MEMPHIS APPEAL

—BY—

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

Terms of Subscription, Daily & Weekly

DAILY:

One copy, one month, by mail......$1 00
One copy, one year, by mail......10 00
One copy, six months, by mail......5 00
One copy, one week, in city......25
One copy, one month, in city......1 10

WEEKLY:

One copy, one year......$2 00
One copy, six months......1 25
Specimen copies sent free of charge.
Our mail-books are kept by postoffices, and not by individual names.
In ordering papers changed from one postoffice to another, the names of both postoffices should be given.

Rates of Advertising.

First insertion, per square......$1 00
Subsequent insertions, per square......50
Eight lines solid nonpareil makes one square, and twelve lines make one inch.
Local Notices are twenty cents per line first insertion, fifteen cents per line per week.
Wants, etc., are ten cents per line first insertion, and five cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Death and Marriage notices, Funeral notices and Obituaries, are charged at regular rates.
We will not accept any advertisement to follow reading matter.
First or Fourth page advertisements, stationary, double rates.

To Contributors and Correspondents:

We solicit letters and communications upon subjects of general interest, but such must always be accompanied by a responsible name.
We will not return rejected communications.
All letters, communications, or anything else for the APPEAL, should be addressed

GALLAWAY & KEATING,
M. C. GALLAWAY, } 282 Second street,
J. M. KEATING. } Memphis, Tenn.

MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB 18, 1877.

THE CONSPIRACY TRIUMPHS.

It seems the greatest crime of modern times—the election of a President of the United States by a confessed swindle and a fraud established beyond doubt—is about to be consummated. The people of Florida and Louisiana have been cheated out of their votes, and the people of the United States defrauded of the President they had elected by a large majority. The APPEAL favored the bill creating the electoral commission, believing that the question could not be settled by the partisans of congress without endangering the peace of the country and the perpetuity of the government. But it seems the confidence imposed in the supreme court judges was misplaced, as the Radical majority on the commission have exhibited a bigotry and a bitterness which puts to shame the most extreme Radicals in congress. Judge Bradley has shown himself capable of indorsing any villainy perpetrated by J. Madison Wells. No event in our history is so calculated to alarm patriotic men and thoughtful statesmen as the conduct of the Radical majority of the supreme court judges on the commission. The firm reliance which the people have in the wisdom, impartiality and honesty of the judiciary is now impaired, and for the future the opinions of Bradley and his partisan confederates will be mocked and jeered by the American people, whose respect for the United States supreme court, as a body, will be greatly diminished. The history of all civilized nations shows that when the judiciary becomes so corrupted as to make partisan decisions, anarchy, revolution and decay will soon follow. Every lawyer in the United States, every man of common sense, knows as well as the infamous Bradley, that fraud vitiates contracts and revokes agreements; releases obligations—annuls everything save the action of an infamous returning board. The Radical majority of supreme court judges on the commission have revealed so much party malignity that it is evident they intend to decide every point so as to accord with their personal preferences. The rulings already adopted would give Oregon to Tilden, but men base enough to give Florida and Louisiana to Hayes in the face of gross, palpable frauds, will scruple at no infamy. The very moment it is announced that Hayes secures the Presidency by a refusal to investigate the frauds, by which he obtained his seat, party bitterness will be intensified. The Democrats will acquiesce in the result, because they can afford to wait. The house of representatives is Democratic, and so will be the senate in two years more; and in 1880 the Democrats will have an easy victory in the Presidential election. The southern States are now in the hands of our own people, and if they have endured Grant for eight years, they can stand Hayes for four years. During the next four years the Republican party will attempt to divide the Democratic party in the south by a conciliatory policy, but the southern Democrats will never desert old friends for new ones.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH.

With the inauguration of Samuel J. Tilden as President of the United States, the south would have at once bounded into the sunlight of a renewed prosperity. Notwithstanding the depression which will follow the inauguration of Hayes, by a shameful fraud upon the people, a new era will dawn upon the south. Emigration from the north will soon be turned to the south. In fact it has already set in. Colonies from Philadelphia are being formed, and it is said other cities in Pennsylvania will follow the example. All such people will receive a kind welcome in the southern States. The Philadelphia *Press*, edited by John W. Forney, a strong Republican, has a kind word for the south. It says:

At the close of the war the south felt like the small boy who had been hit between the eyes by a big brother—it "saw stars." But these were not "fixed stars," and they soon disappeared. Then those who had done the fighting said, "Boys, we have been whipped; let us own up and go to work and repair our fortunes." But how to get to work was the question then uppermost. The bulk of the white people had never performed much physical labor, and the negroes were all free, and at liberty to work or remain idle. And standing behind these negroes were camp followers who had remained behind to improve their fortunes. As negro bureaus were formed for the protection of the negroes, these adventurers were installed in office. They were also chosen to fill the other offices. As all these could carry in their hands their personal effects they were denominated "carpetbaggers," and the name is still as fresh as ever. It has never been salted nor dried, and is not likely to be until the southern States, like those in the north, are permitted to manage their own affairs, so long as they do not violate the requirements of the constitution. Two years after the war, or say in 1867, the south began to realize fully that its future prosperity was to depend on agriculture and manufacturing, almost exclusively. Then it was the different States, in their legislative capacity, began to agitate the subject of immigration. Texas took the lead in this matter, and has always held it. In fact, she is the only State in the south that has made an appropriation to secure immigration. Others organized immigration bureaus, but made no appropriations. Those States welcomed immigration from any and all sources, so long as the immigrants came there to cultivate the soil or to engage in commerce and manufacturing, and not exclusively in search of office. Of this latter sort they had too many already. And right here we would state the belief that since the war no man ever went from the north to the south for the purpose of engaging in a legitimate business, where he would become a producer instead of a consumer only, who was not welcomed and his efforts seconded, so long as he did not attempt to secure what belonged to others by unfair means. We know a different opinion has prevailed in the north, an opinion occasioned by the reception the adventurous, irresponsible, political agitator, known as the "carpetbagger," has received. But we assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that no hostile spirit has existed in any of the southern States against those from the north who went there to help improve the country.

It is a singular fact that the Philadelphia *Press* is found urging the people of Pennsylvania to emigrate to the south. All such will be most cordially welcomed, for the south wants its idle lands cultivated, it wants to increase its commerce and its manufactures, and it needs northern capital, and is going to secure it by inducing immigration. There are thousands and tens of thousands of localities in the south, beautiful, fertile, delightful and salubrious, now lying idle for the want of population. But since such papers as the Philadelphia *Press* have commenced the work of inducing emigration to the south, a bright and brilliant future awaits the southern States. As an inducement for emigration to the south, the Philadelphia *Press* further says: "Had the right plan for reconstruction been pursued from the start, the south would long ere this have been rid of her carpet-baggers, and thousands and tens of thousands of honest and industrious men from the north would now be there in comfortable homes. But the policy adopted was a mistaken one, a very different [illegible] that would have been had Mr. [illegible]." The south has no use for th[illegible] carpetbaggers who came south [illegible] the blacks against the white[illegible] or selfish purposes, but she cordially welcomes men of industry and energy, and who locate in the south with a view of becoming permanent citizens, and a desire to add to the happiness, peace and prosperity of the people with whom they have cast their destiny.

THE BLASPHEMY OF MOMUS.

