A POOR NOBLEMAN'S

Sad Fate—A Good Friend to and Popular with the People who Surrounded Him, He Lived in Perfect Peace and Security, Never Dreaming

That Hate and Vindictiveness were Waiting to be Aroused to Murder Him—His Crime, that of Being an Informer, is Always Fatal in Ireland.

London *World:* In all the list of the British peerage there could not have been found a title set in more homely surroundings than that of the late Viscount Mountmorres. Whatever property may have belonged to Harvey Morres, Esq., of Castle Morres, when in 1756 he was created Baron Mountmorres in the peerage of Ireland, was long since left away in the female line; and the father of the late Lord Mountmorres had nothing beyond the moderate income derived from the deanery of Achouroy. Born in 1832, the late peer in due course entered Trinity college, Dublin, where for a short time he devoted himself to the study of medicine. Having taken honors, he went to live with his father near the remote village of Tubbercurry, in the county Sligo, where he was a prime favorite with the peasants, who were loud in their praise of his good nature. He devoted himself to the amateur practice of medicine, and was always ready to answer a "sick call" at any hour, the country people deriving much comfort from medical attendance whose irregularity savored of the quackery so dear to the Irish peasant. In 1862 he married Miss Broadrick, of Hamphill Stubbs, Yorkshire, and in an evil moment he sought for an investment of her modest dower in Irish property. Ebor hall was in the market—a well-built, square house of moderate size, commanding a beautiful view over Lough Corrib, on whose shores it was situated, and surrounded by some hundreds of acres of the poorest mountain land in Galway, whose exhausted arable patches were tenanted by eleven families of paupers. This small property he purchased at nearly double its value. Instead of receiving a fair interest upon the purchase-money, the property did not pay him £100 a year, and this was literally all that he could call his own. Here for over fifteen years he lived a life of struggling poverty, borne by him with good-tempered resignation and tempered by the closest ties of family affection. The years that have passed have left their mark upon Ebor hall and its offices, and of late the garden has been left uncultivated, as none of the tenants would perform a day's work for their landlord. About 11:30 of each morning Lord Mountmorres made his appearance. A thick-set man about five feet seven, whose dress betrayed no symptom of care or neatness; his grizzled hair and beard added ten years at least to his age, and a general want of firmness in his gait seemed to indicate that he was more than forty-eight. His first care in the morning was to feed the fowls; his next to look after his black retrievers, of which he was very proud. During the day, he walked about the small farm or drove, after luncheon, into the village of Clonbur or Maam, conversing with the peasants on terms of the most perfect equality. He generally returned in time for dinner at 8, and the household was at rest before 11. To such a man the duties of a magistrate must have been a welcome distraction, and a day seldom passed on which local litigants were not to be found at Ebor hall giving a private rehearsal of what was to be sworn at petty sessions. In all complaints at the suit of the police or other authorities he was looked upon as the people's magistrate, and his voice could be counted upon in opposition to what less tender-hearted men would call stern justice. The establishment of Ebor hall consisted of two female servants, the hard work being done by a tenant called in from time to time. Living a life of such simplicity, thrown upon the society of the peasants—for neighbors he had none—and apparently enjoying their society on terms of equality, it might be assumed that Lord Mountmorres was, if any person in the position of a gentleman could be, a favorite with the people. The fact of his being a nobleman never seemed to strike him, and he was careless and easily led, except when on rare occasions he looked for a given object, when he would go any lengths to gain his point. Two or three times he lost some stock. A sheep was found drowned in the lake, and a heifer in a deep, soft pond in the field. Nothing would persuade him that these animals were not maliciously killed, although at the time he was the most popular man in the district, and he sought for, and obtained, compensation for malicious injuries. With the general depression of the years 1878-9 came a crisis in Lord Mountmorres's affairs. There were eleven tenants who declared that they could pay no rent. He offered two shillings in the pound, which was not accepted, and for the first time there was a strain between the tenants and their landlord. Then an arrangement was made by a man named Sweeney, who held one of the small farms and who owed some rent; he gave up the farm, and re-entered as caretaker. When, a short time after, Lord Mountmorres sought to remove him, Sweeney claimed the status of tenant; but the case was decided against him at quarter session. At this time it was considered necessary that Lord Mountmorres should have the protection of the constabulary, as in the west of Ireland such a dispute with a tenant or heir is ample grounds for apprehending a murder. For over a year Lord Mountmorres was accompanied by two policemen, until he settled with Sweeney, and left him in possession of his farm. The police were then withdrawn and no apprehensions were felt for his safety. At this time his popularity was as great as ever. But early in the present spring an event occurred which changed the current of popular opinion. Returning early one morning from Dublin, Lord Mountmorres saw emerge from a wood belonging to a friend an old man, who had gone at that hour to carry away some wood for firing. He gave information to the care-taker and appeared as a witness against the man, who was fined ten shillings. This was a death-blow to his popularity. The higher he stood as a champion of the people, the greater the reaction. He was reviled as an informer, and the peasants took a dislike to him. His own tenants, who had paid him no rent, now refused to do any work for him, and the small crop of oats sown in spring stood until it was eaten by cattle, as no one could be got to cut it. A faithful old woman, who had been nurse to the children, and who now lived at the gatehouse with her husband, was the only messenger that could be procured. Not a country lad would go to Clonbur for love or money. Still the mere fact of telling a neighbor's care-taker that the former's woods were being broken down has not hitherto been considered sufficient to place a man's life in danger, and though Lord Mountmorres was again offered the protection of the police, he declined it. No processes were being served for rent. One for ten pounds, obtained against a tenant in June, had not been executed, and there seemed no reason on earth for apprehending his murder. His children were received with blessings by the people of the neighborhood, and he himself was still appealed to in magisterial cases. The pinch of poverty must have been grievously tightened by the refusal of the tenants to pay rent, but he received no threat, and fancied his life secure. The circumstances of the murder are well known. It increased the enthusiasm at the Land-league meeting held at Clonbur next day and at various meetings since. It intensified the determination to exterminate landlords. Outside this it could have no effect, except for evil on the tenants. The story of the gun-wadding found by the correspondent of the *Graphic* inside the wall at the scene of the murder is improbable. Lord Mountmorres was shot by bullets fired from two revolvers. Any wadding left at the place must have been left as a blind, since the police searched every inch of ground the morning following the murder. The incidents in the life of Lord Mountmorres were entirely petty-sessional. Outside his magisterial interests, the life of the cottier, who worked at his mountain-patch from morn till night, was not less eventful than his. At home there did not exist a more affectionate father and husband. Abroad, his greatest fault was a too unthinking sympathy with the people, at whose hands his life was sacrificed as a startling argument for popular demands.

Morganatic Marriages.

