MEMPHIS APPEAL

Terms of Subscription.

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

WEEKLY,
One copy, one year.......$1 00
One copy, six months....... 60

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Memphis, Tenn., as Second-Class Matter.

SUNDAY : : MARCH 27, 1881

LEGISLATION ON TEMPERANCE.

The APPEAL is the advocate of temperance societies, temperance lectures and everything calculated to make men temperate by moral suasion. But it believes there is such a thing as private rights and that men can neither be made temperate nor religious by legislation, and therefore opposes all efforts to induce the present legislature of Tennessee to convert drug stores into retail liquor houses. The bills which have been introduced, have been regarded by even the strictest temperance men as simply a plan to transfer the legitimate sale of intoxicating liquors from authorized dealers to druggists. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that law can promote temperance. In those States where rigid prohibitory laws have been enacted the people have waited for the predicted blessings, but failing to appear public sentiment demands the repeal of those laws. The people do not desire this repeal because their zeal in the cause of temperance is less than it was when these laws were adopted, but because they believe they have signally failed to accomplish the great and beneficent purposes for which they were enacted. Prohibitory laws have been in operation in Maine since 1851, and they have been a failure. In Portland, according to Neal Dow himself, there are not less than one hundred and thirty saloons; and Mr. Dow, speaking of the State in general tells this curious story:

> Whisky in Maine is carried in small bottles in the pockets of the liquor sellers, and dealt out upon the sly; it is put into teapots, placed upon the kitchen shelf; it is built into the walls of houses, in tin cans, with a small rubber pipe by which to draw it off; it is concealed in bottles in the bed; it is concealed in bottles under the floor, put there through a trap that can be only reached by removing the bed; it is concealed in small flat bottles in the ash pit under the ovens of cooking stoves; it is hidden in wells attached to strings fastened some inches below the surface of the water; it is buried in manure heaps; it is concealed under the floor of the pig-sty; it is hidden away upon the flat roof of the house, access to it being had only by a ladder through a scuttle; it is hidden in attics, under the floor, and in cellars buried in the earth.

Of course, the originator and foremost champion of the Maine law would present the most favorable side of the picture, and, if this is the best that he can for it, then the law, after a trial of nearly thirty years, is a confessed failure. It has simply substituted secret for public drinking, and, as people usually drink more when compelled to drink secretly, the probabilities are that the consumption of stimulants in Maine has increased rather than diminished by prohibitory legislation. A few years ago Michigan had on its statute books one of the most stringent prohibitory liquor laws. But it proved a dead failure. In urging its repeal, Governor Bagley, in his message to the legislature in 1875, said:—

> [illegible]itory liquor law, the constitutionality of which has been affirmed and reaffirmed by the supreme court, which declares this whole business illegal, and each one of the principals liable to fine and imprisonment. Not less than 5000 persons are daily violating this law. If 5000 or 1000 persons were daily violating the law as to petit larceny there would be arrests without number. What makes the difference? Is it not the fact that public sentiment sustains the one and not the other? Every good citizen abhors drunkenness and shudders at the countless evils that follow in its train. But is it not evident that the large majority are not in sympathy with our present legislation, which attempts to prohibit it and so utterly fails in its object? There will always be drinking and drunkenness. We cannot hope by any agency to stop it entirely. But with the moral support of the great teachers of home, school and press, can we not have the aid of intelligent legislation that will diminish the intemperate use of liquor? Why not recognize the fact that there is a difference between drinking and drunkenness, and put in the statute books laws regulating the sale of liquors? * * * In behalf of temperance and sobriety, of good morals and manly living, * * * I urge all men of different opinions to get together on common ground and make the experiment.

Acting upon the governor's advice, the people of Michigan caused the prohibitory law to be abolished and a license law to be enacted in its stead. This latter law was passed in 1875, and in 1877 Governor Bagley again referred to the subject in his message and said:

> The license law of 1875, providing for the regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic, has been in operation nearly two years. It was the purpose of the friends of this act not only to regulate but to restrain the traffic in strong drink that had grown to be, under other laws, the greatest evil of the day. For the purpose of ascertaining what has been accomplished under it, I addressed the treasurer of each county, asking for full details of the operation of the present license law in their respective counties. The information received is as near complete as can be expected. In 1875 the [illegible] these 4215 paid the tax, amounting to $421,462. It is altogether probable that those who have not paid have retired from the business. In 1876 the number assessed was 4555. Of these 3385 are reported as having paid the tax, amounting to $384,387. The collectors of internal revenue report the number of persons assessed in 1876 by the general government, as dealers in liquor, at 5338, but this includes druggists, who, as a rule, are not assessed under the State law; the number in 1874 was 6444, showing a decrease of 1106 in two years. It is evident, therefore, that the act of 1875 has decreased the number of places where liquor is sold very largely. The official reports of the police officers of Detroit, Grand Rapids, East Saginaw and Jackson report 3974 arrests for drunkenness in 1874, 3332 in 1875, 2228 for 1876. This decrease of drunkenness and of places where humanity is made baser and good dollars traded for degradation, must be gratifying to every citizen. The reports show very generally that the license law there is a public sentiment that says enforce it. * * * Intemperance is the danger of the hour. It feeds prisons and poorhouses, destroys morals and manhood, and, cancer-like, eats away the life of the individual and nation. Law will not stop its ravages, but it may be made an instrument that will lessen its evil work, and this I believe our present law is doing.

