THE CLARION.

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MEMORIAL POEM.

BY MAJ. S. A. JONAS.

Read Before The State Medical Association By Prof. Bacon.

With sorrow now we spread the pall
O'er Woodruff, Hicks, Whitehead, Monette,
O'er Nesmith, Booth and Hughes and Hall,
Ringold, Cago, Fitzgerald; nor forget
The joyful Compton or the brave McKie;
McCallum, Williamson or Kinchloe,
Or Armstead, sleeping peacefully,
All victims to the fury of a common foe.

They stood midway the gates of life and death,
And both ajar, uncertain which would ope',
Awaiting pestilence, its fœtid breath
Defying, and their only armor, hope—
Their trust, beyond the pallid light
Of science groping in a tangled maze,
Was in THE WILL that shapes eternal right,
Regardless of life's span of mundane days.

The little band that on the Malian shore
Checked Persia in her fierce, invading tide,
Until the gulf was crimsoned with their gore,
And Sparta's hopes with her defenders died,
Gave to the world no worthier display
Of dauntless courage and self abnegation,
Than those who dared the fate we mourn to-day,
A willing sacrifice for our salvation.

If Mars hath laurels for the doughty knight
Whose well poised lance his foeman's heart-blood drinks,
And obelisks rise for him who in the fight
Doth valorous deeds and in the hour of victory sinks;
If woman scatters o'er the bloody grave
Of fallen patriot, sweet flowers of spring;
If poesy embalms the story of the brave,
And sweet lyres their many virtues sing—
Shall on nature o'er the vernal sod
Weep those who sought not praise or glory,
And shall no record save the scroll of God
Preserve their names and their heroic story?

He who can buckle on the sword
To meet the foeman of his land and race,
Content, if but their rights shall be restored,
To end life's journey on the battle place,
Is worthy of as bright a crown
As history can jewel for his pallid brow;
Is worthy of all honor, the renown
The world concedes, and we concede it now.

Yet there are nobler paths for man to tread,
Than course the war-ensanguined field,
A braver man bends o'er the sufferer's bed,
Than comrades bring from battle on his shield.
To bare the breast to foeman, giving blow for blow,
Is manly, human, indigenous to dust;
To stand defenceless 'gainst an unseen foe
For stranger's sake, is worthy of the God we trust.

Oh! it was terrible, when from each cot
Rose wails of anguish in that autumn dread—
When strong hearts quailed, and death—the common lot,
His sable banner to the fur winds spread,
And friend deserted friend; fear winged the strong,
And in the van the foremost were the brave,
Unconscious, when God smote, that flight was wrong;
Courageous, face to foe, but cowards when pestilence dug the grave.

I do not claim that those I name had more
Of manly courage than those who departed,
I only reck the proud commission that they bore,
And nerved by duty, they were lion-hearted.
And when I say that God did unfold
To each the duty of the hour to know,
I need not add, each gentle heart grew bold,
For well enough the glorious tale you know.

You know, for some of you their labors shared,
How patiently they kept the trust they did assume;
And you remember, you who Heaven spared,
How well they served us in that realm of gloom.
How like to Israel's guiding cloud by day,
How like its fiery beacon of the night,
That signal, purry, ever pointing out the way,
Until death triumphed in the unequal fight.

Peace to their ashes, and peace to those who rest,
Heroic dead, beside them sweetly sleeping;
Dear mother Earth, they are pillowed on thy breast,
Deal gently with the treasures in thy keeping.
In our hearts their altars Honor raises,
On memory their glorious names are graven,
And history adown time's channel sounds their praises,
Blessed of Earth—sanctified of Heaven.

WOMAN AND MEDICINE.

Health in the Home—Importance of Sanitary Knowledge.

Dr. John S. Butler.]

Dr. Richardson, an English physician, says in a public address: "I want strongly to enforce that it is the women on whom full sanitary light requires first to fall. Health in the home is health everywhere; elsewhere it has no abiding place. I have been brought indeed by experience to the conclusion that the whole future progress of the sanitary movement rests for permanent and executive support on the women of the country. When as a physician I enter a house where there is a contagious disease I am, of course, primarily impressed by the type of the disease and the age, strength and condition of the sick person. From the observations made on these points I form a judgment of the possible course and termination of the disease, and at one time I should have thought such observations sufficient. Now I know them to be but partly sufficient. A glance at the appointments and arrangements and management of the house is now necessary to make perfect the judgment. By this glance is detected what aid the physician may expect in keeping the sick in a condition most favorable for escape from death; and by this is also detected what are the chances that the affection will be confined to one sufferer or distributed to many. As a rule to which there are the rarest exceptions, the character of the judgment is hereupon dependent on the character of the presiding genius of the home, on the woman who rules over that small domain. The men of the house come and go; know little of the ins and outs of anything domestic; are guided by what they are told, and are practically of no assistance whatever. The women are conversant with every nook of the dwelling, from basement to roof, and on their knowledge, wisdom and skill the physician rests his hopes. How important, then, how vital that they should learn, as a part of their earliest duties, the choicest sanitary code."

