County Clerk 1 April 78

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XLII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., OCTOBER 12, 1877. NO. 28.

Middlebury Register

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TERMS

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLEBURY.

Going South.	Going North.
Mail.....9:50 A. M.	Express.....6:18 A. M.
Mixed.....4:47 P. M.	Mixed.....9:30 A. M.
Express.....8:35 P. M.	Mail.....3:19 P. M.
	Express.....6:03 P. M.

Sunday morning Express.....3:07 A. M.

LEAVE VERGENNES.

9:17.....A. M.	6:46.....A. M.
3:50.....P. M.	10:50.....A. M.
5:00.....P. M.	3:40.....P. M.
	6:32.....P. M.

Sunday morning Express.....3:40 A. M.

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

10:16.....A. M.	5:55.....A. M.
5:37.....P. M.	8:35.....A. M.
9:00.....P. M.	2:55.....P. M.
	5:37.....P. M.

Sunday morning Express.....2:40 A. M.
Arrive from Ticonderoga.....9:25 A. M.
Leave for Ticonderoga.....3:20 P. M.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From Hipton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport, ... 9:00 A. M.
Way mail from north, ... 9:50 A. M.
New York, Rutland and Albany, . . 7:30 A. M.
New York, ... 3:18 and 6:00 P. M.
Way mail from south, ... 3:45 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Way mail going south, ... 9:30 A. M.
Way mail going north, ... 3:00 P. M.
For Hipton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport, ... 3:45 P. M.
Closed mail for Boston and Rutland, . 5:30 P. M.
Closed mail for New York and Albany, 7:45 P. M.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

MIDDLEBURY.

Congregational—Corner Pleasant and Main sts. Rev. E. P. Hooker, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:30.

Methodist—North Pleasant-st. Rev. W. H. Rowsom, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:30. Class meeting on Friday evening at 7:30.

Episcopal—St. Stephen's Church—Main-st., ————, rector. Sunday services at 10:30 A.M. and 3:00 P.M.

Roman Catholic—Weybridge-st. Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Sunday services, alternate Sabbaths, High Mass at 10:00 A.M., Vespers and benediction at 6:30 P.M.

EAST MIDDLEBURY.

Methodist—Rev. B. Vandecar, pastor. Sunday services at 2:00 P.M.

VERGENNES.

Baptist—Rev. Charles Hibbard, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

Methodist—Rev. H. N. Munger, pastor. Sunday services at 1:30 and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

Episcopal—St. Paul's Church—Rev. C. I. Chapin, rector. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Friday evening at 7:30.

Mission Chapel—Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Roman Catholic—Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Services, alternate Sabbaths, High Mass at 10:00 A.M., Vespers and benediction at 6:00 P.M.

Congregational—Rev. George E. Hall, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. KINGSLEY, - DENTIST. Up stairs in Styles' new Block. 44 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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T. H. McLEOD. E. E. SMITH.

E. E. SMITH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office with Stewart & Eldredge, Middlebury, Vt.

PENSIONS.—J. S. CHANDLER, PENSION ATTORNEY, Ripton, Vt. No pension, no pay. State case and send stamp for reply.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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Middlebury, Vt., April 2, 1877.

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DANIEL F. BEATTY'S

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

From E. Parson, Brookville, Kansas:
"The piano came safely yesterday, we find it all that fancy painted and you promised. The instrument is handsome and its tone is pure and full. I see no reason why, with ordinary care, it may not last a lifetime. Those who, like me, cannot afford to pay five hundred or a thousand dollars for a name, will, I am sure, thank you for saving them the exorbitant profits of dealers in general and making it possible for any industrious man or woman to be the possessor of a first-class organ or piano."

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I have sold many other makes of organs, some of which I thought could not be equalled, but, like 'King Saul,' your organs are 'head and shoulders' above theirs in the leading elements that constitute a complete organ." 46y1

AGENTS WANTED, but where I have none, large discounts made to have them introduced in new localities. Send for Illustrated Advertiser, (catalogue,) containing testimonials from persons, some of whom you may know, sent free. Address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

One evening, late in the fall of 18—, I was seated in my rude quarters at the B. post, in Paraguay, reviewing the events of the past few years of my life, as presented in a memorandum-book before me, when a knock at the door caused me to close up my book and invite the person seeking entrance to come in.

