THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Graphic Descriptions by Eye Witnesses—Scenes in Naples.

NAPLES, Ischia, Aug. 31.—Only two years ago, on the 4th of March, 1881, at 1 P. M., there was an earthquake in Ischia. Two hundred people perished. There have now had a greater earthquake. At a time the bathing season was at its height and the island was crowded with visitors, Ischia is a delicious resort in the hot season, is set among the other islands like a jewel, is natural beauty and its wonderful fertility are unrivalled. A mountain rises from the island 2,400 feet above the level of the sea. The sky is usually as bright as a mirror and as blue as the sky. This mountain is called the Epomeo or San Nicola. It is an extinguished volcano. Although it has concealed its fire, it occasionally surrounds itself with ruin and death. And now it has turned the island into a great cemetery.

Prince Gustiniani Baudini of Rome has just arrived from Casamicciola with his son, 21 years old. "We had taken our rooms at the Hôtel Sauve," he said, "with Senator Cacace, Duke de Bovino, Prince Frasso, Marquis Nerotti, M. Calabrini's family, and two French gentlemen from Paris. My son Carlo was on the ground floor at a window, sketching a moonlight scene on the shore. I was playing cards with Negrotti, Bovino, Frasso, and Cacace. It was 9½ P. M. Frasso was showing me some tricks with cards, when, in a twinkling, the table was upset and the lamp fell and fired the tablecloth. A general outcry followed. My son shouted, 'Father, lets run away. It's an earthquake!' We heard persons outside shouting and screaming, amid the awful crash of falling houses. Prince Frasso and Senator Cacace put out the fire in our hotel. Then a second shock was heard. The walls danced and split. Chandeliers and picture frames fell to the floor. We rushed for the door. Smoke, wind, and dust extinguished the light carried by a servant, and we drew back. The house opposite the hotel was falling, crushing all who were trying to escape from our hotel. We hesitated four or five minutes. Then Prince Frasso cried: 'Move ahead!' We felt our way out in the darkness, and stood among the ruins and the bodies of the dead for about an hour. We heard, right and left, persons moaning and complaining. I took my son by the hand and sat down. My brain was reeling. Some of our servants went into the hotel and got mattresses and sheets, and prepared beds for the ladies. We sat on the ground the whole night. At dawn we witnessed a fearful scene. The dead and wounded were buried in the ruins, and the air was filled with pitiful cries. The cashier of the Hôtel Sentinella appeared with a broken arm. His hair had been whitened by fear. He had lost his wife and six children. He told us that he saw numbers of persons throw themselves from the windows, crazed with apprehension. A navy officer came along and placed two soldiers at our disposal. We walked for three hours over ruins and fallen walls. Corpses were strown everywhere. A poor mother, with broken legs, was pressing to her bosom her dying child. Walls were still falling, and every minute we heard the warning, 'Look out! look out!' We crossed a bridge, and were hardly on the other side before the bridge fell. At half-past 9 we were taken on board the steamer Regina Margherita. When we landed in Naples we were met by an excited crowd of inquirers. Princess Frasso asked for her husband. When she saw him she fell senseless."

Another eyewitness said: "I had gone down to Ischia for a few days, and stopped at the Grand Hôtel of Casamicciola. On Saturday night I could not find rest in the hotel after dinner. I lighted my cigar and strolled in front of the house, looking for some acquaintances, when a friend happened to pass, and we began to talk. 'Let us go to see *Pulcinello*,' he said. 'All right,' said I, and we went. The *pulcinello* theatre was a very shabby place. It looked more like an improvised circus than a theatre. A linen awning served as a roof. There were about 150 persons present when the curtain was raised. As soon as *Pulcinello* had begun to make us laugh, a tremendous report was heard. I was thrown about five yards from where I had been seated. I heard a fearful subterranean noise like the noise made by a lightning train running through a tunnel or over a suspension bridge at full speed. The ground on which I was lying undulated like the rolling of the sea. I have a vague recollection of what followed. Even now it seems to me like a dream. A mass of human bodies was lying entangled in great confusion. The petroleum lamps were upset, and the chairs and benches were set on fire. I arose and tried to put out the fire near me. Then I ran out of the wooden enclosure and got hold of one of the fruit of the trees. Many persons followed my example, and the branches of the tree were soon holding terror-stricken people like myself. Meantime a sound like the approach of a tornado was heard. A large cloud of dust enveloped us. I experienced the terrors of an unknown danger. I was nearly blinded by smoke and dust whenever I tried to catch a glimpse of my neighbors. In the sudden flash of some new fire, I saw persons looking crazy and wild. They had the faces of ghosts. The second shock lasted fifteen or twenty seconds. Then we got a respite, and the ground became steady again. We went near the shore, gathered some wood from the ruins, and made a fire. But we had to make a long detour before we could reach the shore, for ruined houses were continually falling. A strange crowd soon gathered around our fire. Women in nightgowns, men half stripped, and children entirely naked ran wildly here and there. Some of them carried torches of straw and looked among the ruins, calling their dear ones. 'Did you see my husband?' 'Did you see my children?' Such anxious inquiries were heard on every side. On the parts of the wall that remained standing you could see persons perched like birds trying to jump down. Their struggles frequently overbalanced the half ruined walls, and down they went, smashing their heads against the stones. It was a fearful night. We remained in that pandemonium until 7 o'clock on Sunday morning. It was only then that the first boats came from Naples. They were filled with soldiers who had been sent to our rescue. The telegraph wires were all broken, and they were summoned by messengers sent from Casamicciola to Ischia. The arrival of the first steamer was hailed with cheers by the survivors. Every one struggled to get on board of her. Her deck was soon crowded with persons covered with mud and blood. The women were wrapped in bedclothes and looked more like corpses than living bodies. The appearance of a battlefield after a fight is not so horrible as was the appearance of the deck of that steamer. Afar from the shore the houses of Casamicciola looked as though they were still standing. Their four walls showed no visible marks of their inward ruins, caused by the fall of the roofs which had buried those beneath them. We could see long processions of the wounded carried along the shore. The theatre was the only building which escaped destruction. The awning was a providential roof. It did not fail, nor did it kill anybody. The wooden walls of the theatre did not crumble like the masonry of the other buildings. The whole day Saturday was splendid and sunny, one of the finest of the season. There were no surface indications of what was coming, however. The sulphur springs a few days before had increased their heat, and at the moment of the earthquake they burst into torrents, scalding a great many persons."

