THE TARIFF QUESTION.

An Elaborate Review in Behalf of Protection—The Sentiment of the Country Changed Since the Day of '49.

Editor St. Paul Globe:

The different public meetings in Chicago and New York on the question of tariff, indicate that this subject is again being revived, and that it will soon be presented to the most earnest consideration of the political world. If this is to be our next move in politics it will be well for the public mind to familiarize itself with a problem that is potent to affect the destinies of nations. During the life of the Whig party this question was discussed by the ablest men our country has ever produced, and it is thought by many that the subject has been exhausted; true, it has been presented in a great variety of phases, yet time and circumstance have brought about changes that entirely alter its aspect as regards the people of the Union. Within the last few years our industries have become more varied, our civilization more complex, and our government has now other interests of vast importance to protect besides those of agriculture; and the skill and genius of our people are bursting their covering, and with a little fostering care they would flood our country with the useful and the beautiful. We have it in our power, by zealously watching over the interest of our own talent and honest industry to make this the home of the arts of life, instead of importing them from abroad.

The southern democrats always upheld the free trade system, claiming that it would bring them higher prices for their cotton. Cotton was then nearly the only staple export from the United States, and a great many of the articles used by the south were imported. They were therefore under the impression that the free trade system enabled them to buy cheap and sell high. Before the war, when tariff was the political question of the day, the following arguments were used in order to influence the poor people of the country.

"Why will you give five dollars for an article when you can buy it for two-fifty? By free trade our manufactures will come in competition with the paupers of Europe and you will get the benefit thereof." The majority of the people, not understanding the question, and being misled by such sophistry voted the democratic ticket, but they have since learned that it makes no difference how cheap goods are if they have no money with which to buy them. When the laborer gets only eight dollars a month, or fifty cents a day, the necessaries of life must be very cheap indeed to be within his reach. During the years of 1848 and 1849, the struggling skill of our country was so poorly protected that the most of the iron works of Pennsylvania were obliged to suspend, and as a consequence entailed much suffering upon the laborers. Workmen at the furnace had been promised $15 per month, and wood-cutters thirty-one cents per cord with the stipulation that they were to receive their payments two-thirds in trade and one-third in cash; the laborer was obliged to take his trade payment at his employer's prices, no matter how exorbitant, and when he demanded his one-third cash he could not get it. If he resorted to the law, the iron master, having no money would take advantage of the stay of the law.

During this time free trade, no doubt, greatly cheapened the luxuries of life. It may have somewhat lessened the prices of the necessaries of life, but it certainly placed them too far out of the reach of the common people. The skill, the resources of our country lay dormant, waiting for some power to call them forth into life and activity. How marked is the change under our present tariff system! It has come, a kindly fostering influence, and in its wake have followed prosperity and progress; railroads have been built, factories established, and remunerative industries provided for our people.

Protective tariff means protection for the poor and not for the rich; it means legislation for the benefit of our citizens and not for those of Europe. We invite the world to emigrate to America in order to help develop our resources, and is it not the duty of our government to extend her protecting hand over her citizens?

The reports of our consuls in regard to the exportation of pork, conclusively prove that Europe has no reciprocity feeling for America. Europe will buy nothing of us unless obliged to. They must have our provisions and our cotton; if they could buy cheaper anywhere else they would not buy of us; and wherever by protective tariff they can make it to their advantage to exclude our productions they do so. France excludes no less than 113 articles of our production, among which are salt pork, cotton fabrics and our beautiful silver plated ware. Our raw cotton is admitted, not because she wishes to encourage commerce between the two nations, but because she must have it; because she could not exclude it without having the grass grow in the streets where the cotton factories are established.