Of all the creatures whom God made, man alone was endowed with the power of laughter. The bestowal of the faculty implies liberty to use it, and also liberty to do that which will lead to the exercise of it. Strange as it may appear, a certain portion of the religious world condemn laughter, are jealous of it, see wickedness in it. When not absolutely condemning, others regard it with suspicion, as, if not exactly sinful, it were so near to sin that well-ordered people should view any indulgence in laughter as a matter for caution and watchfulness, in a way not considered necessary in any other expression of inward emotion. The same suspicion and condemnation is not thought necessary toward a stern, severe, not to say sour manner of behavior or speech. Yet it was persons of that stamp that originated inquisitions, that were persecutors and witch-burners among the Puritans, and that cast themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut. The religion that thinks no evil, that suffers long and is kind, never was guilty of the crimes and cruelties that accompany morose, uncheerful, unsmiling devotion. The sprightly mirth of the Mardi-Gras festival has not failed to draw down bitter condemnation from those who act as if heaven were to blame for having endowed man with the feeling of mirth, and the ability to manifest that feeling by laughter. The public press has been the vehicle for pouring out some of the unkind bitterness that is often mistaken for religion; one sample, which was copied into the APPEAL of Saturday, the tenth, is so obviously in opposition with the spirit of christianity, and so woful an exhibition of ignorance about the holy book which it cites, that it provokes comment. The article we refer to says: "We have an illustration of the irreverence and blasphemy of the promoters of the Mardi-Gras folly in one of their advertisements, published in the daily papers of Memphis. In flaming letters they use this language; 'Momus, the Great King of Memphis, and the Great I Am of the carnival.' Such an appropriation of that awful name of God is so blasphemous, that one could not have anticipated its employment, even in the interest of a cause as godless as this one; nor could we have imagined that the publishers of the daily papers of Memphis—not very scrupulous—would have consented, for money, to insert so wicked an advertisement." "The Great I," or "The Great I am," is frequently used as expressive of some person's egotism or vanity; and, when so used, it can surely not be considered blasphemous. "The Great I" is certainly not blasphemous; does it become so when the word "am" follows the pronoun? Those who would answer "yes," should be sure that they are not drawing one of those mischievous distinctions that formerly lead a very religious class of people to say "Whosoever shall swear by the altar, it is nothing; but whosoever sweareth by the gift that is upon it, he is guilty." But the whole accusation is founded upon a blunder of ignorance. The words in the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of Exodus, to which reference is made, form no name, as a very slight attention to the context shows. That it is not a name is evident from the fact that words corresponding to "I am" in the present tense of the verb "to be," are not in the bible, nor can be, for the Hebrew verb has no present tense. The words in the bible is eheyeh, the first person singular masculine of the verb, and in the future tense. Leeser, the Jewish translator of the old testament, whose version is in common use among the Jews around us, and whose authority on the point is satisfactory, renders the words in question: *"I will be that I will be," I will be* hath sent me unto you." The French Protestant translation does not take the word as a name, but paraphrases it, like the English, rendering "*Jesuis.*" The article condemnatory of poor excommunicated Momus, is therefore a plain breach of the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," for Momus committed no blasphemy, nor did the unscrupulous daily papers abet blasphemy. The accusation is a breach of the duty of charity, for that requires that the assumption of egotism should be considered as the intention of Momus, before an imputation and accusation of blasphemy was raised. Will this double breach be repented of, and care taken against future "false witness" bearing? If so, will the error be acknowledged as publicly as the erroneous accusation was made? An accusation of awful blasphemy is a serious thing, and when it is made untruly and unjustly, where truth, justice and christianity are professed to be defended and vindicated, it becomes an injury and a wrong to an extent that may be understood though the expression of it be withheld.

Women on School Boards.

New York *World:* The following bill will come up for discussion in the State senate on Thursday next: "Any woman of the age of twenty-one years and upward, and possessing the qualifications prescribed for men, shall be eligible to any office under the general or special school law of this State, subject to the same conditions and requirements prescribed as to men." It is not likely that there will be any serious opposition to the measure, as it involves one of those experiments which may result in great good and can be tried without any risk to the safety of society. The tendency of sentiment among men is to share with women all duties and honors in which they desire to partake, or in which they can partake without disturbing the natural relations of the sexes; and woman having long been admitted to fellowship in the work of education, will be welcomed to a share in the guidance and general direction of that work. Women have the control of children up to the age at which they are sent to school. They understand, practically, if not theoretically, the nature of girls and boys much better than men do. They are more accustomed than men to dealing with children through love and discipline, and they have for them a readier sympathy than men. They are intensely interested in all that affects children, and therefore should have something to say directly about the management of schools. Apart from the fact of their part ownership in school-children, women are entitled to a share in the direction of educational work, from the fact that so many of them have adopted the profession of teaching. For this calling they are especially fitted; and while the following of it seems to render a man narrow and hard and dry, a woman appears to grow in character with continued years of teaching. She finds ample verge and scope enough for her best faculties in the congenial work. Popular prejudice recognizes this difference between male and female teachers in the meaning attached to the terms schoolmaster and schoolmistress, the former word calling up to the imagination a figure the personification of ugliness and severity, the latter suggesting a picture of neatness, good sense and womanly tact. In a word, teaching boys and girls is natural for all women, but only for a few men. This is not a mere matter of theory. Statistics showing the number of male and female teachers employed prove this propensity of women for school-work, and vindicate their ability in its performance. In the State of New York, during the year 1875, there were employed thirty thousand and thirteen teachers, of whom twenty-two thousand five hundred and eighty-five were females. It would be idle to argue that, although so many women are engaged in education, no women should be allowed to say anything about the general control of educational matters. If they are fit to be teachers, they are fit to be school commissioners, in so far at least as school commissioners have to do with teaching. In England the experiment has been tried with success; and in this State the single appointment of a woman to public office thus far made, has been a very fortunate one. Mrs. Lowell, put upon the State board of charities by Governor Tilden, has distinguished herself for her zeal and good sense, surrounded as she is by some of the ablest men in the country.

Wants to be an Editor.

A young man writes to the *Graphic* that he wants to be an editor, to which the *Graphic* editor replies: "Canst thou draw up a leviathan with a hook thou lettest down? Canst thou hook up great ideas from the depths of thine intellect, and clean, scale and fry them at five minutes' notice? Canst thou write editorials to measure? Canst thou write an editorial to fit in a three-quarter column of the paper, which shall be in length just twenty-two inches, having three inches of fine sentiment, four inches from the beginning, and nine inches of humor in the middle, and an outburst of maxim and precept, nine and three-quarter inches long at the close?"

BURNS—BORN JAN. 25, 1759.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

The Voice of a wondrous Seer!
The voice of a soul that is strong!
As true as Love, and as swift as fear
In the mazes of marvelous song.

Far over the mountains bare,
Red heather, and hedges of sea,
It flows in the pulse of the living air,
And throbs in the veins of the free.

It whispers in summer's breath,
It lisps on the creamy shore,
It sings in the lips that smile at death
In the storm and cataract's roar.

It murmurs in brae and birk,
It pleads in the daisy's eye,
Where hands are toughened by honest work,
And bairns in their cradles lie;

In cottage, and kirk, and bower,
In hall, and court, and in mart,
In the chirp of the mavis, and hawthorn flower,
And the maiden's simple heart.

It croons in the blaze of the inn,
Where the drouthy neighbors bide,
It shrieks in the ghastly glare and din,
Where the witches dance and ride.

Its mirth is a tempest of glee,
Its grief is the smart of fire,
Its solemn strain is the trump of the sea,
Its chorus the world's desire!

I listen, and brooklet and wold,
Wild bird and the darkling wood,
Are breathing secrets before untold
Of the perfect and passionless Good.

I list to the Voice as it flies,
And sings to the lands and the years;
And the light is clearer in Freedom's eyes,
And Poverty wipes his tears.

I see that the Poet's heart
Is brother to all who feel,
That the tender touch of its artless art
Is stronger than rivets of steel.

I see how that man is great
Because he is simply *man;*
That the minions of grandeur and State
On manhood can fasten no ban.

I see how to peoples and times
The life of the singer leaps on,
And gladdens the welcoming climes,
Like spring-bursts of blossom and sun.

I ache with the stress of the strain—
Its music, and wildness, and heat;
Yet pressed on the heart of my pain
Are the lips of its prophecy sweet.

And singing myself I go—
Unconscious of frown or of rod—
To the work whose choruses flow
With the joy and the praises of God.

The Fruits of an Archæologist's Blunder.