Morganatic marriages have for centuries been made by German princes, and, as the Romanoffs are German by blood, it is natural enough that their present head should follow his ancestral custom. Neither the wife nor her children are entitled, usually, in a union of this kind, to share the rank or possessions of the husband, the dowry being considered a requital for the loss of ordinary connubial rights and privileges. One of the most noted of such alliances was that of Frederick William III, of Prussia, with the Countess Auguste Von Harrach, who, at the time of the wedding, was made princess of Liegnitz. Out of the usage has gradually arisen a code of matrimonial law by which the union of princes with members of the lower order in other than morganatic form has been attended with very serious consequences, mainly to the woman. The lovely and unhappy Agnes Bernauer, whom Duke Albrecht, of Bavaria, has espoused, was savagely put to death, in the fifteenth century, during the absence of her lord, on a charge of having bewitched him! In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the German princes were in the habit of taking a morganic wife in addition to a regular wife. Landgrave Phillip, of Hesse, set the example, though not without the disapproval of the leading reformers. During the past century Anton Ulrich, duke of Saxe Meiningen, tried hard to depart from the established rule in an effort to obtain for his morganic wife the title of duchess, and for her children the right of succession. The emperor, sustained by the highest nobility of the realm, refused his suit, declaring that there could be no complete marriages in princely families except between persons of equal birth. Morganic marriages have not decreased in Germany during the last sixty or seventy years. One of the most remarkable instances was the marriage of the daughter of the postmaster of Aussee (Styria), afterward created countess of Meran, to the late Archduke John. These left-handed connections are recognized and tolerated among the higher aristocracy not less than among princely lines. In Prussia even the inferior gentry may, and often do, contract them. Therese Ellsler, who visited this country well nigh forty years ago, on a dancing tour with her then renowned sister, Fanny, was morganatically married ten years later to Prince Adalbert of Prussia, and was ennobled as Frau von Barnem. The Roman and the Greek churches have virtually sanctioned morganatic marriages, which are palpably unjust to women, to true domesticity, and to the best interests of morality.

London Spectator.

"NAY, I'LL STAY WITH THE LAD."

HERMAN MERIVALE.

[In Hutton seam No. 3, they saw two bodies, father and son, clasped together. One of the explorers knew the man, and knew that after the explosion he had been asked by one of the men afterward rescued to go along with him to another part of the workings, and the father replied, "Nay, I'll stay with the lad." It was the belief of the explorers that these had both died, with one or two others near, from the after-damp. They were lying peaceably, having made pillows of their jackets and clothes.—*Daily News, September* 11.]

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad;"
Down in the deep, black seam,
Huddled together, dying and dead,
Far from the day-world overhead,
Face to face, by a sudden fate,
With a horror of night precipitate,
Hidden away from the merciful sun,
The death and the burial all in one,
By their fifties cut off in vain,
More than a battle counts its slain;
Huddled together, man and horse,
In the grip of the fire-damp's watchful force—
Unsung heroes of simple mould,
All unchanged from the race of old,
To the golden truths, with a martyr's cry,
Out of the depths they testify;
And never has rede been read, I deem,
Nobler than that in the deep, black seam,
Of love and courage, the message sad—
Only, "Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad;"
Down in the deep, black seam,
They found him living, and strong, and sound,
In spite of the terror underground;
And they bade him come and live again
In the light bright haunts of living men,
And once more look the sun in the face
And gladden in earth's beloved embrace.
But he looked at his young boy, dead or dying,
In the midst of the shattered fragments lying—
Dying or dead—but powerless to move
At the help of man, or the voice of Love.
And self lay dead where the child must die
And he let deliverance pass him by;
He saw his duty set straight before
In the love that loveth forevermore
And he put the proffered freedom behind,
With never a thought of self in mind;
And, to life or to death run the trackless stream,
He stayed with him in the deep, black seam,
And to prayer and warning one answer had,
A brave one—"Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

"Nay, I'll stay with the lad;"
Down in the deep, black seam,
Once again was the story told,
Old as Honor, as Poesy old;
And the rugged miner, whose cares might be
Something unknown to you or me,
Rather than leave his boy below,
Alone in the grip of the lurking foe,
Chose to die with him there and then,
Rather than live with his fellow-men;
Smoothed the pillow the child beneath,
Turned with him to the void of death,
And to all mankind, in its strong self-love,
Taught the unself proclaimed above;
And whate'er his sin, and whate'er his sorrow,
Chose the night without earthly morrow—
Went to his Maker straight and free,
And pleaded his plea courageously;
For his boy he lived, for his boy he died,
And the two together, side by side,
Before the divine, eternal throne
Had nothing to plead but their love alone—
And there, perchance, from the answer prove
That the greatest wisdom of all is Love.
Self! be hushed when in places high
The many pass thoughts of others by—
Let others starve and let others bear
The woes that beset us everywhere—
So the great be but free from the curse of dearth,
So the great but gather the fruits of the earth,
So property flourish and races thrive,
And keep but the worldling's life alive.
What is it to them that these grave things be?
That these sights are given to who will see?
While wealth may prosper, denial dream,
Life's moral is told in the deep, black seam;
And angels rejoice in that answer glad,
And human—"Nay, I'll stay with the lad."

Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

New York *World:* Bjornstjerne Bjornson, poet and writer, who arrived here on Sunday from Europe, considering his fame in his own country, is comparatively unknown in America. He is not only a poet, playwright and novelist, but not a few Scandinavian critics have accorded him the title of "the founder of Norwegian literature." During the period, with the exception of two years in the fifteenth century, Norway and Denmark were united under one crown, the language of the cultivated classes in Norway became Danish, while the masses continued to use the various Norwegian dialects. These dialects were, however, unintelligible to the educated and served to keep the two classes divided in thought, feeling and sympathy. At the time of the separation from Denmark, in 1814, the educated, of course, spoke and wrote the Danish language, and Norwegian poets, such as Wergeland, Welhaven and Munch, wrote in that tongue. Shortly after the separation there arose in Norway a decided feeling against the use of Danish, and Iver Aasen, a philologist of great ability, set about collecting the various national dialects and pointing out their beauties and utilities. A number of other writers took the hint and endeavored to establish a new Norwegian language made up of all the dialects. The result was that books were published in what was called the Norwegian tongue, though few people except their authors were able to understand them. It was during this period of linguistic confusion that Bjornson published, in 1857, his first book entitled, *Synnove Solbakken*, which has been translated into English, under the title of *Love and Life in Norway*. The language in which the book was written was a sort of compromise between the Danish language, which is a development of the old Norrona, and the Norwegian dialects, which are offshoots of the same branch. The work published at Copenhagen became exceedingly popular and was widely read. It was followed by Bjornson's later works—*A Happy Boy, Arne, The Fisher Maiden* and others—and the language employed in them has gradually become a national tongue. Born in 1832 in the wild regions of central Norway, at Quikne in Œsterdal of peasant stock, he had studied at the Latin school of Molde, whence he was destined to enter the ministry. But he was a mediocre scholar and as a mediocre graduate entered the university of Christiania in 1851. He soon gave up all ministerial aspirations and began to write for the newspapers. He displayed wonderful powers of observations and a rare gift of descriptive writing. About books he knew little and cared less. He spent two years at Copenhagen in the study of Danish literature, but he never acquired a complete mastery of that tongue, and this drove him to renewed efforts in the interest of a new and thoroughly national language. He continued his work in his dramas, Halte Hulda, Between the Battles, King Severre and Sigurd Slembe. The Norwegians, fully appreciating Bjornson's services, voted him in 1862, through their congress, an annual pension, which he still enjoys. The language which Bjornson has given to the country is characterized by clearness of expression, absence of what is commonly called fine writing and direct definiteness of speech. His sentences are, as a well-known critic recently said, slow, pregnant, and almost destitute of gesticulation. These qualities are most prominent in his dramatic works, notably in his latest, *Mary Stuart*, in which there is an utter absence of symbolization. There is no effort at declamation, no attempt at drawing a moral in the composition. The author presents himself as an impartial historian in dramatic form; that is all. His facts, not his ideas, are brought forth, and all the moral deductions to be drawn from his play are left to the hearer and the student of it. Unfortunately none of Bjornson's dramas have been translated into English, but enough is known of the novels and other writings which have won for Mr. Bjornson a high place among contemporary philologists, to earn for him among American scholars a share of the earnest esteem in which he is held by scholars in Norway and throughout Europe.