These facts should be pondered by the legislature of Tennessee in the discussion of prohibitory laws. The APPEAL would have the legislature deal with human nature as it finds it. Men should be induced to become temperate, but this can only be done by moral influences. There can be no reform by statute. We believe there is as little liquor consumed in Tennessee now as there would be if our legislature should enact the most stringent prohibitory laws. The moral sentiment of the country must stand behind any law in order to make it efficacious, and as yet that sentiment has not been marshaled upon the side of prohibition even in the fanatical States of the North. Experience has demonstrated that prohibition, instead of lessening the evil of intemperance, greatly increases it.

THE SADDEST MONARCH LIVING.

From the time the Russian nihilists made it evident they were determined to have the life of their czar, that sovereign was of all others probably the most miserable of that class of which it has been said: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Explosions within his palace showed that he was not safe by his own fireside, and repeated attempts at assassination on his journeys told that no spot in the land he governed could be a refuge to him. The poorest beggar in St. Petersburg could traverse its streets in safety, but not its monarch. For him, with all his state, his courtiers and his armies, there was no security, no hour from which apprehension could be banished. Now his destiny is accomplished, the most miserable monarch left is probably the sultan of Turkey. For many generations no potentate of the earth was more arrogant and supercilious than the ruler over the vast and fruitful territories known as the Turkish empire. Look at the degenerate state in which to-day lives the son of so many illustrious sires! The other day his most powerful enemy was at his gates, and he was powerless to oppose his entrance. To-day he is impoverished and overwhelmed with debts he cannot pay, and the sway of his power has been shortened by the loss of vast territories from his domain. And still the work of diminution goes on. Further and further concessions are called for, more subjects demand to be freed from his sway. Day by day his state is sinking into a sham, his dignity into a mockery, and his power into a mere showy pageant. Year by year he is summoned to surrender yet more and more of his dominions, to shrink, diminish, grow less, and all with his own consent and by his own acts. The Greeks are now the sting in his side. He is called upon to surrender to them islands and districts of priceless value and great extent. He is required to still further besmall himself, to narrow his power, and to decrease his resources. If he obey the summons and reduce his standing among earth's rulers, it is at the expense of feelings the most exquisite; it is by wounding his pride to the deepest point; it is to sink and degrade him in his own eyes, and to diminish his importance and his prestige in the eyes of the nations. If he refuse, then again comes horrid war, whose dangers he has so lately escaped, and whose evil effects he still feels most bitterly. His people are brave, but to fight they must be fed and have arms, and he, the Great Sultan, the descendant of the haughty Amuraths of past splendors, is poor. Where to raise the sequins with which to maintain the state and power of war? The sultan—the saddest monarch's to-day, is in this plight! To surrender territory is to surrender power, and state, and dignity, and revenue. To refuse its surrender is to face war with all its dangers and all its expenses, and he in debt to every country of Europe that would lend to him, and his resources impoverished, not only by the loss of income from the territory of which he has been deprived, but also that of several taxes and privileges, the richest of the remaining sources of his wealth that remained, are mortgaged to pay the interest on money borrowed to be spent on harems, jewels, palaces and baubles. Still Greece demands and threatens, and envoys, ambassadors, plenipotentiaries, and other representatives of the hated Giaurs, tease and worry, and suggest, advise, dictate and bull-bait, all demanding more concessions of territory, more shortening of his domains, more retracting of his income. Poor, wretched sultan! Did we not know how merciless his race has been, how domineering and how cruel, we could almost pity him. Apparently, the Greeks will soon begin their movement, and once more the cannon will roar and the sword flash between the christian and the moslem. What will be the result? for one side is armed with vengeance, the other nerved with despair.

WHO IS THE "GENTLEMAN"?