Other nations protect their home industries, while we, with our superior advantages, were tributary to Europe for over eighty years, and yet we have it in our power to rule the commerce of the world. By a system of protective tariff we could eventually make Europe dependent upon America for its breadstuffs, its sugar, its manufactured cotton goods, its iron, and other articles too numerous to mention. Cotton is still king, if we have a mind to make it so; and that America has a monopoly of that staple was conclusively proved during our late civil war. During the war England, to be independent of America, tried the experiment of raising cotton in the East Indies and in Egypt, but with all her prestige and money the raw cotton advanced to over one dollar per pound. According to the cotton report of 1881 the cotton production of the several countries is estimated at about three thousand five hundred and six millions pounds, of which America raises two thousand eight hundred and thirty millions, the East Indies four hundred and seven millions and Egypt and the other countries two hundred and sixty-nine millions. The cotton manufactured in the world amounts to $1,348,310,000, of which America manufactures only $233,280,000, and England $561,170,000. This makes a balance of $1,115,300,000 against America, the greatest cotton raising country in the world. Here is a vast sum lost through mismanagement to our artizans. The United States imported in 1880 cotton goods to the amount of $29,929,000, and only exported $9,981,000, leaving a balance against us of $19,148,000. Why need we with all our facilities ship our raw material to England, to have it reshipped to America for consumption? Is this charity to England, a country well able to take care of herself, or is it poor statesmanship?

The gold and silver products of the world from 1876 to 1880, amounted to $888,136,250, of which the American mines yielded $537,758,158; the rest of the world, $351,378,100.

It will be seen from the above figures that America in five years extracted nearly twice as much gold and silver from the bowels of the earth as all the rest of the world, and yet France, with hardly any mining facilities, and after paying an indemnity to Germany of $1,000,000,000, has more gold than we have. It would seem that France has more gold than any other nation in the world, and she proposes to keep it by stopping the balance of trade that is now in our favor, while at the same time she protects her agricultural interests by breaking down competition with her farm products. France buys the cheap wines of Spain and uses shiploads of logwood to adulterate them, after which they are sent to us as genuine French wines, and yet we could produce wines at lower prices and of better quality; we should be able to export instead of import, but nothing seems to suit the average American so well as that which is imported, regardless of quality.

Under our present tariff system the balance of trade is in our favor, and all Europe protests except England, and as England has no productions to sell except manufactured goods, it is to their interest to buy cheap.

Shall we tamely submit while Europe manages the commerce of the world solely to forward her own interests? It has been clearly demonstrated to the world that a nation is rich in proportion to the variety of its industries, and that it grows poor in the proportion in which it draws upon foreign markets for what it can produce at home. Encouragement of home industries builds factories, dependence in foreign importations builds poor houses. Protective tariff affects principally the luxuries of life and not the necessaries. The most of the goods the laboring classes use are manufactured in this country and are not liable to competition, whereas wool, fine goods for the rich and iron for the railroads are great objects of competition. We need money to develop the vast resources of this great country, and the only way to get it is by selling much and buying little.

Money spent on internal improvements is not lost to a people, it comes back to them in various ways. The money is distributed among the working men, the improvements remain to add to the convenience and comfort of life, and the industries that are built up perpetually help sustain life. All monies sent out of the country for foreign importations are lost to the nation; it is money taken away from our working men and sent to Europe never to be returned.

It is safe to predict that if tariff should become the political question of the day a large majority of the south would be in favor of protection, for the prosperity and rapid growth of that section since the war has clearly demonstrated to them what is essential to their development. Texas, that has given a Democratic majority as large as 60,000, would surely vote for protection if called upon to give her voice in the matter. It would not be to the interest of the two Virginias, Georgia and Alabama, with their past amount of iron and coal undeveloped to vote for free trade. Georgia needs protective tariff in order that its splendid water powers may be utilized in setting the machinery of factories in motion. Texas needs protective tariff to develop its immense iron fields in the eastern part of the state, its coal fields extending from the Indian Territory to the Pecoe, and its copper fields, commencing at Wichita county and extending to the northern boundary of the Panhandle, in Dollam and Hastley counties; Texas needs protective tariff to develop its gold and silver mines in Presidio and Llano counties, to help utilize its live oak and its vast long leaf pine forests on the Sabine River. The great natural advantages of Texas, will, within the next ten years, attract an immense emigration, and, as it cannot be expected that all the people flocking there can be agriculturists, they will have to build cotton factories to manufacture their raw cotton, and also to build rolling mills and iron furnaces, for the purpose of utilizing these fields of iron ore. With the increase of our industries we shall need a navy and merchant marine, and Texas would afford every facility for building a merchant marine, her gulf coast affording excellent harbors. Since the war the interests of Texas have entirely changed; under a free system of labor she cannot afford to let her immense resources lie dormant. Resources allowed to slumber in the lap of nature means capital wasted, and capital wasted means industry crippled to the extent of the waste.