New York *Evening Post:* In the year 1874 my friend Commendatore Rosa, director of the excavations of the province, a man of undoubted genius and of historical antecedents, made a woful blunder, which called down upon his head the criticism of his brother archæologist. He proposed to excavate the whole square in front of the Pantheon and reduce it to its original level, by which the steps of the building, now hidden under the accumulated soil, would be exposed, thus restoring to the church its original grandeur of appearance. On a level as it is with the ground, and its nine immense granite columns, without any pedestal to relieve their heaviness, the building does not produce the graceful effect which its architect intended. Certain practical difficulties, however, soon made themselves felt, and interrupted the excavations. The ordinary movement of the city in one of its central points was impeded; the locality became a lake of water and mud; strangers who visited that exquisite relic of antiquity were forced to cross the excavation on a wooden bridge, and finally, the other archæologists declared that it was utterly useless to continue, and that all which had been discovered was already known from former explorations made there. The mayor, therefore, ordered the excavations to be stopped, and the cavity already made to be filled up as before. This otherwise useless labor resulted at least in the discovery of three sculptured slabs of marble, which illustrate the history of the Pantheon itself, and of that part of the city. They were found with their sculptured sides downward, having been placed there after the building of the Pantheon to mend the marble steps which formerly led up to the edifice. Two of these are similar to four others in marble and two in stucco which ornament the walls of the vestibule of the Pantheon on either side of the great entrance door. Urban VIII, the Barberini and barbarous pope, who robbed this noble edifice of the gilded plates which ornament its ceiling and of the enormous quantities of bronze contained in its interior, to make the Baldacchino in Saint Peter's church, made a faint attempt to restore the vestibule. Not being able to find all of the sculptured slabs originally ornamenting the entrance, he supplied the places of those which were missing by two imitations in stucco. These two missing tablets have now been discovered under ground, and forming part of the buried marble staircase that originally led up to the Pantheon, and they will be placed in their original positions on the wall. The beauty of these celebrated sculptures is familiar to all travelers who have visited the Pantheon. On each of them there is a garland hanging between two candelabra, and in the center of the festoon is hung a vase to be used in the sacred libations. The distinguished author of the article on this subject, Baron Visconti, remarks a sensible inferiority in the execution of one of these, and concludes that it was made as a restoration some time after the erection of the Pantheon, when the decline of art had begun. The exquisite work of the first was probably made in the golden age of Rome under Marco Agrippa, and the other in the reign of Adriano. The third and most important sculpture may now be seen at the door of the church. It is a piece of Greek marble nearly two metres long and seventy-five centimetres high, which was formerly surrounded by a Corinthian cornice. The part remaining is divided horizontally into three parts, upon the upper of which are sculptured various figures of animals. These are symbols used in the Egyptian worship, and the slab is supposed to have anciently formed part of the interior of a temple of Isis that existed in the neighborhood. Between the convent of Minerva, very near the Pantheon, and the Church of San Stefano del Cacco, many fragments have been found indicating the remains of an ancient temple. Bass-reliefs, statues, obelisks and other sculptures evidently of Egyptian origin have been found there in abundance, and this sculpture was probably carried from there to the Pantheon to aid in its restoration in the centuries after the destruction of the Egyptian temple. The small obelisks, one in the piazzi before the Pantheon and the other in the piazzi Minerva, were found in the neighborhood of this ancient temple of Isis and Serapis, and formed part of it. This sculpture, according to students of the architecture of Egyptian temples, formed part of a path within the edifice consisting of marble columns on one side and a series of these sculptures overhead. One end of the slab rested on the column and the other was in the wall, and the path was dedicated to the god Anubis, who was the keeper or porter of temples. The emblem of this god was the falcon with the sun's disk upon his head, and accompanied by the caduceus or olive branch wreathed with two serpents. Anubis was the god of the embalming and burial of the dead, their guide on the voyage to the other world, and the conductor of souls. Two lions are seen drinking out of a gracefully-shaped vase. The lion was in Egypt the emblem of the sun, as that luminary acquires greatest force when it is in that zodiacal sign. The lion also represents the Nile, which inundates its banks at that time, producing in conjunction with the heat of the sun an ever-recurring fertility, emblem of the resurrection. Thus, by an intricate train of thought worthy of the mystic Egyptians, the lion became the emblem of life and of the resurrection, and in affinity with Anubis, the conductor of immortal souls. The Egyptians and other ancients considered the union of heat and humidity as the source of vegetable and animal life, and the lion, as allegorical representative of the Nile and of the sun, was, therefore, an emblem of life. The orifices of water-pipes were formerly made of lions' heads, a custom that descended to the Greeks and Romans, and is even still in use. I remember two years ago; at Pompeii, watching the excavation of a house which had been destroyed at the great eruption by the weight of ashes and sand. Among the broken fragments of the roof a lion's head of terra-cotta, which had formed the spout of the water-pipe, was found among the rubbish. The lions at the fountains of the Piazza del Popolo and Porta Pia, which continually spout water from their mouths, the two lions at the foot of the Campidoglio, and their originals in the Vatican, are traces of the Egyptian idolatry and symbolism that once existed in Rome.

An Estate Frittered Away.

Boston *Journal:* In 1858 Nathaniel Gilman died in Waterville, Maine, leaving an estate supposed to be worth one million dollars, but which, like other estates, only footed up five hundred thousand dollars on the inventories. Mr. Gilman had been a hide and leather merchant in New York, and in that business he had made his money. He left six children by a deceased wife, and four by a second, who survived him. There was never any affection between the two branches of the family, and the feud broke out in open war over the old man's will. The bulk of the property was in the hands of a son and son-in-law of the other branch; and the widow and her children began the war upon them to secure their share. The estate has been in law eighteen years. The first question arose as to where the will should be probated—in Maine or New York. It was finally carried to New York, where the parties above referred to were in business. Since that time there has been nearly every sort of a suit and cross-suit that the ingenuity of lawyers could devise. Two years ago the final account of the executors was filed, and the case sent to a referee, who has been holding weekly sessions ever since. It is thought the amount now remaining is somewhere between one and three hundred thousand dollars, to be divided between ten children and their heirs, whenever the heirs can agree upon the terms. The feeling is so bitter that it is probable the entire amount will fritter away before a settlement is effected.

How to Manage a Musical Voice.

London *Atheneum:* The medical management of the voice is quite as important as the manner of its production, and the professor of singing and the medical musical trainer ought to coalesce. Dr. Browne pointed out the mistakes made by teachers in their endeavors to convert contraltos into sopranos and baritones into tenors. He said rightly, that the voice should be always exercised in notes well within the range of the singer; he was opposed to the exercise of the voice to its extreme limit. He protested against the supposition of the existence of any universal medicine to regenerate a lost voice, and blamed the practice of singing-masters prescribing for their pupils remedies they could know nothing about. The general health should be cared for on general principles. As for the stimulants used by singers, he was opposed to any alcoholic drinks. On this point the lecturer might have cited the various modes adopted by singers, for most certainly Malibran never injured her magnificent voice by drinking, before she sang, porter, which she would have out of the pewter; and Grisi was never so grand in the last act of *Norma* as when she had taken a glass of Dublin stout. Mr. Sims Reeves is opposed to stimulants; he recommends a glycerine lozenge; but Rubini drank a bottle of claret, and Duprez was never in finer condition for his *ut de poitrine* in the final *scena* of "Arnold" in *William Tell* than when he had taken a pint of champagne. We have known some *prime donne* who prefer port, and there was one British baritone of note who took gin as a stimulant. No two constitutions are alike, and what would be poison to one is salvation to the other.

Death of an Eminent Scholar.

London *Times:* The University of Leipsic had hardly recovered from the blow it received by the death of Ritschl, when it has had to mourn a new loss in the death of the great Sanscrit scholar, Professor H. Brockhaus. He had reached the age of seventy-one, having been born in Amsterdam in 1806, and was a son of F. A. Brockhaus, the founder of the great publishing firm at Leipsic. While his two brothers carried on the business, he devoted himself to an academic career. He was an Oriental scholar in the old sense of the word, devoting his attention not to one language only, but acquiring a familiarity with the principal languages and literature of the east. He studied Hebrew, Arabic and Persian, and though Sanscrit became afterward his *specialitie*, he was able to lecture at the same time on Pali, Zend, and even on Chinese. He was likewise well versed in modern languages and general literature, being, in fact, not only a scholar by profession, but a highly cultivated gentleman, refined in his tastes, courteous in his bearing, and free from all self-assertion and rudeness in his intercourse with other scholars. He had few enemies and many friends, not only in Germany, but in France and England also. Many will remember his venerable head and his kindly expression when, at the international congress of Orientalists in London, he was pointed out by the president of the Aryan section as his old master, and was loudly cheered by the large assembly of Oriental scholars.

A Barbarous Joke.

Cowansville (P. Q.) *Observer:* For some time a clerk in Dr. Gatien's drug-store at Sutton, a young man named Bergeron, has been amusing himself by putting explosive chemicals in a mortar and getting the uninitiated to pound them until an explosion took place. On Thursday of last week he was trying his favorite trick on a young Frenchman named Joseph Langley, who lives near Mawcook, whom he favored with a heavier charge than usual. When the explosion occurred, the man was knocked over, while the mortar was driven through the counter, seriously damaging it, and bottles and glassware also suffered. The man was picked up insensible and unable to hear or see, and very faint hopes are entertained of his recovery. Such tricks cannot be too strongly condemned, and probably an example will be made in this case which may prove a warning to others.