A day or two since the APPEAL called attention to a telegram from the New Orleans *Democrat*, addressed to Dr. D. T. Porter, and stating that communications had been received in that city alleging that our sewer system is "a total failure;" that "measles are increasing in the vicinity of the pipes;" that the stench from sewer gas "is horrible," and that the adoption of the system was the "result of a waterworks job." In our reference to these extraordinary charges we demanded that the authors should repeat them to the people of Memphis "over their own signatures," and furnish the proofs. As indicated in this demand we suspected that the charges had not been made over any one's signature, and this suspicion is now confirmed, as will be seen by the following from the New Orleans *Times:*

> Dr. Brickell says: "Some gentleman [sic] of Memphis has written me an interesting and important letter, condemning the sewers there. His letter is anonymous, and its value therefore destroyed. I appeal to his public spirit and humanity, and beg him to give me his name." Any gentleman who will withhold his name after such an appeal may be justly charged with committing wilful and malicious perjury. Why may not such a person be more than suspected of prescribing without a diploma, of expounding that whereof he knows nothing whatever? If a Memphis gentleman knows something to condemn about the sewers in Memphis, he is doing both his own city and New Orleans a serious wrong by hiding his light under a quart, and by failing both to condemn and to furnish reasonable evidence that his condemnation is rational and just. Why should a Memphis gentleman wish to conceal his name in a matter so vital to his city as well as our own? Is he afraid that the publication of his name will be a full and complete answer to his statements?

The APPEAL ventures to answer this last question by a very emphatic affirmative. At the same time due credit should be given the individual for a sagacity which led him to go to the proper person with his mendacious and cowardly production. This Dr. Brickell assumes that gentlemen write anonymous letters, and that other gentlemen may permit them to be exhibited, used and published to influence the decision of a public question under discussion. This Dr. Brickell is the constructive author of the following from the New Orleans *City Item:*

> We have just seen a letter from a citizen of Memphis who declares the Waring system there an utter failure; that the sewers emit a most sickening stench; that, when the water is discharged from the flush tank, the fetid gases in the sewers are driven out of the main pipes up through the private ventilating tubes, and not down, as has been claimed. It is further asserted that the system was inaugurated for the benefit of the water [illegible] substantial advantage to the people—has made a profit in one year of $180,000 on an investment of $155,000. "That's the way the money goes, pop goes the weasel."

These malignant fabrications are based upon the anonymous letter of Dr. Brickell's "gentleman"-correspondent, and Dr. Brickell is morally responsible for them. Now if Dr. Brickell did not himself manufacture out of whole cloth the letter from the "gentleman of Memphis," in the interest of the *vidangeur* industry of New Orleans, it devolves upon him to furnish the proofs for the statements which he has given to the press. No "citizen of Memphis" could have made any such statements, for the proofs to the contrary are patent, open to everybody. So far as New Orleans and the Waring, or any other, system of sewerage is concerned, the APPEAL has only the general interest in the matter that it has in cleanly and decent conditions of life everywhere. Memphis is fully satisfied with the system she has adopted, and is willing to furnish her experience to other communities. These may or may not profit by it. That is their own concern. But in their discussions and wranglings over rival systems, or no systems at all, the fæcal-fetish worshipers who prefer the storage-vault style, will not be allowed, unrebuked, to slander, malign and vilify the authorities, the press and the individual members of this community, as Dr. Brickell and his anonymous "gentleman" have essayed to do.

A FORLORN HOPE.

Since the triumph of the money power in the house of representatives the people of Tennessee have appealed to the State senate to save them from the most iniquitous legislation of modern times. It is hoped that the senate will defeat the bill which has passed the house, but the same influences which secured the passage of the bill through the lower house are at work in the senate, and the indications are that the great fraud upon the people will be consummated. We say fraud because the people were induced to believe during the last canvass that the State debt would certainly be compromised at figures that would not exceed sixty cents on the dollar. If Hon. John V. Wright, the Democratic nominee for governor, had announced that he would recommend to the legislature, if elected, a settlement on the basis of 100-3, Wilson would have been elected governor over Hawkins. On the contrary, Judge Wright in all his speeches, instead of urging payment dollar for dollar, urged a *compromise*. In his speech delivered in Memphis on the 1st of September, he said: "It is said, and I have no doubt truly, that the value of Tennessee property has decreased $55,000,000 in three years after the policy of refusing to settle was inaugurated, and it will still go on. We can settle it if we will but make an honest effort to do so. The creditors have already made commendable concessions in offering to take sixty and afterward fifty cents. Our platform contemplates an honest settlement on the basis of losses by the war, shrinkage in values, etc., and the further consideration that a spirit of compromise has heretofore marked the course of the creditors. Shall we not meet them in the same honest and frank spirit? With a tax of forty cents on every $100 worth of property, together with our other sources of revenue, the current expenses of the State can be provided for, the annual interest paid, and something left to begin a sinking fund with. Alabama and Georgia have both compromised their debt, and their taxes are now lower than they were before, and general prosperity is beginning to crown their efforts." Judge Wright uttered the same sentiments in all his speeches. The Democratic press urged the people to support Wright because his election meant a liberal compromise of the State debt, not to exceed sixty cents on the dollar, and the election of Hawkins meant a settlement on the basis of all that the bondholders claimed. The Democratic party made the canvass for governor on the issue of compromise, and no Democrat in or out of the legislature can favor the bill which has passed the house without becoming a traitor to the pledges made by himself and his party in the last canvass. If the house bill should pass the senate those who have betrayed their constituents will feel the wrath of an indignant people—who will never cease to war upon a measure which has been fastened upon them by fraud and treachery.