Texas has been made great since the introduction of our present tariff system, and she cannot afford to go back to torpidity by voting for free trade. What the south needs to invigorate her business is an export duty on cotton sufficient to give our manufactories an advantage over European manufactories. This tariff to go to the different states where the raw cotton is raised, to build cotton factories to employ the surplus labor of those who are not agriculturalists. This would not lower the prices of cotton one mill, and in ten years it would put the cotton fabric trade of the world into the hands of America. Political economy demands that America have a navy and a merchant marine, and that she improve her inland water courses.

It is estimated that the United States pays annually in freights to foreign shipping from $100,000,000 to $110,000,000; a greater portion of this, as of much else that finds its way to foreign shores, should be earned by our own people. Self preservation makes it incumbent upon the government to defend herself economically and politically, and nowhere do we need more skillful and vigilant statesmanship than in our commerce upon the seas. The question of transportation is vital for production and for a healthy development of our agriculture and our manufacturing interest; nothing can be of greater importance than the cheap and easy communication between the producer and the consumer.

H. GREVE.

Old Heads Under a New Name.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—A number of Republicans who are dissatisfied with the machine organization in this city, are taking steps to secure a new party organization after the plan of the Young Men's Republican club of Brooklyn, which was the means of securing the election of Mayor Law. While it is called the young men's movement, and special efforts will be made to interest young men in it, some old heads are movers in the matter. A meeting is soon to be held at Chickering hall to forward the matter. Among the persons who speak approvingly of the purpose of this organization, are Jas. W. Choates, Wm. M. Evarts, Henry E. Tremaine, F. W. Whitbridge, Dorman B. Eaton, John Jay, Carl Schurz and Jackson S. Schultz.

All Correct.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The *Times* says: The expert accountants from the treasury department at Washington who have been engaged in an official count of the wealth stowed away in the sub-treasury building, have finished their labors. They found it correct to a penny. The report was made by Gen. Hillhouse Dec. 31st last, when he retired from the position of assistant treasurer of the United States. The grand total is about $88,000,000.

The funeral of ex-Gov. Bullock took place yesterday at Worcester, Mass., and was attended by a very large body of representative men of the state and city and citizens generally.

A Funeral Address by Robert G. Ingersoll

[From the Washington Post.]

In a remote corner of the Congressional cemetery yesterday afternoon, a small group of people with uncovered heads ranged around a newly opened grave. They included detective and Mrs. George O. Miller, and family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry. As the casket rested upon the trestles, there was a pause broken only by the mother's sobs, until the undertaker advanced toward a stout florid complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him. This gentleman was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a friend of the Millers, who attended the funeral at their request. He shook his head when the undertaker first addressed him, and then said suddenly: "Does Mr. Miller desire it?" The undertaker gave an affirmative nod, Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the noted orator, and then hastily Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and in a voice of exquisite cadence delivered one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. The scene was intensely dramatic. A fine drizzling rain was falling, and every head was bent and every ear turned to catch the impassioned words that fell from the lips of the speaker. Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe, each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening, and the sobs becoming hushed. Col. Ingersoll said:

My friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. "Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road; painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and and tears. It may be that death gives all there is worth to life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I had rather live and love where death is king, than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is and is to be tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at least this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: "Help for the living; hope for the dead."

At the conclusion of Col. Ingersoll's remarks, the little coffin, covered with beautiful and fragrant flowers, was lowered into its resting place,

Irish-American Holiday Observance.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—The Irish-American national executive committee have issued an address calling attention to the fact that the executive committee of the Irish National convention recently held here, have named the 22d of February next, as a day to be appropriately celebrated by the Irish in the United States, as the anniversary of Washington's birthday and as the centennary of the demand successfully made by Henry Gratten for the independence of the national parliament of Ireland. The history of Irish parliaments is given, and the remark made that the supreme lesson of the centennary of Gratten and the volunteers is organization. The committee suggest that in lieu of the unseemly processions, banquets and regalias, on next St. Patrick's day, that the Irish in America assess themselves for what would be the cost of regalia, flags, music, etc., and transmit the amount at once to redeem the pledge of a quarter of a million of dollars made at the Chicago convention. The address is signed by Michael Boland, chairman, and A. F. Brown, secretary.