Early on Sunday the news of the disaster spread over Naples. The people gathered in the streets terror-stricken. Confusion and consternation grew with the arrival of fresh news. The disaster was described as immense. Houses and streets were said to have disappeared from Casamicciola, and the hotels were reported entirely destroyed.

The dead of Naples are almost numberless. The whole city is in mourning. Steamers hourly return freighted with the dead and wounded. The whole city flocked to the wharf to inquire about the dead and surviving.

The first reports announced the death of the titular Bishop of Casamicciola, a very zealous prelate distinguished for his zeal and abnegation at the time of the earthquake of 1881. His promotion was due to his wonderful display of courage and zeal at that time. His sisters died with him. Count Filippani, brother of the Canon of St. Peter's, and son of Pius IX.'s butler, is reported dead. Cabs, hand carts, artillery wagons, and every possible vehicle are used to convey the wounded to the hospitals of Pellegrini, Incurabili, and Gesu Maria.

The Archbishop of Naples went from hospital to hospital consoling the suffering and anointing the dying in his name. His grace looks like a walking corpse. When the 12 o'clock gun of the fortress was discharged all the wounded in the hospitals started from their beds, fearing a renewal of the earthquake. The church of Pellegrini has been turned into a hospital. The ambulances of the Red Cross and the ambulances of the army were all sent to Casamicciola. Scores of doctors went with them. A hospital filled with children, attended by Sisters of Mercy, was ruined. The little ones and the Sisters were all killed.

On Sunday afternoon a storm broke over the city of Naples and Ischia. Thunder and lightning and a very rough sea made the work of rescue very difficult. Many young men volunteered their services and went over to the island. In the storm and confusion a thief was caught plundering the wounded. The people wanted to lynch him. As fast as the steamers landed at Naples they were boarded by an anxious crowd eager to go over and look after their relatives. The captains refused to take them. Many threw themselves into the water and caught hold of the ropes swinging from the boats, shouting: "Abuse us, but take us to Ischia!" The boats were packed to suffocation.

In the storm Casamicciola sent up volumes of smoke. The ruins were on fire. The small square on the harbor was filled with wounded. Doctors were making amputations on every side. Priests knelt down and anointed the dying on every corner. Sisters were there with ice and medicines. The small church was crowded with bodies. Corpses were partially hidden beneath the half-ruined walls. Rich ladies, in costly toilets and covered with jewels, rested by the side of half-naked women aroused from sleep, all overtaken by death. Only a few houses near to the shore were standing. The great establishment Monte della Misericordia had completely disappeared.

Most of the 6,500 people in Casamicciola had perished. Here was a *carabiniere* with a child in his arms, both crushed in flight. From holes in the ruins came mysterious voices calling for help. A young man, Ludovico Vergard, endowed with extraordinary muscular power, was looking for his sister in the ruins of a house where she had gone visiting. He began to excavate with his hands, and brought to life eleven persons. He finally heard the voice of his sister Giulia, and fainted when he found that he could not save her from death.

We came back to Naples on the steamer Palermo of the Florio line. We had a hundred wounded on the deck.

The Archbishop of Naples was among the first to go to Casamicciola.