THE Batesville *Blade*, in an editorial on the Alcorn movement, refers to the Peabody hotel conference, and says that if the only object of that compact is to defeat the Democratic party, it is opposed to it. "We believe," says the *Blade*, "in the doctrines of the Greenback party, and are willing to fight the flesh and the devil in their defense; but when the question is narrowed down to a mere matter of war between the ins and the outs, we will take no part nor lot in such a fight."

THE Vicksburg *Herald* observes that the Holly Springs *South* "appears to be in favor of 'spewing out' both our United States senators. Lamar voted against the measures to unseat Kellogg and George approved the vote. Rather than 'spew out' the ablest men in the State, the party had best 'spew out' the other fellows." A good idea.

ON the 25th of April, Vinnie Ream's statue of Admiral Farragut is to be unveiled. It stands now on its pedestal, in the circle set apart for it in the public park, Washington, and is closely sewed up in white canvass, so that it looks like a coffin on end.

A VIRGINIA negro, in a well-written communication, laments that many of the people of his race being excluded by prejudice from certain mercantile and manufacturing pursuits, turns too frequently to the "professions."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Mrs. Ossian E. Dodge, Wife of the Once Famous Hutchinson Singer, in Search of Her Children, from Whom She Has Been Separated for Many Years.

A Story from Real Life that Surpasses Fiction—An Inexplicable Desertion —Calumny and Gossip Leading to Sorrow and Years of Enforced Shame.

New York *Mercury:* Among the passengers in the steamship England, which sailed from this port yesterday for Liverpool, is Mrs. Florence Dodge, widow of Ossian E. Dodge, famous in New York and New England thirty years ago as a singer. He was for years the comic vocalist in the world-renowned Hutchinson's Family entertainments; but after breaking with the Hutchinsons he traveled *solus*, and when Jenny Lind sang in Boston he added to his celebrity by paying $625 for the first choice of a seat at her first appearance at the old Tremont temple. The erratic vocalist acquired a fortune, and then his ambition led him on to

LIFE IN AN EDITORIAL CHAIR.

He bought the Boston *Museum*, a literary hebdomadal that had been acceptably edited by Charles Putnam and W. O. Eaton. A few months of editorial life, however, sufficed, and Ossian E. Dodge went to Minnesota and became the secretary of the St. Paul chamber of commerce. His wife dying, he married a mere child, beautiful, and captivated by the brilliant pictures her relatives drew her as the wife of a man of the wealth Mr. Dodge then possessed.

THE GIRL'S MARRIED LIFE,

in a pretty Gothic cottage among several that her husband owned on Alpine hill, St. Paul, was a life of happiness. Her husband's wealth gave her all that was held desirable among her fashionable friends of the metropolis of Minnesota, and the boy and girl that were born to her opened up the new joy of a mother's love. But there came a change. Her husband grew severe in his demeanor and

GOSSIP IN ST. PAUL

busied its tongue with her name. Her vivacity and her beauty made her the focus of admiring eyes, and her artless confidence bestowed upon the political and other dignitaries who were her husband's associates opened the way for malignant suspicion. Sporadic gossip, given free play, speedily became epidemic, and at length the St. Paul newspapers were full of it, and in one of the dailies of that city a two-column parody appeared, with illustrative wood cuts one morning, setting forth the substance of current gossip in rhymes, beginning:

The Lady Dodge was very fair,
The Lady Dodge was gay.

An official of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Minnesota and other gentlemen who were conspicuous in the northwest were dragged into the matter. The sprightly beauty that the number of itself amounted to made the scandal an absurdity in the eyes of all but her husband. There was for a time