A Michigan Scandal.

DETROIT, Jan. 21.—A shooting affray took place yesterday afternoon at the house of Thomas Crocker, a wealthy farmer and respected citizen living near Flushing, Genesee county. It seems that Crocker had had some suspicions concerning his wife of late. Returning home unexpectedly, he found his wife locked in a room with a man named Banning. He fired through the door, wounding the woman inside. Banning escaped, pursued by Crocker, who fired several shots, without any visible effect except perforating his clothing. Crocker has three children. The affair has created a great sensation.

Accidentally Shot.

HANOVER, N. H., Jan. 21.—Wm. L. Howe, son of ex-Postmaster Howe, Portland, Me., was killed to-day by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of Joseph A. W. Flint, of Concord, N. H. Both were young men, members of the Sophomore class, Dartmouth college, and most intimate. Flint is nearly distracted.

A Poem from Bible Texts.

The following poem, formed from different Bible texts, is worth preserving:

Cling to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix: 19
Cling in thy grief;	Heb. xii: 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. vii: 11.
He gives relief;	Ps. cxvi: 6.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi: 5.
Cling in thy pain;	Ps. iv: 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	1 Thess. v: 25
He will sustain.	Ps. iv: 24.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii: 25.
Cling to thy woe;	Ps. lxxxvi: 7.
Cling to the Living One,	1 John iv: 16.
Through all below;	Rom. vii: 38-39.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	John xiv: 27.
He speaketh peace;	John xiv: 23.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv: 25.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxvii: 27.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John ii: 27.
Cling to His side;	John xx: 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi: 9.
In Him abide;	John xv: 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii: 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus ii: 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvii: 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvii: 11.

The late Gen. Anstett, of Atlanta, left a fortune of about $750,000. Some months ago he made $100,000 in railroad transactions and it is said that at the time of his death he was puzzled to know what to do with his money.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

An Interview With Gen. Jawes B. Steedman of Ohio.

[Toledo Cor. Chicago Tribune.]

In all the length and breadth of Ohio there is no more vigorous Democratic politician than Gen. James B. Steedman, of this city. I stopped here to-day on purpose to interview him, and the following interesting and striking talk is the result. I met him on the street corner by the telegraph office, busily talking with some fellow-Democrats. Waiting until he was apparently through I presented my card.

"I want to talk with you general."

"Well, I am pretty reticent, you know."

"Yes, I know you are; but I hoped you might give me a few ideas about Tilden for the presidency."

"Oh, is that it? Well, I am right out-and-out on that question. It is well known that I am

FOR TILDEN THROUGH AND THROUGH."

"So I understand. How does it come about with so many good men in this state who are anxious for the sacrifice?"

"Simply because I feel that Tilden is the best man. He is the only man who has organized victory for the Democratic party since the war, and he can do so again."

"But, General, are you certain that his health will permit him to run? It is claimed that he could not endure the campaign, and would not be able to act were he elected."

"Now, I'll tell you what I know about that. A little over a year ago I was in New York. I was walking down Broadway, and I saw Mr. Tilden on horseback in the street. He was sitting as straight as any cavalier, and riding with ease. I raised my hat to him, and he returned my salutation and reigned his horse to the curbstone to speak to me. He remembered who I was, and asked me up to tea with him that evening. I gladly accepted, of course. I had been for Tilden in the Cincinnati convention of 1880. I was one of the thirteen out of the forty-four Ohio delegates who stood out on the subject. My affection was with Hancock. I considered him then, and do now, as the grandest specimen of a gallant and high-toned American soldier and gentleman. He was my companion-in-arms and a good Democrat. But I wanted Tidlen because my judgment said that he conld win. Well, we could'nt get Tilden, and the great mistake was made, which resulted in defeat. Hancok knew nothing of politics and politicians, and was as helpless as a child. The fellows who always rush to the front on such occasions took possession of him and directed him. Had Tilden been the candidate, he would have directed his own campaign. That is the difierance,

AND A VERY SERIOUS ONE, TOO.

