THE WEEKLY CLARION.

VOLUME XLII. | JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1879. | NUMBER 21.

THE CLARION.

BY POWER & BARKSDALE.

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

ONE YEAR......................................$2 05
SIX MONTHS.......................................1 20
CITY SUBSCRIBERS, served by Carrier......2 50

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ON A WEDDING-DAY.

As one who tries to summon from the past
Forgotten shapes that once he knew full well—
The lips, the hair, the eyes, that forged the spell
Which held his heart in sternest bondage fast—
Albeit they seem to him as though Time cast
Mere shadows of his youth arthwart the dell
Wherein his unripe fancy yearned to tell
To ears beloved the love that might not last;
So I, upon this happy bridal morn,
Seek to unloose the load of ill-spent hours,
The miserable waste of glorious days,
God's moments spurned or used in shameful ways,
And in the innocence of youth, new born,
Gaze on the virgin sweetness of white flowers.

—London World.

Plan of Methodist Episcopal Visitations for 1879.

1ST DISTRICT—BISHOP DOGGETT.

Western Virginia Conference, September 3, Clarksburg.
Kentucky Conference, September 17, Richmond.
Louisville Conference, October 1, Madisonville.
North Georgia Conference, November 26, Augusta.
South Georgia Conference, December 10, Perry.
Florida Conference, December 17, Tallahassee.

2D DISTRICT—BISHOP WIGHTMAN.

Illinois Conference, September 3, Kinmundy.
Missouri Conference, September 10, Louisiana.
S. W. Missouri Conference, September 24, Kansas City.
Virginia Conference, November 19, Norfolk.
North Carolina Conference, December 3, Wilson.
South Carolina Conference, December 17, Charleston.

3D DISTRICT—BISHOP KAVANAUGH.

Indiana Conference, September 24, Gosport.
Memphis, Conference, November 19, Mayfield.
North Mississippi Conference, December 3, Water Valley.
Mississippi Conference, December 17, Meridian.

4TH DISTRICT—BISHOP M'TYEIRE.

Western Texas Conference, October 15, Gonzales.
Ger. Mission Conference, October 23, Houston.
N. W. Texas Conference, October 29, Fort Worth.
North Texas Conference, November 5, Sherman.
East Texas Conference, December 3, Palestine.
Texas Conference, December 10, Austin.

5TH DISTRICT—BISHOP PIERCE.

Indian Mission Conference, September 10, Double Springs.
St. Louis Conference, September 24, Fredericktown.
Holston Conference, October 22, Abingdon.
Arkansas Conference, November 12.
White River Conference, November 26, Forest City.
Little Rock Conference, December 10, Camden.

6TH DISTRICT—BISHOP PAINE.

Tennessee Conference, October 8, Murfreesboro.
North Alabama Conference, November 26, Tuscaloosa.
Alabama Conference, December 17, Tuskegee.

7TH DISTRICT—BISHOP KEENER.

Western Conference, August 20, Council Grove.
Denver Conference, August 27, Denver.
Montana Conference, September 10, Willow Creek.
Columbia Conference, September 17, Albany.
Pacific Conference, October 1, Sacramento.
Los Angeles Conference, October 22, Los Angeles.
Louisiana Conference, December 10, Baton Rouge.
Baltimore Conference, March 5, Front Royal.
Bishop McTyeire has charge of the Mission in China.
Bishop Keener has charge of the Missions in Brazil and Mexico.

THREE GREAT ORATORS.

New Orleans Times.]

When Col. Lamar was recently in the Senate of the United States defending Jefferson Davis against an uncalled for assault, he paused in the midst of a magnificent sentence to ask, "Who was he that was chained to a rock?" "*Prometheus,*" whispered Mr. Thurman, and the Mississippian proceeded with electric effect: "Prometheus was more fortunate than Davis. His entrails were torn by an eagle; Davis is tortured by a *vulture!*"

This little episode—the sudden failure of memory—the stage whisper of Mr. Thurman and the epigrammatic turn given to it by the orator, contributed greatly to the rhetorical effect. And if Mr. Lamar had meditated the matter, he could not have hit upon anything more dramatic.

This reminds me of an incident that occurred many years ago in the capital at Richmond. When Virginia consented to part with her domain, now the State of Kentucky, she reserved certain lands to indemnify her citizens who had fought in the war for independence. Much of this land was squatted on by immigrants, who built houses and opened farms, and then suddenly some old soldier, or his assignee, or some speculator who had bought the claim, would turn up, and there was general litigation and distress, and a conflict of laws in the two States. At length, to harmonize matters, Virginia determined to send a commissioner to argue the case before the Legislature of Kentucky.

At no period of her history was the renowned commonwealth richer in great men. Jefferson and Madison, Giles, and other illustrious leaders under the Washington administration, survived, and another generation, of equal character and ability, had come into the arena. Tazewell and Taylor, of Norfolk; Philip and James Barbour, of Orange; John S. Barbour, of Culpepper; Wm. C. Rives, of Albermarle; Richard Standard, of Richmond city; Gen. Alexander Smyth, of Wythe; Gen. Blackburn, of Bath; George C. Dromgoole and James H. Gholson, of Brunswick; A. P. Upshur, of Northampton; Christopher Clarke, of Bedford; Gen. Broadnax, of Dinwiddie; George W. Summers, of Kenhawa; Gen. Gordon, of Albermarle; Yancey, of Buckingham; David S. Garland, of Amherst; Henry E. Watkins, of Prince Edward; John Tyler, of Charles City; Wm. O. Goode, of Mecklenburg; James Mason, of Frederick; John Y. Mason, of Southhampton, and many others, equal to these, were then in public life.

