nations of the earth, and was accordingly sent abroad some months ago. He left his home in St. George and went to England, where he looked up his old love and renewed his proposal of marrtage, which was again accepted, and the young lady, Miss Owens, returned with him to Utah with the last batch of Mormon pilgrims that came over. On reaching this city the two put up with Brother Angus M. Cannon, the brother of the much-married delegate to Congress from this Territory, but in a short time two other young saintesses put in their appearance from St. George, the home of Elder Miles, both claiming to be engaged to the gay young Lothario. These two last named girls are Spencers, and are sisters.

Miss Owens, it may be imagined, was somewhat surprised at the turn affairs had taken, and naturally enough made inquiry into the matter. Well, it was to be a four-handed matrimonial alliance, and as one of the Spencer sisters was older than Miss Owens, the latter was to be the second one named in the contract, or, in other words, this particular Spencer girl was to be sealed to Elder Miles as his queen or his wife. The affair is set for to-day, and is to be solemnized in the sink-hole of iniquity, called in Latter-Day parlance the Endowment house, and after the tripple marriage is over, the happy groom and his concubines, that is, if Miss Owens concludes to go in second, will repair to Elder Cannon's harem, where they will partake of a marriage feast, to be followed by a dance in the evening. But up to recently Miss Owens, who is a young lady that is said to have been well raised, objected to the nasty performance. The priests, however, are not idle, in the meantime, and are using all their power and influence to force her into the harness. And their power is potent, for Miss Owens is in "Zion," homeless and without friends, though she has a fine musical education, and this helpless condition is held up to her as the alternative for refusing to enter the nasty relation which they are trying to force upon her. Whether she will give away before the pressure brought to bear remains to be seen. But in the meantime we suggest that the joint Congressional committee now visiting Utah go to the reception of Elder Cannon's this evening to see the true inwardness of Zion.

The reception was to have been held in the Fourteenth ward school-house, but they were afraid the Tribune would get hold of the nasty affair and give it publicity.

The Indianapolis Sentinel comes out in favor of Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and in an able editorial advocates his claims. Upon this the Knoxville Tribune comments and says: "The courage displayed by Mr. Hendricks during the agitation in Congress when the bill organizing the Electoral Commission was under discussion, and his course since the settlement of the vexed question will go far toward making him the prominent candidate.

MARY AND THE LITTLE LAMP.

Mary had a little lamp;
Her lover, all serene,
Extinguished it, for he did not
Want any caress seen.

When Mary saw the lamp put out
She screamed: "Oh, dear, its dark?"
"But bright enough," her lover said,
"With delight of a spark."

What makes the youth love Mary so?
I'll tell you—she's a catch;
And he put out the lamp, you know,
So he might strike a match.

Indiana Nominates V. P. Hendricks.

For President in 1880. He will undoubtedly be a favorite and strongly endorsed Western contestant for the next Democratic nomination—we think he is the coming man and we say gladly "hail! to the chief who in triumph advances" from the well-fought fields of Indiana, (where that glorious victory was gained for the people's cause over contraction and resumption foes,) to conquer the host of the gold ring oppressors.—Mobile News.

THE LATE KINLOCH FALCONER.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Starkville Citizen.]

In 1857, the editor of the Oktibbeha Citizen was editor of the Marshall Democrat in Holly Springs. Kinloch's father was the editor of the Holly Springs Herald. Howard, an older brother of Kinloch's were both boys and did all the work in their father's office. It affords us a melancholy pleasure to be able to embalm his memory in the columns of the Citizen, and make a brief mention of his short and brilliant career. We became acquainted with him in his early boyhood, when his smiling face would once a week illuminate the Democrat office, as carrier boy of the Herald. The Falconers were a talented family, and left their mark on all they touched. But this brief notice is devoted to Kinloch.