Had Tilden been the candidate, he would have seen to it that the vote of Indiana was properly cast. Oh, it was a serious blunder, and a piece of base ingratitude that Tilden was not nominated in 1880! He is the Jackson of modern days. As Jackson received the popular vote in 1824 and then failed to take his seat as president on account of the election being thrown into the house of representatives, and then was nominated four years later and fairly elected, and took his seat; so did Tilden in 1876 receive the electoral vote, and fail to be seated only to be discarded in 1880. This but shows the degeneracy of these modern days, but in 1884

THERE WILL BE NO REPETITION

of the fiasco of 1880; and Jim Blaine won't be the nominee of the party either. We've had all the Greeleys we want. I voted for Greeley with a mental reservation; but I have always been sorry that I cast that vote. Well, as I said, Tilden knew me pretty well; and you may rest assured we spent a very pleasant evening together, talking on various subjects. I listened to what he had to say with the interest which always attaches to the conversation of so great a man. Now, the fact of the business is, Mr. Tilden has been greatly slandered so far as his age is concerned. He is

ONLY IN HIS 68TH YEAR.

That is just three years older than I am. I'll tell you how I know. During the evening he said to me:

"'Gen. Steedman, do you remember the political contest of 1824?'

"'Yes,' said I; 'locally I remember it.'

"'How old were you?' asked Mr. Tilden.

"'I was 7,' I replied.

"'I was 10,' said Mr. Tilden.

"Now I am 65," said the General continuing. "At the time I saw Mr. Tilden he was in good health, and entirely able to run the campaign; and I believe he is still in reasonable health. If he retains this health and vigor he will be nominated in 1884. Of course, it is some little time ahead, and a good many things are liable to turn up; but if things continue as they now are, I am fully persuaded what will happen."

Dentition of Colts.

Young horses, when shedding their teeth, and older ones, when put on higher feeding than they are accustomed to, sometimes suffer from a swelling of the mouth called lampas. The ridges or bars project below the teeth and prevent or interfere with mastication. For constitutional treatment give the mashes previously described, and either scarify the bars with a sharp knife or rub them with a stick of lunar caustic. Horses to whom the mashes have been given and whose mouths have had no other treatment than frequent rubbings with coarse dry salt, have frequently got rid of the lampas. Other swellings of the mouth, or rather inside of the cheek, called "bags" or "barbs," can be reduced in the same way.

Brittle Hoofs.

Among the causes which produce brittle hoofs in horses and cattle, is frequent standing in rotten dung heaps or in pools of decomposing liquid manure. In the dung heap there is not only the moisture and steam, soaking and softening the hoof, but there is abundance of ammonia gas, which is especially calculated to soften, dissolve and destroy the horn. Standing in such decomposing organic matter is still more injurious when the animal is confined to a box or stall, for here the injurious effect of inactivity is added to the other conditions.

Salt as Manure.

The Massachusetts Agricultural society concludes that salt as a manure has the property of hastening the maturing of all grain crops; that wheat on salted land will ripen six to ten days earlier than on unsalted land, all other conditions being equal; that it increases the yield from 25 to 50 per cent.; that it stiffens the straw and prevents rust and smut; that it checks, if it does not entirely prevent, the ravages of the chinch bug. The quantity used may be from 150 to 300 pounds per acre.

The young duke of Portland, one of the wealthiest of English noblemen, is said to have an income of about $950,000 a year; and his predecessor, the eccentric duke, left him $7,250,000 in cash.

THE BLACK DEATH.

Cause of the Annual Outbreak of the Plague.