Irving's Works.

The nieces of Washington Irving and his publishers, the Putnams, have attempted to restrain the publication of a partial edition of his works under the title "Irving's Works," on the ground that, although the copyright has expired, his heirs have a common-law right to the title as a trade-mark, and also to the publication. Judge Miles Beach, of the New York Supreme Court, denies this plea, ruling that an "author has no common-law right of property in literary works after publication—that is, by printing and sale, and, even had it existed, the right was taken away by the act of Congress relating to copyright." He does not regard the title "Irving's Works" as a trade-mark, but merely descriptive of a certain article of commerce, not indicating origin or ownership, for the origin is in the author, and the ownership is now in the public.

GENERAL HANCOCK

Will Carry New York by a Sweeping Victory—So the Knowing Ones Predict—And There is Reason to Hope He Will Also Carry By Fair

Majorities, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, California and Colorado—The Votes of These, With Those of the Southern States, Will Elect Him.

The most sagacious of the Republican politicians of the north have time and again asserted that the great battlefield of the campaign was New York; that its vote would decide the contest and definitely determine whether Hancock or Garfield was to succeed the fraudulent President Hayes. Accepting this as true, it is comforting to know that from every quarter we have assurances that the Democratic majority in that State will not be less than 28,000, and may reach as high as 48,000 votes. A New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, from which paper we copy what follows, telegraphs that paper that never before was such good work done by the party in this city and Brooklyn. The streets are ablaze nightly with torchlight processions, and a score of meetings are held in each city. There is perfect harmony in the work of Irving and Tammany halls for the National ticket. Indeed, what may thus be said of the city is true of the State, in which the party was never in better condition. The element, and it was a reasonably large one, that four years ago opposed Mr. Tilden along the line of the canal, is now in full accord for Hancock. So far as known, there is not a disturbing element in the party from one end of the State to the other. All are pulling together. If, despite the discord of 1876, Mr. Tilden could carry New York State by more than 32,000 majority, how much more are General Hancock's chances with every one united? The talk about New York's electoral vote being given for Garfield is bosh.

Most Encouraging News.

NEW YORK, October 29.—Ex-Alderman John Moore, of the First ward, is confident that the Democratic majority in the city will be larger than ever before. He says that, besides hundreds of voters whom he knows personally, he has information concerning nearly every voter in lower New York. Never has there been such interest in an election, and the differences in the fifth district, which have led to the candidacy of two Democrats for congress and of two Democrats for the assembly, will only serve to call out a greatly increased vote, and every Democrat who comes to the polls on election day will cast a ballot for Hancock. He expects an increased Democratic vote in the district of perhaps a thousand. Moreover, he knows of many men who have not voted for years who will cast a ballot for Hancock next Tuesday. Men working at a distance are coming home to vote. The laboring classes are aroused to a degree unprecedented in his experience, while within his own personal knowledge are dozens of Republicans who will vote the Democratic ticket at this election. He counts upon a Democratic majority in New York city of not less than 65,000.

The New York Democracy United.

At the Tammany hall meeting to-night Colonel Faulkner, chairman of the State committee, said that he had been in position several months to observe the progress of the campaign, and he knew of no Democrat from Governor's island to Buffalo, and no Democratic organization that had not done its whole duty to the party and the campaign. The speaker predicted that if on Tuesday next there was an honest vote, Winfield Scott Hancock would carry New York State by 50,000 majority. The divisions in the Democratic party in the State had been healed. An excellent choice had been made for mayor. No question against him had been raised, save one, which ought not to be raised against any candidate, Republican or Democratic. When Republicans could hang with breathless interest, as they had done that afternoon, on the words of the most notorious infidel in the land, it was no time for Democrats to question a man's religion.

All the Indications Point to Democratic Success.

"Gath's" special to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of the 29th: There are decided indications here of the recovery of confidence in the Democratic party, and strong assurances that it will carry New York next Tuesday. The Republicans, of course, do not accept this statement; but I have had two or three conversations with men of the largest observation, and general good judgment, who say that their own doubts are dispelled, and that they confidently expect to awaken next Wednesday morning with the news of New York having gone for Hancock. The first of these is Mr. George Moss, a proprietor of the Rochester *Union*, stationed at Albany during the sessions of the legislature, and now the correspondent of the *World* throughout the State for the campaign. Knowing Mr. Moss personally, I asked him last night for his most sober private opinion.

"We shall carry this State," he replied, "as sure as we are talking here. I have been over almost every part of it, and have seen men from every part, and I know it is impossible for the Republicans to expunge our majority. They are altogether wild in their figures with which they expect to reach Harlem river, coming south. While they are making a strong campaign, it is not productive of half the results they expected, while the Democratic column south of Harlem river is swelling up to poll a tremendous vote."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Moss, that the Republicans have made no impression on the mill operatives?"

"They have made an exceedingly slight impression on Democratic workmen. It is not true that Democratic employes have left Hancock [illegible] political division in this State is not on business, but on politics. The Republican employers are doing all they can to help the Garfield ticket, and the Democratic employers not one whit less to elect Hancock, and the operatives are voting on the old dividing lines. The Democrats are standing shoulder against shoulder, making a solid wall through this State. There is Erastus Corning, at Albany, who employs a large number of hands, and when an attempt was made to bull-doze them he said: 'Get out of my mills! My workmen shall vote as they please. I have no fears about the tariff, and am going for Hancock.'"

"Is the Democratic management in the State good?"

"It is not good. There is nothing of it. Democrats, as far as I have been able to see, have no personal confidence in Barnum's integrity. He is essentially a financial Democrat, with no belief in the natural good impulses of voters, and his way of brutalizing campaigns repel men of spirit. The State committee is as stupid as the National committee; but the old Democratic spirit blazes out the fiercer on account of these defects of management. The attempt to bulldoze the workingmen has already led to a reaction. Albany will be carried by the Democrats, and Troy also, and in many parts of the State we shall make gains."

"How many votes will the Greenbackers poll in New York?"

"Fifteen thousand to twenty thousand. Some of their extreme spirits say they will poll 30,000 to 40,000, but there is not much heard of the Greenback cause in New York. Every Democratic vote in this State will be out for Hancock next Tuesday. No machinery is required to bring them out. They are ardent and hot, and will come themselves."

"Do you expect New Jersey will go Democratic?"

"Yes. New Jersey is even more certain than New York for Hancock. He will get New York and New Jersey; and then where," said Mr. Moss, "are we going to get the other three votes?"

"Don't you expect Connecticut?"

"I have so little faith in Mr. Barnum," said Mr. Moss, "that I don't count on Connecticut. He is just as like as not to desire it to go Republican. But it is very queer to me if our party can not get three more votes in congress when the Republicans got fifteen four years ago."

"Do you anticipate any quarrel over the electoral count?"

"I should not be at all surprised. The Democrats are mad, and the Republicans are mad, and both will fight, and we may get into a terrible snarl here in a week or two."

"Are not the Tilden Democrats somewhat lukewarm?"

"They are always lukewarm," said Mr. Moss; "but they will all vote for Hancock. Kelly's nomination for mayor in New York was unfortunate, and his ticket will run behind Hancock some thousands of votes, though I suppose Grace will get twenty-five thousand majority."

Connecticut Will Grow Democratic.