He arrived in Ischia at 7 A. M., the 30th of July, having started from Naples at 5 A. M. He blessed the bodies of the dead, and inquired after Monsignor Mennella, auxiliary Bishop of Ischia. His body was found beneath the ruins of his residence, holding a crucifix in his hands. Scores of persons contended for the privilege of kissing the crucifix. The body was turned over to the clergy of Procida. Many a time the zealous Monsignor San Felice risked his life in the falling and crumbling ruins. He remained in the hot sun until 1 o'clock. He was exhausted and nearly fainting when some bystanders gave him a little wine to drink, and urged him to withdraw from the field of his charity.

The King also arrived from Monza. He came in time to prevent the death of many. Minister Gossola of the Public Works ordered the burning of the bodies. Many persons were buried alive under the dead. Lime was strewn over the ruins. This measure was adopted to prevent pestilence from the putrefying bodies. Prince San Donato protested before the King, and no more lime was thrown on the ruins. It was killing the living beneath the dead. Many persons were saved after this who certainly would have died.

An Englishman, Mr. Louis Nesbitt, was introduced to the King. He owns property at Ischia. He distributed food, clothes, medicines, and cordials with royal generosity. He was up night and day, encouraging the workingmen by his example and by his presence. All the Italian press praise him enthusiastically.

King Humbert showed a great deal of charity for the victims. After spending a day at the scene of the disaster, he passed the night on board of a royal steamer, and left for Naples, where he visited the wounded.

Minister Depretis also went to Casamicciola. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mancini, visited the desolated spot, carried by men in a sedan chair, like a Pope.

The Government is blamed for a lack of energy. Only a few soldiers were sent at first, and they were badly supplied with food. The poor starved ones could do very little work. It is thought that many hundreds more would have been saved had help been sent immediately, and not in microscopic proportions. Starvation has added a great deal to the suffering. Many soldiers were kept twenty hours without food. The starved dogs and hogs of the island fed on the dead bodies. Proper and well-ordered relief has now been furnished. Soldiers are regularly relieved, and fresh meat is supplied by the local butchers. When sent from Naples, it arrived at Ischia in a state of putrefaction, owing to the heat.

Every precaution against a pestilence is being taken. Tar is burned, and carbolic acid and lime are freely used. The flies are dangerous, for they insect the living with the poison of the decayed bodies.

WHY AND HOW.

Casamicciola is built over a maze of unexplored vaults, supported by pillars of clay. Fire constructed them, but water was slowly undermining them. These pillars, corroded by filtrations, gave way under repeated shocks, and caused the great disaster.

On the day before the earthquake an old man went to the Bishop saying: "I felt a slight shock this morning. The vapors exhaled by the water are black and thick. I am old and know what it means. We are about to have a disaster." The people said that he was crazy, and paid no attention to him.

At 9:50 P. M. there was a ball at the Grand Hotel. At the theatre a play was presented, which opened with a scene representing the fear caused by an earthquake. In the Sentinella Hotel an English lady was playing the *marche funebre* of Chopin. At Forio the band was playing in the square. At Lacco Ameno dancing was going on, and the moon was rising from Monte Epomeo. Within fifteen seconds Lacco Ameno, Casamicciola, and half of Forio were a plain of smoking ruins. The terrified crowd fled in every direction. The actors ran for life clad in their professional attire.

A young lady was found with a fractured skull taking care of her canary bird, and a woman whose arm was amputated wanted to know what had become of her pet dog. The soldiers opened a way to a man who was calling for help. As soon as he was rescued he cursed them for their tardiness, because they had not rescued him sooner. On the top of the ruins lies a church bell with the inscription:

ANNO DOMINI 1743.

The soldiers rescued a young man who had been buried for 110 hours. His pulse was all right. He had no wounds, and said he suffered more from the bad smell of the bodies than from starvation. As soon as he gained his feet he began to work with the soldiers to save his cousin, who was under the ruins and still alive. Four hours more were needed, and the cousin came out after 114 hours of agony. A party of soldiers saw a young mother who was crying because her daughter, 16 years old, was fastened beneath a rock. The mother urged the girl to allow the soldiers to drag her out even if her legs should be torn off. After two hours of hard work the girl was rescued.

Scores of thieves were caught. A gentleman was trying to excavate the body of his wife. Two peasants offered their help, but demanded twenty-one guineas for their services. The gentleman was at their mercy. He paid the money. Once out of danger, however, he denounced the fellows, who were caught and imprisoned. Some rascals were caught stealing provisions sent to the starved survivors.

In Naples the thieves organized a plot by which the whole population of one of the quarters was aroused during the night by false alarm of danger. The thieves ran about crying that Vesuvius was in eruption. Hundreds of families left their homes, and the thieves went in and robbed them. The public indignation was so great that if the rascals had been caught they would have been torn to pieces.