As soon as Kinloch was old enough, he became an apprentice in his father's office, where he was inducted into all the mysteries of printing to be learned in a country newspaper office. He was by turns, devil, carrier, roller boy, typo and pressman. He became a thorough printer in all branches, and was known eventually as one of the fastest compositors and best office managers in the State. But his general education was not neglected during his apprenticeship. When he could be spared from the office, he attended the fine schools for which Holly Springs has always been noted. In 1858 he entered the junior class of the University of Mississippi, and graduated as second honor man in the class of 1860, and afterwards became associate editor with his father of the Southern Herald, and studied law.

At the breaking out of the war, he enlisted as a private in a Holly Springs company, commanded by the gallant Captain Thos. W. Harris. He was the Private Secretary of Gen. Bragg, and afterwards Bragg's Adjutant General. In December 1862, at the age of twenty two, at the request of Gen. Bragg, he was appointed by the Secretary of War, to duty with the staff of the Army of Tennessee, with the rank of Major. He soon became the best known of the officers of that staff. Everybody knew and honored him, from the private soldier to the Commanding General. Thoroughly efficient and strict in the discharge of his official duties, he was at the same time affable, kind and easy of access to all. In the latter part of the year 1865, he became a partner of Hon. John W. C. Watson in the practice of law; and in the summer of 1866, he received his diploma from the law school of the University. But his first love, the newspaper, had an irresistable attraction for him, and in August, 1867, he became associated with his brother in-law, Columbus Barrett, as editor of the Holly Springs Reporter. The Reporter immediately took position among the leading papers in the State, and Col. Falconer added largely to his reputation and popularity. In 1868, was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Lieut. Governor, on the ticket with Gov. Humpreys, and he was triumphantly elected. But the same vote which elected him defeated the new Constitution under which the Anti Johnson Republican were seeking to reconstruct the State, and the State was continued in the hands of the military."

At the time of his death he held the office of Secretary of State, having been elected on the Democratic ticket in 1875. Leaving his office in Jackson, where there was no yellow fever, he went to Holly Springs, his native place, right into the jaws of death to comfort his dying father and sick brother, and when both had died, he himself was smitten by the plague, paid the penalty of his sublime devotion to filial affection and noble humanity. Thus has passed away in the zenith of splendid manhood, one of Mississippi's grandest sons, doubly a hero, heroic in war's carnage, grandly heroic in the carnival of pestilence! Peace to thy ashes! Rest in Heaven through the long ages of eternity to thy great soul!

Another tribute from a writer in the Woodville Republican:

"We have strewn the roses on the grave of Kinloch Falconer."

Though I knew not Kinloch Falconer, save by reputation, yet was I greatly impressed by the foregoing quotation from a letter recently written from Holly Springs in our devoted State; an obituary of itself; how beautiful! how touching!

It doubtless will be asked, and who was Kinloch Falconer?

The simple answer is, he was a hero,
One who threw himself into the deadly breach,
Self-abnegating, sprang to the aid of others
Writhing in toils of that fell destroyer
Now sweeping o'er our land.
He strove to save a father and a brother loved,
And when they fell, stood fighting on
For friends, for strangers, and for all,
Until th' insatiate foe struck him.
The shining mark, to earth.
Yet was not Kinloch Falconer but the one,
The single type, of that great Brotherhood,
That God-like band of men, and women too
Who, ignoring ease and comfort, all
Went forth to battle in the philanthropic cause,
To stay the progress of the ruthless foe,
Or fall while battling in the unequal fight.
Of that great Brotherhood, now to be number'd
Not by scores, but hundreds, that have fallen,
Were many souls, like ROCKWOOD* and an UPHAM.*
Who nobly fought and fell,
And now have gone to reap their great reward.
And yet another Brotherhood, confederate with these,
We see, and recognize with heart and hand;
Who, distant from the deadly strife,
Have shown that "of such" too were they;
They of the North, the East, the West
Who, by their deeds, have won
The love oppressors ne'er could gain.

The Late Mr. E B. Willis, of Warren County.