Isaac H. Bromley says that Governor English means to spend $100,000, if necessary to carry Connecticut. Twenty-five thousand dollars, he says, came from New York in a single remittance last week. It was put into small bills, and the price of votes is $20. He thinks the Connecticut vote next Tuesday will reach 128,000, though it has never hitherto been over 122,000, of which the Democrats get about 63,000 and the Republicans about 59,000, though the Greenback vote gave the Republicans a plurality of about 2400. He says the Republicans claim a majority for the electoral ticket of from 1000 to 5000, and the Democrats do not claim the State. He regards Eaton's defeat as certain, and that a Republican senator is sure to be elected.

Whitelaw Reid Thinks Connecticut and Indiana Are Weak Points for Republicans.

I met Whitelaw Reid on Broadway to-day, and asked what he expected of the election. "We shall carry New York without any doubt whatever," he said.

"You know the Democrats are very confident of it, Mr. Reid?"

"Yes, but they don't know much. Some of the most sagacious men in their party were so confident of Indiana that they almost gave me a panic. They claimed Ohio, too, just as confidently as they now claim New York, and gave me the same kind of reasons for their claim."

"Where do you think the Republicans have a weak point?"

"I think our weak points for next Tuesday are probably Indiana and Connecticut. English has been so much taken to task for getting on the ticket and being a source of weakness to it that he probably has put out his money lavishly, to show the Democrats what he can do without help; but I do not apprehend that he can make any change in the verdict of the State. Barnum, too, who will lose all the reputation he ever had, even for buying votes, if he does not do something in this election, may make a powerful effort to save Connecticut. I hear that he is pouring all his money and his best stump speakers into that State; and English, who is running for governor there, is also rich and ambitious. They will do their best to carry Connecticut, just as they carried Maine, by pouring an enormous sum into the State, and just buying left and right."

Hancock Will Certainly Carry New York.

I met Amos Cummings, who made the New York *Sun* notable by his feats as managing editor upon it several years ago, and asked him what he thought of the campaign and the Chinese letter. "I think Hancock will carry New York State," said Cummings, "by a good, fair majority, and I rely, in great part, upon the sympathy of the soldiers who knew him so well. I was a soldier, and it is very seldom that the comrades of a man like Hancock go back on him in an election. As to the Chinese letter I think it was a forgery, though I do not know that Philp was responsible for it. I consider it a forgery because it was worth $5000 to the Democratic National committee, and would have been taken there and sold, or certainly sold to some of the rich newspapers, instead of finding its way into a small, struggling concern."

We Have a Good Candidate, and Will Win with Him.

I put down yesterday in very brief form the views of William C. Kingsley, of Brooklyn, about Hancock's prospects in New York. He was a member of the Cincinnati convention, and is the fiduciary and constructive spirit of the city of Brooklyn, prominent in the bridge and water-works, the gasworks, the parks, ocean drives, Coney island hotels, and whatever has given Brooklyn its own autonomy. He is, besides, the largest stockholder in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which is the wealthiest Democratic paper east of the Allegheny mountains. A very tall, St. Lawrence river New Yorker, with a mild face, steady countenance and grave analysis, Mr. Kingsley is as competent authority as I can quote on the New York State campaign as a judicious Democrat sees it.

"I feel entire confidence," he said, "that Hancock will carry the State of New York. I have seen no reason at any time to doubt that he would do so, and less now than at any time before. We have a good candidate, the best we have ever had since 1860, for President. Whatever may be his fate in the struggle next Tuesday, even if defeated, we shall have to say that we selected our wisest. We have had no trouble on his account. The objections made to him have been generally trivial. No scandal has attached to him. If he had made any errors they were those of honest judgment, and the mainly expressions of a soldier obedient to the laws."

"Will you give him your largest majority in Brooklyn?"

"I think, perhaps, he will not get as large a majority as we might be capable of there if they had not raised the tariff question; but it will be large enough to give the Republicans plenty of trouble. It will be 16,000. Some think it ought to be 20,000. New York city will give Hancock nearly 60,000 majority. I think it a wild claim for the Republicans to say that they can overcome that nearly 80,000 majority."

No Walk-Over for Republicans Anywhere.

A Pennsylvanian of the very best knowledge and coolest judgment, who is warmly interested for Garfield, said to:

"We have no walk-over anywhere. Our political managers are very confident, but it is idle for them to say that the Chinese letter ascribed to Garfield has done us no injury. It was disseminated broadcast before we had well heard of it, and great bundles came to my neighborhood and were put in the hands of the working people before I knew what it was all about. The Democrats pick up rapidly on any little canard like that. Some days ago Don Cameron's brothers-in-law, the McCormicks, at Harrisburg, large iron manufacturers, published a declaration in favor of Hancock, saying that they were not afraid of adverse tariff legislation, and almost immediately responses came in. Hancock torchlight clubs came out of several of the iron mills in the Cumberland valley and elsewhere, where McCormick's letter had reached."

Wallace and Barnum.

Mr. John Oliver, of Pittsburg, said to be proposed for United States senator if Wallace be beaten, said to-day: "The Republican majority in Pennsylvania will depend on the degree of discouragement in the Democratic ranks there. They could force us back to 20,000 if they all came out to the polls, but they are of dunghill spirit in Pennsylvania, and when they get down in the mouth they just lie down, and then we carry the State by 80,000, 40,000 or 50,000. Wallace ought to have been the chairman of the Democratic National committee. I don't like to see any game as horribly played as our opponents are doing this one. Wallace, with his nervous energy, sanguine disposition and experience, would have kept the Republicans in alarm every week of the whole campaign."

London World.]

THE MUSIC OF LEAVES.

A Sculler's Song.

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

The chestnuts droop low by the river,
And shady are Ankerwyke trees;
The dragon-flies flash and they quiver
To somnolent humming of bees!
But here is a spot of the past time—
I'm many a mile from the Weir—
I'll rest and think over the last time
I ventured to meditate here.
O, chestnuts are shady, and golden are sheaves,
And sweet is the exquisite music of leaves!

I pause in this quaint little harbor,
Quite out of the swirl of the stream;
With leaves overhead like an arbor:
I smoke, and I ponder, and dream.
The bank, with its rough, broken edges,
Exists as in days now remote;
There's still the faint savor of sledges
And lilies fresh-crushed by the boat.
O, breezes are soft, and the dreamer receives
The rarest refrain from the music of leaves!

A brown-eyed and trustful young maiden
Then steered this identical skiff,
Her lap with forget-me-nots laden.
I now am forgotten; but if?—
No matter! I see the sweet glory
Of love in those fathomless eyes;
I tell her an often-told story—
They sparkle with light and surprise!
O, rivers are rapid, and syrens were thieves,
Their music was naught to the music of leaves!

Ah, Sweet, do you ever remember
The stream and its musical flow?
The story I told in September,
The song of the leaves long ago?
Our love was a beautiful brief song,
Inspired by the short summer sighs!
O, summer is short, and the sculler still grieves,
His sorrow is echoed in music of leaves!

Brutal Rape.

ST. LOUIS, October 29.—Marshal John Tillery, of California, Missouri, spent yesterday at the Four Courts, and left last evening, on the 8:25 train, having in tow a colored fiend who is wanted for rape. The following particulars of the case were learned: Between 7 and 8 a.m., on Tuesday, October 5th, a negro visited the residence of Mrs. Byler, wife of A. C. Byler, ex-prosecutor of California, Missouri. Mr. Byler was absent from home, and the children, all but a four-year-old boy, were at school. The house is in a somewhat isolated location, being about a mile west of the town, 150 yards from the Missouri Pacific railway track and a quarter of a mile from any residence whatever. The drink of water which the negro asked for was given him. On asking for something to eat he was handed a piece of pie, whereupon he dealt Mrs. Byler a terrible blow in the face with his fist, cutting open her cheek-bone, blackening her eye, and felling her to the floor. As she attempted to rise the negro struck her again to the ground, the second blow rendering her partially insensible. As she recovered from the blow and the shock, she found the colored fiend was ravishing her person. After this outrage the negro demanded money. Mrs. Byler had but $2, and flinging a gold dollar and a silver dollar into a corner of the room, as the negro stooped to pick them up, she rushed out at the back door and fled to the nearest house, a quarter of a mile off. Great excitement prevailed in the vicinity when the details of the sickening crime became known.