Something in a Dream.

Memphis Appeal.]

The following strange story comes from Mississippi: A man named Seagraves, living in Marshall county, Mississippi, dreamed several times that there was some gold buried on the place on which he lived, and his dreams having been so vivid and the exact place so distinctly impressed on his mind, that he searched for the gold, and discovered eleven hundred dollars. It is supposed the money was buried by a former resident of the place, now dead.

Another French Exposition is talked of. A movement has been begun in Paris to celebrate the centenary of the French Revolution in 1798 by the grandest international exposition yet known. But this project may interfere with the similar one intended in America to celebrate the inauguration of Washington as President in that year.

The Right of Instruction—The Argument Against It Summed Up.

EDITORS CLARION: Before the discussion of the right of the Legislature to instruct a Senator passes off, there are a few points and authorities which I would like to present, in your columns, on the side of the opponents of the doctrine—though I have no purpose to enter, at large, into a controversy which is practically endless for want of a tribunal empowered to finally decide it.

First. Against the views of the THE CLARION, as given in reply to A. B. C., and in answer to an inquirer, signing himself "Disciple," to the effect that the peculiar organization of the Senate had no other object than the preservation of the equality of the States and the adoption of a convenient mode of securing their representation, there is the very highest authority. The three features of *mature age, long tenure* and *gradual change* have been uniformly considered by the ablest commentators on the constitution as *expressly intended* to make the Senate a *stable* and *conservative* body, if not wholly free, at least *removed*, from the immediate influence of the ever varying phases of public opinion. History had furnished no instance of a long lived republic which had not such a body, and the founders of ours were deeply impressed with the necessity for such, "an anchor against popular fluctuations," as it was termed by one of them—such "a balance wheel," in its machinery—as it has been called by a subsequent jurist.

Accordingly, in one of that series of remarkable letters which were addressed to the people of the several States for the purpose of persuading them to adopt the constitution, and which have, therefore, great value as contemporaneous expositions of it, we find Mr. Madison saying:

"The necessity of a Senate is not less indicated by the propensity of all single and numerous assemblies, to yield to the impulse of sudden and violent passions, and to be seduced by factious leaders into intemperate and pernicious resolutions. Examples on this subject might be cited without number, and from proceedings within the United States as well as from the history of other nations. But a position that will not be contradicted, need not be proved. All that need be remarked is that a body which is to correct this infirmity ought itself to be free from it, and consequently ought to be less numerous. It ought, moreover, *to possess great firmness*, and consequently *ought to hold its authority by a tenure of considerable duration*."

* * * * * *

"The mutability in the public councils arising from a rapid succession of new members, however qualified they may be, points out in the strongest manner the necessity of some stable institution in the government. Every new election in the States is found to change one-half of the representatives. From this change of men must proceed a change of opinions; and from a change of opinions, a change of measures. But a continual change even of good measures is inconsistent with every rule of prudence and every prospect of success. The remark is verified in private life and becomes more just, as well as more important, in national transactions."

* * * * * *

"As the cool and deliberate sense of the community ought in all governments, and actually will in all free governments, ultimately prevail over the views of its rulers; so there are particular moments in public affairs when the people, stimulated by some irregular passion, or some illicit advantage, or misled by the artful representations of interested men, may call for measures which they, themselves, will afterwards be the most ready to lament and condemn. In these critical moments how salutary will be the interference of some temperate and respectable body of citizens in order to check the misguided career, and to suspend the blow meditated by the people against themselves, until reason, justice and truth can regain their authority over the public mind. What bitter anguish would not the people of Athens have often escaped, if their government had contained so provident a safeguard against the tyranny of their own passions! Popular liberty might then have escaped the indelible reproach of decreeing to the same citizens the hemlock on one day and statues on the next."—The Federalist, Nos. 62 and 63.

And so Chancellor Kent says:

"The small number *and long duration* of the Senate were intended to render them a *safeguard* against the influence of those paroxysms of heat and passion, which prevail occasionally in the most enlightened communities, *and enter into the deliberation of popular assemblies*. In this point of view, a firm and *independent* Senate is justly regarded as the anchor of safety amidst the storms of political faction; and for want of such a stable body, the republics of Athens and Florence were overturned by the fury of commotions, which the Senates of Sparta, Carthage and Rome might have been able to withstand. * * * * As the House of Representatives comes more immediately from the people, and the members *hold their seats for a much shorter time*, they are presumed to partake *with a quicker sensibility*, of the prevailing temper and irritable disposition of the times, and to be in much more danger of adopting measures with precipitation, and of changing them with levity." 1 *Kent's Com. p.* 227.