Dublin University Magazine.]

STUDENTS' DRINKING SONG.

Come, brothers, fill a flowing bowl,
Ring the glasses, yours with mine,
And let the chorus fuller roll,
Cheering the heart, filling the soul—
Pass the laughing, kissing wine!

Overhead now swing your glasses,
Radiant with the rosy wine,
Mirthful as our loving lasses,
Drink their health as round it passes,
Sunny as the good old Rhine!

We leave behind us all our books,
All our tutors' learning fine;
We will not sit like ancient rooks,
Moping ever in dusty nooks—
We will quaff the glowing wine.

Let him who will read day and night—
From his bones the flesh will pine,
And from his eyes will flee glad sight;
But for us 'tis our delight
To learn the lore that comes with wine!

Now, brothers all, sing loud and long—
See the glasses how they shine!
And to old Bacchus cheers prolong
For all those glorious words of song—
Hurrah! for the grand Rhine wine.

Your Mother and Sisters are Women.

New Orleans *Picayune:* Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusions that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them. They are the very worst members of the community; men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's bitter tongue, heed the ill your own word may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some fellow-creature.

A Brooklyn Scandal.

Brooklyn has been treated to a scandal—a cowhiding affair, at that—in which two well-known society gentlemen were the principals, a woman being the cause of the trouble. The green-eyed monster, it seems, got the better of Mr. Douglass Walker, an amateur actor and society man of Brooklyn, and, it coming to his ears that Mr. Thomas F. Clark, another amateur actor, had made some remarks about a lady friend which he did not relish, he threatened to horsewhip him on the first opportunity. The opportunity presented itself on a recent evening at a theater in Brooklyn. Mr. Walker appeared behind the scenes and struck Mr. Clark several blows on the face with a whip. There are several stories about the cause of the little unpleasant episode, but it is said the true cause was Walker's jealousy of Clark. The former was in love with a New York actress who transferred her affections to Mr. Clark. The latter is private secretary to General Eckert, president of the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph company. His beauty is said to have been somewhat disfigured by the blows of a rawhide. We have heard of no talk of a duel yet.

Another Enoch Arden.

An Enoch Arden case in Toledo was not at all like the romance. Henry M. Stevens was sentenced to the penitentiary for larceny. His wife obtained a divorce from him and married John Steinman—all regular. Stevens was so good a prisoner that he was pardoned out before his term had expired, which was a few days ago. He went straight to Toledo and hunted up his former wife. She gave him a warm greeting in her husband's presence. Then Stevens and Steinman went and got drunk together, and were quiet and peaceably disposed toward each other until about bed-time, when the conversation turned upon the woman. Steinman said: "Stevens, I'll give up the woman if you want her and she's willing." Stevens replied: "Steinman, I'll have the woman or die!" "You don't intend to kill me, Stevens, for the woman?" "No, I won't, but I have some friends who will!" Then Steinman, saying, "Stevens, there's going to be trouble, and I'll open it now," drew a pistol and shot Stevens through the head. He died easily, and then Steinman went out, called the police, and gave himself up. And that woman case was settled.

Trouble in the Dominion.

New York *Herald:* It is held by the people of British Columbia—if correctly represented in the Canadian parliament—that the terms of their union with the Dominion are violated in a way so practical and extreme as to absolve them from all further allegiance to the Dominion, and they declare unless a remedy is soon found that they will secede. It will be remembered that the condition of their union with Canada—the price of their adhesion, in fact—was the pledge on the part of the Dominion to build within ten years the Canada-Pacific railway, by which the eastern provinces were to be connected with the Pacific. This road was to be about two thousand five hundred miles in length. As only four years remain of the period within which the road was to be built, and as the project seems to have ceased to be even an ambitious dream with the northern authorities, the people of Columbia feel themselves the victims of a great breach of faith, and are indignant accordingly. But there does not seem any likelihood that this demeanor on their part will make the construction of the road less impossible to the Canadian authorities.

A WIFE'S VALENTINE.

MARY HUNT M'CALEB.

My husband, my idol, my far-away king,
The dearest, best half of myself, I would bring
Sweet thoughts of our love, fragrant, holy and bright,
To thrill through your heart on Saint Valentine's night.
The thunder is rolling athwart a black sky,
No star gleam is seen in the darkness on high;
The rain pours in torrents, the wind moans around
The eaves of the house with a desolate sound,
And the heart in my bosom is freighted with tears,
While thinking, my love, of our earlier years.

I sit all alone in the glow of the fire;
The breath of the past lightly touches my lyre,
And over it softly a memory flings
That thrills into music the long silent strings.
I listen, and fancy again I can see
The deep-shaded woods and the old beechen tree,
With its emerald arms stretching up to the sky,
Stretching out o'er the brook that goes murmuring by,
As though it were singing the pebbles to rest
That are lying so white in its crystaline breast.

I love the old tree and the wood and the stream
So hallowed and sacred to love's early dream.
Upon the smooth bark a sweet record you traced,
That's Time's busy fingers have never effaced—
Your name and my own with the date of the year.
Each letter remains there distinctly and clear.
Friends smiled at the plighting of children, but we
Have kept the vows made by the old beechen tree.
Years later, I stood there again at your side,
And watched you engraving the name of your bride.
You said with a smile, as you gave me a kiss,
"The old name isn't half as pretty as this."

Looking back through the evergreen vista of years
How vividly each recollection appears;
Tinted over with happiness, softly they glow,
Pure pearls in the heart of the long, long-ago.
Our childhood—how closely beside me it stands,
How firmly the past and the present clasp hands
As memory's pencil is sketching the scene;
Thought bridges the years that are lying between.
But over the picture a shadow is thrown
That mars it wild beauty—I sit here alone.
As one stricken suddenly blind craves the light,
My very soul longs for your presence to-night,
To lay my head down on your breast as of old,
And feel close around me your loving arms fold—
Just now, I would give many years of my life
To year your voice whisper "My darling, my wife."

The little ones, kneeling to-night at my knee,
Asked God up in heaven that papa might be
Kept safe from all harm in his far away home,
And that soon, very soon, he would bid us to come.
My forehead was bowed on our boy's shining hair,
When I lifted my brow there were tears lying there;
They come to my lashes whenever I pray
For you, my dear husband, so far, far away.
Then sweet, childish lips kissed good night to Mamma,
Repeating the loving caress for Papa.
In calm, quiet slumber, warm, rosy and bright
Two little heads lie on our pillow to-night.
The boy's coral lips, parted over white pearls,
His breath stirring softly his sister's bright curls,
That cluster in tiny, moist rings on her brow;
Her white, dimpled hands are tossed over them now
And clasped are the fingers so waxen and fair,
Like lily leaves pressed in the gold of her hair.

A fair, lovely picture, in colors divine,
Whose framework, my darling, is your heart and mine;
Thank God! for these bright, rosy children of ours,
They breathe over life the soft fragrance of flowers;
Embalming the pathway that leads up to God,
The sweet, holy ground the Redeemer hath trod.
My dearest, the hour of midnight has passed,
The plaint of the wind has grown quiet at last—
Good Night! and with kisses I cover each line,
My lover, my husband, my true Valentine!

Heroic Devotion of a Murderer's Wife.