A Fiendish Deed.

MILLERSBURG, NEV., October 29.—No little excitement was occasioned here Wednesday when it was reported that Thompson Stoker, aged about eighteen, had committed a rape upon Julia Hennesey, [illegible] a detective, arrested Stoker last night. Stoker, it is charged, was driving a spring-wagon, and took the little girl in with him. When within about half a mile from Ruddle's mills, this county, Stoker got out of the wagon and threw her over a stone fence, where, from indications, he undoubtedly accomplished her ruin. When Mrs. Hennesey found her daughter her face was much swollen and her clothing badly torn. After regaining her senses, and being closely questioned, she reluctantly admitted that Thompson Stoker was the guilty party. The officers called at Mrs. Hennesey's residence last night with the prisoner, but were unable to present him to the girl for identification, owing to the frantic efforts of the mother to take his life. Stoker is now in jail at this place awaiting trial. Fears are entertained that an attempt will be made to lynch him.

Trying to Outrage a Woman in Search of Employment.

NEW YORK, October 29.—In Brooklyn on Wednesday afternoon Bridget McDonald, aged twenty-nine years, of No. 25 Boerum place, reported to the police of the eighth precinct that about 9 o'clock in the morning she called at a place on Atlantic, near Court street, in response to an advertisement for a servant. While waiting she was approached by a colored man about thirty years old, and asked if she wanted a situation. The woman replied in the affirmative, and the man said he knew a family in Fatbush who wanted a girl. He asked Bridget to get into his wagon, and said he would drive her to Flatbush. The woman complied with the darky's request. When they were outside of the city limits, on a country road, the negro assaulted the woman, but she jumped out of the wagon and made good her escape. The man alarmed by Bridget's screams, and not daring to remain in reach of a large stone which she picked up, drove hastily away. The ruffian was what his kind term a "white nigger" dressed in black clothes, and wearing a Derby hat. Chief of Police Campbell directed the captain of the eighth precinct to hunt down the black scoundrel.

Harper's Weekly.]

SHIPWRECKED.

We each of us sailed in a tiny skiff
Alone through the waves of the world;
With a merry laugh was the rudder set,
And the snow-white sail unfurled.

Oh, where was the port our bark should make?
We smiled at the voyage before us,
When a cloudlet flitted across the sun,
And its shade fell darkly o'er us.

The voice of the sea rose stern and high,
And our lips grew pale with fear;
In terror we watched the storm birds fly,
And the dusky night draw near.

The lightning gleamed and the thunder pealed,
And each tiny skiff was stranded;
But a wave had carried us heart to heart,
And it was in Eden we landed.

The Passion Play.

The net receipts for the forty performances of the Oberammergau *Passion Play* were $520,000. These performances were attended by no fewer than 175,000 persons, including the King and Queen of Wurtemburg, the Prince Imperial of Germany, the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, and others of distinction. The proceeds have been divided into four parts, one-quarter being put aside for the expenses of the construction of the theater, a second being allotted to such inhabitants of the village as are householders, a third quarter to the actors, and a fourth to the public schools, especially the schools of carving and drawing. Joseph Mayer, who filled the *role* of "Christ," received the sum of $155, and 600 other persons engaged in the play shared in the profits.

Adaptability of Faith.

Christian Union: Churches and statements of belief can not in the nature of things be final, but from age to age must adapt themselves to the expanding spiritual knowledge and needs of men; for the spiritual life, like the intellectual life, is progressive; it cannot rest in present attainments, or it ceases to be life.

It must go forward through new experiences into new knowledge and power. So long as it does this the language in which it clothes itself to the eye and ear will change from age to age. The true stability and hope of the world are not to be found in its external institutions or in its church organizations, but in its spiritual life trained to obedience to the higher laws of God, which is the significance and end of all true progress.

He Wanted His Dollar and a Half.

Belknap and Mrs. Greene eloped together, at Melrose, Wisconsin. They drove a good horse rapidly, but had not gone more than ten miles before they heard a clatter of hoofs behind. Greene had hastily mounted and started in pursuit. The race was long and exciting, but the husband at length rode alongside the pair, cocked a pistol, and commanded a halt. Belknap was abject with terror. "You may have your wife, Mr. Greene," he said. "I don't want her," Greene replied; "you don't think I've chased you like mad to get her back? Oh, no; but I'll take my dollar and a half that she's got in her pocket." The money was given up, and the elopement proceeded quietly.

WOMAN.

Her Condition and Needs—Dumas's Picture of Her Status in France—The Question of Divorce—What Should be Done to Emancipate Her From Her Own

Follies, Inanities and Ignorances—She Must be Technically Educated, Fitted and Prepared for the Battle of Life Just as Men Are, to Become Independent.

As an additional contribution to the vast volume of matter published by the APPEAL from time to time in behalf of women, we present below a resume of Dumas's recent work in support of the law of divorce, and, by contrast, some well-framed reflections by Mrs. Smith, of Chicago, on the necessity for technical education, fitting women for life, to save themselves from the vices, follies and crimes, as well as temptations, that come to those who make but a precarious living. These articles are timely, and, we trust, will awaken public attention to the necessity for technical schools, especially for women.

Condition of the Women of France.

The French domestic and social system is treated at length, though not with profound ability, by Dumas the younger in his last book. A Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun* says of the book and the author: At the time when everybody was talking about the case of Mme. de Tilly, who threw vitriol in the face of another woman, more than one writer expressed a desire to know what M. Alexandre Dumas the younger thought about the affair. When Mlle. Hubertine Auclerc, one of the few French women who advocate woman's rights, refused to pay her taxes on the ground that she was not allowed to vote, M. Dumas's name was again brought up in the newspapers, in connection with the doctrines about women which he had so often expressed both in his stage plays, like the Princesse Georges, and in his prefaces and pamphlets, like the famous *Tue-la!* M. Dumas has not disappointed public curiosity. During the last six weeks he has been writing on the subject, and this morning Calmann-Levy put on sale the anxiously-expected pamphlet, *Les Femmes qui Tuent et les Femmes qui Votent.* It is a little volume of 216 pages, full of bright and witty sayings, and of that paradoxical philosophy which men of talent like Dumas often make the public swallow as if it were the result of profound study and reflection. As a sketch of the position of women in France at the present day, the pamphlet is invaluable, and in the single question of divorce the influence of Dumas's name will doubtless help to hasten the passing of a law establishing it in France. To foreigners, to whom the institution of divorce has long been familiar, perhaps