It is generally supposed, says the Chicago *Tribune*, that the inundation of the low lands of the Euphrates river is the only cause of the outbreak of the plague, or black death. They are a contributing, but not the only cause. The real cause of the pestilence has been known for years to the Persian and Turkish Governments, but they have done nothing toward its prevention. The black death is not an uncommon disease in that part of Mesopotamia lying southwest from Bagdad, between the right shore of the Euphrates and the Syrian desert. It has made its regular appearance there ever since the year 1872, between the months of December and June. In Nedjeff, or Medsched Ali, is the grave of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet Mahomet. From there leads a desert road, marked out by the bleached bones of camels and human beings, to the so-called Lake Euphrates, which receives its water through the Hintieh canal. To the northwest of this lake is situated the city of Kerbela, where is to be found the golden mosque and the grave of Hussein, the son of Caliph Ali and the daughter of the Prophet. These two cities are the real breeding-places of the dreadful disease. To Nedjeff and Kerbela the Shiites, or religious followers of Ali and Hussein, chiefly Persians, send the dead bodies of their friends and relatives, because they believe that to be buried near Hussein's or Ali's grave will assure their souls certain admission to paradise. Caravan after caravan, each camel loaded with two felt-covered coffins on each side, arrive there daily and deposit their ghastly freight for interment, which, during months of travel from the Persian highlands, has been decomposing and is filling the air with its pestilential odor. The coffins are placed in shallow trenches and covered with about an inch or two of earth. But this is not all. The whole country around Nedjeff has become one vast graveyard, and, in consequence of the frequent floods occurring in the Euphrates, all the lands on both sides of the river are inundated, the light covering of earth is swept from the coffins, which, being made of light material, fall to pieces, and thousands upon thousands of corpses are left rotting under the rays of an Oriental sun. The waters finally recede, or are gradually absorbed by the soil, poisoning all the wells in that country. From 12,000 to 16,000 corpses are sent there annually for interment by the Shiites. The Jews send annually several thousands of their dead to be buried near the grave of their prophet Ezekiel, which is also near Kerbela. Beside these caravans there arrive flotillas of pilgrim boats loaded with corpses on the Euphrates by way of the Semawat branch and the Bar-i-Nedjeff. Not only are they filled with this pestiferous freight, but the coffins are even hung outside of the boats, loading them down to the water's edge. The constant arrival of these caravans and flotillas with their freight of decaying human corpses, and added to this the careless burial, must be regarded as the cause of the outbreak of the plague, and the fatalistic negligence of the Persian and Turkish Governments, which do not interfere until the disease has become epidemic, explains why it has not been suppressed during the last ten years. For a long time a special treaty has been in existence between these two Governments relative to the transportation of these corpses, but so far it has been a treaty on paper only. The people of America are in as much danger as the rest of the world. It is about time that the civilized nations of the earth should make this question of the transportation of corpses under an Oriental sun an international question, and force the two Governments directly interested to execute the provisions of their treaty in good faith.

WELL, NOT THIS EVENING.

'Twas a bright and moonlight evening
As they wandered on the shore,
And she gently pressed his coat-sleeve,
As she oft had done before.

And they talked about his college,
While she charmed him with her looks;
Then she called him very naughty,
Not at all well up in books.

"Have you ever read," she murmured,
"Squees' Memoir? I wish you would."
"Well, since you insist," he whispered,
"I will try and be so good."

Take your arm away—you monster!
From my waist, you awful man!
That's not what I meant at all, sir!
There, you're breaking my new fan

"'Twas the 'Life of Joseph Squees,' sir;
And I think you're awful bad!
Am I angry? Take me home, sir.
Yes, I am, just fearful mad!"

'Twas a bright moonlight evening,
As he wandered on the shore;
But no maiden pressed his coat-sleeve
As she used in days of yore.

—*Harvard Crimson.*

Capturing Monkeys.

The monkeys are frequently captured in nooses and traps built in the shape of houses. The only entrance is a trap-door in the roof, which communicates with a trigger set upon the ground. Food is spread about inside, the monkeys enter, and, skirmishing around, disturb the trigger, and the trap shuts them in. The third method for catching them is a most ludicrous one. An old, hard cocoanut is taken, and a very small hole made in the shell. Furnished with this and a pocketful of boiled rice, the sportsman sallies into the forest, and stops beneath a tree tenanted by monkeys. Within full sight of these inquisitive spectators he first eats a little rice and then puts a quantity into the cocoanut with all the ostentation possible. The nut is then laid upon the ground, and the hunter retires to a convenient ambush. The reader may be sure that no sooner is the man out of sight than the monkeys race helter-skelter for the cocoanut. The first arrival peeps into it, and, seeing the plentiful store of rice inside, squeezes his hand in through the tiny hole, and clutches a handful. Now, so paramount is greed over every other feeling connected with monkey nature, that nothing will induce the creature to relinquish his hold. With his hand thus clasped he cannot possibly extract it, but the thought that if he leaves go one of his brethren will obtain the feast is overpowering. The sportsman soon appears upon the scene; the unincumbered monkeys fly in all directions, but the unfortunate brute, who still will not let the rice go, is thereby handicapped beyond hope with a cocoanut as large as himself—a state of affairs quite fatal to rapid locomotion, either terrestrial or arboreal. The sequel is that he falls an easy capture to the hunter, a victim to his own greed. Even when caught he reads in the actions of his captor a design to rob him of his rice, and he clutches it all the harder; and the very first thing he does when the nut is cracked and the hand released is to cram its contents into his mouth. Thoughts of escape come afterward.—*London Field.*