New York *World:* The short dispatch in the *World* stating that John V. Kiere, indicted at Hudson, along with his wife, Eleanor, for the killing of Charles H. Hermance, had been found guilty of murder in the second degree, while the woman charged with complicity in the crime was acquitted, deserves a few words of explanation. The history of the murder and the prosecution reveals an instance of the devotion of a degraded woman for a degraded man such as has seldom been paralleled in fact or fiction. To get at the heart of the story it is necessary to relate the unsavory episode that led to the commission of the crime. Kiere and his wife kept a house of ill-repute in Hudson, and at the time of the murder, which occurred on the twenty-third of December last, they had in their place the runaway wife of a young fellow named Giles Spaulding. She was a mere girl of fifteen, who, after a few months of unhappy married life with a mere boy of twenty-one, had left him and taken refuge in this den of infamy. Spaulding, who seems to be a pretty poor specimen of manhood, yearned for her companionship, and determined to make an effort to recover the fugitive. He communicated his design to a female friend, who consented to go with him to Kiere's house, and on their way, Saturday, December 23d, they met Charles H. Hermance, whom they pressed to accompany them. They had paid two visits to the place, failing to get admittance on the first occasion. At the second call, which took place about midnight, Hermance went to the door and knocked, while his companions remained in the background. They saw the door opened and heard a few words exchanged; a shot was then fired and Hermance reeled down the steps and fell back on the pavement stone dead. The bullet had gone through his heart. Mr. and Mrs. Kiere, with Annie Spaulding, the cause of the quarrel, and two girls of bad character who belonged to the house, were arrested. It was at once discovered that Kiere and his wife had gone to the door to answer the knock, and the woman seeing that either one of them would be made responsible for the murder resolved to answer for the terrible deed herself. She made a confession next morning, stating that she had shot Hermance, and she afterward swore to the statement in giving testimony before the coroner's jury, evidently considering the old doctrine that the husband is answerable for the acts of his wife done in his presence a nullity, and hoping to save him by sacrificing herself. It was proved, however, by the girls who were in the house, that Kiere went to the door with a revolver in his hand, and returned still holding it, while his wife only carried that truly feminine weapon, a stove-lifter. It was shown also that Kiere was a blood-thirsty scoundrel, who had already killed two men, wounded three others, and served a term in the State prison. Man and wife were indicted and tried together for the murder of Hermance, he stoutly maintaining his innocence, and she stoutly asserting her guilt. One would think that a jury could not hesitate long in deciding the question, but it took twelve good and true citizens of Hudson seventeen hours to determine whether the man who kept a house of prostitution, harbored a runaway wife, went to the door with a revolver in his hand to answer the knock of the fugitive friend seeking to bring about her reconciliation with her husband, and shot down the mediator in cold blood, was guilty of murder in the first or second degree. We shall only say by way of criticism that it is a mercy that a jury which, after such a deliberation, brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree, had common sense enough to acquit the murderer's innocent wife. They did so, however; and for the first time during the trial she broke down when listening as a free woman to the judge condemning her husband to imprisonment for life. The curious spectacle of such devotion so moved the judge that he said in sentencing Kiere: "Your wife, who was indicted with you, has, by her conduct and her evidence, exhibited an amount of affection for you which has been the wonder, as it has excited the admiration, of this whole community. That she should be willing to sacrifice herself either from her own volition or at your suggestion and entreaty, to spare your life, to save you from incarceration in a felon's cell, by taking upon herself the whole responsibility of this crime, and exonerating you from all participation therein, furnishes an evidence of womanly heroism and devotion seldom if ever witnessed before. As we contemplate it we can almost forgive her for deliberately swearing to an untruth in order to carry out this object and purpose. But truth is mighty and will prevail. The story was too unreasonable and improbable to be credited by honest and intelligent men." Such comments from such a source render it unnecessary for us to add any interpretation to the story which we have told, and we can only conclude with the platitude borrowed from Mr. Squeers, that human nature is a rum thing.

Ewing's Famous Order.

NEW YORK, February 17.—An interesting letter relative to the famous Missouri order of 1863 will be published here to-morrow. The following is a synopsis:

"Major-General Schofield, now in charge of the military academy at West Point, has written a letter to General Thomas Ewing for the purpose of vindicating the military order issued by General Ewing in 1863, depopulating a part of the western border of Missouri. General Schofield says, in substance, that he took command of the department of the Missouri in May, 1863, and assigned Ewing to command the 'District of the Border;' that a savage guerrilla warfare had raged there for two years which had nearly depopulated the farming districts on the Missouri side, and that all the farmers who remained, whether they sympathized with the guerrillas or not, were furnishers of supplies for these outlaws. Civilization and humanity alike demanded a prompt suppression of this border war, whatever might be the means necessary to suppress it. There were only two methods of stopping it—one was to largely increase the military force in the district, which was found impracticable because of the necessity of sending reinforcements to Grant's army at Vicksburg. The other was to remove the few remaining farmers from the Missouri border, whose crops and stores furnished the guerrillas with subsistence. The fiendish massacre at Lawrence, in August, 1863, by Quantrel and his band, made immediate action absolutely imperative. He says that it is wholly a mistake to charge that the order was issued in revenge for that massacre, as its issuance was contemplated and discussed some time before the massacre occurred. He says the order was an act of wisdom, courage and humanity, by which hundreds of innocent lives were saved and a disgraceful and barbarous warfare brought to a summary close, while not a life was sacrificed nor any great discomfort inflicted in executing it; the necessities of all the poor people were provided for, and none were [illegible] suffer. General Schofield adds [illegible] order was issued he went to th[illegible] after personal observation, appr[illegible] then sent it, with his approv[illegible] ent Lincoln, and that human[illegible] never uttered a word of dissent as to the wisdom, justice or humanity of that policy. He says he does not write to vindicate his own conduct, or to shift the responsibility, but that it is only in justice to General Ewing, who has been censured for issuing the order, and to say that the responsibility for its execution belongs to President Lincoln, to himself, and to General Ewing, in proportion to their respective work and authority."

Julia Dean and Her Husband.

An article about Julia Dean Hayne, republished from the Sunday *Dispatch*, has induced some one signing himself "Charlestonian" to write as follows to the St. Michael's *Comet:* "Being well acquainted with the circumstances, and, to some extent, with all the parties concerned, I desire to correct one or two misstatements. All that is said of the unfortunate woman's marriage and of the worthless man who wrecked her life is essentially correct, but the statements in regard to his family are simply reckless slanders, reflecting upon one of the noblest families in the land, upon whose record the character of Miss Dean's husband is the solitary blot. The statement that Robert Y. Hayne was made famous by Webster scarcely requires notice. No one ever claimed for him equality with the giant of Marshfield, but it is well known that so far from being 'crushed' by the latter, Mr. Webster listened to Hayne's great effort with the utmost attention and respect, and it was acknowledged by all to be one of the few speeches worthy the notice of the great debater. The assertion that 'Hayne's mother refused to see Julia, and closed her doors against her son in her displeasure at his marrying an actress, but she had nothing to say against the fine society lady before mentioned,' is utterly false in every particular. Mrs. Hayne, a lovely lady of the 'old school,' opposed the marriage, well knowing her son's character, but the moment it took place she promptly and nobly choked off the sneers of society by opening her house and heart to 'her son's wife.' An entertainment was given in her honor, at which she was introduced as 'my daughter,' and thenceforth no fool dared to scoff. In this charming home the lovely and popular actress found a nightly refuge from the glitter and tinsel of the stage; from the family carriage she returned the respectful salutes of the *elite* of Charleston, and on Sunday she sat in the family pew and knelt beside her venerable mother-in-law to receive the sacred elements, both being devout communicants of the Protestant Episcopal church. As to the 'society lady,' Mrs. Hayne's doors, together with those of all the best families of the city, were always sealed against her, and she was barely tolerated in 'fast' circles out of respect for her venerable father and for the family of her husband, who had never cast her off. On the death of these two occurring nearly together she was dropped out of sight, took refuge in one of the bureaus at Washington, and finally reappeared for a brief notoriety in connection with the bigamy proceedings against C. C. Bowen. These facts are stated upon my own personal knowledge in simple justice to the memory of a lady whose spotless name and lovely christian character are for the first time assailed in the publication which was copied into your columns."

A Chinaman's Offerings for a Safe Voyage.

Eureka (Nev.) *Sentinel*, February 6th: Ah Wong, after diligent toil for twelve years in the white man's country, has amassed sufficient money to return to China, and for a safe voyage, and that his parents may be permitted to retain the "vital spark," was the offering yesterday made. A fusilade of firecrackers and bombs opened the performance, followed by music discoursed by a Chinese orchestra. For fear the gods might overlook him, Ah Wong had a large panel sign-board, with his name gaudily painted and gold-leaved thereon, made in San Francisco and forwarded to him. This was decorated with red flannel, and now occupies a conspicuous position in view of the idols in the Chinese joss house. An additional offering of two massive bouquets of artificial flowers stood in close proximity to the boss joss, and Ah Wong is happy in the thought that, whatever may befall his fellow-travelers, he will be delivered safe and dry on the shore of the eastern hemisphere. After the offering a dinner was provided by Ah Wong for his friends. None of the women were allowed in the joss house during the ceremony, the Chinese regarding their presence on such an occasion as an ill omen.

COURTSHIP OF CLAN CAMERON.

ALEC QUIVIS.

Fytte the First.