M. DUMAS'S ARGUMENTS

may be found wanting in interest. In briefly analyzing the book I shall therefore dwell rather on the personal side than on the argumentative side of its contents. After examining the dramas of love and vitriol, M. Dumas seeks the primary cause of these attempts. Being unable to punish the really guilty parties, he says, justice is fatally led to absolve those whose crime is simply the direct consequence of this unpunished culpability. This first part of the pamphlet naturally ends in the conclusion that these crimes are due to the bad state of public morals, which, in turn, is due to the deficiency of the laws. Dumas has already played many variations on this theme; he has concluded in favor of the establishment of divorce and of the *recherche de la paternite*. The interest of the first part of the pamphlet lies, therefore, in the variations more than in the theme; and, perhaps, to most people the second part, concerning *les femmes qui votent*, will be read with most avidity. M. Dumas begins by pointing out that the political claims of women are not new; 2300 years ago Aristophanes wrote one of his best comedies on the subject of female legislators. M. Dumas takes the very last manifestation of this claim of the rights of women, and, while asking whether women are capable of taking the initiative in securing their rights, he makes a curious classification of women as they exist in all civilized countries. There are, first of all, the women who are happy in the actual state of things. These, not only do not ask for any reform, but they treat as mad those who do. The support of the happy women cannot be counted on, at least as long as they are happy. Meanwhile the happy women have only to count themselves in order to find that they are not in the majority. Then there are certain

CLEVER AND INTELLIGENT WOMEN

who, being endowed with certain physical and moral qualities, have turned the position, so to speak; and, while considering men as inferior beings, they declare that those women who do not make a good thing out of them are simpletons. Thirdly, there are the women of the people, who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow from morning until night. These have not the time, and never had the faculty to think and reflect. This class, like the second, are of no avail in the struggle; but ignorance, misery and servitude are not arguments in favor of the maintenance of the present state of things, any more than the happiness of the first or the rise of the second class of women already mentioned. Fourthly, there are the honest women, to whom religion has taught sacrifice. For them everything happens by God's will, and everything is as it ought to be in this valley of tears which leads to a happy eternity. These would not claim rights and would not accept them if they were offered. But, says M. Dumas, blind faith, ecstasies and voluntary immobility are not irrefutable arguments any more than happiness, ruse or ignorance. Fifthly, there are those women who are neither happy, nor clever, nor brutalized, nor pious, who have dignity enough to remain virtuous, who are intelligent, energetic and devoted, and who feel that something else might be done for them than what is done, but who are prevented from active insistance on their rights by modesty, the habit of useless effort, and

THE FEAR OF NOISE OR SCANDAL.

Finally, there are the intelligent women, who take an interest in the great human and social questions; who read, enlighten themselves, and consider themselves as capable as men are of understanding, reflecting, knowing [illegible] her quality of a human being endowed with a brain like any other human being, must some day or other have the same rights, names, reasons and actions as that other human being. Only that they know that this progress must be retarded by being violently and publicly claimed, and the advocates of woman's rights cannot count on their public adhesion. The result of this classification is that the women who openly and publicly claim their rights are simply and solely those who compromise the cause and drive the others away from it. Coming to the question of the claims of woman in detail, M. Dumas established first of all this position: The woman is not the slave of the man except of her own free will, when she marries him, and nothing legally forces her to marry. Furthermore, she cannot have a life apart, independent of the man, because the man fulfills certain material functions which she cannot fulfill, and without which her independent life, as she would have it, would have no security, no possibility of existing; thus, a man is a soldier and a woman is not. As for her slavery, M. Dumas repeats that it is voluntary; she is legally free, and in France she is freer than a man; for in France a woman can marry without the consent of her parents at the age of twenty-one, while a man does not have the same privilege until the age of twenty-five. She is freer, too, as not being subjected to military service. Therefore, M. Dumas concludes that a woman must not ask to sit on a jury or be a civil judge. She cannot be called upon to direct the State any more than she can be called upon to defend it. Here M. Dumas' argument

DOES NOT SEEM CLEAR.

The misunderstanding in this interminable discussion on the rights of woman comes, he thinks, from the fact that women complain of the laws when it is really manners and morals that are to blame. The rights accorded by law to women are, he shows, identical with those granted to men, and the privileges are greater. The law does not oblige a woman to marry, and those who live out of marriage are stigmatized not by law or morality. M. Dumas is of opinion that things, if left to themselves, will fatally and inevitably lead to the re-establishment of divorce in the French family. Then the wife being less oppressed, will have no excuse for committing wrong. The *amant* will be eliminated, the priest will be put in his place, and the wife, having conquered more rights, will thus have acquired more value. Marriages, thus balanced by equipollent duties and rights, will become at once more attractive, more moral and more sure. The *regime* of divorce having been established, M. Dumas asks what will become of free love, and then traces a *tableau de mœurs* of a truthfulness and boldness such as his audacious pen has never surpassed. This sketch is one of the gems of the volume; and inasmuch as everybody who knows his *Paris* can recognize the original models that posed for the writer, it is sure to be much quoted. M. Dumas

COMMENDS THE PASSING OF A LAW

giving women a vote, at first with all the precautions and all the reserves possible in a country like France, where routine is so dear. "There ought to be women in the French chamber of deputies," exclaims M. Dumas. "France owes to the civilized world the example of this grand initiative. Let her make haste. America is there to get ahead of her." "But then—I shall be asked by some pious and disciplined dame, who sincerely believes that humanity must eternally manage its affairs with the codes and the gospels, with the Roman law and the Roman faith—but, then, where are we going to, Monsieur, with all those ideas?" "Eh! Madame, we are going where we have always been going, toward that which ought to be. We are going gently, because we have still million of years before us, and because we must leave something to be done by those who will come after us."

American Women Must Have Technical Training.

Mrs. Smith, of Chicago, on viewing a picture of Goethe's *Marguerite*, makes the following reflections:

All writers who have studied the subject, Scotch, English, French, American, whether from a philanthropic or medical standpoint, agree that it is only a small per cent. of women who fall simply from love of ease, or by force of unbridled passion. Guilty pleasure and weak love may, indeed, be partial incentives to sin, but the real temptations are of altogether different kinds. The steps in the progress from the cradle to the Magdalen's grave are not, by any means, beautiful, or even suggestive of joy. Long hours of toil, ignorance of the best methods of work, necessarily the poor pay which inexperience commands, uncomfortable lodgings, then the weakened nervous system, which induces paralysis of the will, makes the poor girl an easy prey for the tempter who promises food, fire, flannel, and rest. No need to sell herself for that, you say—charity will supply her wants. Will it? How? Let the girl of eighteen ring your door-bell after dark, and tell you she is homeless and hungry and cold. Will you take her in, or where will you send her? She has no right to be in the street, you say. Very true. But there she is an El Dorado to the country girl who hopes, by her absence, there will be one less to care for in the frugal home. The factory hand in the village hears stories of high wages in the city, and shorter hours of work, but she does not hear at the same time of the higher rates of board, and the showy toilets which tempt the girl to spend more than she earns. The city is overcrowded with women seeking light work and good pay; holding domestic service in high scorn; willingly working at distasteful employment in the shop rather than do domestic drudgery in another woman's home, and take her meals at a second table. Disappointed in work, unfortunate in her friends, a prey, perhaps, to illness, she spends her last dollar, and

HAS NOWHERE TO GO

but to the poorhouse. I confess with sadness that for the homeless vagrant I have very little hope. The circumstances which made her such will, in the end, lead to vice, from which it will be hard to reform her. It seems to me our influence must be preventive rather than reformatory, and childhood is the accepted time. The physician in the poor man's home necessarily learns much more than the history of the case he is called upon to treat. One learns after a little experience that two dollars a day, a large average for wages, will not furnish many rooms, and food and clothes for a family steadily increasing; and how anxiously soever a careful mother may toil and save, there must, of necessity, be more crowding, and the sharp child eyes see and the quick ear hear much which robs childhood of its innocence, one of the greatest safeguards in temptation. If this be true in the home of the poor but prudent mother, and all must admit the fact, what is the condition of those children to whom home is but the synonym of the abode of a hated tyrant, and what the conditions of those little ones who live in the street?