There were striking cases of honesty. The keeper of Casamicciola Cemetery found a pocketbook containing 153,000 francs, many golden coins, and several jewels. He gave it to the local authorities. Soldiers found money and valuables and returned them. In many instances the sums of money were considerable and quite tempting.

Leo XIII. sent a letter to the Bishop of Ischia, with 20,000 florins for the sufferers. The Emperor and Empress of Austria sent 20,000 francs. Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, gave 5,000 francs. The Congregation of Propaganda Fide sent 5,000 francs to the Bishop of Ischia.

The body of a nun was found in the ruins. She had in her pocket these five numbers: 62, 51, 48, 5, 90.

Thousands in Rome and Naples put their money on the numbers, and the Royal Lottery has made piles of money.

Later Notes from Ischia.

The smell of the dead bodies at Casamicciola is almost unbearable. An artilleryman, despite the orders of his superiors, dug for seven hours in one spot where, he said, he heard some voices. At last a hand appeared. It was the hand of a young lady, whose mother was encouraging the soldier. By and by the whole body was uncovered, but one foot was held between two rocks. It was hours before she was finally released.

Thieves from the continent are making sad work among the ruins. The fingers of the bodies of several ladies were twisted and broken by the rascals who robbed them of jewels. A survivor says that he was robbed of his valuables by a thief who gave him a blow on the head with a stick, evidently intending to kill him. These thieves come in little boats from Naples and land on solitary spots.

Ischia was called in the days of early Rome Pithecusa, Œnaria, and Inarime. Virgil speaks of it in the IX. Book of the Æneid, verse 715:

Tum scutis Prochita alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime Jovis imperis imposta Typhoeo.

In 474 the Epomeo volcano overwhelmed a Greek colony. In 1228, in the month of July, the same volcano buried 700 persons, according to St. Julian:

Eodem mense Julii mons Iscias subversus est et operuit in casualitate, sub se degentes fere septingentos hominum inter viros et mulieres.

In 1301 another shock destroyed the city of Geronda.

A book printed in 1868 by Capt. Pessiffa of the Neapolitan army contained a warning. It says:

We do not believe that the volcano of Ischia is extinguished. It has been silent for centuries, but so the crater of Pelmi remained for ages. It resumes its deadly career again as Vesuvius did, from 1306 to 1631.

Survivors who were buried for many hours show signs of incipient insanity. They hate to go into houses, are afraid to sleep under a roof, and cannot sleep alone.

One of the last victims found alive was a donkey. It was buried for eight days. The soldiers, hearing a groaning, worked hard for seven or eight hours, encouraging what they supposed to be a human being with friendly words: "*Coraggio buon asino! coraggio!*" Imagine their surprise when they found the donkey. He began to bray as soon as his head was uncovered.

Mr. Astor, the American Ambassador in Rome, has subscribed $600 for the victims of Casamicciola.

The city will not be built again of stone. Wooden houses only are permitted.

GEN. JACKSON AND MR. BUCHANAN.

Unpublished Letters Found Among President Buchanan's Papers.

President Jackson to Mr. Buchanan.

MOUNT CHANCELLOR'S, Va., July 11, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 8th inst. was received last night on board the steamboat, and I take the first stage to reply to it. Before I left Washington I had it made known to Mr. Harrison, First Auditor, that from his age and debility complaints had been and still were making against him, and that he must prepare to resign or leave the office by the 1st of October next, or as soon thereafter as I returned to the city. This being fixed, I have no hesitation in saying to you that I will, as soon as I return, make the appointment of Mr. Miller.

I intend reaching the city of Washington, life and health permitting, by the first of next October. It will be expected by me that Miller resign his seat in Congress in time that it may be known in Washington previous to my giving him the appointment, the rule I have adopted and acted upon being to appoint no member of Congress except to the Judiciary, Foreign Missions, or heads of departments. This I have religiously adhered to, tho' I have been charged by the opposition, most falsely, otherwise.

As to the appointment of Mr. ——, I cannot say. He was brought to the view of the Commissioner of the General (illegible) and the Secretary of the Treasury, but there was such a press for office, and the rule established of promotion, that it is very doubtful whether an office could be retained with such a salary as he would accept, and to turn good and experienced clerks out to starve, when there was no fault, could not be done. Thus I left matters on Saturday and came away Sunday evening.

I write in haste, with bad pen, ink, and paper, and a good deal (of) fatigue, having travelled nineteen miles from the boat for my breakfast. In haste, your friend, ANDREW JACKSON.

The Hon'ble JAMES BUCHANAN.

MR. VAN BUREN'S FINANCIAL POLICY.

Buchanan to Jackson.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, Pa., 28th July, 1837.