A SEPARATION,

but it was a separation that did not deprive the wife of her interest in the couple's real estate, and the husband returned to his Alpine house. He proposed a tour of Europe, and the trusting wife cheerfully acquiesced. It was to be an absence of some years, and the sale of the Dodge real estate was suggested. The unsuspecting wife was readily persuaded to sign away her rights. Preparations were made for the Atlantic voyage, and on the Saturday preceding the Monday on which they were to bid St. Paul a long adieu the husband urged his wife to go into the country and bid her relatives good-bye. At the train he kissed her with unusual tenderness, and looked long and earnestly into her eyes, as though he had a premonition that he might never see her again. She noticed this at the time, but thought nothing of it until her return to St. Paul, when she learned that he had disappeared with her two children—then five and seven years old respectively—and all her jewelry and every dollar of their property. Ossian E. Dodge came with the two children to New York direct. He made two gentlemen in this city his confidants, and one of them he commissioned to receive and dispatch all his correspondence in the United States, promising to give that gentleman alone his address on his arrival in England. The wife was not to know his whereabouts under any circumstances. He intended to put the two children beyond her reach, and the gentleman to whom Mr. Dodge entrusted his correspondence was required solemnly to pledge himself not to reveal the hiding place of the children in the event of Mr. Dodge's death. Mrs. Dodge, dazed by desertion, sought shelter for a time under her relatives' roof, and made no move whatever for some months. Meantime her husband arranged for a trip to the Holy Land, and made his two friends in this city his executors, with a third executor in London. He returned in safety from Palestine, and the New York gentleman, through whose hands all his correspondence passed, sent Edward Payson Weston to him to be coached by him in his first walking venture in England. Mr. Dodge and Mr. William Henry Smith, the manager of the North Metropolitan tramway, of London, formerly of New York, took an active interest in Weston's success, and through their united labors

WESTON MADE TWO THOUSAND POUNDS.

Mr. Dodge then accompanied the pedestrian on a flying trip through the British isles, and while they were on that journey Mr. Dodge, who had overworked himself in the Weston exhibitions, was stricken with paralysis. He was sent to a paralytic's hospital. He had made the acquaintance of an Englishman, and this person influenced him, while he lay on a paralytic's deathbed, with a brain capable of distinguishing little more than what was before his eyes, to alter his will. The Englishman guided the hand that held the pen that signed the last testament revoking the will of which two gentlemen in New York were the executors, and making the Englishman executor, with an English barrister. Mr. Smith, of the North Metropolitan tramway, made the facts known without delay to the gentlemen of New York, and they lost no time in acquainting the manager of the Union Bank of London with the facts, and asking him, as custodian of the $20,000 bequeathed to the children, to interest himself in them. He replied that he would do so, and that the chancellor who answers to our surrogate, had promised to take the half orphans under his special protection, and furthermore, that not a dime of the $20,000 in the Union Bank of London should be taken out except for the legitimate expenses of supporting and educating the children.

Two or three years passed, and suddenly a beautiful lady, of excellent address, appeared before the New Yorker whom Mr. Dodge had intrusted with the secret of the children's whereabouts. She said she was a deeply-wounded woman, and then she volunteered to prove her averment. The gentleman could do no less than write to the persons whom she designated, among them Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota. They one and all concurred in the opinion that Mr. Dodge was in the incipient stages of insanity when he embarked from New York, and that his wife's life had been correct to the minutest letter. "I will see my children, or I will die," the plucky mother reiterated, as she persisted in asking where they were. Endowed with quick wit and remarkable personal beauty, the young widow readily found honorable employment in this city, and then, after traveling 1500 miles to learn the whereabouts of her children she struggled for months to earn the money to carry her to England. At length the New Yorker, who was the repository of

THE SECRET,

yielded to the advice of Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, having satisfied himself that the mother had been unjustly accused, and when he consented to tell her where her children were she astonished him by giving him the exact place and name of the family. She had ransacked two hemispheres for the intelligence, and she had it—how, has not been explained. Still Mrs. Dodge worked on, now as a clerk and now as a housekeeper in this city, resisting a number of advantageous matrimonial overtures, and intent only on getting the means to take her to her children's side. Last week a relative added a small sum to her saving, and on Wednesday last she announced her intention to sail yesterday. The gentleman who had been pledged to keep secret, especially from her, the place in which her children were, convinced that the pledge had been made to a man not of sound mind, who had misjudged his wife, felt constrained to write a letter commending her to the good offices of Mr. Smith, of the North Metropolitan tramway, asking that all pledges of secrecy shall be revoked, and that the mother shall be permitted to see her children, and that letter she carries in the steamship England. As soon as the manager of the North Metropolitan tramway and the manager of the Union Bank, of London, see all the facts as they are seen by Mr. Dodge's two confidants in New York, they will aid in making her way easy. She is a woman of spirit, and if any obstacle stands in her way there will certainly be trouble until she sees her children. She was driven to the steamship yesterday by a gentleman, who, having heard her story, offered to lend her $500, but she politely and firmly declined the loan. So much for the maternal love, the indomitable pluck, the admirable courage of an American woman on her way to Europe.

Chained Lightning Let Loose.