For two years I had been surgeon-general of that portion of the army of Buenos Ayres which was stationed at B., under the command of General Juan Fernido, in connection with which office I was private physician of the commander himself, who, at the time I speak of, was suffering from a severe attack of fever.

The insurgent army, headed by a lawless desperado calling himself Sandsivo, had taken advantage of the sickness of Fernido, and annoyed our army by frequently shooting the scouts, and making attacks upon the weaker portion of the camp.

The encampment of the rebels was supposed to be about five miles north of us, and divided into small parties.

I was rather surprised when, as the door opened, a figure, closely muffled in a long cloak, entered the room. His whole bearing and dress showed that he had come on some mysterious business; and, as I caught a gleam in one of his eyes which indicated uneasy restlessness, I looked sharply at him, vainly attempting to pierce his disguise.

Removing his hat, and exposing to my view a well-featured and apparently honest face, he returned to the door, locked it quickly, and returning to the place where I sat, seated himself directly opposite me, placing, as he did so, a small leathern bag upon the table. I looked at him with a mystified air, not altogether devoid of suspicion.

"You need not be alarmed," he said, smilingly, as if he read my thoughts. "I simply closed the door and locked it to avoid interruption."

"You have something of importance to communicate to me?" I asked, looking curiously at the little bag.

"No, a small matter. That bag contains a few ounces of gold—your fee, if you will favor me with your advice and assistance for a few hours. I have had the misfortune to let a small globule of lead drop into a friend's body, and wish it removed. Accidents are unavoidable, you know, senor, and a man must resent an insult."

"A duel?" I inquired.

He smiled affirmatively.

"And where does this friend of yours live, senor?"

"Four miles to the north," he replied.

"So near the rebel camp!"

"You need have no fear on that score, doctor. The wounded man has been removed to a house near by, and you are safe in your professional capacity. Will you accompany me?"

I replied by going into my little surgery in the next room, and returning with my case of surgical instruments.

"A guide and two mules await us outside the camp," he said, as we left the room and passed the sentinels.

We jogged on at a rapid pace, my companion managing to fall behind me, while the guide led the way. Little or no conversation was carried on, the stranger seeming to have lost his vivacity of manner. Suddenly, as we turned a sharp rock beyond, which point the broad-spreading *llano* stretched, my eyes were dazzled by an unexpected burst of light.

Not ten feet before me lay the rebel encampment. So sudden was the discovery, that I sat on my mule dumbfounded.

The stranger placed his hand on my shoulder, and said;

"You understand the affair now, senor?"

"Yes," I rejoined, stung by the tone in which he spoke, and roused from my stupor by the anger I felt at being thus easily led into the lion's den. "You have brought me here under false pretenses. I regarded you as a man of honor."

"All means are fair in love and war, you know, doctor;" and with a light laugh he dismounted and led my mule nearer the camp.

Around the camp-fire were stretched perhaps fifty or seventy-five men, who withdrew to a short distance at a sign from a man who wore the officer's garb of the insurgents, and who came forward as I dismounted, and extended his hand.

"Welcome, doctor, I hope you will pardon the motive which leads us to cause you the trouble of a journey over yonder rugged hills, but I wished to see you on government business;" and he led the way to the fire, where we seated ourselves.

"Do you not recognize me?" he asked, after he had lighted a cigarrette.

"N—no. I think I have seen your face before, but I cannot recall the time and place."

"I am Sandsivo."

I looked at him curiously for a moment. And this was the man who had murdered a hundred innocent children, and pillaged and sacked every available village on the Rosciero. Involuntarily my eyes wandered over his face and body.

"You are looking for claws and the forked tail, I suppose, senor doctor?" he said, laughing lightly.

"No," I said, boldly, "I have not the superstition of the ignorant. I thought to see the mark of Cain."

He started forward angrily, but the fire in his eye cooled as he said:

"This is trifling. You have been brought here to-night on a matter which affects materially the future interest, of the Argentine Confederation. On my word of honor you shall leave here to-night safely if you accede to our wishes; if not—"

He gave a significant glance. I knew its meaning too well.