The county of Augusta was, at one time, represented by three of the greatest lawyers that Virginia, or any other country, ever produced—Chapman Johnson in the senate, Daniel Sheffey and Briscoe G. Baldwin.

From these distinguished men Virginia selected her great lawyer Benjamin Watkins Leigh, to represent her in Kentucky. He was, perhaps, the most learned black-letter lawyer in the United States; an indefatigable student; a clear, forcible, logical, demonstrative speaker, impressive and persuasive in manner, never at a loss for a word, and with all his resources at command. Add to this his unsullied purity of character, his isolation from parties and politics, and it will be conceded that a more appropriate representative could not have been selected. Mr. Leigh, however, did not look like a great man. He was under size, and there was nothing in his face or eye to indicate his wonderful intellectual force. He, nevertheless, made a powerful argument before the legislature of Kentucky, and boldly attacked the positions taken by Bibb, Wickliffe, Hardin, Pope, and other great lawyers who had drafted the Kentucky laws.

In return, Kentucky dispatched Henry Clay to present her side of the case to the general assembly of Virginia—his native State.

The illustrious orator was then at the zenith of his fame, popularity and intellectual powers. He was of commanding stature and presence, with a blazing eye and a countenance strongly expressive of firmness and decision. His gestures were in harmony with his thoughts, and his voice rang out like a clarion. The occasion was a grand one. It was his first visit to Virginia since his departure for the West, an obscure boy with neither fortune nor influence. He came back in the maturity of his fame, invested with the highest parliamentary distinctions, and the highest national honors apparently only awaiting his demand.

He was received by both houses of the general assembly in the hall of representatives, and the spacious lobbies and galleries were crowded with the great lawyers of Virginia and the most brilliant of her women.

It was a sublime moment when the great tribune rose amidst the acclamations of that august assembly; and, though he was a man of iron nerve and wonderful self-possession, he trembled with emotion.

With a few well-chosen words, slowly accentuated, his right hand upon his bosom, his face full of pathos, his eyes tearful, his voice modulated to its most musical tones, he referred to the feeling that overpowered him on his return to the sacred soil of Virginia. Neither distance nor time nor the vicissitudes of fortune had effaced or even affected his reverence, and he returned to her the representative of her own children, prouder of her reception than he would be of the imperial purple.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead—"

And here he paused for several minutes, looked around confused and bewildered, while a sympathetic thrill ran through the vast assembly, and there was a death-like stillness. All at once his eye flashed, and he said

"Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart had ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, power, or pelf,
The wretch; concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

The whole audience rose to their feet. There was a tumult of applause. Hats, handkerchiefs and shawls were in the air. Many of the most venerable members left their seats, and rushed to shake hands with Mr. Clay. The old Virginia feeling of brotherhood was fully aroused, and it was a quarter of an hour before order could be restored.

It was always a mooted point whether this was a *bona fide* lapse of memory on the part of Mr. Clay, or a *ruse* of the consummate orator.

In the celebrated debate in the House of Representatives in 1811, on the seizure and annexation of West Florida, the famous Josiah Quincy, decidedly the most eloquent man Massachusetts ever sent to Congress, took strong ground against it, and, in the course of his magnificent orations *avowed the strongest States rights, and secession sentiments.* He closed his speech with these words:

"Sir, I confess it, the first love of my heart is for the commonwealth of Massachusetts. There is my fireside; there are the tombs of my ancestors."

"Low lies that land, yet blest with fruitful stores."

Here he paused; looked around, embarrassed, as though waiting to be prompted—paced up the aisle—hurried back to his stand, and exclaimed:

"Strong are her sons, tho' rocky her shores;
And none, ah none, so lovely to my sight
Of all the lands which Heaven o'erspreads with light."

It may well be imagined what effect was produced. J. F. H. CLAIBORNE.

NATHEZ, March 27, 1879.

THE GREAT WOMAN LAWYER.

As Described by One of Her Own Sex.

[Mary Climmer, in Cin., Commercial.]

BELVA LOCKWOOD,

In the face of every man's prejudice, save Lawyer Riddle's, on Monday admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court, to-day was admitted to practice law before the United States Court of Claims. Belva Lockwood is a tall, rather nobly-built woman, serenely moving on toward fifty, I should say, if one may judge by aspect. She is certainly not a sensitive-looking woman, nor does she look coarse. Her hair is turning gray, her brow is broad and high, her eyes dark, her skin ruddy. She dresses rather richly, and in a suit of black velvet, which softens and refines her tone, looks handsome. She was an honored and beloved wife till her husband, Dr. Lockwood, died a year or two ago. She is the mother of at least one son. She lives in a substantial brick block on F street, and no house in the row looks more thrifty and homelike than the one whose curtained windows, full of plants, bears conspicuously this sign: "Belva Lockwood, Attorney and Counselor at Law."

Whatever you may think of her taste, you will own that she is a brave woman. Who but a brave woman would have carried her briefs into the presence of those bald, begowned "old fogies," of Supreme Judges—the bravest of women, who, when the man with the tremendous neck and the alimentive jaw—the Chief Justice said: "You are a woman; you can't come in here with us as a lawyer," calmly said, "I will." In just one year she did. Well, I am glad she did. I couldn't be a lawyer if I tried. A woman with a bag full of "briefs" sitting among men lawyers is a sufficient marvel to me to maintain my patent for femininity, but if she is a lawyer, and Belva Lockwood is a very highly educated and successful one, why should a man with big ears, a big neck and a tremendous jaw tell her that she can not come in, solely because she is a woman. He did not this time, because he could not. Belva Lockwood elsewhere had encountered men whose necks and jaws were less troublesome, whose larger, more enlightened franchise had opened to the lady with her bag of briefs the inexorable "bar" of the Supreme Court.