Judge Story, in his work on the Constitution, says:

"*The term of six years* would seem to hit the just medium between a duration of office which would too much resist, and a like duration which would too much invite, those changes of policy, foreign and domestic, which the best interests of the country may require to be deliberately weighed and gradually introduced." Sec. 722.

And in another place, he says: "If public men know that they may safely wait for the gradual action of a sound public opinion, to decide upon the merit of their actions and measures before they can be struck down, they will be more ready to assume responsibility and pretermit present popularity for future solid reputation. * * * It (the Senate) combines, the period of office of the executive with that of the members of the House; while at the same time, *from its own biennial changes*, (as we shall presently see,) it is silently subjected to the deliberate voice of the States." Sec. 714. Further, on he emphasizes the view that *the biennial changes* are the means reserved to the people of subjecting the Senate to the influence of their changing opinions. Sec. 723.

These authorities seem clearly to enforce two conclusions; 1st. That the Senate was intended to be a body both *stable* and *independent* in character—free alike from the shifting extravagances of public opinion and from the domination of other organized parts of the government; and 2d. That the opportunity to change, biennally, one third of its members is the only means provided to the people for subjecting an obdurate Senate to the influence of their deliberate convictions—neither of which conclusions can stand, if the doctrine of instruction be sound.

Second. Arguments drawn from the relations of "principal and agent," "master and servant" and the like, are *misleading* because the analogies are not true ones. The agent, or servant, is *merely* such, and is charged with no duty or responsibility save to his principal or master; whereas, a Senator is required to to deliberate and to decide upon the rights and interests of others as blended with those of his own constituents. His functions are *quasi*-judicial, and he owes a duty not only to his interested "principal" or "master," but to others with whom his interests clash, and therefore to conscience, justice, and truth, the only rightful arbiters of the disputes of mankind.

The representative principle of our government is not more distinct, or well defined than was that of the English house of Commons. The election of knights by the landed proprietors, and of citizens and burgesses by the mercantile interests, which is termed by Blackstone "the exercise of the *democratical* part of our constitution," amounted really to *class*-representation, and the relation of the member to his constituents was far more intimate and dependent than that which exists between a United States Senator and a State Legislature under our system. Yet Blackstone says of the Commons: "Every member though chosen by one particular district, when elected and returned, serves for the *whole* realm; for the end of his coming thither is not particular but general, not barely to advantage his *own* constituents but the *common* wealth. * * And therefore he is not bound to consult with or take the advice of his constituents upon any particular point, unless he, himself, thinks it proper or prudent so to do." 1 Bl. Com. p. 160, and 170.

This *quasi-judicial* character of legislative assemblies was never more forcibly stated than by Mr. Edmund Burke. Immediately after his election to represent the city of Bristol, he and his colleague, Mr. Cruger, were called upon to speak. The latter "told his constituents that their will should be his rule, and that in all things he should vote according to their directions." This slavish principle Mr. Burke refused to avow, assigning for his refusal reasons which have never been answered, and which must remain forever unanswerable. He said: "Government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment and not of inclination; but what sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion, in which one set of men deliberate and another decide? and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?" "Parliament," said he, "*is not a congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests; which interests each must maintain as an agent and advocate against other agents and advocates;* but Parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation, with one interest—that of the whole; where not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good resulting from the general reason of the whole."

And this was the language of a man of whom it was said "he gave up to party what was meant for mankind." See Life of Burke, p. 12.

Mr. Webster, who has been twice erroneously quoted in the CLARION, as having at least countenanced the right to instruct, not only repudiated it with equal emphasis, but assigned substantially the same grounds of objection to it. He said: "If there be any matter pending in this body, while I am a member of it, in which Massachusetts has an interest of her own not adverse to the general interests of the country, I shall pursue her instructions with gladness of heart, and with all the efficiency which I can bring to the occasion. *But if the question be one which affects her interest, and at the same time equally affects the interests of all the other States*, I shall no more regard her particular wishes or instructions than I should regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me *an arbitrator or referee* to decide some question of important private right between him and his neighbor, and then *instruct* me to decide in his favor. If ever there was a government upon earth it is this government; if ever there was a body upon earth it is this body, which should consider itself as composed by agreement of all, each member appointed by some, but organized by the general consent of all, sitting here, under the solemn obligations of oath and conscience, to do that which they think to be best for the good of the whole." Webster's Works, vol. 5, p. 356.

Third. If the doctrine that the Senator is the mere agent or ambassador of the State be correct, it must hold good in every conjuncture of Senatorial duties, and he can be instructed as to how he shall vote when sitting with other Senators *as a court of impeachment*. Such a conclusion shocks the moral sense, of course, but it is simply the *reductio ad absurdum* of the principle.

Fourth. No argument has been, or can be, drawn from these supposed analogies which is not equally as applicable to Representatives as to Senators. If the Legislature is the mouthpiece of the State, it may speak as well to one set of public servants as to another.