"Your word of honor! I have had a practical illustration of its value in the conduct of my guide hither."

"We will not speak of that, Senor Doctor. You are aware that we are a brave band of persecuted—"

"Ruffians and assassins," I added, calmly.

"*Diable*! I am almost inclined to end this thing," he exclaimed, maddening instantly as he spoke. "But to proceed: our object is to free ourselves from the servitude imposed upon us by Juan Fernido and his followers. To do this, it is necessary that he should be put out of the way. You understand?"

"Perfectly, my worthy captain; but how does that affect me?"

"I am coming to that presently. We require you to give to Juan Fernido, who is under your care at present, a little drug which shall put him beyond the power of seeking us again."

"That is, killing him."

The bandit took his cigarette from his mouth and nodded.

"Secondly, you are to give us the exact position, strength and weak points of the camp. And lastly, you are requested to take an oath never to divulge what transpires to-night."

"And what do you propose to give me, to do this humane and loyal thing for you?"

I spoke in a sarcastic tone, but he mistook my meaning, and eagerly remarked:

"Fifty ounces of gold and the promise of lieutenant-commander, if we succeed."

"And if I decline your offer?"

"You will be tied hand and foot, bound to a log, and set floating down the Rosciero yonder, which, two miles below, flows through a rocky mountain gorge. Death, terrible, inevitable death is certain."

"I reject your offer."

"What!"

He leaped to the ground as he spoke, with a fierce oath of doubt and anger. I calmly repeated that I scorned his offer, and was willing to meet my fate.

He placed a whistle to his lips, and a half dozen of his followers came up. They were ordered to take me to the bank of the river, which flowed a few rods below on the *llano*, and, after a short course, flowed through the rocks near the edge of the hills.

They obeyed by leading me to the place, where I was securely bound to a log, my right arm alone being free.

"Once more, will you accede to my request?" demanded the ruffian.

"I have decided," I replied, calmly.

"Then launch him, and *Dios te de!*"

I was lifted and placed within the cold waters of the Rosciero. A moment later the swift current was bearing me onward toward the rocky gorge.

For about half an hour perhaps, I experienced no painful sensation, save a cold, dull feeling of numbness and incapacity to move. I seemed to be dreaming, and was being borne through the air gently, for the current, though swift, moved smoothly.

At last I was aroused from my stupor by a keen, cold feeling of pain near my heart. It was the chill of death; for suddenly my whole frame became racked with shooting pains, which caused my limbs to become convulsed and strain the strong withes with which I was bound.

But what was the sound which now greeted my agitated hearing—that dull, half-subdued falling of water? A moment later I was borne round a sharp curve in the stream into a still fiercer current, and the full consciousness of my fearful position suddenly broke upon me—I had entered the mountain gorge, and was fast nearing the falls.

I closed my lips firmly in mute resignation and despair. Death, fearful, inevitable death, stared me in the face.

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through my left limb, as if a sword's point had entered it. That member became free, and swung with the motion of the log now to the right, now to the left, striking against the rocky bottom of the river, and mangling it badly.

Apparently, some sharp-pointed rock had severed the rope, and now I felt the blood once more circulate through my veins.

Unbinding the rope by a severe effort, by means of my left hand, I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was free, and a wild gleam of hope shot through my soul; but I still retained my hold on the log, which was rapidly nearing the cataract whose deafening roar was now to be distinctly heard.

Every moment brought me nearer the falls—so near, indeed, that I could see, even in the darkness, the surface of the water flecked with frothy foam. The course became more irregular and rocky, and the sides of the gorge more shelving.

Suddenly the log shot ahead with fearful velocity, and struck on a huge boulder that projected above the water with a stunning shock; then shot from its course upward. I lost my hold, seemed carried upward with great force, and fell unconscious on the hard rocks at the side of the stream; while the log shot over the precipice, down, down, sheer fifty feet.