We all have heard of Launcelot,
Of Arthur and of Guenever,
And eke of Charlemagne, God wot!
His Roland and his Oliver;
Of Morton and of bold Cromwell,
Whose names are also Oliver,
I guess we all know pretty well;
But this tale is more jolly, for
We purpose in these lines to tell
Of Simon and his Oliver.

Fytte the Second.

I remember, I remember,
'Twas the seventh of December,
And the days were pretty chilly, but the nights were chiller still,
When Simon said to Mary,
"You lovely little fairy,
Will you be Mrs. Cameron?" and Mary said, "I will."

Fytte the Third.

But somehow or another
Simon soon thought it a bother,
That he should go and marry at this past-due time of life;
So he left his fairy dear,
Who then got up on her ear,
And says he's got to "pony" or else take her for wife.

Fytte the Last.—To Serve for Chorus.

Oh, Si! oh, Si!
Oh, fie! oh, fie!
Oh, Simon, 'tis a shame
That you should try
To play Mary
S. Oliver such a game!

The Woman Bears the Burden.

Washington *Gazette:* A Norwegian servant girl, at Omaha, recently gave birth in the night to a ten-pound boy, and strangled it by knotting a handkerchief about its poor little neck. She was arrested and disclosed the name of her seducer, for whose arrest she swore out a warrant. He refused to marry his victim, and as he was possessed of some means, while his victim was poor and friendless, he settled the whole matter, as far as he was concerned, and secured his release from all further proceedings against him, by paying the poor girl the magnificent sum of *seventy-five dollars* in cash. But the law concerning the crime that must be atoned for by the poor, shame-stricken mother, is still unsatisfied, and she will be dragged before a court and council of men who will probably adjudge her amenable to the Jewish precept, "A life for a life." And thus, in the unequal justice of this world, the man (or form of man) who is the greater criminal in the eye of the Great Ruler who giveth and taketh away life—except in cases where the high moral laws bequeathed by our law-makers saves him the trouble—is wholly beyond the reach of the law and from all consequences of the crime and shame he has brought upon the wretched girl. She, and she alone, ostracized by society and her fellow-woman, and condemned by the law which she has greviously outraged, must suffer her twofold punishment. And he? Oh, he is all right. His fellow-men will poke their fingers in his ribs and chuckle, and call him a sly dog; while the women will draw prim faces for awhile and then pay him more attention than before. Alas, poor girl! God help and save you. We prefer not to make any further remarks in his case.

Marital Rights in England.

Recently a disgraceful affair took place in a beer-house at Bedford, near Leigh, a man named Josh Hindley, fireman at a colliery, having deliberately made a present of his wife to one of his companions. Hindley, it appears, is a young man about twenty-two years of age, his wife, a prepossessing-looking woman, who works as a weaver at the mill, being about nineteen, and there is a child a year old, issue of marriage. The wife is spoken of by the neighbors as a well-conducted person, but the husband has frequently been heard to express regret at being married, and in the Milestone beer-house, on the night stated, offered to make a present of her to a single young fellow named Peter Hayes, a molder. A long preliminary discussion as to the terms of the transfer ensued, both men, it is said by those who were present, being sober. At length the arrangements were completed, which were that Hayes should have the wife, together with the household furniture in Thomas street, besides two guns, the pigeon cote and pigeons, and a sum of five shillings. At closing time Hindley took Hayes to his wife at home, duly introduced him to her as her new husband, and immediately left the place, where Hayes remained for the night. When Hindley handed over his wife to Hayes he signed a paper confirming the presentation of his wife to his friend. Mrs. Hindley readily consented to the transfer.

Ring out the False, Ring in the True

Atlanta *Constitution:* Old Si went to the minstrel show last night, and as he returned, remarked to us:

"I'se done wid dem kine ob threaiters."

"Why is that, Si?"

"'Kase fer dis, dat dey 'minds me ob de boss ob a clo'es-sto' wa'rin' secon'-han' britches."

"In what way, Si?"

"Well, sah, when a wite man is gwine ter play nigger dar's mo' ob his legs got ter lay on de groun' dan I seed ennywhar on de platform ter-night."

"Must have big feet, of course."

"And da's got ter be mo' meat dan red paint 'roun' his mouf—dat's anudder ting."

"Certainly."

"An' when he gits down de las' flop on a jig he's got ter bust a plank er rip de sole offen his shoo."

"Well, I didn't know that."

"De fack is dat dis ting ob a stan'in' collar, white man blackin' his face an' puttin' on de nigger style is mighty onsatisfactry cirkus ter a ginuwine darky, fer he kin see de holes in de performince same as you kin see dem in a free hospital 'skeeter bar."

NOBODY.

I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own,
I bear the name of Nobody,
For from Nobody I sprung;
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
As Nobody mine has sung.

In life's young morning Nobody
To me was tender and dear;
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
And nobody was ever near.
I was petted and praised by Nobody,
And Nobody brought me up,
And when I was hungry Nobody
Gave me to dine or sup.

I went to school with Nobody,
And Nobody taught me to read;
I played in the street with Nobody,
And to Nobody ever gave heed.
I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart it clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew older Nobody
Gave me a helping turn;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn.
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be,
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudge along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have a love for Nobody,
Which Nobody has for his wife.
So here's a health to Nobody,
For Nobody's now in town,
And I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own.

Another Polar Expedition.

New York *Journal of Commerce:* It is very creditable to American pluck that men should be found in this country willing to take up the hard Arctic job where Captain Nares left it. His story of hardships and sufferings is enough to deter any but the "gamest" and most reckless of explorers from following in his footsteps and those of the other baffled hunters for the North Pole. But each new failure of human strength and endurance in that quest only calls out fresh offers of toil and sacrifice for the same line of useless search. As Captain Nares and his crew are Englishmen, the duty of getting to the North Pole, and thereby adding another score to our victories over England, impresses itself with new force upon the adventurous American mind. Therefore we are not surprised that on the heels of the great English failure comes an agitation in this country for another national expedition to the coveted goal of geographers. Captain Howgate, of the signal service, who is the author of the new plan for solving the Arctic mystery, and Admiral Porter, of the navy, who approves the scheme, represent two branches of the public service which are always gallant and daring, and ready to lay down life anywhere for the honor of the country. Such men may ever be expected to favor expeditions to the North Pole, or the center of the earth, or the moon, or wherever else dangers could be encountered and glory be reaped. But it does seem strange that hard-headed business men, such as may be supposed to manage the Cincinnati chamber of commerce, should come out in support of Captain Howgate's scheme, or any other, for reaching the North Pole. Curiously enough, these men, who ought to know very well the need of economy and wisdom in Federal appropriations, beseech congress to give fifty thousand dollars toward another Polar excursion *via* Smith sound. We do not think that chambers of commerce or other bodies of merchants and tax-payers throughout the country will be in haste to follow the lead of the Cincinnati board, especially when it is seen that this fifty thousand dollars would not suffice for the purpose proposed, but would only be the first of a series of appropriations necessary to carry out the Howgate plan. This plan contemplates the forming of a colony above the eighty-first degree of latitude, which could be recruited and reprovisioned indefinitely, until it could push ahead, taking advantage of every favorable opening, and ultimately gain the pole. In other words, Captain Howgate would lay a regular siege to the mystery, and approach it by a system of parallels and slow advances. This is the most sensible plan yet broached, if the object to be gained were worth the cost of life, trouble and money which must be expended to insure its success. We hold that it is not worth any further outlay on the part of the government; and that the further prosecution of the search should be left to those few enthusiasts who believe in its feasibility. There is no objection to their raising among themselves and expending as they please all the money required. But we protest against the gift of another dollar to this object from the Federal treasury.

Man's Allotted Time.

Presbyterian *Banner:* From the elaborate tables drawn up by Dr. Farr, it would seem, as far as can be made out, there are very critical periods in our career. A baby, for instance, has a very small chance of growing up. But, on the other hand, the period between the tenth and fifteenth years exclusively is that in which the death average is the smallest. At about thirty-five we must begin to take care of ourselves. At this period constitutional changes set in; our hair and teeth begin to fail us; our digestion is no longer what it used to be; we lose the vigor of youth and neglect outdoor exercise; above all, the cares of life begin to make themselves perceptibly felt. It is at this time that death from suicide take a marked place in the returns of mortality, and there is also reason to believe that habits of intemperance are apt to suddenly develop themselves. The picture, however, has its sunshiny side. It would take, of course, a professional actuary to deduce from Dr. Farr's tables their exact result. It appears, however, that if a man tides over his fiftieth year he may make tolerable certain of living to seventy; while, if he reaches his seventy-fifth year, there is very strong presumption that he will either turn his ninetieth birthday or very near it. A still more interesting question is opened by a series of tables which show the average mortality in different professions and pursuits. Game-keepers are, for obvious reasons, the healthiest class of our whole population; clergymen and agricultural laborers come next, and are followed by barristers; solicitors and business men are less fortunate, while, at the extreme end of the scale come unhealthy pursuits, such as printing and file grinding.