Albany *Journal:* An incident worth recording took place in the engine-room of Weed, Parsons & Co.'s establishment on Tuesday. In one corner of the room stands the machine which furnishes the electric light for Whitney & Co.'s dry goods store, in Pearl street, the power from which comes from Weed, Parsons & Co.'s huge engine. One feature of the machine is the armature, a wheel containing coils of insulated wire, through which the electricity flows in powerful currents when the apparatus is in operation. This armature revolves with terrific velocity, and constitutes a powerful magnet. On the day mentioned a young man came in and ground a pair of large scissors at an emery wheel near the generator. Turning to go out past the machine, he carried the scissors carelessly in his hand, when they were immediately drawn into the armature, and were soon revolving with it at frightful speed. The young man got out of the way as quickly as possible and was unhurt. For a few minutes the machine presented a very startling spectacle. The whirling scissors, twisted and broken, but still adhering to the revolving armature, began to cut the wires, and thus broke the electric current, which escaped in streams from the fractured ends of the wires, and in a moment or two that portion of the room was literally filled to the ceiling with whirling lightning, looking like a huge piece of fourth of July fireworks. No one dared to approach the monster for some little time, but the belt was finally thrown off, and the rather dangerous show was at an end. This incident afforded a striking illustration of the power of the agent which man is endeavoring to render subservient to his will.

BOGUS BUTTER AND CHEESE

Receiving the Attention of a New York Legislative Committee of Investigation.

If Adulterators Keep on, the World will be Reduced to a Diet of Raw Vegetables.

NEW YORK, March 26.—The assembly committee on public health made an investigation yesterday of the manufacture and sale of lard cheese. The wholesale butter and cheese merchants testified to the effect that there was much adulteration in the manufacture of cheese. Counterfeit articles were made not only from oleomargarine, but also from lard and various oils. At present the manufacture of the adulterated article is scarcely extensive enough to affect trade. The low price of the genuine article has much retarded the sale of the adulterated article. They thought the matter serious enough, however, to require legislation, and agreed that branding the goods would not reach the root of the evil, as dealers always remove distinguishing labels after they have purchased a counterfeit article, and retail it as genuine cheese. In order to protect the trade, they said that some legislation of a general character, that would reach the business in all of its ramifications, should be made, and that the interests of the dairy demanded that legislation shall not be confined to this State alone. Mr. Jeffreys recommended as a remedy that all goods shipped from or to New York should be subjected to inspection under supervision of the exchanges; adulterated goods not marked as such should be confiscated; the adulterated article they considered unhealthy, as deodorized animal fat entered into its composition, and as a very prevalent disease among hogs is scrofula, there is no reason why it should not be transmitted to consumers of the counterfeit article; the best quality of lard cheese will sell for several cents more per pound than skim cheese; the production of the adulterated article is rapidly increasing in the west. One witness said he considered that the influence and power of New York could check the traffic if proper measures were adopted. Mr. Hart caused some amusement by seriously suggesting that the manufacturers of counterfeit cheese be compelled to make it green in color. He said that if it possessed any merits, its color would not affect its sale, as consumers would recognize whatever merits it might have. The *Times* reports say that this investigation is creating a great deal of interest in the butter and egg trade. Many of the dealers engaged in the sale of the imitation articles are greatly interested in the result of the investigation and so are those who are resolved to sell nothing but genuine butter and cheese. It is hoped by the latter that a law will be passed rendering it impossible to sell oleomargarine and lard cheese for anything else than what they are. Ebenezer Crapser, an assemblyman, from St. Lawrence county, is the owner of twenty-one creameries, and in thirteen of them, as Chairman Fenner understood, lard cheese was manufactured. Crapser skims the milk of the cream which it is capable of bearing, and out of the milk so closely skimmed, mixed with lard by patent process, so-called cream is produced, from which cheese is made. He is the owner or part owner of a patent by which skim milk or lard are converted into artificial cream, and is endeavoring to have it introduced into all the creameries of the country. Crapser and his partners expect to obtain a royalty of half a cent a pound on all cheese manufactured by their process. The president of the Boston produce exchange stigmatized the sale of adulterated butter and cheese as a curse to the dairy interests of this country. The annual milk product of the United States amounted to $400,000,000, and he considered that so large an interest demanded some protection. Two-thirds of the cheese produced was exported. American butter and American oleomargarine should be sold in European markets and at home for what they are, and imitation cheese and butter should be unmistakably branded as such. All dealers who evaded the law should be exposed on 'change, in fact, "boycotted."

Charles A. Butler was recalled and testified that some manufacturers made oleomargarine from fat and offensive meat, and extracted it by melting it at a temperature of 120°, which was nearly 100° below the temperature necessary to destroy animal life in fat; he had little faith in legislation as a measure to prevent the sale of an adulterated article for genuine; but thought a small license fee and a penalty of $500 for each offense might do something toward suppressing adulterations; he would compel the grocer who dealt in bogus articles to display a sign, "Adulterated butter and cheese sold here."

Walter Carr testified that an immense amount of lardine, or lard butter was disposed of in the New York market, and is manufactured principally in western New York; this article is more easily detected than oleomargarine; both lardine and oleomargarine have seriously affected the trade and weakened prices; not a hundredth per cent. of the bogus article manufactured is sold for what it is, and grocers sell it at enormous profit, for the reason if they took only a fair profit the customers would suspect the character of the article sold them for butter; if the customers knew what they were getting they would not buy it.