It was broad daylight when I recovered my senses. I opened my eyes and stared vacantly about me, at the same time attempting to rise. My every bone and muscle seemed bruised and broken, yet I succeeded in gaining a straight position. Four feet below was the still roaring river, hastening to the falls beneath.

I had been landed on a level shelf on the shore of the stream, and found but little difficulty, severe as were my injuries, in scaling the slight elevation and reaching the more level *llano* beyond. Here I rested for a few moments, binding my wounds and ascertaining my whereabouts; then I started in a northwesterly direction for the post of B.

Four hours afterward, ragged, and so lame that I could scarcely walk, I entered the encampment. The sentinel stared at me mutely, assisting me to my quarters, whence, after a death-like sleep of a few hours, I repaired to headquarters.

General Fernido greeted me warmly, expressing no little astonishment at my pale face and swollen hands. He had missed me, and, fearing that I had probably wandered away from camp and been captured by the insurgents, had sent out scouts, who had just returned with no tidings of me.

Astonishment gave way to gratefulness when I related my strange experience, which, one year afterward, when I left for New York, the rebellion having been crushed, assumed a substantial evidence of sincerity in the shape of a splendid medal and seventy ounces of gold.

WHIRLPOOL OFF NORWAY.—The maelstrom on the coast of Norway, whatever may be said to the contrary, is in actual existence, and is often dangerous. Vast whirls are formed by the setting in and out of the tides between Lofoden and Morken, quiet at high and low tides, but most violent midway between. Small vessels are not safe near it at the time of its strongest action, even though the weather be clear and serene; and though large vessels may pass it then in safety, yet in stormy weather it is extremely dangerous even for them, for at such times gales from the sea and land breezes sometimes force two mighty opposing currents into collision. The whirls do not swallow up the vessel, but toss it about till it fills, or is dashed upon the shoals, a wreck.

A WHISPERING CANON.—The Gold Hill (Nev.) News says: "Words spoken on one side of Gold Canon are heard with striking clearness upon the other. The sounds are telephoned across the intervening space, and may be as distinctly noted as if the speaker were standing by the side of the listener. This is of course due to the peculiar formation of the country. Neighbors who live on opposite sides of the canon talk together quite readily when they live as much as a mile apart by the way the road runs. It is not so far by the airline, however."

"Madam," said a certain nameless one to Mrs. Brown, the other day, "you are talking simply rubbish." "Yes, sir," replied the ever-crushing lady, "because I wish you to comprehend me."

Every man likes to hit the nail upon the head. But let a man hit the nail upon the toe—his big toe, particularly—against a rock, and it is a different matter entirely.

Pardoned in a Well.

Probably the oddest genius who ever occupied a public position in Missouri was the late Robert M. Stewart. He was gifted with rare powers of oratory, and exerted a strong influence wherever his talent was known. In debate he was invincible, while as a political manager he was very influential. He lived in St. Joseph, where he rose in political power, and where, indeed, he may be said to have fallen. The first president of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, he was called its father; not unjustly, either, for he lent his whole energy to secure its success, risking his fortune and devoting his time to the great work. He was elected governor in 1857, succeeding Trusten Polk, who was elected in 1856, and was sent to the United States Senate. In the campaign for the governorship Stewart displayed most conspicuously his powers as a debater on the hustings.

But it is not as a politician or public man that "Bob Stewart," as he was familiarly known, is to be considered in this sketch, which is printed to portray one characteristic of the man which will give a better idea of his private character than any anecdote that has ever been related of him. Rude in speech, uncouth in deportment, and, in many respects unprepossessing, he had yet a kindly heart, whose impulses responded to the noblest demands of natural affection.

When Doniphan's expedition was organized to go through New Mexico and co-operate with the main United States Army in its march upon the halls of the Montezumas, in 1847, Bob Stewart was a member of a company raised in Buchanan county, and was elected to some subordinate office. When four days out, on the plains he met with an accident. While in camp, in taking a gun from a wagon, the weapon was discharged, the contents entering one of Stewart's legs, shattering a bone, and rendering him utterly unfit to go on with the expedition. One of the company, named William Grover, was detailed to remain with the wounded volunteer and attend him safely back to his home. Grover watched over his friend with the care of a brother. The wound was a very serious one, and, without medical aid, the utmost watchfulness was necessary to get the patient safely through. This was done, and Grover endeared himself to Stewart most effectively. Bob never forgot it. He used to say, "Bill, never mind, old fellow! I'll pay you back some day! The time will come!"