A special to the Courier-Journal, of the 24th, says: "Capt. E. Byrant Willis, died at his residence, four miles from the city, this morning. He was one of our oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, always a noble, generous-hearted man. At the breaking out of the yellow fever he gave the Howards a carte blanche to everything on his plantation. There was no limit to his generosity, and also to to the colored tenants on his places, among whom there have been one hundred and forty cases of fever. He was their best and truest friend. What sad losses this city and county have sustained during the terrible scourge."

War in Europe Thought to be Inevitable.

NEW YORK, October 30.—The Tribune's Washington special says: The opinion has been expressed within a few days, at one of the legations here most likely to be informed in regard to the condition of affairs between various foreign governments, that war in England and Russia cannot be avoided, nor very long delayed. As to the complications likely to arise the opinion is further expressed that the indications all point strongly toward a general European war.

Daniel Webster's Widow.

THE QUEENLY OLD LADY OF EIGHTY WHOM A REPORTER DISCOVERED.

New York Star.]

A dainty blue cap, with fluttering ribbons, worn by a white-haired woman, caught the eye of a reporter yesterday as he was passing the broad portico of the Leroy mansion in New Rochelle, on the Sound. Something in the face beneath the cap arrested attention. Bright hazel eyes contrasted strangely with the snowy ringlets of hair and the pale, almost expressionless, cast of features. Evidences were not wanting of advanced age, yet a graceful form, slightly above the medium height, made the possessor look stately in her old age.

"Who is that queenly old lady?" was asked of a gardener working near by.

"Mrs. Webster, sir; the widow of Daniel Webster."

The widow of Webster: Seated alone, at the age of seventy-eight, within twenty miles of the great stirring metropolis, a link between the busy present and the dead, historic past.

"Can you oblige me with an introduction, sir?" asked the reporter of Mr. William Leroy, who at that moment appeared on the ground.

"With great pleasure. Mrs. Webster is my only sister," returned the proprietor. "But," he added, "I am afraid she can not converse much. Her mental faculties are so impaired that she is hardly cognizant of her surroundings, while the past is a total blank."

The reporter was presented to the lady, who received him with courtly grace. Chairs were provided on the elegant little piazza, and a pleasant half hour was spent in conversation.

"I am so glad you have come," was Mrs. Webster's first remark. "I know you admire flowers. Are they not pretty? Miss Woolbert has such a delightful little place, too, the prospect from my window would be better than this if there were not so many flowers."

"Do you read much now, Mrs. Webster?"

There was no answer to this question, but simply a puzzled look. She turned appealingly to her relative.

The question was reiterated by Mr. Leroy, who at the same time picked up a newspaper from the floor. Then a look of intelligence lighted up the troubled face as she exclaimed: "Oh, yes; I read it through nearly every day."

Caroline Leroy, the second wife of Webster, was married to the great expounder in the city of New York early in 1847, and was constantly with him until his death, on October 23, 1852. Mr. William Leroy and a brother living in Newport, R. I., are the only remaining members of the family.

THE BENEVOLENT ORDERS.

THEIR POWER FOR GOOD.

Greneda Sentinel.]

No matter how Masonry and Odd Fellowship may differ as to their origin and age, there is one thing nobody will dispute, that they are each a mighty power in the land for good. So powerfully and harmoniously do they work together in the cause of humanity, that they may be called the elder and junior sisters of human charity. While neither of them allow of proselytism, they have, in our yellow fever afflictions of this year, presented to the whole world, the grandest display of charitable brotherhood ever witnessed upon earth. They have each risen in moral grandeur and social power as the necessities of our overwhelming troubles have demanded, for each have poured out their treasure to the suffering brethren of the South with unstinted liberality, and in every case, have cried out in tones that sent a thrill of joy and pride to their smitten brothers of the South; "We have more yet on hand if you need!"