It seems to me that big jaws have gobbled little ones, that precedent has blocked the way of progress quite long enough; and as the old earth at the last is doomed to fly apart into ten thousand meteors, according to Professor Vaughn, let us make the most of ourselves, though we happen to be worms, while it lasts, and let no big jaw bow wow and try to hinder. You aren't very much though you happen to be a man.

Just now Belva Lockwood probably feels as complacent as the Boston damsel who recently, under very wise and proper restrictions, has become a Harvard student at last, after waiting two hundred and forty years.

George Downing's sister is avenged. Harvard College was founded because Lucy Downing wanted to educate her son. To do so she put her daughters out to service, and took their wages to help educate their brother. She lived poorly and meanly herself for the same end. Through her influence with her brother, Governor Winthrop, the General Court of Boston, voted £400 to establish a college at Cambridge. In 1640 second on the list of its first graduating class was the name of Gerge Downing, nephew of Governor Winthrop, and son of Lucy Downing.

This youth will be a baronet—a great man to fight under Cromwell, to be a "turncoat" under the Stuarts. Yet, when his mother, who had pinched herself and made his sisters servants to educate him, when, at the age of seventy-three, she asked him for money he snubbed her and refused it. Then she wrote to her sister whom she put out to service for his sake: "Your brother George has bought another-*town*, but more your brother George will not hear of for me. He says that it is only covetousness that makes me ask for more."

On the whole we may conclude that George Downing was not worth all that it cost several women of life and nerve to educate him. Yet even Lucy Downing, slave though she was to the caste of sex, that distant day builded better than she knew.

MARY CLEMMER.

A pickpocket taken with his hand in some one else's pocket, endeavored to invent all manner of imposible explanations of the phenomenon. "What's the use of your trying to lie about it so clumsily," said the magistrate benevolently, "haven't you a lawyer?"

Josh Billings says I hav no objeckshun to a man parting his hair in the middle, but I shall alwuss insist upon his finishing up the job bi wearing a short gown and pettikoat.

A young lady while on her way to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked: "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible fate."—Albany Argus.

ANOTHER VETO.

THE PRESIDENT RETURNS THE ARMY BILL WITHOUT HIS SIGNATURE.

HIS OBJECTIONS BASED UPON A PRETENDED SUBJECTION OF THE NATIONAL AUTHORITY TO THAT OF THE STATE.

WASHINGTON, May 12.—The President has prepared his message vetoing the Ladd bill, to prevent the use of troops at elections, and will return the bill, accompanied by the message, at noon to-day. The message is about one-half the length of the last one. It is now being printed at the Treasury Department, and will be given to the public as soon as presented to the House.

THE MESSAGE.

The following is a synopsis of the President's message vetoing the Ladd bill:

To the House of Representatives:

After careful consideration of the bill entitled "An act to prohibit military interference at elections," I return it to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, with the following objections to its approval:

In the communication sent to the House of Representatives on the twenty-ninth of last month, returning to the House without my approval the bill entitled "An act making appropriations for the support of the army for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, and for other purposes," I endeavored to show by quotations from the statutes of the United States now in force, and by a brief statement of facts in regard to recent elections in several States, that no additional legislation was necessary to prevent interference with elections by the military or naval force of the United States. I am forced to the conclusion that the bill before me is not only unnecessary to prevent such interference, but is a dangerous departure from long-settled and important constitutional principles. The true rule as to the employment of a military force at the elections is not doubtful. No intimidation or coercion should be allowed to control or influence citizens in the exercise of their right to vote, whether it appears in shape of combinations of evil-disposed persons or armed bodies of militia of a State, or of the military force of the United States. The elections should be free from all forcible interference, and, as far as practicable, from all apprehension of such interference.

No soldiers, either of the Union or of the State, should be present at the polls to take the place or perform the duties of the ordinary civil police force. There has been and will be no violation of this rule under orders from me during this administration, but there should be no denial of the right of the national government to employ its military force on any day and at any place in case such employment is necessary to enforce the Constitution and laws of the United States.

[The President then quotes acts authorizing the use of the military power by the Executive at considerable length, and further said that the whisky rebellion in Pennsylvania and the Burr conspiracy, the nullification in South Carolina, where it was crushed by the Federal government acting on this principle, and that on the same authority President Lincoln issued his proclamation for troops to save the Union in 1861.]

Another grave objection to the bill is its discrimination in favor of the State and against the national authority. The presence or employment of the army or navy of the United States is lawful under the terms of this bill at the place where an election is being held in a State, to uphold the authority of the State government then and there in need of such military intervention, but unlawful to uphold the authority of the government of the United States then and there in need of such military intervention. Under this bill the presence and employment of the army or navy of the United States would be lawful, and might be necessary to maintain the conduct of a State election against the domestic violence that would overthrow it, but would be unlawful to maintain the conduct of a national election against the same local violence that would overthrow it. This discrimination has never been attempted in any previous legislation by Congress, and is no more compatible with the sound principles of the Constitution, or necessary measure and methods of our system of government on occasions of elections than at other times. In the early legislation of 1792 and of 1795, by which the militia of the States was the only military power resorted to for the execution of of the constitutional power in support of State or national authority, both functions of the government were put on the same footing. By the act of 1807, the employment of the army and navy was authorized for the performance of both constitutional duties in the same terms. In all later statutes on the same subject matter some measure of authority to the government has been accorded for the performance of both these duties. No precedent has been found in any previous legislation, and no sufficient reason has been given for the discrimination in favor of State and against the national authority which this bill contains. Under the sweeping terms of the bill the national government is effectually shut out from the exercise of the right and from the discharge of the imperative duty to use its whole executive power, whenever and wherever required for the enforcement of its laws, in places and times where and when its elections are held. The employment of its organized armed force for any such purpose would be an offense against law, unless called for by, and therefore upon the permission of the authorities of the State in which the occasion arises. What is this but the substitution of the discretion of the State governments for the discretion of the government of the United States as to the performance of its own duties?