Henri Monnier's Practical Jokes.

Lucy Hooper's Paris letter to the New York *World:* The deaths of the week also include Henri Monnier, author and actor, who gave to modern France that incomparable type of a small bourgeoise, M. Joseph Prudhomme. He had long since retired from active life, but was the center and the delight of a large circle of friends, for whose amusement he was fond of reciting his own *Scenes of Popular Life*, and of impersonating his own creation, "M. Prudhomme." In the theatrical world he left behind him the reputation of being the most inveterate practical joker that ever disturbed the peace of a rehearsal or troubled a first representation. He delighted in giving wicked advice to the novices among his companions, which advice, if followed, always drew down upon the unlucky victim the laughter and mockery of the audience. "One-half of your false mustache has fallen off," he whispered one night to the representative of a young cavalier who was just about to go on the stage; pull off the other half—quick!" The bewildered actor did as he was told, appeared before the audience with half a mustache on, and got roundly hissed for his pains. On another occasion he persuaded a stage courtier to go on with one hat on his head and another in his hand. He got along very well till he attempted to put on hat the second, in doing which he knocked off hat the first, which bounded over the foot-lights, to the general hilarity of the spectators. On one occasion, when Monnier was acting in the provinces, a terrible storm came up just before the hour announced for the performance to begin, and when the curtain rose the audience was found to consist of one solitary man. Nowise disconcerted, Monnier advanced to the foot-lights and addressed the public: "Excuse me, sir, but would you mind coming up here and sitting on the stage? It will fatigue my voice less if you are close beside me, and you can see just as well. Or what do you say to our closing the theater and going to the cafe next door to play dominoes?" One day, being at Etretat, Monnier perceived on the beach a worthy couple from the Faubourg St. Denis, an elderly shopkeeper and his wife, who were taking their first look at the ocean. "What bothers me," remarked the lady, "is the perpetual movement of the sea—the waves, the tide." Here Monnier came forward, and assuming the tone and bearing of M. Prudhomme, he volunteered an explanation. "Madame," he said, solemnly, "that motion is produced by the fish that wriggle about a great deal and wag their tails violently, thus causing the waves. When they get weary of swimming near the shore, they all retire simultaneously, and the sea follows them—hence the tide."

A Widow Gets Her Rights.

William S. L. Jewett was an artist formerly in the employ of Frank Leslie. He had a wife and three young daughters, and the family until lately lived on Jersey Hights. Here he got mad at his wife and left her and family and moved his quarters to a Jersey City hotel. His wife commenced proceedings for a divorce, and to intimidate her Jewett made a will, leaving all his property, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars, to his hotel proprietor, Alfred Cox. He then quietly committed suicide, and left all subsequent proceedings in his case and that of his family to survivors. Of course the wife contested the will and the hotel proprietor fought her. The case was taken to the orphans' court. It was easy to prove Jewett of unsound mind and memory—in short, mad—at his wife. The will was set aside and letters of administration were granted in favor of Mrs. Jewett, and altogether she is as well fixed now as she wants to be, and has no more interest in the proceedings for divorce.

Military Forces of Europe.

Translated for the New York *World* from the Cologne *Gazette:* For a long time no year has at its close presented so warlike an aspect as that of 1876. The belligerent attitude which Turkey, England and Roumania have already taken, and which, according to the latest advices, Austria also is preparing to take, makes it very questionable whether, in the event of the beginning of hostilities between the two first-named powers, the theater of war can be localized or confined to their territories.

In addition to her already gathered southern army, Russia has taken steps for the mobilization of three divisions of her Caucasian army. Each of the eight infantry divisions of that army consists of sixteen battalions, numbering on a war footing, besides twenty officers, one thousand and sixteen combatants. The strength, therefore of the infantry now being got into readiness for service in Asia Minor, consists of forty-eight battalions, comprising nine hundred and sixty officers and forty-eight thousand six hundred and sixty-eight men, exclusive of non-combatants. From the information so far received, however, about these latest preparations of the Russian government, it does not clearly appear whether to this second army of operation there should be added the Caucasian rifle brigade of four battalions; what force of cavalry, artillery or force of engineers have been allotted to it, and especially what irregular troops have been ordered to join it; so that the total strength of the new army can by no means be accurately computed.

The southern Russian army consists of 6 army corps, comprising twelve infantry and six cavalry divisions, and containing, according to the *Military Gazette*, two hundred and sixteen thousand men, with forty-nine thousand two hundred horses and six hundred and forty-eight guns—whereof only four army corps, of eight infantry and four cavalry divisions, with a strength of one hundred and forty-four thousand men, thirty-two thousand eight hundred horses and four hundred and thirty-three guns are, however, destined for active operations in the seat of war.

The present strength of the Turkish army is reported to amount to six hundred and forty-four thousand five hundred and twelve men.

From Austria we learn that, to begin with, three army corps, each containing thirty thousand men, are to be got ready, whereof one is to be stationed in Transylvania, another to be sent into Dalmatia, while the third is to be concentrated on the Save. The confirmation of this report has not yet reached us, however.

England has placed one *corps d'armee* in readiness, consisting of three infantry divisions and one cavalry brigade, subdivided into twenty-one battalions of infantry, six regiments of cavalry and fifteen batteries of field artillery—said to number thirty-six thousand eight hundred and five men, with eleven thousand eight hundred and sixty-three horses and ninety guns. Lord Napier is reported to have been chosen commander of this force—on whom, in the event of further warlike preparations, the chief command would probably devolve. A second British *corps d'armee* is to be formed of troops of the Anglo-Indian army, and, so far as has been learned, placed under the command of General Johnson. A third corps could, after the lapse of considerable time, be formed from the seventy-seven infantry battalions, twenty-two cavalry regiments and fifty-seven field batteries of the royal army then still remaining in the United Kingdom. From information derived from the Anglo-Indian press, there is also a probability of a second corps being formed there for active service.

Roumania's strength, on a war footing, consists of two *corps d'armee*, each numbering somewhere about thirty-two thousand men, with ninety-six guns. It remains to be seen, however, in this case, how large a proportion of this force would be found ready for the field in an emergency.

The Servian army, preparatory to a renewal of the war, is to be divided into two, or, according to other advices, to four corps. The internal affairs of this army are however, too disorganized to expect any successful result to follow its reappearance in the field. The Montenegrin forces have, with the exception of small detachments employed in watching the various Turkish garrisons and guarding the border, been dispersed to their homes, while the Greek preparations appear, according to all accounts, not to have passed through the first stages.

Against the only too apparent earnestness with which the preparations for war are being undertaken by the Turks, there appears the tardy action of Russia in organizing for the emergency to which her action otherwise is tending. That the Russian army of the south, with the strength hitherto granted it, of one hundred and fourty-four thousand men could not achieve any decided success, needs no particular demonstration; and the same may be said of the forces destined for the Asiatic seat of war. Far more decided and promising of a successful result appear the preparations of England, and for this very reason we cannot accept the current reasoning that this power should, under all circumstances, remain neutral. On the whole, it seems that there is no necessity for Turkey to submit unconditionally to whatever may be asked of her. Even if the present diplomatic undertaking were to come to naught, Russia would still want the time to carry out such measures as would assure her of success in the conflict she would have to undertake to accomplish her designs.

Misfortunes of New York Gamblers.