The future governor of Missouri little dreamed of the fatal circumstances that would bring around his chance to serve his friend. But the chance came at last. All Missourians whose memories run back twenty years will remember the excitement incident to the settlement of Kansas. During those stirring times a man accused of being an abolitionist was whipped to death on Prospect Hill, a high promontory overlooking the Missouri river on one side and the city of St. Joseph on the other. Three men were engaged in the disgraceful work; and although it was clear they had no intention of killing their victim, death resulted, and they were charged with murder. Two of them escaped. Bill Grover, the friend of Stewart, was arrested as a participant in the crime, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. Not long after his conviction Stewart was nominated for governor. He saw his friend just before he was incarcerated, and said, "Bill, the first thing I do after I'm inaugurated will be to pardon you out, and I'm sure to be elected." Well, the canvas was a pretty warm one, but the Democratic majority was so large that a less popular man than Bob Stewart would have had no difficulty in securing election. Bob was elected and inaugurated. True to his word and the native instincts of gratitude, he went to the penitentiary and inquired for Bill Grover. He was not there—could not be found. His name was on the rolls, but search in the prison failed to discover him. The thought rushed to the mind of the new governor that his friend was dead, and his whole frame shook with anxiety and dread. The idea that he had come too late seemed to overpower him. He ordered an immediate and thorough search to be made. This resulted in the finding of one of the subordinate officials, who gave the information that William Grover was one of a detail called out to dig a well in Jefferson City, and that he was then engaged in that work—naming the place. Joy immediately manifested itself in the face of the governor. He did not, in a grandiloquent way, order the man to be brought before him. He resolved to be himself the first to break the glad tidings to his friend that he was free. So off he posted to the well where Grover was at work. On reaching the place, he leaned over the well and cried out, "Bill, are you there?"

"Who's that?" asked a voice from the subterranean deeps below.

"It's me—Bob Stewart! Come out o' there,—you! I've pardoned you!"

He had recognized the voice, made familiar to him while he was racked with pain. In a few minutes Grover was hauled up out of the well.

Then was exhibited the curious spectacle of the governor of a great state walking through the streets of the capital arm-in-arm with a stripe-suited convict, and perhaps Bob Stewart was the only governor that ever lived who would have done it. But with him affection and gratitude were traits too strong to be overcome by the conventionalities of society or official position. He took his old friend up to a clothing store, rigged him out in a new suit, and made him a guest at the governor's mansion, afterward providing for him a start in business.

Such was Bob Stewart. He was fond of strong periods and strong potations. His invective when assailing an opposing partisan was fearfully strong, and, accompanied by a manner of delivery at once as indescribable as it was inimitable, he shook an audience like a young earthquake. He had his faults, had the eccentric governor, but he had likewise his virtues.—[St. Louis Times.

YOUNG GIRLS—YOUNG MEN.—The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn woman belongs to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around—the rich are likely to become poor, and the poor rich, and indispensible to the poor. Well-to-do-parents must educate their daughters to work; no reform is more imperative than this.—[Cal. Farmer.

There is just one thing about it. The lady who insists on carrying a good share of her dress in her hand has got to keep her shoes tied up or let everybody know that she left home in a hurry.

The Mennonites in Manitoba.

The Mennonite reservation east of the Red river and about twenty-five miles southeast of Winnipeg, is now as well populated as any district of the province of Manitoba, and the most recent emmigration has been directed to a reservation of seventeen townships adjoining the frontier, and extending west of Red river to Pembina Mountain. The settlement on the reservation first mentioned, called Rat river, consists of six hundred and fifty families, and on the second reservation, called Dufferin, four hundred fifty families have been planted. In addition, thirty-three families have been settled near Scratching river, and the recent arrival of thirty-five families will go to Dufferin.