Fifth. Though the distinction which holds Senators subject to be *instructed* while Representatives can be *requested*, only, had its origin in the circumstance that the Legislature *elects* the Senator, the advocates of the doctrine dare not rest it upon this narrow and artificial basis. They continually advance this plea of *estoppel*—but are never willing to stand on it, and generally find it expedient to support it by arguments *ad captandum vulgus*. Your correspondent, A. B. C., has sufficiently shown the consequences of this principle.

Sixth. It does not result from a denial of this doctrine, (as argued by the CLARION,) that "every public servant can be reached in some manner, except the Senator." On the contrary, if the State has this control over a Senator, he is the *only* officer in the whole Federal "orbit" of the government who is, in any respect, amenable to State authority.

Seventh. While it is true that the Convention refused "to secure the independency of the Senate," to the extent of making the tenure for life, it is also true, that a power to *recall* the Senators was proposed as an amendment in some of the State Conventions and met with but little favor." 1 Elliot's Debates, 257. 3 Ib. 303.

And Judge Story says: "Many potent reasons might be urged against it." Story on Const., 509.

Eighth. The opponents of this doctrine do not deny "the responsibility of the representative to his constituents;" for that is a principle which applies to *all* officers—Senators not excepted. They say, however, that when he comes to be judged, it is not upon any question of obedience to instructions or other expressions of popular sentiment, but upon the ultimate question of the right or wrong of his conduct, under all the circumstances—that right and wrong "the essential constitution of which it may be doubted, if even the power of Omnipotence is competent to alter." And when that test comes, instead of compassing his destruction, it may be set down to his credit that he "did not look to the flash of the day;" that he did not kindle with the passions of the people, nor obey their instructions; but "conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained their *interests* against their *opinions*."

Ninth. Those Senators who have *resigned* under the force of unpalatable instructions, have, in so doing, contradicted themselves and refuted the logic of their own position. If obedience was *due*, (as it certainly was if the right to instruct existed,) then, unless the act involved moral turpitude, there was no room for individual opinion or conviction; and in resigning they not only disobeyed an acknowledged superior, and neglected an admitted duty, but abandoned their posts in insubordination. What would be thought of the soldier who would thus demean himself toward his superior officer? To quote from the THE CLARION'S own authority, Mr. Buchanan; "if the Senator can look behind his instructions the right is at once abandoned;" and this is what he does when he resigns as well as when he votes contrary to their command.

Tenth. The fact that Mr. Benton and others have been sacrificed upon the altar of this political heresy is one that "does not rise to the dignity of an argument." It proves nothing but the, otherwise too evident, truth that communities are often" more forcibly swayed by their passions, prejudices and local interests than by a sense of right and justice. What befell Mr. Benton was simply the consequence of standing by a principle; of "supporting in the Senate his opinions of the country's good instead of forming his opinions in order to continue in the Senate." Doubtless he felt that *he would rather be right than be Senator.*

In conclusion, I submit that this doctrine, so far from being salutary in its tendencies, is inconsistent with the true character of our government, (which is that of a *constitutional* as distinguished from a pure democracy,) and is opposed to its spirit and methods of action, all of which are, or were meant to be, regulated by law. It seeks to introduce into its machinery a force for which no place is provided—with the inevitable consequence of jarring and confusing its operation. We have the authority of Mr. Calhoun for saying, that in none of the free governments of antiquity can the least trace of the doctrine be found, and that it is inconsistent with the plan and principles of our own. "I, too, am an advocate for instruction," said he. "I am instructed. The Constitution is my letter of instruction. Written by the hand of the people—stamped with their authority—it admits of no doubt as to its obligations. * * * This is the all-powerful creative voice which spake our government into existence, and made us politically as we are. This body is the first orb in the political creation and stands next in authority to the original creative voice of the people; and any attempt to give a different direction to the movement from what the constitution and the deliberate conclusion of its members point out, I consider *as an innovation on the principles of our government.*" Works of Calhoun, Vol. 2, p. 179.

Every such attempt is, indeed, nothing less than an effort to subject the government to the action of a *higher law* than the constitution, and it is just because the doctrine in question proceeds outside, and independently, of the constitution, that it has been a source of contention, irritation and discord amongst those who have formally acknowledged its authority, and has received the unmeasured condemnation of those who have openly denied it. How it would inevitably tend to corrupt and degrade our political system if it should ever become, unfortunately, an acknowledged feature of it, cannot be more strongly presented than in the following noble language from the speech delivered by Mr. Burke when standing the second time for the suffrages of the Bristol electors—a speech of which Mr. Calhoun has said: "that mind must be greatly different from mine which can read that speech and not embrace its doctrines."

"Depend upon it," said Mr. Burke, "that the lovers of freedom will be free.