Burleigh's New York Letter: Chamberlin, the great gambler, has failed, and failed badly. His debts are astounding—ten thousand dollars for meat, ten thousand dollars for liquors, six thousand dollars for clothes. The fact is, Chamberlin's business, as the colored people sing, is "sometimes up and sometimes down." One night his bank is loaded down with gold; the next night he could not buy a box of cigars. Yet the glitter, glare and glow of the institution, the fine furniture, the clink of the gold, and the sumptuous tables—free as a hydrant—do their work on the unwary as really as if gambling was a paying business. There are men in New York, however, who follow gambling as a trade, have done so for years, and have made money by it. Not one in ten thousand could imitate them. These men live in fine style in fashionable New York. Their houses are elegantly furnished and their tables sumptuously supplied. Their business is unknown and they pass as brokers. Their families move in good society, and occupy a high-priced pew in a fashionable church. These men act on a rigid rule, from which they never depart. They do not drink, they smoke sparingly, keep their heads clear and have command over their nerves. They play every night. They play while they win, if it is until daylight. They limit their losses. They can lose fifty, one hundred, or three hundred dollars, and not feel it. Blow high or blow low, they never go beyond this. They believe in luck, and when luck is against them they retire. Out of the thousands of gamblers, not ten have made money over the "green cloth."

Bison Breed.

The Philadelphia *North American* gives us the following item: "The resolute west, dissatisfied with any dependence upon the Old World, has revolted against Devons, and Durhams, and Ayrshires, and Alderneys; and instead of looking across the sea to the lush meadows of Holland and green pastures of England for the improvement of American cattle, contemplates a Roland for such an Oliver by originating a new national species. And the idea is in process of execution. The farmers of Nebraska, and of lands lying beyond that State, have already caught young bison, crossed them with domestic stock, and found the progeny to be stronger and more enduring than the tame stock; their milk to be richer and more abundant, and their flesh more highly flavored. The calves of the first crossing are perfectly tame and manageable, and much larger than the calves of the pure domestic cattle, and the quarter breeds retain these characteristics. Those who have raised and those who have examined them feel confident that this is the beginning of a great and desirable modification in the cattle of the country, and one that will be highly approved. There have been such experiments before, but none on such a scale, nor with such a purpose, and if the people of Nebraska keep their breed distinct from further crossing—a pure half or quarter bison—they may enjoy as much renown and profit as Jersey has had for its Alderneys. The experiment bids fair to save us something from the rapid destruction of the bison, whatever else it achieves.

Destruction of Person Hall.

Raleigh (N. C.) *Observer:* We regret very much to chronicle the destruction of this venerable building, the particulars of which will be found very graphically detailed in another column. We were informed by President Battle, who had just arrived in the city, bringing information of a later date than that furnished by our correspondent, that the loss will not amount to more than a thousand dollars, the walls being still sound. The destruction of no building in the country could awake so many memories as that of Person hall. For the benefit of those not familiar with its history we print a brief sketch of it. "Person hall," called often the "Old Chapel," was named in honor of General Thomas Person, of Granville county, after whom the county of Person was likewise called. He was one of the regulators who withstood the power of Tryon, and when the Revolutionary war broke out he was appointed a brigadier-general by the congress of the State in 1776. He was state senator from Granville for many years. He was not only an ardent patriot, but he was a friend of higher education, and when the university was *in extremis* in 1795 he made a donation *in cash*, that was considered a very large sum in those days, of one thousand and twenty-five dollars. Hence the chapel was named in his honor, or, as Dr. Caldwell used to say, *ore rotundo* on commencement days; *Aula Personica.*

A GEM FOR EVERY MONTH.

JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born
No gems save Garnets should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
In Spring's sweet, flowery month of May,
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who came with Summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth, and long life command.

JULY.

The glowing Ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August-born, without this stone,
'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when Autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A Sapphire on her brow should bind—
'Twill cure disease of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who comes first to this world below
With dear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the Topaz's amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth—
The month of snow and ice and mirth—
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue;
Success will bless whate'er you do.

The Blue-Light Cure.

Providence *Press:* A lady well known in the third ward, and the wife of a prominent manufacturer, has been for three years afflicted with paralysis, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. In her helpless state she had to be taken bodily to and from her chair. Various doctors were consulted, experiments with electricity were made, and nothing was left untried that would afford relief. But all efforts of the medical men were unavailing; their visits ceased unless specially urged to call, and while not wholly abandoning the case, yet they very broadly intimated that it was hopeless to expect any permanent benefit from the physician's skill. So matters stood when the articles on blue glass appeared in these columns. Little attention was at first given the matter, but as reiterated statements were made of the beneficial effects derived from blue-glass sunbaths, it was deemed of sufficient importance to give the matter a trial. If no good effects followed, certainly no injury could result from so harmless an experiment, while the theory of the blue glass could be satisfactorily tested. Accordingly the husband of the sick lady had the lower sash of two of the parlor windows glazed with blue glass in the manner recommended by General Pleasonton. The parlor fronts south on Transit street, and in the morning the sunlight streams through the south blue-glass window. The other is a side-window looking to the west, and along in the afternoon the sunlight pours through the blue-glass window, so that for several hours of the day the patient can sit and receive the sunlight. The husband had not a particle of confidence in the blue-glass theory, but cheerfully acquiesced in the experiment, being willing to go to any expense or inconvenience to have his wife's health restored. About ten days ago the blue-glass arrangement was completed, and the next succeeding pleasant day, when the sun was shining, the experiment commenced. The lady was carried into the parlor, and left sitting in her chair, the other members of the family withdrawing. In the course of an hour or two the family were startled by a noise in the parlor, fearing that the lady had fallen from the chair. On entering the parlor, what was their astonishment to find that she had actually risen from her chair and walked across the floor. Strength had returned to her limbs, she was able to move her arms, and immediately incredulity in the efficacy of blue glass was banished from that house. This was the first day's experiment, but subsequent experiments only confirmed the confidence of the household, and the husband, who at first had "pooh-poohed" the whole thing, is now one of the firmest believers. It has done great good, and while a cure has not been by any means effected, yet very good results are looked for.

Death of Lord Milton.

Staunton *Spectator:* Lord Milton, who had been an invalid for a long time, died recently in England. He came to this country some years since for the benefit of his health, accompanied by his wife and family physician. He resided for a while near Staunton, and then purchased the Callaghan property, five miles west of Covington, Alleghany county, to which he removed and made it his home. Not a great while after his occupancy of it the house was burned, and no time was lost in the erection of new buildings upon the original site. Lord Milton was the son and heir of the sixth Earl Fitzwilliam. He was born in 1839, received his education at Eton and Cambridge, and sat in parliament for the southern division of West York from July, 1865, to June, 1872, when he retired from the commons on account of ill-health. In 1867 he married Laura Theresa, daughter of the late Lord Charles Beauclerk. The issue of the marriage, a son born in Canada, in 1872, now becomes Viscount Milton by courtesy, as heir to the Fitzwilliam title and estates. Viscount Milton was best known to Americans as the author conjointly with Dr. Cheadle, of the *Northern Passage by Land*, and an interesting book of travel in the Rocky Mountain region, which has reached its sixth edition.

The Tennessee Debt.

Knoxville *Tribune:* On the fourteenth instant, the committee of bankers representing Tennessee bondholders will meet in New York to determine what terms they will propose for a compromise with the State. We find it stated that, in regard to North Carolina, they have agreed to accept not less than six and one-half million of new six per cent. consols as an equivalent for the total recognized debt of the State, which amounts, with accrued interest, to nearly twenty-two million dollars. The first proposition of the committee was to fix the new funded-debt at ten million dollars, but this the legislative committee declined. In the new proposition the debt will be scaled—say fifty cents for the anti-war or "old" bonds, thirty-three cents for the funded, and twenty-five for the new bonds, the interest coupons to be receivable for taxes.

THAT nasal twang, it is catarrh; cure it at once, before it shows on your face, by Dr. J. H. M'Lean's catarrah snuff. It soothes irritation, cures sores in the nose, fase or skin. Trial boxes 50 cts., by mail. Dr. J. H. M'Lean, 314 Chesnut, St. Louis.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ALL nervous, exhausting, and painful diseases speedily yield to the curative influences of Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Bands. They are safe, simple and effective, and can be easily applied by the patient himself. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House New York City.*

W. Z. MITCHELL'S

English and Classical School,

No. 298 Second Street.

For terms and circulars apply at the schoolroom

DR. J. J. ROSS,
SURGEON DENTIST,
265 Main Street.

TEETH
EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,
By the use of pure Nitrous Oxide Gas.
Send stamp for his Dental Manual on the care and preservation of the natural teeth.

[ESTABLISHED 1840.]

J. & J. STEELE & CO.

GROCERS

—AND—

COTTON FACTORS

No. 1 Exchange Building,

168 Front street, Memphis, Tennessee.

Are prepared to handle WHEAT on commission. Sacks furnished on orders.