In my judgment this is the abandonment of its obligations by the national government and a subordination of national authority, and the intrusion of State supervision over national duties, which amounts in spirit and tendency to State supremacy.

Although I believe that the existing statutes are abandantly adequate to prevent military interference with electors in the sense in which the phrase is used in the title in this bill, and as employed by the people of this country, I shall find no difficulty in concurring in any additional legislation limited to that object which does not interfere with the indispensable exercise of the power of the government and the Constitution and laws.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, May 12, 1879.

THE WRECKERS.

A Considerable Cotton Case.

N. Y. Tribune.]

Harrison Johnston, a Government cotton agent in Columbus, Miss., in 1865 sent to Gawtry & Freneau, a New-York firm, about $200,000 to care for him. After the dissolution of the New-York firm, Mr. Gawtry made assignments of several mortgages to Mr. Johnston; these assignments after being recorded were returned to Mr. Gawtry, who continued to collect interest and give receipts for it. One of the mortgages for $15,000 on some Westchester County property was given by Thatcher M. Adams, who, when it became due, had it assigned to Sir William Richard Brown, of England. With the money received for it Mr. Gawtry built in One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth-st. houses which he afterwards transferred to to Mr. Johnston. When Messrs. Johnston and Gawtry settled their accounts in 1877, Johnston gave Gawtry $101,000 in mortgages and $50,000 in notes.

Several months ago Mr. Johnston discovered the record in Westchester County of the assignment of the Adams mortgage to him and laid claim to it. There upon Sir William Richard Brown brought action in the Court of common pleas to have the assignment made to Mr. Johnston set aside, as a cloud upon his title. The case was completed Thursday. Judge Lawrence, before whom the case was tried, as soon as Frederick Swartz, for the defendant, and Douglass Campbell, for the plaintiff, had completed the summing up, gave his decision orally. He held that the assignment to Mr. Johnston was made as a collateral security, and that he be adjudged the lawful owner. It is said that one of the Government agents, who was present while testimony was being given, reported to the proper authorities the large amounts of money which Mr. Johnston remitted to New York while he was cotton agent; that an examination of his accounts was had, and that the result will be an action by the Government to recover nearly $100,000.

Julia A. Moore, the sweet singer of Michigan, was nearly paralyzed with astonishment when recently informed that "eclat" didn't rhyme with "he cat." She has not sufficiently recovered to finish her half-completed poem "On the Birth of a New Spring.—Norristown Herald.

Whisky is about the only enemy man has succeeded in loving.

THE NATIONAL COLORED CONVENTION ADDRESS.

PRESENTATION OF GRIEVANCE AND REMEDIES.

The National Colored Convention, recently sitting at Nashville, issued an address to the country, of which the following are the salient points:

Fifteen years have elapsed since our emancipation, and though we have made material advancement as citizens, yet we are forced to admit that obstacles have been constantly thrown in our way to obstruct and retard our progress. Our toil is still unrequited, hardly less under freedom than slavery, whereby we are sadly oppressed by poverty and ignorance and consequently prevented from enjoying the blessings of liberty, while we are left to the shame and contempt of all mankind. This unfortunate state of affairs is because of the intolerant spirit exhibited on the part of men who control the South to-day. Free speech in many localities is not tolerated. The lawful rights of citizenship are denied when majorities must be overcome. Proscription meets us on every hand. In the school-room, in the church that sings "praises to that God who made of one blood all nations of the earth," in places of public amusement, in the jury-box and in the local affairs of government, we are practically denied the rights and privileges of free men.

We cannot expect to rise to the dignity of true manhood under the system and pay as practically carried out in some portions of the South to-day. Wages are low at best, but when paid in scrip, having no purchasing power beyond the prescribed limits of land-owners, it must appear obviously plain that our condition must ever remain the same. But with a fair adjustment between capital and labor we as a race by our industry would soon be placed beyond want and on a self-sustaining condition. Our people in the North, while free from many outrages practised on our brethren of the South, are not wholly exempt from unjust discriminations. Caste prejdices have sufficient sway to exclude them from the workshops, trades and other avenues of remunerative business and advancement. We realize that education is the potent lever by which we are to be elevated to the plane of useful citizenship. We have the disposition and natural ability to acquire and utilize knowledge where equal facilities are accorded; but we are denied necessary advantages owing to a defective common school system, and non-enforcement of the laws in most Southern States. We therefore favor and recommend a national educational system embracing advantages for all, the same to be sustained by the proceeds derived from the sale of public lands wholly unbiased by party considerations. We contemplate the lamentable political condition of our people, especially in the South, with grave and serious apprehensions for the future. Having been given the ballot for protection of our rights, we find that through systematic intimidation, outrage, violence and murder our votes have been suppressed. Our power thus given us has been made a weapon against his.

* * * * * *

We therefore heartily indorse the National Emigration Aid Society recently organized at Washington, D. C., and bespeak for it a successful issue in its laudable undertaking.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

Port Gibson Revielle.]