* * *

If we degrade and deprave their minds by servility, it will be absurd to expect that they who are creeping and abject towards us, will ever be bold and incorruptible asserters of our freedom against the most seducing and most formidable of all powers. * * * If we do not permit our members to act upon a very enlarged view of things we shall at length infallibly degrade our national representation *into a confused and scuffling hustle of local urgency.*"

THIRD CITIZEN.

Political Letter from Gen. A. M. West.

Benton Argus.]

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., April 1, 1879.

Benj. Bright, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of yours of the 31st ult. You state that there will be a mass meeting at Ashland on the 3rd of May next, and invite me to attend and "address the people on financial questions." Shall be happy to do so, and will attend, unless Providentially hindered. You also state that a Greenback Club was organized at Hickory Flat last Saturday under favorable auspices. This is a move in the right direction and should be continued with energy and determination until the sentiments of the people are fully pronounced and respected. The financial questions of Banks, Bonds, Tariff and Taxes are paramount issues, affecting, as they do, the vital interest of the people. They should therefore organize their clubs all over the country, in order that they may be hereafter properly represented in our State and National Conventions, and in our State and National Legislatures. A policy must be adopted suited to our financial necessities, that will afford immediate relief and inaugurate a career of hope and prosperity commensurate with the varied and boundless resources of our great National Empire of wealth and power.

Yours truly, A. M. WEST.

Mr. Mackenzie, the African explorer, sailed from England on the 13th ultimo, in the steamer Corsair, specially chartered, for Cape Juby, on the northwest coast of Africa, for the purpose of opening that region to commence.

A Maryland horse is accused of killing and eating sheep, in spite of frequent beatings when caught in the act.

THE LITTLE "MORNING GLORY."

Fanny Fern, in Olive Branch.]

Dear little pet! She was going a journey in the cars, with mamma; and her little curley head could not stay on the pillow, for thinking of it. She was awake by the dawn, and had been trying to rouse mamma for an hour. She had told her joy in lisping accents to "Dolly," whose stoical indifference was very provoking, especially when she knew she was going to see "her dear white-haired old grandpapa," who had never yet looked upon her sweet face, although pen and ink had long since, heralded her polite perfections. Yes, little pet must look her prettiest, for grandpapa's eyes are not so dim that the sight of a pretty face doesn't cheer him like a ray of glad sunlight; so the glossy waves of golden hair are nicely combed, and the bright dress put on, to heighten by contrast the dimpled fairness of the neck and shoulders, then, the little white apron, to keep all tidy, then the Cinderella boots, neatly laced. I can see you, little pet! I wish I had you in my arms this minute!

Good-by! How her little curls shake. What a nice seat our tiny voyager has, by that pleasant open window, upon mamma's knee! How wonderfully fast the trees, and houses, and fences fly past! Was there ever anything like it? and how it makes her eye wink, when the cars dash under the dark bridges, and how like the ringing of silver bells that musical laugh is, when they dart out again into the fair sunlight. How cows, and horses, and sheep all run at that horrid whistle. Little pet feels as though she was most a woman, to be traveling about seeing so many fine things. On they dash, it half takes her breath away—but she is not afraid: no indeed! What little darling ever could be afraid, when its hands were in mamma's love clasp?

Alas! poor little pet!

Grandpapa's eyes grow weary watching for you at the little cottage window. Grandmamma says "the cakes will be quite spoiled;" and she "knits to her seam needle," and then moves about the little room uneasily, now and then stooping to pat the little kitty that is to be pet's playfellow. And now lame Tim has driven the cows home; and the dew is falling, the stars are creeping out, and the little crickets and frogs have commenced their evening concert, and still little pet hasn't come! Where is the little stray waif?

Listen! Among the "unrecognized dead" by the late railroad accident at Norwalk, was a female child about three years of age; fair complexion and hair; had a red dress, green sack, white apron, linen gaiters, tipped with patent leather, and white woolen stockings.

Poor little pet! Poor old grandpapa! Go comfort him; tell him it was a shocking accident, but then "nobody was to blame," and offer him a healing plaster for his great grief in the shape of "damage money."

Persons and Things.

The Thomas cat upon the fence
Sat yellin' jest like thunder;
A brickbat took him 'tween the eyes
And caused him to knock under.
No more he'll make us curse and swear,
And brickbats at him fire:
He's vanished from this world of tears—
He's gone to meet Mariar.
—New York Dispatch.

We saw a very long pair of shoes the other day. They were over two feet.

Don't get in debt to a shoemaker, if you would call your sole you own.

Let us all be merry; brighter days are in store for us. A Philadelphia organ grinder has been arrested.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make a mighty sugar,
'Neath the grocer's hand.

A Sunday School boy, on being asked what made the Tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."

A young physician asked permission of a lass to kiss her, she replied, "No, sir; I never like a doctor's bill stuck in my face."

They say that truth lies at the bottom of a well, but it is of course absurd to say that truth lies anywhere. That's about all proverbs amount to.