"They look up with very pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see.
For a man's hoary anguish draws,
And presses down the cheeks of infancy.
The young, young children, oh, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free."

Character is the result of two factors—heredity and environment. So far as heredity concerns the pauper children of to-day, we are helpless. We must take them as they are, with the taints in the blood predisposing to disease, with the weakness of the nerve centers predisposing to faults of disposition. But, knowing as we do that proper discipline will modify these traits of disposition, as proper medication will purify the child from its diseased condition, the thing to do is to remove them from the foul atmosphere in which they are now groveling; give them new homes, new duties, new life. From an environment of dissipation and vice we should surround them with all that can ennoble and strengthen the character. The fathers of our country, in a special ordinance dated 1787, declared: "Whereas, religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." They were wise men, since the schools were not considered the only means of education. So for as girls are concerned, the mere education which they get in our public schools, valuable as it is in some cases, in others may be a positive injury. The girl of the lower orders educated above her peers, with no home training, is too good for the wife of one of her own order, and sadly out of place in the salon of the rich. What is she to do? Unless she is trained for work of some kind which shall make her independent and inspire her with ambition, the tendency of the life will necessarily be downward. To fit men and women for the duties of life should be the aim of our schools and colleges. Miss Eastman says: "They do not do it, but give us an army of clerks and school teachers. The end of it all the girl is graduated; and what is before her? Her brain, really unfed, is useless. She cannot, in a large proportion of cases, make her head feed her body. The hands, ready and willing to work, are untrained to deftness in any pursuit, and they are of little use in the hand-to-hand struggle for the wherewithal to live. What is the end of it for the girl who does not marry and who has no inheritance? Unremunerative toil at a great disadvantage, hunger, beggary and sin."

A REFLECTION.

ELLA WHEELER.

I fling my past behind me, like a robe
Worn threadbare in the seams, and out of date.
I have outgrown it. Wherefore should I weep
And dwell upon its beauty, and its dyes
Of oriental splendor; or complain
That I must needs discard it?
I can weave
Upon the shuttles of the future years,
A fabric far more durable.
Subdued
It may be in the blending of its hues,
Where somber shades commingle, yet the gleam
Of golden warp will shoot it thro' and thro'
While over all a fadeless luster lies,
And starred with gems made of crystalled tears,
My new robe shall be richer than the old.

A Remarkable Robbery.

Correspondence London *Globe:* Your correspondent was suddenly called to Pesth for a few hours last week. The affair was pressing, for a friend had been severely "winged" in a duel—a sufficiently common event in pugnacious Pesth—and he made for the Staatsbahn with all due speed, and took the next train for Hungarg. This, as is usual in such cases, was a confirmed "parliamentary," which tore along at twenty miles an hour. The carriage which he entered contained two ferocious-looking Magyars—booted, braided, and pomatumed. They screwed up their mustachios to a level with their eyes, glared about with a "what do yon think of that" expression, and with many "Teremtetes," cursed the unpunctuality of departure, the heat, the time, the place—Vienna—everything; in a word, they were real Magyars and out-and-out patriots." The other occupants of the compartment were a well-dressed, good-looking youth, a German, who appeared dreadfully sleepy, and an innocent-looking old gentleman of, say 60, the pattern of benign and paternal mildness—a sort of Magyar Mr. Pickwick. A moment later we started. The old gentleman addressed several remarks to the young one, who, however, vouchsafed but scanty reply between mighty yawns and sighs of fatigue. In a very few minutes the youthful German was snoring hard. The old gentleman then turned to us and proved very communicative, telling us how the youth opposite was his son, deploring at the same time his carelessness in money matters. "There he goes to sleep among strangers with a whole pocketful of money; is that not careless?" inquired he, with more candor than flattery. "Just to give him a fright and teach him a lesson for the future, I shall take it away from him." Mr. "Pickwick" hereupon quietly lifted the flap of the youth's coat, and took out a bulky pocketbook, which he placed in his own breast-pocket with a knowing smile. Soon after this the train stopped at Pressburg. The old gentleman begged us to look after his son, his son's hand-luggage, and his own overcoat, while he was absent. He got out and returned no more; on the contrary, he vanished completely. The train once more started, and we awoke the tired Teuton and informed him how his father had been left behind, and how he had taken the pocketbook with him, a piece of intelligence which produced the most startling results. The sleepy one began to use the most unfilial language, felt frantically for his pocketbook, and uttered a howl of rage. He remained unintelligible for some time, but at last he managed to gasp out that he had no father, and had never in his life seen the innocent old gentleman before that night. "[illegible] book," shouted he wildly; "the wretch must have seen me take it out at the station." This is one of the most impudent cases of robbery which has happened here for some time, for it required an amount of deliberation, coolness and daring which would have sufficed a general to win a great battle. Needless to say that the mild old gentleman has not since been heard of.

The Czar's Wife.

The Princess Dolgorouki, now the czar's wife, comes of a very old and highly respectable race, of the princely branch of the Nurikowitchi, afterward known as the Nuriks, accredited as the founders of Russia, and as such recognized as of the race of the Romanoffs, who first through Elizabeth and then through Anna, of the house of Holstein Gottorp, succeeded to the throne. She is also member of a family which has long held considerable sway in the household of the present emperor, having also been in favor in a similar manner with the Czar Alexander, where her eldest sister, now the wife of General Albedinski, governor of Warsaw, for many years held a prominent place, in which she was succeeded by her younger sister. The "connections" of this younger sister might possibly have been of shorter duration under former circumstances, and had she not at the beginning of the present reign secured the affections of the hereditary prince and at the same time enjoyed the captivating quality of mistress, which from a royal point of view meant rich presents, character and position. In the course of a decade after her "reign in the household" her hold on the prince increased, and she then undoubtedly secured the enmity of the late empress, and with the greatest probability that it would be lasting. For many years the relations of the pair were a perpetual menace to the pride and standing of the empress. Finally the revolution came, the *bigoterie* of the mistress made a forcible entrance through the breach, silencing the tongue of the czarina, it being declared that the Princess Dolgorouski, with her character and her wealth of intellect, would exercise a wholesome social and religious influence over the czar. The czarina gave way. From that time the empress not merely tolerated the intimacy of her royal spouse with the princess, but allowed it to continue uninterruptedly.

THE NILE.

LEIGH HUNT.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

Modjeska as Mary Stuart.

London letter to New York *Herald:* Of Mme. Modjeska's performance there is scarcely a discordant note in the critical chorus of praise. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a peculiarly thoughtful article, says; "Mme. Modjeska's presentation of *Mary Stuart* more than fulfills the promise of her early performances. It is womanly rather than queenly. That repose of conscious dignity which was a noteworthy feature in the *Mary Stuart* of Signora Ristori is not seen. Emotional and almost restless in her moods, Mme. Modjeska conveyed the idea of one whose past experience had cowed her nature. Dignity there was; but dignity scarcely asserted itself in presence of overmastering pathos. The rendering of *Mary* may well be accepted. Residence in the court of France during the reign of Henry II. and Charles IX. was not likely to beget in a woman that special grace and distinction of queenly reserve in the presentation of which Signora Ristori had no equal; nor were the wild disorders of Holyrood more likely to beget it than the more polished dissipations of the Tuileries or Chenonceaux. Allowing the conception of the character to be defensible, the manner of rendering it is admirable. While sufficiently realistic in method and elaborate in detail to belong wholly to that modern school of serious acting which is rapidly replacing older and more conventional forms, the performance belongs yet to imaginative art. It is informed throughout with beauty of suggestion, and it conveys that idea of reserve force the presence of which in the strongest outbreak of passion may almost be accepted as a gauge of histrionic capacity. The school of Mme. Modjeska is the same as that of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt."