In noticing the death of Judge Stamps, in last week's paper, we could but call to mind, though we did not note it, that he was one of five of the old attorneys, who came to this Bar about the same year, and more than fifty years ago, who have recently died. John B. Thrasher preceded any of them, having commenced practice in 1824. Hon. J. H. Maury, Judge Stamps, Wm. H. Martin, and H. N. Spencer all commenced practice in 1828. Judge Stamps was born in 1803, and each of the others in 1800. Mr. Spencer was a graduate of Yale, and Mr. Martin was in the class at Princeton with Hon. Elisha D. Cullen, of Delaware, Hon. Jas. A. Bayard, of Delaware (father of the present Senator,) both of whom yet live, and, with the father of United States Senator Groome, of Maryland. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Maury were buried—the first three years ago, the latter five years ago; Mr. Martin and Judge Thrasher in October last, both dying of yellow fever. It would be difficult to find five other names so linked with the business events, and with all the history of this town and county. The early court, that of half a century ago, now holds its sessions in solemn silence, in the village grave-yard, hard by—Judge Childs, in spirit, presiding—Peter A. Vandorn, Clerk; Abram K. Shaifer, Sheriff; and Thrasher, Gibbs, Maury, Spencer, Martin, Stamps and Irish, lawyers of fifty years ago, all buried within a few yards of each other, constitute the silent court—the Court of Death—the jurisprudential shadows of half a century gone.

And all these were men!

And beneath the dappled shadows of the foliage of the love planted trees of memory and affection—

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of THIS hamlet sleep."

A Poor Girl's Hair.

A young and poorly-clad girl entered a barber shop in Vienna, and told the proprietor that he must "buy her head." The friseur examined her long glossy chestnut locks, and began to bargain. He could give eight florins, and no more. Hair was plentiful this year, the price had fallen, there was less demand, and other phrases of the kind. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks; she finally threw herself in a chair, and said:

"Then take it quckly."

The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to clinch it with shears, when a gentleman who sat half-shaved, looking up, told him to stop.

"My child," said he, "why do you sell your beautiful hair?"

"My mother has been nearly five months ill. I cannot work enough to support us; every thing has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house."

"No, no, my child; if that is the case I will buy your hair, and give you one hundred florins for it."

He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and he took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand he took the longest hair, cut it off, and put it carefully in his pocket-book, thus paying one hundred florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. He is only designated as the chief of a great industrial enterprise within the city.

Antiquity of Thimbles.

London Athenæum.]

At a recent meeting of the British Archæological association, to statements made that these articles were of recent date, evidence was adduced to show that they were well known to the Romans. The earliest examples, however, in England and North Europe appear to have been of feather. One of that material being shown. It was in use in County Cork so late as 1820. A large number of examples of brass, dating from 1500, were exhibited. They were mostly found in London, and some of the seventeenth century have inscriptions.

A COLORED minister in Georgia was brought to trial before his church on a charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined the Deacons retired and soon after returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Bledso am ackwitted of de sinuations dat he actual stole de pork, as 'twas not shode dat sumbody else miten't have been wearin' his cloze; but de brudder is heerby 'fectionately warned dat in de future he must be more keerful."

"Polly, the Cows are in the Corn," is the name of a new song.

A SOUTHERN LOVE SONG.

O warm, sweet breath of the Southern wind,
Blow softly o'er the sea;
Bearing my kisses to lips that wait—
Wait for kisses from me.

Under the roses, white and red,
My love is watching the moon;
The stars of the skies are watching her eyes,
That are deep as the skies of June.

Rose and lily, watching her cheek,
Chant from their hiding place—
"Hail to the queen of the lily and rose,
With the rose and lily face."

O swift, sweet messenger, come back,
Come back from over the sea;
Bringing the kisses that pure, sweet lips
Gave you, in trust for me.

—Augusta Chronicle.

CHASED BY AN ENGINE.

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

E. P. Buffitt in June Lippincott's.]

I was riding on a night train of the Pennsylvania Central from New York to Washington on a mission as a newspaper correspondent.

We had passed Baltimore, and within an hour's time would be at our place of destination. The conductor had finished collecting the fares, and seeing a vacant seat by my side, had dropped into it as if for a little rest at the end of a tiresome day's work. He made an entry in his note book, closed it, placed it in his breast-pocket, buttoned his coat, folded his arms, and then turned to me with a friendly remark, as if now he felt at liberty to lay aside all official dignity, and be sociable. I was glad to while away the time as the train was rushing along in a darkness which concealed all objects of interest without, and so I encouraged the conversation.

"You must have met with some interesting experiences and perhaps with some great dangers in the course of your life," said I. The conductor's grizzly beard showing that he might have seen long service.

"Well, perhaps the most exciting time in my experience was the night I was chased by an engine—a night which this one reminds me of," said he, looking out into the darkness.

"Chased by an engine!" said I, getting interested. "How did that happen?"

"Well," said the conductor, settling down in the cushion and bracing his knees against the back of the seat in front, "many years ago I was running the night express on Long Island from Brooklyn to Greenport, a distance of ninety miles, the entire length of the road. The Long Island road was then a one-horse affair, having only a single track, with switches at the different stations to allow trains to meet and pass. On the evening to which I now refer I started from Brooklyn at 10 o'clock with the old Constitution, long since broken up, but then the crack engine of the road, with a baggage or freight car and three passenger cars. The night was just as dark as a pocket, or, if anything, perhaps a little darker," he added, as if he had accurately tested the internal obscurity of that useful portion of the dress.

"It must have been very dark," said I.

"We were the only regular train up the road that night, with the exception of the Greenport express to Brooklyn, which was to start at 10 o'clock and meet us at Lakeland station, in the middle of the island, switching off there to allow us to pass.

"Well, we were perhaps six or eight miles on our way when I stepped out on the back platform of the rear car to see if it was growing any lighter. We were then going over a part of the road which was as straight as an arrow for a distance of four or five miles. As I was looking back over this stretch I saw behind us, at the distance of three miles or so, what I knew was the head-light of an engine, as it was too bright for anything else; for of course I did not suppose the government had been putting up any light-house along the road."

"Probably not," said I.