"Mother is all the time telling me not to bolt my food," said the small boy, "and now she has gone and bolted up the cupboard that has got all the company victuals."

A sign before a Boston grocery reads as follows: "Wooden pails, six cents each. Notice—We did not steal these pails, but we think the man we bought them from, did."

"O Husband!" said Mrs. Ophelia McNaun,
As she gazed at her willful and passionate son,
"Where that boy got his temper I never could see;
I'm certain he never could take it from me."
"No doubt, my dear wife, your assertion is true;
I never have missed any temper from you."

A Nevada girl's love letter—"Dear Jimmy: It's all up. We ain't going to get married. Ma says you're too rough, and I guess she's right. I'm so sorry—but can't you go to Europe and get filed down?"

"I never thought but once," said old Deacon Webbing, "that it was a sin to steal an umbrella." "And when was that?" asked a friend. "It was when some pesky thief stole my new silk one," answered the deacon.

NEVER MORE.

O, sweetness that can never more return!
Thou art passed out of life—and whither flown?
The hard pruned bough may heal, and sprout anew,
And some light hearts may all too quickly learn
To spare the brave and live without the true.

But as some painter that yet seeks in vain
The long-wood color for his hungry eye,
And dreams it woven on some foreign loom,
To wake and find it missing 'neath his sky,
So have we lost a glory to the tomb.

Spring shall come round, and all her sounds be dear,
And sweet her lips with all ambrosial dew,
The wooing sun shall set earth's heart astir,
And she rejoice, and we have rapture too,
But one hushed chord shall no more answer her.

Out of life's sunny woof one thread is drawn,
Death's face hath bleached for us her fairest dye;
One flower that bloomed is fallen—later flower
Will never shine as sweet against our sky,
Fill this blank space, that fragrant scent restore.

Ah! painter, take thy brush, for life is short,
And use the colors left thee—they are fair—
But carry still the hunger at thine heart
For that which is not there;
Henceforth upon thy palette and my life
One unfilled place lies bare.
—The Spectator.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

The Pathetic Story of the Execution of Walter Watson.

CLINGING TO A HUSBAND THROUGH BETTER AND THROUGH WORSE.

Newport, Ind., Dispatch to Chicago Times.]

Walter Watson, who shot Ezra Compton, at Highland, on the 10th of January last, because of a quarrel about twenty-five cents worth of soap, was hanged, to-day, in the jail yard at this place, the capital of Vermilion County. The execution was one of the most striking and pathetic in the history of capital punishment. * * * * *

It was not until yesterday morning that the culprit fully realized that his fate was irrevocably sealed. From the time that sentence was pronounced upon him he was daily visited by ministers of the Gospel of this and neighboring villages, as well as by several devoted Christian ladies. He was

PENITENT FROM THE VERY START.

But his conduct gave evidence that what believers call a thorough change of heart had not taken place. However, during the last twenty-four hours of his life, when all hope of a commutation of sentence had forsaken him, the looked-for change came with due effect, and, in the language of one of his Christian attendants, "he threw himself wholly upon the love and intercession of Jesus, and declared that a strength had come to him that was entirely outside of himself." During the weary weeks of his confinement in jail

HIS WIFE

was a daily visitor there. Her devotion was a touch of the better part of human nature in this tragedy that lent to it aspects in the highest degree pathetic. They were married a year ago last Christmas. She was then just past 16. Six months ago a child was born to them. Still in her teens, she finds herself a mother and the widow of an executed murderer.

THIS CHILD-WIFE,

in stature, is a wee bit of a thing, but in soul a woman of great strength and purpose. Her face would make a study for an artist. She is a blonde of a very pronounced type. Her forehead is broad and high. Her features, though far from regular, are exquisite in their delicacy and mobility. Her eyes are large and intelligent. At one moment her mouth indicates great tenderness and sweetness of disposition, and in the next instant the lips will compress with a firmness that fills the beholders with surprise. During the last twenty-four hours of her husband's life she

NEVER FORSOOK HIS SIDE,

except to give him a few hours' needed rest in sleep. She was with him up to midnight on Wednesday, and was at his side again at 4 o'clock, yesterday morning, and finally mounted the scaffold with him. During the last night, most of the time, she would sit on his knee, with her arms about his neck, breathing words of love and encouragement. Then anon she would sit at his feet, caressing his hands; again, she would place herself behind his chair, stroke his hair, and every few moments bend over him and print a kiss on his brow or lips.

PRAYERS WITH THE CONDEMNED.