DEAR GENERAL: I should have written to you sooner, but had nothing to communicate of the least importance. This reason shall no longer prevent me from performing an act of duty so grateful to my own feelings. I watched your progress to Tennessee with the deepest solicitude, and now rejoice to know that your health has so greatly improved. I ardently hope you may yet outlive the slanders of your political enemies. In regard to your fame, we shall hear the voice of posterity in a few short years, and it will be nearly unanimous.

I have been on a visit to the western counties of this State for the purpose of seeing my relatives. From my observation, I believe that with the exception of the city of Pittsburgh, the suspension of specie payments by the banks has in this region aided rather than injured the cause of Democracy. Much now depends upon the conduct of Mr. Van Buren. I have been asked fifty times by political friends since I left home whether he possessed sufficient firmness and energy of character for the station which he now occupies. His refusal to convene Congress and his change of resolution so immediately after, doubtless for good reason, without assigning any cause for it, in his proclamation, have made rather an unfavorable impression upon some of our friends. They say the old General would not have acted thus. Should the President decline taking the responsibility of recommending detailed measures to Congress, as his enemies predict, it will be fatal to his popularity in this State. I, on the contrary, hand, he should come out boldly and decidedly against the employment of any bank, whether State or national, as the fiscal agent of the Government in collecting and disbursing the public revenue, and propose Treasury agencies at proper points for the purpose, leaving the Government elevated ground. For my own part, I have entire confidence in his firmness; but this quality of his character will be put to the test at the meeting of Congress. It will then, I trust, be made manifest that he is worthy of being your successor.

It is mortifying to observe what a powerful influence this State in the Union exerts over the minds of those who consider themselves the well born and the well bred of the land. At this watering place there are but few who are not its advocates, and who would not have its recharter by Congress as a sovereign panacea for all ills of the nation. May I believe, or affect to believe, and expect that the public deposits will be restored to it immediately after the meeting of Congress. It is among the hard-handed and honest farmers and mechanics of the country that the opposition to this institution and to a moneyed aristocracy prevails.

Our crops in Pennsylvania, although unpromising in the spring, may be called good, although I do not think that the wheat will equal an average crop. Still we have great reason to be thankful that it has turned out so well.

I cherish the hope of seeing you once more, though at what time I cannot anticipate. Please to remember me in the kindest terms to Miss and Mrs. Jackson, and to Major Donelson, and believe me ever to be your faithful and affectionate friend, JAMES BUCHANAN.

Gen. ANDREW JACKSON.

CONGRATULATING JACKSON ON HIS RELIGIOUS CONVERSION.

Buchanan to Jackson.

LANCASTER, April 10, 1839.

MY DEAR GENERAL: Although a long distance separates us, and we may never meet again on this side of time, yet my thoughts often dwell upon you, and I contemplate the evening of your days, which may yet extend long, with calm and unalloyed pleasure. Should you be spared a very few years, you will live to witness the inevitable and just award of posterity upon your public conduct. Already the selfish passions which blinded the judgment of your former friends have sensibly subsided, and ere long the almost unanimous voice of a great and free people will do you justice.

I had anticipated with heartfelt pleasure a visit to the Hermitage during the present spring. Indeed, I had made every arrangement to go to the Southwest at the end of the late session; but the death of a beloved sister a few days before its close caused me to abandon my purpose. I still cherish a hope that we may yet meet again on earth. Although not a member of any church myself, yet I was gratified to learn, both for your own sake and that of the example, that you had borne a public testimony to the truth and power of religion. It can alone convert the inevitable ills attendant upon humanity into positive blessings, and thus wean us from this world, and make death itself the portal to another and a better state of existence.

The country is now, I fear, in a critical condition. In one respect we are a strange people. Past experience seems to be lost upon us. Although the expansions and contractions of the banking system have periodically ruined thousands of our best and most enterprising citizens, yet we still continue to rush on in the same mad career. The signs of the times are portentous of a suspension of specie payments. Although such an event is to be deprecated, yet should it come again, human ingenuity cannot furnish a pretext for charging it on the Government. The banks have had their free sway. In that event, the final separation of the bank and State must no longer be retarded.

In Pennsylvania, the folly and wickedness of the Whigs and Anti-masons, in attempting to nullify the late election, force into the Legislature the defeated Whig candidates of the county of Philadelphia and thus usurp the Government, have greatly strengthened the Democratic party. With honest and discreet measures on the part of our State Government—and I have great confidence in Gov. Porter—we shall maintain our ascendancy without difficulty. By the by, you will be amused to learn that during our late tremendous Gubernatorial struggle hickory poles were everywhere raised with flags, bearing the inscription of "Jackson and Porter;" so that you perceive your name is still the battle cry in the Keystone State. Her people have been as true to you as you have to them.