Will not this wonderful display of active benevolence and fraternal love, fill up the ranks of decimated orders in the South with our best young men as soon as the time arrives for quiet, safe intercourse? In fact, will not this mighty outflow of sympathy and relief be read of all men in our whole country, and prepare the way for that mighty chain of fraternal bonds, that in the end, will bind us together as a people in feelings and obligations, stronger than political constitutions and civil compacts?

How to "Break Up" Sitting Hens.

At this season of the year the sitting hens—noticeably of the Asiatic varieties—have laid out their second or third litters of eggs, and for the second time this season they have become persistently "broody."

Many devices for breaking these fowls up have been tried. And most of the attempts to do this prove failures with the determined Cochins and Brahmas. We have in late years found but one way that his can be done effectually. And this is by far the most humane and certain method we can advise.

A watchful eye should be kept upon these laying hens and pullets every day, as they approach this term of natural broodiness. And the first evening you find one upon the nest (when she should be upon the roost) is the time when you should commence to break her up.

Look out for the next one now. There will be plenty of them at this season. And as soon as No. 2 shows the sitting inclination remove her as promptly. The two hens may be put together. They will help to "cure" each other of the broody fever. Watch for No. 3 now and so on to the end. You will have little trouble with them. Feed them lightly. Give them plenty of fresh water to drink. Keep them away entirely out of sight of the nests, and they will shortly get over their broody fit. This is our plan for breaking up hens that we do not wish to use as sitters.—Poultry World.

Wrecked Off the Coast of South Carolina.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 28.—The smack Whippoorwill arrived last night, bringing Capt. Cheeseman and the officers and crew of the lost steamer Gen. Barnes. Capt. Cheeseman states that his ship encountered a hurricane on Tuesday last. On Wednesday morning the steamer was fast going to pieces from the fore-hatch forward, when her officers and crew took to the boats. They soon after sighted the schooner M. W. Drew, Capt. Mahoney, who took the shipwrecked crew on board and brought them to Charleston bar. The Barnes went down at noon on Wednesday. Her cargo consisted of six hundred and thirty bales of cotton, three hundred and fifty six barrels oil, ninety-four casks spirits of turpentine, four hundred barrels resin, eight bales waste, and other merchandise.

One-half of the world don't know how the other half live!" exclaimed a gossiping woman. "Oh, well," said her neighbor, "don't worry about it, 'tisn't your fault if they don't know."

Edison at Work.

The following is from an article in Scribner for November, entitled "A Night with Edison":

There is nowhere such another ingenious mind, but there is also nowhere such a worker. When in search of some special object he allows himself absolutely no rest. At Newark he mounted to the loft of his factory with five men, on the occasion of the apparent failure of the printing machine he had taken a contract to furnish, and declared he would never come down till it worked. It took sixty hours of continuous labor, and then he slept for thirty. The routine of his day is a routine of grand processes and ennobling ideas.—Nowhere else probably would such a day be possible. There are not fortunes, if there were capacity, to carry on the business of pure scientific research on such a scale. His whole great establishment is occupied not in manufacturing nor primarily in projects for profitable returns, though these follow, but in new reflections; new combinations, in wresting from nature, inch by inch the domain she would have kept hidden. He comes in the morning and reads his letters. He overlooks his men and the experiments of his assistants. The element of hazard enters into these somewhat. There are a great number in progress—the action of chemicals upon various substances or upon each other, or the phenomena of substances subjected to the various forces at command. Strips of ivory, for instance, in a certain oil in six weeks become transparent. A globule of mercury in water, then with a little potassium added, takes various shapes for the opposite poles of the battery, retires coquetishly or is attracted, forms in whirlpools, changes color, or becomes immobile. There is no use at once for these results, but they are recorded in voluminous note books. When the proper time comes they are borne in mind; some one of them may form the connecting link in the chain of an invaluable discovery. Then perhaps he tests for the thousandth time his carbon telephone for new perfections, and then goes on carrying forward a step each of the works in progress, or becomes wholly engrossed, according to his mood, in one.