A BANGOR jury, returning a verdict of $150.62½, is said to have been divided for two hours on the half cent.

DULL ENGLISHMEN.

Torpidity of the British Mind—Can't See a Joke—Artemus Ward.

[From the Washington Capital.]

An American joke is as far beyond the intelligence of the average John Bull as it would be to a Hottentot. J. T. Raymond told me, says Col. Forney in some of his reminiscences, that while playing "Col. Sellers," in London, he received a dozen or more letters asking the meaning of the word "appropriation," in the phrase "I go for the American flag and an appropriation." After awhile they found out "appropriation" meant the same as "parliamentary grant," and then they saw the point of it. It would not be easy to discover an American audience quite as stupid as this. It is stupidity. Once in London I lost half an hour in the endeavor to buy a bottle of "mucilage;" "gum" is what they call it. Ask for "gum" in an American store and you get "mucilage;" ask for "mucilage" in a London shop and you get nothing. Talk there of "store" for "shop," "suspenders" for "braces," "depot" for "station," and nobody knows what you mean. Here either word would serve. When Artemus Ward (Charles Browne) first lectured in London, his jokes fell flat, and seeing how it was he concluded his discourse to this effect, that the audience on going out would be handed tickets to Constantinople and return. "In that city," went on Artemus, "I propose to repeat my lecture this day two weeks. To each ticket is attached a coupon that will admit the bearer to the hall. I desire your attendance, that I may shed light upon such of my remarks this evening as have evidently given you pain, which I thank you for having borne in silence."

"What does the man mean?" said John Bull. "Go to Constantinople to hear him drawl through this mass of stuff again! we don't do it."

When they reached the door and no one was there with the tickets, it slowly dawned upon them that Ward was laughing at them.

Ward remained in London, and it became so dull that he wrote for *Punch*, and was crowned as a popular idol. The English fun of this age must be loud and uproarious, just as in the old comedies it is indecent. You see it in the stuffed clubs of their pantomime, and machine plays upon words in their burlesque. They have no ear for delicate wit. Even their "Pinafore" was lost upon them until the Americans took it up, and roared over its satire, though W. S. Gilbert, its author, had long accustomed them to his one vein of humor. "Pinafore" was all but a failure at the Theater Comique, on the Strand, until the news came of its phenomenal runs all over this country, then the people flocked to hear it.

I doubt if there is a man in his profession who makes such a study of his art as John McCullough. It is his love. He reads everything connected with the theater, and so stores his knowledge that it is ready for service at any moment. Personally there is no one so genial. He has the faculty of making friends and keeping them, beyond any person I ever met. As an actor, he is wholly without jealousy. Sure of himself, he has for his support the very best people he can obtain. The people in his company have the strongest affection for him. He makes money almost as rapidly as the owner of a Colorado silver mine, and he spends it like a Prince in a novel. He listens to every tale of suffering, and then down goes his hand to his pocket.

A capital insight into the character of the man is given by his friend John T. Raymond, who related the story to me:

"When I was in London," said Raymond, "they asked me to one of their swell clubs. I went, of course, but I don't think I was ever before so miserable. We sat about stiffly, on uncomfortable chairs, for almost an hour, talking of the driest imaginable subjects. I felt I couldn't stand it any longer, so I turned to the gentleman next me and said: 'Ain't they going to do anything?' 'I don't understand you,' he answered. 'I mean,' I said, 'don't you think something liquid would be appropriate to the occasion?' 'Oh, no, sir! Not here.' And he appeared quite shocked at the idea. 'Well,' said I, 'I don't care a rap about taking a drink, but if you'd been in an American club as long as I have been here as the guest of the members, you would be drunk, or very near drunk. That's all.' And I left. A couple of nights afterward John McCullough went to that same club, and, sir, he astonished those Englishmen. He got them all off into a regular American frolic. How he managed it, heaven only knows, but he smashed through the ice, and everybody had the jolliest kind of time."