I wish the prospects of Mr. Van Buren in New York were as bright as they are in Pennsylvania. I fear he has lost that State irretrievably. There I think our chief reliance must be on the folly of the Whigs, who generally abuse power in such a manner as to disgust the people whenever they acquire it. New York is a State in which the banking interest has insinuated itself into the very fibres and nerves of society. I was diverted with a remark of Mr. Calhoun's on their free banking law. He said he had not anticipated the final downfall of the present banking system for some years to come; but that this free banking, should it extend over the country, would very soon finish the work effectually.

What noble efforts they are now making in Virginia in favor of the good cause! The Richmond *Inquirer* abounds in articles of surpassing ability, and is making an effort which will redeem him from his past political mistakes. He has fairly abandoned Rives for the sake of his country. Both he and Judge Parker calculate with much confidence on victory. To lose Virginia at this crisis would be a severe blow upon the Democratic party. It is one of the most important elections which has ever been held in the country; but from all I can learn the issue is scarcely any longer doubtful.

I cannot believe that the British Government will go to war with us in a cause so trifling and so unjust as their claim to the disputed territory when every blow which they would aim at us must recoil upon themselves. Their prosperity is now almost identified with ours. Still, they are an arrogant and domineering people, and their history affords but few cases in which they have ever surrendered any claim, no matter how unjust, for which they have long and seriously contended without fighting for it. Besides, the Ministry (Lord Melbourne's) may perhaps be too weak in popular confidence to be able to do us justice. They are living upon expedients from day to day. They are a sort of *male tallies* concern and are maintained in power by the mutual jealousy of the Tories and Liberals. It is possible that the dread of losing their places may occasion a war between the two countries. Still, I do not think that such will be the result. Your old friend Webster made a most terrific war speech late one night in the Senate, and was clapped by the galleries for his ardent patriotism. He would not give the British longer than the Fourth of July next to surrender up the disputed territory. We must have it then, peaceably if we could, forcibly if we must. But a change came over the spirit of his dream. Whether from the desire of being appointed special Minister, or some other cause, certain it is that he has explained it all away in his letter to Mr. Ogden, which you have doubtless seen. He is now willing to present the olive branch to England, as well as the sword.

Please to remember me in the kindest terms to your son and daughter and to Major Donelson, and believe me ever to be your devotedly attached friend, JAMES BUCHANAN.

Gen. ANDREW JACKSON.

EUREKA SPRINGS ANOMALIES.

What Astonishes a Stranger Set Down in the White River Mountains.

EUREKA SPRINGS, Aug. 13.—An Arkansas editor who recently visited this city of marvels wrote to his newspaper that a hound's tail was accidentally cut off near the Harding Spring; that the dog drank of the waters and that a new tail grew; that meantime the dissevered caudal appendage, having been thrown into the spring, grew to be a dog, and that then the dog's owner had two dogs. But the veracious editor doesn't add, "If you don't believe it there's one of the dogs." The average Eurekan, however, believes. He tells you of cures healed, lost vision restored, scrofula eradicated, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and paralysis cured, and disordered kidneys regulated by the waters; and if your arched eyebrows betray incredulity the narrator promptly offers to introduce you to the restored and vigorous subject of his astonishing narrative.

By the time you have walked for a week—or rather climbed—the crags termed streets in this city, you will have got used to prodigious recitals. You will have learned that the city, whose first house was erected in July, 1879, already boasts a debt of $100,851.24; that last year the Aldermen voted $54,000 for street improvements; that Mayor John Carroll's salary was $2,000 a year; the City Clerk's, $1,800; the City Surveyor's, $1,500; salary of the Chief of Police, $1,500 a year; of the Police Judge, $1,800; of the Street Commissioner, $1,000; of the Chief of the Fire Department, $1,000; of the Coroner, $500; of the City Treasurer, $800; of the City Attorney, $1,000, and of the City Health Officer, $1,000. The policemen were paid, you learn, $80 a month, and the poor fellow upon them they arrested for drunkenness was punished with the exemplary fine of $25 and $2.50 costs. Then it is naively added that the costs were cash, and that he was allowed three days in which to buy city scrip to pay his fine. You are told, furthermore, that a bank license was $10 a year; a boarding-house license, $100; a hotel license, $75, and a license to sell real estate, $100; and when you ask what the city's eight dram shops pay, the reply is, "Government license, $25; State license, $300; county license, $400, and city license, $2,500," meaning $3,225 that a keeper of a barroom must pay annually in license fees. Involuntarily you begin a recital of Yosemite valley hotel extortions; but your Eureka friend checks you with an "Ah, sir, but this is paid mainly in city scrip, which is worth only ten cents on the dollar." So the youth who got drunk paid $25 fine in city scrip at ninety per cent. discount, and the man who sold the spirits paid the city $2,500 in like city scrip, worth $250. He paid the county $400 in county scrip, which he bought at about fifty per cent. discount. Now you understand why the City Treasurer, in his book has this entry: Aug. 31, 1882: "Paid H. D. Field $20, cash," and now the entry of $60 received from Manager Forhan for license to exhibit with an opera troupe no longer looks like the crime of robbery. He merely invested six dollars in city scrip and turned it over to the City treasury. And in the light of these facts the Aldermen's appropriation of $2,000, in city scrip, for ex-Mayor Carroll's expenses in going to Washington didn't provide for a triumphal progress.