Considerable merriment was caused by the testimony of the next witness, who gave his name as Herman Gërshel, and said he lived on Eighth avenue and had no business. He told how his daughter visited him one day and brought with her some nice, fresh-looking butter: "We all thought it was splendid, he said, and my wife asked her where she got it, and mine daughter she say, In der Bowery, between Spring and Prince streets, where der is a shop that had a sign dat say, "Fresh butter every day, twenty-five cents a pound." I went down and bought a pound for my wife and we eat some, but my wife she wanted to buy some fish and put some o' dat butter with it. Suddenly she said, "Herman, der is grease in dis butter," und we den took it and put When it was left on der winder sill, outside der winder. I went down to dat grocery store on der Bowery, und asked der man, if dat was fresh butter, und he said, "Yes;" den I asked him where he got it, und he said from Thurber's. I saw in der paper about dis investigation, und I brought a piece of dat butter down, and here it is, he continued, throwing about a quarter of a pound of stuff wrapped in brown paper on the table.

The sample was examined by the committee. It looked more like axle-grease than butter, and the presence of lard or some other fatty substance was apparent. Some of the experts present pronounced it lard butter, while others were positive it was oleomargarine.

H. K. Thurber, of the firm of H. K. and F. B. Thurber & Co., testified that he is now manufacturing about 2500 tons of oleomargarine weekly. Last year he exported nearly one-half of his manufacture, but this year only seven per cent. He branded all his goods as required by law, but was aware that some retail dealers removed this mark when they had the oleomargarine in their possession.

A Literary Curiosity.

The following very remarkable little poem is a contribution to the San Francisco *Times* from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will see that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

LIFE.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die;
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here no man can befall.
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven.
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. O, then renounce that impious self-esteem!
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell—
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
36. Whom christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38. For live we how we can, die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Scott; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thompson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Devenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Charles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Pill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

At Des Arc, Arkansas, on Tuesday night, Henry Duerson, who is confined in jail, attempted to commit suicide by hanging. When discovered he had torn a blanket, made a rope of it, and was about to engage in the aerial-suspension business. Duerson, at the March term of the circuit court of Prairie county, was convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged on the 15th of April.

SOVEREIGN SLAYERS

Regicide as a Religious Duty Commended and Rewarded by the Church—A Jubilee Ordered and Bells Rung and Guns Fired for the Murder of Coligny.

Horace Walpole on Kings—Milton's Comment on the Eikon Basilike—The Assassination of Cæsar—Henry IV and William of Orange—Mary of Scots.