Estimating five to a family, the Mennonite settlements of Manitoba contain a population of 5,862, which will doubtless increase steadily, but by no means with the volume of the past three years. The Mennonites who still remain in Southern Russia, though inclined to emigrate, in consequence of the termination of the stipulation exempting them from military services, are not prepared to sacrifice their possessions. When they can sell without disadvantage they emigrate. The exodus is, therefore, likely to be gradual, especially as the Russian Government, while insisting on the right of conscription, assents readily to special assignments of service in deference to the Mennonite conscience—such as transportation, forestry, and hospital service—very much as the Quakers of the United States, during the late civil war, were subjected to military service, but relieved from bearing arms.

The emigrating classes of Lutheran Quakers, known as Mennonites, are neither the rich nor the poor, but are an intermediate body, who are, however, by no means destitute. Mr. Hespeler estimates that the sum brought into the province by the Mennonite immigration is $500,000, and the recent arrival of thirty-five families brought not less than $10,000.

There are Mennonite settlements in the Western States, but the land system there enforced does not admit of special reservations, and Manitoba has thus been enabled to present greater inducements for this class of settlers. Here the community can organize itself according to its traditions, including the rural village lite of the dorf—or dorp, as we believe the word is anglicized—a custom which has great merit socially and industrially, and will warrant some fulness of detail.

A group of families—usually sixteen in number—take their homesteads separately, but proceed to throw them together, selecting the most desirable situation for a village or dorf, through which a street, two chains wide, is laid, and the plat divided into half-acre lots, with assignments for church, school, or other public use. A tract most suitable for tillage is then selected in a block, which is enclosed, and within which each head of a family cultivates that portion of his allotment—for there is no communism—that he finds convenient. A hay meadow, held also in severalty, is chosen, and the remainder of the consolidated homesteads is used as a range for cattle and other animals, which are invariably attended by a herdsman who is paid by the dorf. The village lots and other subdivisions are distributed by lot.

The houses—only found in the dorf—are comfortable, heated by central brick ovens, warming three or four rooms. The same roof usually extends over separate lodgings for cattle, although in this respect there is a growing tendency to have different tenements. Each family has a yoke of oxen, two cows and indefinite poultry. The pig is not wanting, and there are five hundred sheep and one hundred and fifty horses on the Rat river reservation.

The municipal government is a simple democracy. The heads of families annually select a mayor or reeve, who is the chief officer, constantly conferring with his constituents. Over the whole community is a president or elder, elected for five years, and who, associated with the mayor of the dorfs, form a court for the final adjustment of all disputes and the enactment of all necessary ordinances. The president may act in all matters relating to a separate village in concurrence with the mayor thereof.

The church organization is quite distinct from the civil administration. The people elect a clergyman in each dorf, and a bishop to preside over the whole community for periods of five years. They receive no stipends. The teachers of the schools—one held in each village—are chosen by the people, but are paid a moderate compensation. Marriages are free—no allotment, as formerly, among the Moravians—and usually contracted early, the parties often remaining with the most prosperous of the parents for a year or two.

An admirable system of mutual insurance against fire prevails under a board of directors elected by the whole community. The insured are not restricted in amount, but contribute *pro rata* in case of any loss.

The mayor of a dorf, with two assistants, constitutes an orphan court for the distribution of estates and the custody of the funds of orphans, for which the property of every villager is liable, deducting from the said orphan fund whatever contributions for the relief of the few destitute orphans may be found necessary.—[Winnipeg Sentinel.

Fifty Years of Mexican Revolution.

1821. The independence of Mexico is declared.

1826. First Congress assembled.

1829. Guerero being president, Bustamente, commanding the army, induces his soldiers to declare him president, and compels Guerero to abdicate. Santa Anna plays the same game on Bustamente, and is himself declared president by the army. Three presidents govern with little fighting, until 1836. State governments were abolished by revolution, and Santa Anna made president. Same year Bustamente was recalled, Santa Anna's defeat at San Jacinto having deprived him of power.

1838. Mexico revolutionized; bad an unpleasantness with the French, who blockaded Vera Cruz; Santa Anna drives off the French.