The execution had been set for 12 o'clock. At 10 o'clock, the cell was entered by Revs. Wainscott, Green and Garragus, Mrs. Ramsey, Miss Anna Merriman, and one or two other Christian ladies. The doomed man prayed fervently for the forgiveness of his sins. His devoted wife ever knelt by his side, joining her supplications to his own. During these prayers he remarked: "I feel I have made my peace with God. I feel a strength not of my own. People have been afraid that I would kill myself. I could not do that; that would not bring me forgiveness; I would only add another crime to that I have already committed." Several days before he had said that could he feel that he had made his peace with God, he would prefer hanging to life imprisonment. He was now asked if he was reconciled to death, and answered: Yes; as much as any man can be. I feel that

GOD HAS FORGIVEN ME,

And I am ready to meet my fate."

At 11 o'clock the Sheriff made announcement to the prisoner that he must make ready for the execution. For a moment the little wife was completely overcome. She fell on her husband's neck and gave tokens of unutterable anguish; but all of a sudden she raised her flaxen head from his shoulders. There was an almost fierce determination in her eyes, and the lines of her mouth were set as if cast in iron. With a tender hand, but without a tear dimming her fixed eyes, she set about to array her husband for his awful doom. A neat suit of broadcloth had been procured for him. She, herself, had contributed a pair of slippers and a necktie. The first she placed on his feet, the other she tied about his neck—the neck that was so soon to feel the fatal cord—with a care and attentions to details that could not have been exceeded had she been decking him for a marriage feast. She then combed his hair, and, and having added the last loving touch, and made him a really handsome fellow, remarked: "Now you are ready, Walter, and I will go with you." She had announced, the day before, her determination to

ACCOMPANY HER HUSBAND ON THE SCAFFOLD,

but no one dreamed that she meant to carry it into execution; but it was now evident that she had really meant what she said. All the attendants remonstrated with her. One of the ministers remarked, softly, "Mrs. Watson, this will never do."

Quick as a flash she turned on him, replying: "I should not have expected this from a minister. When I was married I promised to cleave to my husband for better or for worse. I promised this to a minister, and I am going to keep my word as far as God will let me."

Such was her determination that all opposition instantly gave way. Precisely at 12 o'clock Sheriff Dallas led the way to the jail-yard, where the scaffold had been erected. About one hundred witnesses were there assembled. Holding her husband's hand, the little woman bravely ascended the scaffold, amid a stillness that was absolutely painful. Two chairs were placed

OVER THE FATAL TRAP.

One was assigned to Watson, the other to his wife. She tenderly took his hand, caressed it, and then fell sobbing on his shoulder. Then Rev. Mr. Wainscott began to read a carefully prepared prayer from manuscript. No doubt the reverend gentleman meant well, perhaps not daring to trust himself to make an impromtu supplication under the circumstances; but in view of so much that was terribly real and tragic this studied effort appeared in the highest degree malapropos. Closing the prayer, he said: "Brother Watson, be calm and trust in God."

Meanwhile the culprit sat in his chair as unmoved as the sphnx. A heart-broken wife was sobbing on his bosom; prayers were ascending, asking mercy for his soul; strong men sobbed like children, but the man about to meet the terrible doom of strangulation, alone seemed an uninterested spectator of the absorbing scenes of which he was the central figure. For fully five minutes he sat there without the least perceptible twitch of a muscle. There was no bravado in his composure; it was rather the calmness of resignation.

Then the Sheriff said: "Stand up, Walter Watson."

His wife rose with him. She threw herself on his breast, and said:

"GOOD-BYE, WALTER,"

kissed him passionately on the lips, turned her white face, full of bitterness and reproach, on the multitude, stepped back and fell into the arms of good Christian ladies, who stood near to receive her, and was led away. The ordeal was a terrible one for the doomed man. For an instant his face relaxed as his wife pronounced the last good-bye. A tremor passed over his frame, but in another moment he was himself again, and stood as unmoved as a block of stone, while the Sheriff read the death-warrant. Following this, Rev. Mr. Wainscott remarked: "Walter, I have done the best I could for you. May the Lord have mercy on your soul. Farewell." The Sheriff and his deputies then approached with a long strip of cloth. His hands and feet were firmly tied, the fatal noose was passed over his head, adjusted to his neck, and then a white cap drawn over his face. Now, for the first time since ascending the scaffold, his lips became unsealed. A fervent prayer is uttered underneath the cap. "God have mercy on my soul. Jesus save me. God help my poor wife." The minister steps up, places his hand on his shoulder, and says: "Walter, this is your last moment." The next instant there is a thud, and the murderer of Ezra Compton hangs at the end of a rope, with a broken neck. There were but few twitchings of the body. In thirteen minutes the doctors pronounced him dead. No parade was made of the corpse. It was placed in a neat coffin and carried into the hall of the Sheriff's residence. There, with only the Sheriff, his family and the Times reporter present,

THE WIDOW

was asked to view it. She had been weeping bitterly. Now she suddenly dried her eyes, approached the coffin with a firm step, looked longingly at the face, appearing very natural in death, kissed the lips, eyes and brow, arranged the hair and necktie with a tender hand, and then said, very quietly: "Now, please close the coffin and let none see my Walter again."