THE NIHILISTS.

How They are Pursued and Punished by Russian Officials—Unparalleled Cruelties Which are Perpetrated Under Cover of Law and in the Name

Of Justice—The Awful Punishments Inflicted Upon Beautiful and Lovely Women—Death En Route to the Mines of Siberia—A Fearful Record.

St. James Gazette: Valerian Ossinsky was arrested in 1877, together with Sophia Lischern de Herzgeld (a daughter of Lieutenant-General Herzfield) and both were kept in prison for two years while the police "got up the case." Ossinsky was known as a man of remarkable talents and energy; but proofs against her there were none. Indeed, the only evidence that, despite all efforts, could be scraped together was obtained by means so odious that the government did not dare to publish a report of the trial, which took place in May, 1879. Ossinsky was accused of "belonging to the socialistic party, and of having attempted the life of an officer of the *gendarmerie*." To support the first charge certain letters from men known to be socialists were produced; to support the second the following facts were stated: Ossinsky, while in prison, had one day met a police officer in the corridor, had unbuttoned his overcoat and put his hands in his trousers pockets—with the intention, the public prosecutor declared, of "shooting the officer." Now, Ossinsky certainly did possess a revolver, but this revolver was unloaded and locked up in a case. This was enough, and Ossinsky was condemned to be shot. Sophia de Herzfeld, who on a former occasion had been imprisoned for four years, and who was now accused of firing at the officer who arrested her, was condemned to the same penalty. The governor of Kieff, however, "mercifully commuted" (?) the sentences; Ossinsky to be hanged, not shot, and Sophia to be kept in the mines for life. Two days after this iniquitous sentence Ossinsky and two other Socialists, Brantner and Antonoff (the latter had been subjected to the most frightful tortures to force him to reveal his real name, which he refused to do), were hanged in the public street in Kieff. The manner of Ossinsky execution was peculiarly cruel. The knot of the rope was so adjusted that he continued to struggle for thirty-five minutes. Nor did the vengeance of the government stop here. Ossinsky's mother and little sister, on their arrival in Kieff, "to take a last farewell," were at once pounced upon by the police and thrown into prison. The mother was released after the execution; but the sister, a child of thirteen, was led off on foot in chains to Rostoff, on the Don, 500 miles from Kieff. Another case is that of the Soubotina family. Marie, Eugenie and Nadechda, the daughters of a staff officer of high rank and large fortune, were arrested in 1875 on a charge of distributing prohibited books and propagating Socialist ideas. On the death of their father, Marie, the eldest daughter, had thrown herself heart and soul into the Nihilist movement, her mother and her younger sisters soon becoming her fellow-workers. For two years after their arrest these girls—who had not hesitated to sacrifice a life of luxury and pleasure for the dangers and hardships of a political struggle—were dragged from one prison to another. When finally placed upon their trial in 1877 Marie, once a strong, healthy girl, was utterly broken down in health—changed beyond recognition, a mere shadow of her former self. This trial, in which some fifty persons were implicated, produced a deep sensation in Russia; for it was indisputably proved that the third section had suborned all the witnesses. Marie and her sisters were condemned to transportation to the mines of Siberia. Notwithstanding the state of Marie's health—the doctors declared she was in the last stage of consumption—the Soubotinas were sent off on foot, heavy chains on their arms, each chain connecting some ten or twelve convicts; so that these poor girls were tied to criminals of the most horrible type. Of course Marie never reached her destination; after fearful sufferings, she died at Novosenok, aged twenty-two years. When last heard of, Eugenie (twenty years old) and Nadechda (nineteen) were in the mines. Of Marie a Russian writes: "It is impossible to give an adequate idea of her generous, noble nature, of her beauty, grace and unselfish devotion. As to the manner in which nihilists are treated in prison the following case may serve as an example: L. H. was arrested for a small press offense in November. He was placed in a cell so small that it was almost impossible to "the question." The window was broken, and the stoveless dungeon soon filled with snow and ice. L. H., who had only his trousers and shirt on when imprisoned, was left without any additional clothing, without being even for one moment removed from this cell for five months. The only covering given him was a thin blanket, thrown in at night and taken away in the morning. The fact that torture is applied in Russian jails is so well known that the relations and friends of prisoners continually try to convey them poison in order that these unhappy victims may escape the terrible sufferings they are subjected to. The mother of H—— herself supplied her son with prussic acid, "in case he should be *questioned.*" In the case of Solovieff, one Trapp publicly boasted "he would soon make the prisoner speak in all tongues," a boast which he would undoubtedly have tried to execute but for the threats of the Nihilist committee, who so effectively intimidated the prison authorities that Solovieff was "only hanged." "We willingly risk our lives," a Russian exile said to me lately, "we die gladly in our cause—the only thing we do fear is the torture. Most of us carry poison, but this is now so well known that doctors are always in attendance to administer antidotes at the first sign of poison having been taken."

Beware.

While a little girl in Norwich, Connecticut, was combing her hair the other day with a celluloid band-comb, near an open gas-jet, she accidentally brought her head too near the flame, and the comb took fire. The frightened girl had presence of mind enough to throw it from her head, and escaped with her hair considerably singed. The comb burned on the floor until it was entirely consumed.

Mrs. O'Leary's Cow.

A reporter at Chicago has sought out Mrs. O'Leary, whose cow, report says, kicked over a lamp and started the great conflagration in that city. She and her son denied the story, saying that her barn, where the great fire started, was set on fire by an incendiary or in some other way.

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Extract from Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of Internal Revenue, WASHINGTON, D. C., January 26, 1880.

Messrs. LAWRENCE & MARTIN, 111 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen: I have received "a certified formula," giving the ingredients and relative proportions used in the manufacture of an article which you advertise and sell under the name of "TOLU, ROCK AND RYE." This compound, according to your formula, in the opinion of this office, would have a sufficient quantity of the BALSAM OF TOLU to give it all the advantages ascribed to this article in pectoral complaints, while the Whisky and Syrup constitute an emulsion rendering the compound an agreeable remedy to the patient.

In the opinion of this office, an article compounded according to this formula may properly be classed as a medicinal preparation, under the provisions of Schedule A, following section 3437, United States Revised Statutes, and when so stamped may be sold by Druggists, Apothecaries and other persons, without rendering them liable to pay a special tax as liquor dealers. Yours respectfully,
(Signed) GREEN B. RAUM, Commissioner.

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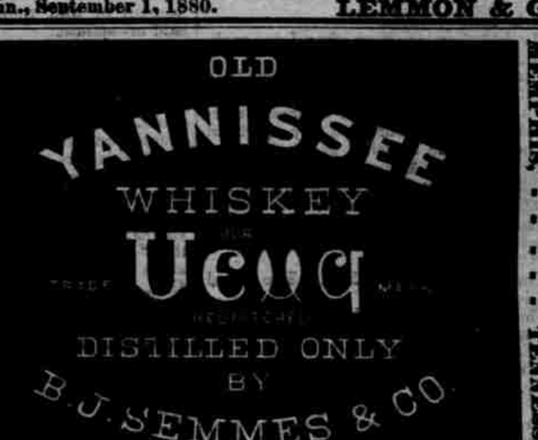

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