Ex-Mayor Carroll was sent to the Federal city to extricate the City Government of Eureka Springs from the stupendous perplexities. The city had no land tenure. Nobody could be taxed. Street improvements and other corporation expenses had been paid with city scrip, and city scrip was daily depreciating. Ere long a city government would be impossible. The streets, already impassable, would remain in the neglected Coney Island Concourse, would become impassable. The city had no means of making sewers, and the situation was alarming.

All these deplorable circumstances came about in this way:

Immediately after the discovery of the virtues of the waters there was a rush from Missouri, Iowa, and Arkansas to the White River Mountains, and ere long the sides and even the crests of the twelve hills on which the City of Eureka Springs stands were whitened with the tents of squatters. There was an influx of speculators, and everybody became a builder on a pre-empted lot of forty feet square. In 1881 the population was estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000. Then followed land title quarrels. Nobody owned an inch. The General Government owns the land. A party of schemers put in a mining site claim, and another party claimed the land for agricultural purposes. Imagine agricultural pursuits on twelve hills of rock, rising at an angle of forty-five degrees to their peaks six hundred feet above Leatherwood Creek! And as for mining, the two mining and quarrying companies that were organized at the inception of the town haven't yet found paying ores of any kind within ten miles of the place. It was manifest from the outset that the townsite party, composed mainly of men who intended permanently to dwell in the City of Eureka Springs, must win as against either the agricultural party or the mining party. The town-site men set the wheels of a City Government in motion, and began the necessary improvements on the precipitous hillsides, paying in city scrip. The town-site party's opinions of the Aldermen in charging this scrip, and at length it became the City Government's imperative duty to send a representative to the Department of the Interior as a means of hastening the decision that was inevitable. Hence the Aldermen's vote of $2,000 in scrip to pay ex-Mayor Carroll's expenses in going to the City of Washington.

The Government's decision in favor of the town-site party, as telegraphed the other day, was hailed with many manifestations of joy. A mass meeting in the public square was hurriedly called. The stars and stripes were flung to the breeze. For want of heavy ordnance all the old anvils in the city were carried to the hilltops. The city was illuminated, and it goes without saying that the inhabitants of the city of the White River Mountains were congratulated. The decision in favor of the town-site party gives all the land to the city, and the City Government may now sell lots, and thus provide a fund for improvements.

Eureka Springs looks forward to a new life. The speculators and builders and many of the squatters have gone, and left the hillsides covered with empty cabins that were built for preemption purposes, and her population is reduced, according to Mayor Davis's estimate, to about 5,000. This is believed to be permanent—a nucleus for a city of no small pretensions. The Aldermen voted in May, 1882, thenceforth to serve gratis, and to do the city's business on a basis of 100 cents to the dollar, and all the other servants of the city are drawing moderate sums of real money instead of the fabulous salaries cited above, paid in the city scrip at ten cents to the dollar. Some of the depreciated scrip was paid out irregularly, and that part of the scrip is to be redeemed at a fair discount. The city will call in the most of her outstanding indebtedness at about fifteen cents on the dollar, and hereafter she will make paper that may be rated at par. Her new railroad to Seligman, Mo., connects her with the commercial world, and ere long she may cut through the White River Mountain gulches stage roads that may make her the centre of the trade of northwestern Arkansas. She will not be a summer resort merely, for her waters' virtues are the same all the year round. Undoubtedly many wonderful cures have been effected by them; but that all the sufferers have been cured is not pretended.

Every Woman her Own Dogmaker.

From the Baltimore News.

The Baltimore girls are an independent species who will not submit to be hampered, even by fashion, too much. If they must wear a dog, as they do a bonnet, they will not consent to allow Dame Fashion to dictate the shape or style of dog to be worn. Hence it is said that a close observer in the Park on a fair afternoon will see that every lady who makes a pretence to style wears a different make of dog—a dog with some feature or characteristic different from any other canine on the drive. This variety is easily secured. We are about to give a local secret away, because as journalists it is our duty to tell the truth and to furnish information upon all subjects. The secret of this diversity is that every lady makes her own dog. She decides for herself the style of dog she will affect. She then buys the plush, cloth, satin, linen, or fur that her canine fancies can imagine into the shape she wants, and then she cuts out her canine pet, stuffs it with rag cotton, sews on its tail and ears, fits a couple of glass marbles in for eyes, and there she has a dog which she can hold in the most graceful attitude, suited precisely in size and shape to her favorite breed, and in color harmonizing beautifully with her complexion and dress. Some extra fashionable belles have a number of these pudding pups and poodles made up and constantly on hand to match their various costumes.