Stories of Andrew Jackson.

When Jackson was President, Jimmy O'Neill, the Irish doorkeeper of the White House, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which often offended the fastidiousness of the President's nephew and Secretary, Maj. Donelson, who caused his dismissal on an average of about once a week. But on appeal to the higher court the verdict was always reversed by the good nature of the good old General. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offense, and, being summoned before the President himself, was thus addressed: "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints; but this goes beyond my powers of endurance." "And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the General: "I have just heard it from two Senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty Senators say about you, it's little I'd think you was fit to be President." "Pshaw, Jimmy," concluded the General, "clear out, and go back to your duty, but be more careful hereafter." Jimmy not only retained his place to the close of Jackson's Presidential term, but accompanied him back to the Hermitage, and was with him to the day of his death.

Gen. Jackson had very little love or taste for poetry, his favorite author being Dr. Isaac Watts, from whose "Psalms and Hymns" he used to make his selections for the inscriptions in the ladies' albums which were once so fashionable, when they were sent him with a request for his autograph.

It is said that while President he never drank any ardent spirits. This was corroborated by his negro servant, who said that "Massa Jackson no drink rum, but den he drink his coffee strong enough to kill de debbil."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Though the Arabic has undergone some changes since the days of Mahommed, the language of the Koran is in all its essential characteristics the chosen language of to-day Among the Arab tribes.

Secretary Blaine has ordered a beautiful silver cup for his little namesake, Blaine von Steuben, and has, by cable, sent his thanks to Baron Steuben for the new honor conferred upon him.

Miss Mulock's Romance.

It was "John Halifax," published after she was 30 years old, that brought her fame, and made the task of earning her daily bread a little less arduous. Seven years later she was awarded a pension of $300 a year. She was nearly 40 when she married. In 1865 Capt. George Lillie Craik, an officer in the English army, who had been in the Crimea, met Miss Mulock, and, although some years her junior, addressed her and succeeded in winning her hand. They proved most congenial companions, and their married life was all they could wish, with but one exception, the woman whose love for children amounted almost to a passion, who wrote "Philip, My King," was denied the happiness of feeling baby fingers upon her cheek or of ever hearing herself called mother. This was a severe sorrow, but even this pain was partially assuaged. Strangely enough, one dark, rainy night, while she and her husband were speaking of children and of the joy and brightness they bring to so many dwellings, there came a loud ring at the bell and then a furious knocking. On opening the door, lying upon the sill, they found a basket inclosed in many wrappings. When they were removed they discovered a lovely little baby only a few hours old. The child was wrapped in one roll after another of India muslin, and on its breast was pinned a note, begging Mrs. Craik to be kind to the little waif thus brought to her door, and assuring her that no mean blood flowed in its veins. Tenderly she lifted the little thing in her arms, and her heart opened as warmly to take in the poor little deserted creature. They called the child Dorothea, God-given, and she became their adopted daughter, as tenderly cherished and as passionately loved as though she had been their own.

THE young lady who could not make her bangs stay bung said she was having a tuft time of it.

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The Sun.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1882.

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This is equal to sixty million seven hundred and seventy-two thousand six hundred and seventy-seven (60,772,677) copies of the daily size.

The actual circulation for the past year was:

Daily,	39,701,161
Sunday,	7,037,604
Weekly,	3,498,154

This gives for each day in the year the following average:

Copies of the Daily edition,	126,841
Copies of the Sunday edition,	135,339
Copies of the Weekly edition,	67,273

THE SUN has advertising space to sell. In the Daily and Sunday editions its price for ordinary advertisements is 40 cents per agate line. Preferred positions and displayed matter from 50 cents to $2.50 per line. In the Weekly 50 cents an agate line of space; no extra charge for display. Preferred positions 75 cents to $2 per line.

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