"You may be sure I was a little surprised," said the conductor, "for there wasn't an extra train once a week upon that road, and I knew there was none going out from Brooklyn that night, anyhow. I waited for a few minutes, until I saw that it was really an engine coming, and, what was more, was gaining rapidly on us, although we were going at our usual rate of speed. When I was satisfied of this fact I hurried forward and said to the engineer, 'Jake, there is a train close behind us.

"Jake dropped his oil-can and his lower jaw at about the same moment, and looked to see whether I was crazy or joking.

"'Well let the fireman attend to matters here, and come back and see,' said I.

"We hurried to the rear, and in a moment Jake saw as well as myself that if there was any joke in the matter we were the victims of one; and of rather a serious one too, for the train in the rear had gained on us a full mile while I had been forward. The red cinders were pouring out of the smokestack as if from a blast furnace; the headlight threw a glare along the road, burnishing the iron rails to our very wheels. Close as he was upon us, the engineer of the advancing train had not given us the slightest signal to warn us of his approach, and made no response to our repeated whistle of alarm. He was violating all rules, and if he had determined to secretly run us down he would act just as he was then doing. Jake at first seemed to be struck dumb—not so much because he then thought of danger as at the cool impudence of the engineer behind. He looked as if he would like to throttle him. His tongue after a while got in working order, and he broke out, 'What does that crazy fool mean?

"'The engineer must be either crazy or drunk,' said I. 'If he keeps on in that way ten minutes longer he will surely be into us;' and I signalled the fireman to put on more steam. 'What business the train has upon the road at all to-night is what puzzles me.'

"'I wonder if it isn't an engine the old man is sending down to Jamaica to the shops for repairs?' said Jake. 'I saw the Ben Frankling standing on the side-track with steam up just as we started. From the way she overhauls us there can't be much of a train behind her."

"I did not know but that Jake might be right, for I had seen the Franklin standing in the depot when we left. That engine was just as fast as our own, and if it was without a train attached, as Jake supposed, might easily gain on us, as it seemed to be doing. 'At any rate, we shall see when we pass Jamaica station where Jake's theory is correct,' I thought and said to him.

"By this time the fireman, acting as engineer, had given our engine all the steam she would take, and we were slashing along at a lively rate, I tell you," said the conductor. "The good people along the road who were out of their beds must have thought that a railroad Gilpin was riding another race according to the new style. I was angry enough to have sent a bullet at the crazy engineer following us, and I determined that my first business the next day should be to complain to the Superintendent of his fool-hardiness. I thought that possibly, being for the moment his own master and no longer under the immediate orders of a conductor, he was indulging in a kind of railroad spree, and for a lark, was driving us to the top of our speed, expecting to end the race and his day's work at the same time at Jamaica.

"Well, we tore through that sleeping village without stopping long for refreshments, I can assure you, and I looked to see our comical friend in the rear pull up at the station and take lodgings for the night. But we were mistaken in our guess. Not a whistle was given by our pursuer as a signal that he intended to stop; not a signal of slackening was shown; but, on the contrary, he was gaining upon us even when we were doing our very best. Sometimes a curve in the road would shut him a moment from our view, but he would round it in an instant, and every new turn brought him more closely upon us. Jamaica had been left far behind, and we were out upon the wide Hempstead plain. The old Constitution was on her muscle. Our train was actually swaying and rocking with speed like a yacht on the waves. The telegraph poles, upon which the light from our windows would glint in the dense darkness, were flying behind us at every second. The sound of our wheels as they struck the end of the rails was a continuous hum. But, do the best that it might, our engine with its heavy train was no match for the light weighted one behind. That was gaining upon us, and was not the eighth of a mile off. The glare from its lantern shown brightly in our faces; I thought Jack's face looked a little pale, and perhaps mine did too. Now that our pursuer did not halt at Jamaica, we were entirely off our reckonings, and we could make no guess as to the cause of our chase, nor when it would end. The prospect seemed that we might be driven to the end of the road if we were not overtaken and smashed before it could be reached."

"'That's the Franklin, sure,' broke out Jake once more. 'No other engine on the road could overhaul us as we are going now. What can that fool of a Simpson mean by driving her at such a rate? He must be drunk. If the boss doesn't break him to-morrow he won't get his deserts. He will be into us in two minutes.'

"'You are right, Jake,' said I. 'Go forward and see if you cannot get up a little more headway. Empty a few of those petroleum cans on the wood and pitch it in and see what can be done.'

"While Jake was forward on his errand I thought over the situation. Here I was with a hundred or two passengers under my care, all ignorant of the danger which I knew they were in. If we should be overtaken and crushed in the rear, the disaster would be a serious one and would probably cause the death or injury at least of some of the passengers. If we were not smashed in this way there was another and perhaps greater danger before us. The train of which I have spoken, which left Greenport when we left Brooklyn, was on its way to meet us on the same track. It should switch off at Lakeland in the middle of the island and allow us to pass an hour after we started, or at 11 o'clock. It was now half-past 10, and we were close to Lakeland already and would pass there long before the arrival of the Greenport train beyond Lakeland without warning of our approach, and a collision in front as well as the rear would be the consequence.

"We reached and flew through the Lakeland depot nearly half an hour ahead of time. Of course the Greenport train was not there yet, but was coming down the road. Our speed was now a little ahead of any ever before made upon the Long Island road. The telegraph poles fairly danced behind us, and the bushes on either side of the track seemed a continuous wall of fire as they were lighted up by the flame which was pouring out of our smokestack. But dangerous as it was for us to keep on, it was just as dangerous to slacken speed, and so on we went."

The conductor rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, raised the window by his side and expectorated into outer darkness, and became silent for several moments as if burdened by the recollection of his former perils. After waiting a reasonable length of time for him to resume his story, I said, "when the collision occurred, was it with the train in front or in the rear, or with both?"