1840. Federalists, led by Urrea, revolt.

1841. Revolution of Santa Anna, who is made dictator and banishes Bustamente.

1842. Junta of nobles revolt against Santa Anna and from the republic.

1843. New constitutin adopted Catholic religion and apostolic creed to the exclusion of all other religions.

1844. Revolution by Peredes. Santa Anna deposed, and Herrera made president by Congress.

1845. Santa Anna banished and Herrera elected president. Same year Peredes revolts, and ordering an election, is elected president.

1846. Santa Anna is recalled, Peredes deposed and Salos elected president. Salos sells out, and Santa Anna is made provisional president. War with United States is in progress.

1847. Americans victorious; Santa Anna flies, and Penas is made president *pro tem.*

1848. Peace made with the United States.

1851. Arista elected president.

1851-2. General revolution.

1853. Arista resigns, and Santa Anna made dictator.

1854. Revolution led by Alvarez; Santa Anna abdicates.

1855. Carrera made president, resigns, and Alvarez is made dictator.

1856. Comonfort heads a movement against the church, is elected president, and sequesters property of the clergy.

1857. Comonfort is deposed.

1858. Zuloaga is made president, but is obliged to abdicate.

1859. Miramon makes himself president, but is speedily deposed.

1860. Zuloaga again made president.

1860. Revolution headed by Miramon.

1861. Juarez elected president and declares himself dictator. The French invasion and Juarez, Lrdo and Diaz have kept things lively since 1861.—[Galveston News.

Not Cut Out for an Editor.

"Mr. Hockley," said Col. Bangs of the Argus, to one of the assistant editors whom he had recently installed in order to give him a trial, "you have many of the characteristics of a great journalist, and I have no doubt that at some time in the remote future you will be capable of conducting the London Times; but at present some of your peculiarities are of so marked a character as to destroy much of your usefulness in this establishment."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, for instance, I notice that you always spell 'horse' hoarse; and that in spelling Congress you invariably begin with a large K. These things are not so important, perhaps, while our proof-reader maintains a condition of sobriety. But when you speak of Herzegovina as a species of Asiatic chicken, and allude to its conflict with Turkey as if they were two fowls fighting in a barn-yard, you go too far; you trespass upon the good nature of our readers. You are mistaken also in alluding to Egypt as the capital of Germany, in asserting that the Suez canal runs to Buffalo, and was built by De Witt Clinton. I want to pass that editorial to oblige you, but really I'm afraid I can't."

"Well, I'm sorry."

"Now take that article of yours about Cuba. You speak of Cuba as being in the Arctic regions, and you allude to the natives as living chiefly on walrus meat. And you seem to think that the American navy is composed of scows that are propelled by mules, and that a vice admiral's duty is to keep his eyes on the mules and manage the tow-line. They have no tow-lines in the navy, Mr. Hockley. It is not your fault that you have never been to sea; but when a man undertakes to supply marine intelligence for a great daily newspaper he ought to know that a quarter-deck is not a pack of cards which cost a quarter."

"I didn't say so."

"You intimated as much, and I tell you it just drives the public wild. It won't do. When you mention Disraeli as the contemporary of Moses, and praise William Cullen Bryant for the manner in which he wrote the Acts of the Apostles, you expose us to derision; and, if I'd've printed your article upon the passage of the Rubicon by Galileo just after his election to the presidency of the United States, conveying the idea that the said Rubicon was a law to prevent negroes from running off, this office 'd a been mobbed before night."

"The mischief it would!"

"Yes! I know! I have my finger on the public pulse. They'll stand a good deal. They are patient and all that; but when you come at them, for instance, with an editorial assertion that Petrarch was one of the Apostles, and that he used to fish with a lay-out line, in the river Herodotus, they get delirious. Heavens and earth, man! Herodotus was not a river! he was a historian! How could you allude to Romeo as the residence of the pope, and declare that the pontiff's principal cardinals are the points of the compass?"

"Blamed 'f I know!"