In spite of the fact that the motive of his retreat to Menlo Park was in good part to escape them, numerous visitors arrive. It is the Mecca of a continuous pilgrimage of scientists, reporters for the journals and curiosity hunters. Yesterday a troop of one hundred and seventy five persons brought by a gentleman who had asked the privilege of presenting a few friends—to-morrow a special train of visitors from Boston is announced. He received all affably, submitting himself and his invention to be gazed at without reserve. One wonders, next to his phonograph, at his good humor.

"Still, I shall blow up somebody yet," he says, laughing. "I am considering the idea of fixing a wire connecting with a battery that knocks over everybody that touches the gate."

He sits down at the phonograph, fixes a double mouthpiece to it and summons one of his assistants, while another places himself at an organ in the corner. They sing in two parts "John Brown's Body." As the sonorous music rises and fills the long apartment, one gazes musingly, yet with a secret thrill. It is like assisting at some strange new rite—a martial chant of rejoicing in the greatness of a new era full of sublime promise and the dissipation of mysteries.

Health of Ex-President Davis and Family.

New Orleans Democrat.]

A letter from an intimate friend of ex-President Davis, written at Beauvoir, informs us that for some months past Mrs. Davis has been seriously ill, and that Mr. Davis has himself been fearfully prostrated by anxiety and care for her. To add to their distress, while Mrs. Davis was convalescing the news came that their son Jefferson Davis, Jr., had fallen ill with the fever in Memphis.

In their feeble condition the President and Mrs. Davis made hasty preparations to fly to the bedside of their only remaining son. It was evident, however, to their friends that it would be impossible for them to make the mournful voyage, and by the entreaties of Mrs. Dorsey and Major Walthall they were restrained from a venture that would have been fatal to both. Major Walthall, who has long been as one of the family, insisted on going to Memphis himself, and arrived there in time to convey to the dying youth the words of love and tenderness he bore from his afflicted parents.

The people of the whole South deeply sympathize with our illustrious fellow-citizen and his wife in the great calamity which has overwhelmed them, and we are sure that it is the prayer of all hearts that they may improve in health, and be long spared to a people who love them for the sufferings and persecutions they have so heroically endured for our common cause.

Served Him Right.

WHIPPING OF A MAN BY A MOB OF INFURIATED WOMEN.

Wytheville (Va.) Telegram to Chicago Times.]

Considerable excitement was created in this community to-day by the arrest of Kelly Patterson, charged with committing a rape on Lily Taylor, a young girl of fourteen. Patterson was tried before a magistrate this morning, but the evidence not being sufficient, he was discharged. Many of the people of the community were indignant at this verdict, and threats were freely indulged in by many of the people, particularly a lower class of women living in the suburbs of the city. The mother of his alleged victim declared that she would head a gang of women and lynch the dispoiler of her daughter's virtue before midnight.

To-night, about 8 o'clock, a gang of twelve women appeared at Patterson's lodgings and called him out, but he declined to come out. Lily Taylor, armed with a heavy cowhide, forced her way into the room with assistance of her mother and other female associates, dragged the man out of bed, placed him in a push-cart and carried him to the woods, where his hands and feet were bound to a sapling, all of his clothes except his pants removed, and each of the women administered a severe flogging upon his bare back, each blow bringing the blood. The wretch cried for mercy, and implored his tormentors to release him, but they kept up the flogging until Patterson was utterly exhausted, and the blood ran down his legs. The punishment was not abated until the Amazons were exhausted, when they left their victim tied to the tree and returned home, intending, some of the women said, to return and hang him to-morrow.

Cotton factories and cotton seed mills are constantly increasing in the South. A little establishment near Westminster, Ga., of which the machinery only cost $2,500, turns out about $27 worth of manufactured goods daily, and employs eight hands at fifty cents a day. The village consumes the product, and the owners who are also planters, obtain a vastly higher price for their cotton than if they shipped it.