Her request was complied with. She turned away with a look of unutterable woe, and said, in a voice full of strange meaning: "I can cry no more. I have no more tears. Good have mercy on me and my little baby."

FEMININITIES.

A Boston young lady speaks of her brother's "boot-john."

How to produce a telling effect—communicate a secret to a woman.

A scolding woman, like a train-conductor, is pretty much always on the rail.

Can any mortal man tell why a woman will cross one sloppy crossing on her toes and the next one on her heels?

When the old folks try to sit out a young fellow and his girl, they get discounted every time.—Danielsonville Sentinel.

The girls are rapidly coming to the front in Maine. There are now six thousand of them teaching in the public schools of that State.

Once they started a girls' seminary in Utah. It flourished well; but, just in the height of its prosperity, the principal eloped with the whole school.

When a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee, but thinks better of it and gets back again, is what they call a relapse.—American Punch.

There are two periods in a woman's life when she does not like to talk. When one is we never knew, and the other we have forgotten.—Rockland Courier.

"What constitutes the chief happiness of your life?" asked a curious Sunday-teacher. She blushed, and then replied: "It is that John has at last fixed the day."

"Father," said a wishful lass about sixteen years of age, "I know something about grammar, but I cannot *decline* matrimony, nor see the reason why myself and Gilbert cannot be conjugated."

Baby Mine.

The Cynthiana, Ky., News contains the following: Mrs. John Horine, of Washington, a county bordering on Mercer, gave birth to five children about the 25th ult. At her first rencounter she became the mother of twins. Eighteen months later she surprised her neighbors by giving birth to three living children, and the other day, still moving on the road to progress, she becomes the mother of five additional children. All the children are doing well.

Bad Luck and the Evil Eye.

From the Cornhill Magazine.]

"Bad luck" is indissolubly connected with the evil eye; people who have had luck either look with or are looked at by malignant eyes. The train of thought may have been the following: More than once it has happened that two girls, one as good as the other—sisters we may suppose—have married two men, two brothers, equally desirable. Both couples seem to be at par. But, after a while, one seems to have prospered more than the other. By degrees the difference increases; and after ten, twenty, thirty years, the one household will be in easy, and the other in straighened, circumstances, nobody knowing exactly why. Now, mathematics teach that a multiplicity of causes, each imperceptible in itself, will become apparent when they collect in one group, or operate though a lengthed period: but simple-minded folks, not entering into these delicate considerations, condense in one single agent, which they call "luck," the total of all these causes, themselves infinitely small which are discernible only by their effects and in the long run. And the idea arose that the universe is going up and down by a sea-saw motion, that a grand duralism reigns supreme; that men are lucky or unlucky according to the hour of their birth, according as the moon is growing or waning, as the sun ascends or descends the sky, stands at the zenith or the nadir, as the planets are occultated or as they conjugate with certain constellations. Life is supposed to stream from the East and flow toward the West, the seat of death. Sick people in Ceylon are still turned with their heads to the East as long as there is any hope of recovery; but when the fatal termination approaches the head is turned to the West. Now, of the two sisters above, she who had the good luck was supposed, is still supposed in many countries, to have had the good look of a star. Each star is believed to be the seat of a godhead or of a peculiar genius. Even now they are said by Russian peasants to be the eyes, and by the Australians and Polynesians to be the souls, of dead men. It was natural to suppose that the souls which are brought back to earth for being born again, while a certain star occupies a dominant place in the firmament, take from that very star the fire of life which is rekindled in them; and that, by the virtue of their common origin, these specks of a same fire are possessed with similar virtues. Thus, the same principle is supposed to pervade the stars and the souls; the same law to preside over all destinies, celestial and terrestrial. The law is that of Circulus; death equiposes life, and increase matches decrease. The legends tell us of two gates of Hades by which the souls enter this world; one is the gate of good chance, the other of bad chance; and the two tanks in which they are dipped, one is filled with the water of strength, the other with the water of debility. All men, all animals, and even the material things are acted upon by auspicious or inauspicious circumstances; their lot falls in the sunshine or in the shade. There is not an object, organic or inorganic, which is not marked with either the algebraic plus sign or minus sign; everybody, everything, is reckoned as being in the universe a positive or a negative quantity. Such being the general scheme of the world, primitive classifications could not help to make many arbitrary and contradictory distributions, which in the course of time their successors entangled strangely. Hence an embroilment which to the uninitiated appears inextricable; and the moral sense developing itself by and by, the great question as to the difference between good and bad made the confusion worse confounded. Indeed, it has not been an easy thing for mankind to discriminate between prosperity and morality, between success and virtue, comfort and goodness, riches and probity, might and right, physiologic virility and moral virtue. All these incertitudes have left their traces in magic, the oldest record of human thought.

NIGHT.

Slowly the sunset fades;
Night's shadows fall;
The pale moon glimmers thro' the shades
About the po