"Oh, the collision!" said the conductor. "Well, now you come to the ridiculous part of the story. The collision did not take place at all," he said, in an apologetic tone, as if there ought to have been a serious accident after so much preparation. "While I was standing on this platform thinking whether I had better warn the passengers to hold themselves ready for a shock, Jake came from forward dragging after him two large petroleum cans, each of which would hold a quarter of a barrel of oil.

"'Now,' then, said Jake to me, "if you will oil one side of the track I will try the other.'

"I saw at once what his plan was. We each brought the mouth of an oil can as near to the polished surface of the rail as possible and commenced pouring on it the kerosene. In less than a minute a half mile of the iron rails on both sides was nicely oiled and as slippery as the tongue of a Hebrew dealer in second-hand clothes."

"You have raised my expectations of a catastrophe so high that you have been obliged to grease the track so as to let them down again easily," said I, for I felt a little nettled at the unexpected turn the story had taken, and was inclined to believe that the conductor was drawing largely upon his imagination for the facts.

"Why don't you know that an engine can no more make headway on a greased track than a tom-cat can climb a steep roof covered with ice?" said the conductor, with a pitiful glance at one so profoundly ignorant of railroad matters as myself. I slapped Jack on the back, and said, 'Old fellow, your cuteness has has brought us all out of a bad scrape.'

"In a few seconds the lantern of the train behind us was getting dim in the distance. We slacked speed and backed down to see 'what the matter was with Simpson,' as Jack said. There stood the old Ben Franklin, puffing and snorting and pawing like a mad bull, the driving-wheels buzzing around on the greased track like all possessed, but not gaining an inch. We sanded the track and bore down upon the old machine. Jack was the first aboard, spoiling for a good chance at the engineer, Simpson. But no sign of an engineer, fireman or any other living being was to be found. The engine had only a tender attached, and although there was a full head of steam on the fires were getting low. We made short work in pushing back to Lakeland. We reached the station and got fairly upon the switch when the Greenport train, which we should meet there, came in, and were waiting as if nothing had happened, and as if we hadn't been fifteen miles out on the road to meet it a few minutes before.

"The telegraph operator at Lakeland handed me a dispatch which read as follows:

"To CONDUCTOR C——: The Ben Franklin has broken loose and is coming up the road. Turn switch at Lakeland and run her off the track.

"BARTON, Superintendent.

"BROOKLYN, 10:05 P. M.'

"You see we did not have much time for turning switches at Lakeland," he continued, "so we did still better, and saved the old Ben—which was not responsible, after all—from a smash up."

AN ARKANSAS JOCKEY.

He was a tall, limber looking individual, with warm colored hair, and skin to match. His pointed nose overhung a horizontal cavity of great outline. He could clamor a ten cent plug of navy tobacco and have ample room left to wag his tongue. In one hand he carried a gun of ancient make, in the other he held a rope, at the end of which he held a sprun-kneed horse. We asked him if he would exchange his horse for a better one.

"Well, stranger," said he he, "I'm on the swap, but that nag thar is jist a little too good for me. You want to know his good pints, hey?—'twould keep a Cambl'ite parson spoutin' for a month to tell 'em all!"

"Will he pull?"

"Now, stranger, does he look like a critter that would stand off duty? That nag will stick longer at a square pull than a hungry nigger 'll hang to a possum's carcass. I've seed him git down to a pull till he'd tread on his ears with his hind feet."

"Is he gentle?"

"Well, I should say he was. One o' my gals used to nuss his left hind foot for a doll baby, while the ole woman manipulated the right one for a churn dasher."

"Is he easy kept?"

"Easy kept! why darned if he didn't winter on elmbark and dried tomatoes and come out so fat in the spring that his back teeth floated in oil."

"How is he on the run?"

"On the run? Well, now, mister, you've 'roped' his main weakness. A scared dog is nowhere. I knowed him to beat his own shadow eighty rods in a quarter heat, and give feet in the start. He can jist out run a—"

We stopped him here by saying that we did not want so valuable a horse.

"You don't want to swap then—all right." And he ambled off singing:

"Gwine down to Texas,
To eat corn-bread and lasses."

Sippings of Punch.

Hypercriticism—Grace (whispering:) "What lovely boots your partner's got, May!" Mary (ditto:) "Yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."—Punch.

"Good Intentions."—Scot (on Waterloo Bridge:) "Hech! To think I save a bawbee every time I cross this bonny brig! I'll just pit it in the plate the next time I gang t' the kirk!"—Punch.

There seems to be some sort of connection between examination time and the following remark by an antipodal laundryman: "Me no likee washee Blown boy's cuffee, too much one, two, thlee.—Brunonian.

A gentleman addresses another gentleman, whom he doesn't know, at a party; "This affair is awfully stupid; let us go out and take a drink." "I would like to do it," was the reply, "but I can't leave very well." "Why not?" "Why, you see, I am the one who is giving the party."

"Mamma, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious people," said a little girl to her mother, one day. "Why not, my child?" "Because you can never make them kneel. I always have to lay my doll on her stomach to say her prayers."—Youth's Companion.

Smith, who had always been a "tough one," has just died. The physician is met coming from the house by Brown, who asks, "Doctor, how is Smith? Is he out of danger?" Doctor—"No; he is dead, poor fellow, but he is far from being out of danger, I fear.—Boston Transcript.

"Here," said the farmer, as he exhibited a broken jar to the manufacturer, "I packed this jar full of butter, and the jar split from top to bottom. Perhaps you can explain the phenomena." "Oh, yes, I can," was the ready reply, "the butter was stronger than the jar."—Syracuse Times.