"Well, anyway, you see for yourself that you need years of study before you will be qualified to form public opinion. No journalist can hope to guide the popular mind who teaches that the Prophet Daniel's last name was Boone, and that he hunted crows and Indians out in Kentucky; no editor can leave his mark upon his century who, when he reads in the news items 'the French army has moved fifteen kilometers out of Paris,' writes an editorial asserting that the army ought to have removed those infernal machines long ago instead of leaving them to blow up the city. I say no newspaper man who does these things, and then sits down and asks Congress to do something about the tariff, taking the view that the tariff is a tropical fruit—some mysterous kind of a banana—for medical purposes, can ever attain the highest rank in his profession."

"Don't think so, hey?"

"No, I don't. I guess we'll have to part. I'm sorry, but necessity knows no law. Take my advice, go off somewhere out in the country, study up, ascertain that membranous croup is not the crupper of a harness; learn that Americus Vespucius was not the technical name for cabbage; hunt up the fact that the Israelites did not shoot quail in the desert with double-barreled shot-guns; inform yourself that Plutarch was not the god of the infernal regions; discover that the statistics of the hop crop do not refer exclusively to dancing parties, and acquaint yourself with the facts that Pharaoh did not invent the game of 'seven-up,' and that the word 'Oshkosh' is the name of a town, and not of a form of profanity in use by the Scandinavians, from whom the Americans have obtained it in the modified form of 'Gosh!' Good-morning."

Mr. Hockley is now engaged in tending bar.—[Max Adeler.

AN INVASION OF BEARS.—More wild bears than have ever been known since the swamps have been settled by white men, are reported to inhabit the bottoms of the Mississippi Valley this year. These carniverous plantigrades are particularly fond of succulent food, and the juicy corn as it ripens in the field is an especial object of affection. So strong is Bruin's appetite for it that the planters of Coahoma and Tunica counties, Miss., have recently been compelled to place guards around their cornfields to protect them from destruction. A medium-sized bear, with an ordinary appetite, has been known to cut down and destroy two acres of growing corn in a single night. They go on their foraging expeditions in the night time, and entering a cornfield they squat on their haunches, shuck an ear of corn, and proceed to masticate it with an apparent relish equal to their bipedal enemies. When their appetite is satisfied, they cut off the cornstalks below the ear by the armful, and walking erect, carry their booty through fields, over fences and into dark recesses of the swamps and cane-brakes to their hiding-places.

Matrimonial Advice.

Marry in your own religion.

Never both be angry at once.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

Let self-abnegation be the habit of both.

"I forgot," is never an acceptable excuse.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

If you must criticise, let it be done lovingly.

Make a marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other.

Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials.

Marry into a family which you have known long.

If one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss.

Let each strive to yield offenest to the wishes of the other.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

The greatest felicity is in the mutual cultivation of usefulness.

Neglect the whole world beside, rather than one another.

Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.

Marry into different blood and temperament than your own.

Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.

Never deceive, for the heart once misled, can never trust wholly again.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed.

It is the mother who moulds the character and fixes the destiny of the child.

Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's tastes, habits or preferences.

Let all your mutual accommodations be spontaneous, whole souled, and as free as air.

A hesitating or grum yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart.

They who marry for traits of mind and heart will seldom fail of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment.

Never reflect on a past action that was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time.

They are the safest who marry from the standpoint of sentiment rather than of feeling, passion, or mere love.

The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail, as securing domestic happiness, than the beautiful in person.—[Good Words.

A Kentucky Monster.

A letter from Warren county, Ky., to the Franklin Patriot says: "This child, a girl, was four years of age on the 20th day of last March. She weighs one hundred pounds, measures eighteen inches across the chest, and is four feet eight and one-half inches high. There is a thick growth of hair covering her entire body, while her face is covered with whiskers, including a moustache. Up to about eighteen months ago she was a healthy girl. About that time her body became very hot and was covered with a heavy perspiration, lasting for several days. The odor occasioned by the perspiration was very offensive, and within fifteen minutes after being cleanly dressed her body and clothes would become saturated as if by some black colored liquid. When the perspiration ceased the hair began growing, only leaving the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands bare. Her voice attained a remarkable depth, sounding as though it came from the inside of a barrel. Her strength is astonishing. She can carry her ten-year-old sister under her arm with apparent ease, and the mother states that the child actually does not know her strength. The statements herein made are strictly true, and, if necessary