The Prisoners' Pet.

From the Fishtown News.

The prisoners at the Blue Eagle have got a tame rat with which they amuse their idle hours. The little fellow is as playful as a kitten. Runs from hell to hell, will eat out of the prisoners' hands, and perform a number of tricks at the word of command. It seems to have especially attached itself to a colored woman, who has been locked up for nearly a year awaiting trial for murder. It sleeps in the blankets with her every night, and if another rat enters her apartment will assault it with the most determined ferocity, and drive it out. It is passionately fond of music. One of the prisoners has a violin, and the moment he draws his bow across the strings the rat will run from whatever part of the jail it may be in directly to the fiddler's cell.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Only!

From the New York Observer.

Only a shred of hair set in a ring;
Yet how I prize that lock of silken hair!
I do esteem it as a priceless thing,
And evermore this precious barble wear.

Only a little chair, long vacant now,
But memory often fills the empty seat;
A fair, sweet child, with calm and sinless brow,
I see in fancy sitting at my feet.

Only the portrait of a childish face,
The silent shadow of a vanished form,
Pressed often to my own in glad embrace,
With loving prattle and fond kisses warm.

Only some broken toys; but oh! to me
They are the relics of a happy past;
Kept as a treasure under lock and key,
Mementos of a time too bright to last.

Only some little garments worn and old,
Gazed at in secret sorrow now and then;
Guarded as miser hoard their darling gold,
And hide the treasure from the eyes of men.

Only two tiny shoes, worn out almost,
You would not deem them worth a passing thought;
But oh! they conjure up a rushing host
Of past, sad memories that come unsought.

Only a little bed; how oft I bent
To kiss the lovely tenant sleeping there;
Yet my heart was happy in its great content,
Nor reck'd the sorrow it has had to bear.

Only a little while, but short at best,
And time will waft us to the other shore;
Partings and death no more shall rack the breast
In that blest home, the Land of Evermore!

JOHN ASKHAM.

Overworked.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dew drop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful date in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning—
These things must always yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and make her bread.
The lazy man in the hay field wants his dinner,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy, and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it, and just on time.
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dishes are all put by at last,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and chores draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose,
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect in their children's clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labor,
He gives no praise to his weary wife;
She sees across the fence the door of a neighbor;
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary toilsome
With life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
The sons and daughters—shall call her blest,
And I think the perfect joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all, will be given
Unto the way-worn farmer's wife.

ELLA WHEELER.

Which?

From the Memphis Appeal.

"Wave well, amid the floes of icy scorn, mouth defiance,
And answer roar for roar, as spirits can."

Brave brotherhood, standing on heights towering o'er me,
With snowy-robed consciences void of offence,
Look down on a soul that lies fainting before ye,
All bleeding and torn by the lions of Sense;
Mid fair sounding phrases
Revolving unanswered,
Judge which is the Gospel and which the pretence.

So, wrapped in a mesh of inextricate tangle
The delicate question lies, crippled and lame;
Our judges and critics so wrestle and wrangle
O'er which shall be Optimism, which shall be fame,
That, deafened and blinded,
And myriad-minded,
We trembingly ask, what is honor? What shame?

When soft on the mountain the moonlight lies sleeping,
When starry-eyed blossoms exhale their perfume,
When down the dim aisles the dim shadows are weeping,
When up the blue ether the cloud pillars loom,
Whence come these trances—
Dreams sweet or from Senses—
That lap us in melody, fragrance and bloom?

When Sense, many visaged, comes whispering, pleading,
And Soul, many voiced, warns as sternly away,
When pulses are bounding, and heartstrings are bleeding,
And whirling brain cries, Which is God? Which is clay?

Oh! blinding pretenses
Of Soul and of Senses!
Whose voice shall we follow? Whose mandate obey?

When Soul lies secure under cool shading willows
Of tissue and velvet, Sense cries, "Wings to save—
When Sense struggles out through the breakers and billows,
Bewildered and blinded, yet battling and brave;
Oh! valiant assailants
Of tyranny's altars!
Judge, which is the freeman, and which is the slave.

When, wrecked in the breakers of sins and temptations,
The voice of a brother means up from the wave,
And poor dimming Reason, with weary endurance,
Goes breasting the billows, to seek and to save,
While Soul stands aloof, lest some foul emanations
The snow of his raiment, white garments should lave,
Then, saintly trainers
Of Sense's abuses!
Which shall be writ Coward, and which be named Brave?

They tell me, O Sense! that beyond the dark river,
Beside the cool waves