Hardly any better retort is on record than one made to Professor Bonamy Price, of Oxford University, on his late visit to this country. He was remarkable for his geniality, and at a dinner party, at which popular ideas of heaven happened to be under discussion, he turned to Dr. H. W. Bellows and said: "We would like to have your opinion of heaven, Dr. Bellows, as that of one who stands outside the pale of civilized religions." Dr. Bellows replied: "My idea of heaven is that of a great dinner party where we can have everything we want without money and without Price." All but one joined in the laugh.—Independent.

Middle Age.

As we glide into middle life the vague dreams with which we start out grow into earnest realities, and we find that as youth wanes the enthusiasm with which we entered upon new pursuits, the buoyancy of feeling that kept up our faith and hope in earlier years, grows less as disappointments, failures of our plans, anxieties and crosses that make up the average sum of daily existence, become also our portion, to bear with philosophy, or with fretful impatience, as we school ourselves. Youth has hope, courage, faith to do and brave all things; middle age sees the earnestness of life and buckles on the armor of work, for hearing the "still, sad music of humanity," he knows it is the call for his broad sympathy and unceasing purpose; but he may make something grand, beautiful and sweet out of the days that are given him.

The newest dining-tables are square, the round extension table being unfashionable. The new style is more appropriate for a "square meal."—Norristown Herald.

A local paper heads a column of personals "Men and Things"—which is certainly not a very gallant way of referring to the other sex.—Puck.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The weary winter months have gone,
For everything seems gay;
And February needs must March,
So that wet April May.
And don't June know that soon will come
The jolly, festive fly,
And sweet and low the bees will hum,
While soundeth forth July?
Then soon will boom the August guns,
Whose roar you'll long remember,
While, scorching hot, the sun will burn
All wooden things, 'cept ember.

—Hackensack Republican.

The cucumber is the mule among vegetables. It always kicks.

The consumptives are all in favor of a new constitution.—Dod Derrick.

Upholstered front gates would save coat sleeves during May and June.

General Sherman thinks Congress will only take a recess and not adjourn.

Thirty-eight ladies have received degrees in France as doctors and bachelors of arts.

Brown says that a married man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the wedding March.

A Kentucky editor says that in one week he was addressed as "Governor," "Colonel," "Major," "Parson," and "Old Hoss."

"Do you drink?" asked a lady of a peddler. He dropped his pack, and remarked: "Vell, I shust lieve drink mit you as any oder mans."

The other day a man died so suddenly that the body was almost cold before the distracted and grief stricken relatives found the will.

"A KISS," said young Charles, "is a noun we allow;
But tell me, dear, is it proper or common?"
Lovely Mary blushed deep, and exclaimed,
"Why, I vow,
I think that a kiss is both proper and common."

"Dot vos a mean choke," said Hans, after he had got through coughing, and found out that somebody had thrown Scotch snuff into his mouth while he was snoring.

An attraction at a recent "church fair" was a shooting gallery with five shots for ten cents. It is to be hoped that those who patronized the gallery could boast of a good moral aim.

The three tallest trees in the world are believed to be a sequoia near Stockton, California, which is 325 feet high, and two eucalypti in Victoria, Australia, estimated to be 435 and 450 feet high respectively.

"Don't be an editor!" shrieks the Boston transcript. It's all very well to say "don't be an editor," but when a man is too honest for a preacher, or a member of Congress, what is he to do?—*San Jose Mercury.*

Patrick—"and, Biddy, darlint, they've been tellin' me there's too many of us in the wurrld. Now, if you and me get the praste to make us two wan, troth won't there be wan the less?"—*Funny Folks.*

The Boy and the Duke.

An English farmer was one day at work in the fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses; so he dispatched a boy in his employ to this field, telling him to shut the gate and keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bid, but scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After awhile one of noble presence advanced and said in commanding tones:

"My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington—one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut; no one is to pass through but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleosed, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said: "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French, but the world." And handing the boy a glittering soverign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon could'nt do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

How to Pay a Compliment.

From the Boston Transcript.]

To pay a compliment is to tell the truth, and to tell it as though you meant it. If a girl is pretty or accomplished, if she plays well, or wings well, or dances well, or talks well; if, in a word, she pleases, why, in the name of common sense, shouldn't she be told of it? Don't blurt it out before everybody. That will only serve to make her feel uncomfortable and make you appear ridiculous. Say it quietly when opportunity offers, but say it strongly. Convey the idea distinctly and fully, so that there may be no mistake about it. But don't say it "officially." Formality is about the coldest thing known. More than one maiden has been made happy—say for half an hour—by a man's taking the trouble to say a pleasant thing about a toilet that he liked, and many of fashion's follies have been given up by girls when they noticed a discreet silence concerning them on the part of their gentlemen friends. A bewitching little black-eyed beauty once said to a gentleman, "I like to hear you say sweet things to me, it seems to come so easy and natural." In general terms, it may be said that it is always better to say an agreeable thing than a disagreeable one—better for all parties. The gallant who, when a young lady stepped on his foot while dancing and asked pardon, said, "Don't mention it; a dainty little foot iike that wouldn't hurt a daisy," not only told the truth but doubtless felt more comfortable than the boor who, when his foot was stepped upon, roared out, "That's right; climb over me with your great, clumsy hoofs."

Senator Thurman on the Right of Instruction.

Port Gibson Reveille.]

The right of instruction is an acknowledged right, and has always been so regarded by the Democratic party. It is sustained by all the principles and usages that control the relations of principal and agent, and by sound logic.

On the question in the U. S. Senate, of pensioning Mexican war soldiers, and when the vote on Senator Shields' bill was taken, Mr. Thurman was out in the "historic" cloakroom, but, he says in his speech, "I heard the yeas and nays being called. I came in and found what the question was before the Senate. I knew that I was instructed to vote for pensions for the soldiers of the Mexican war, etc." He alludes to his instructions in another part of his speech, and never doubted the right to instruct him.