Charles T. Congden in the New York *Tribune:* The murder of the emperor of Russia is the event about which all the world has been talking during the last week. The facilities for swift intercommunication which modern science has created, leaves hardly anything foreign to component members of the human family, and so the moral effect of a regicide may be instantly felt to the uttermost parts of the earth. By some it will be regarded as an act of exalted virtue; by others as a crime of the deepest and most diabolical dye. Infidels to all else may find a religion in it, just as in a past age religion might have made its sanguinary accomplishment an act of pious duty. "The assassination of heretical sovereigns," says Lord Macaulay, in writing of the plots against the life of Elizabeth, "and of that princess in particular, was represented as the most meritorious of all enterprises." It was taught in theological seminaries "that whoever perished in such attempts enjoyed, without dispute, the glorious and never-fading crown of martyrdom. To question the lawfulness of assassination in cases where assassination might promote the interests of the church, was to question the authority of the most illustrious Jesuits of Bellarmine and Suarez, of Molina and Mariana; nay, it was to rebel against the chair of St. Peter. One pope had walked in procession at the head of his cardinals; had proclaimed a jubilee; had ordered the guns of St. Angelo to be fired in honor of the perfidious butchery in which Coligny had perished. Another pope had in solemn allocution hymned the murder of Henry III, of France, in rapturous language borrowed from the ode of the prophet Habakkuk, and had extolled the murderer above Phinehas and Judith." The same writer adds in another place: "Scarcely any Englishman not utterly destitute of conscience and honor, will engage in a plot for slaying an unsuspecting fellow-creature." One Englishman at least, Horace Walpole, used to talk in his *dilettante* way of "that least bad murder, the murder of a king;" and it has been told again and again how he hung up the death warrant of Charles I. with the inscription, *Major Charta*. This was of a piece with much else of the fiddle-faddle sort in his character; and no man in England would have howled more loudly than he, unless blessed with better lungs than his, if any one had so much as scratched the little finger of the anointed monarch who paid Sir Robert's son the £4000 a year which his utterly sinecure offices yielded. There have been Englishmen who had no scruples against king-killing, but Horace Walpole was not one of them. He would have cut rather a singular figure in the long parliament or the court of justice, albeit he would have been too careful to put his own precious head in jeopardy. Milton, who was the pen of the English commonwealth, naturally argues the question of monarchy with great freedom. A good king he declares "the public father of his country; a bad one is a common enemy, against whom what the people may lawfully do, as against a common pest and destroyer of mankind, I suppose no man of clear judgment need further to be guided than by the very principles of nature in him." There is a charming sneer in the very beginning of Milton's answer to the "Eikon Basilike:" "No man ever gained much honor by writing against a king, as not usually meeting with that force of argument in such courtly antagonists, which to convince might add to his reputation. Kings most commonly, though strong in legions, are but weak in arguments, as they who ever have been accustomed from the cradle to use their will only as their right hand, their reason only as their left." There is one assassination of an emperor about which the world has not yet ceased to talk. Julius Cæsar, like the late emperor of Russia, was struck down by the daggers of patrician conspirators, while he was considering important political reforms. Sixty young men were enough to thwart the designs and to terminate the career of one of the greatest of generals, most prudent and acute of statesmen, noblest of orators and ablest of writers. The twenty-three wounds which he received were thrice that number, each more mortal, inflicted upon the body politic. The reign of Augustus followed; but after him came Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho! There was also Domitian; there was Nerva, Trajan, Antoninus, Aurelius; but there were also Commodus, Heliogabalus, Caracalla. The corruption of the Roman court covered the best part of the world; the empire languished, and finally perished. Horace had proclaimed Augustus, while still living, a deity; and worse poets did the same for worse emperors afterward, but their divinity proved itself of a very mortal sort, a cruelty and pride made the Roman world wish that its divine governors had something more of simple humanity in their natures. "Julius Cæsar," says Mommsen, "worked and created as never any mortal did before or after him; and as a worker and creator he still, after wellnigh two thousand years, lives in the memory of the nations—the first, and the unique, Imperator Cæsar." I believe that no historian ever spoke of the assassination of Henry IV at the hands of Ravaillac as other than a calamity to France. After it came again the woe and waste of a civil war, prolonged for years. Philip II has no very fragrant place in the annals of the world; but in the list of his particularly indefensible deeds, his employment of Baltazar Gerard to kill William of Orange is most infamously conspicuous. It will be remembered that the Spanish monarch had kept before the unscrupulous and desperate of the earth for some time the offer of a reward of 25,000 crowns and a patent of nobility to whoever would kill the prince. Did the thin legs of Philip grow thicker? Was an inch added to his stature? Was he more robust and less dyspeptic after the removal of his great and wise adversary? What became of his invincible armada? As he lay dying of a large proportion of the diseases to which the human frame is subject, in the superb palace of the Escurial, I suppose that his long career of wickedness gave him the greatest satisfaction. Such is the curious character of human nature. Of this specially disagreeable king, it is true, one usually thinks with pitiful commiseration, as the husband of Mary the Bloody, of England. This poor, thin, dropsical invalid of a queen would even have spared a heretic or two for the sake of winning her Spanish husband's love. He stayed with her little more than a year, and then left her with no other recreation than the roasting of reformers, including the almost canonized John Rogers, the lively conversation of Bonner and Gardiner, and the unpleasant prospect of being succeeded at an early day by her sister Elizabeth. Philip stayed with her for a year—I wish, for his sins, that it had been multiplied by twenty. There have been executions of royal personages which were little better than assassinations. How much better off would Richard II of England have been if those who despoiled him of his crown and his life had granted him the formality of a trial—how much better Edward II for the poor boon which the Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette had? These two unfortunate women are perpetual figures in the chiar-oscura of history, and each by the indefensible manner of her death has won the world's sympathy, which otherwise she must have missed.

TENNESSEE TALK.

Farm lands are scarce in many sections of Tennessee.

A large number of dogs are dying of distemper near Paris.

A Knoxville journal says "the mumps is an epidemic in the Tennessee legislature."

The Hawkins Rifles is the name of a colored military company recently organized at Nashville.

The Porter Rifles, of Nashville, have contracted for new uniforms and helmets, at a cost of $1400.

In Henry county the dogs are killing numbers of sheep. The shotgun is the remedy for the canines.

Several persons residing at Paris and vicinity are preparing their fish ponds for the reception of carp fish.

"Our young friend," etc., is the stereotyped way in which our country press brethren introduce people to their readers.

On Sunday last a freight train on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, near Columbia, Tennessee, jumped the track. Thirteen box cars were wrecked.

An effort is being made in west Hardin and east McNairy counties, to have all the Hardin territory on the west bank of the river attached to McNairy.

A new skating-rink will soon be opened up at Nashville by Prof. Levy. As a local paper puts it, "the social world of Nashville hail his return with delight."

At Brownsville, Tennessee, a few days since, Judge Carthel fined Henry Solomon and J. Davis five hundred dollars each and costs and sent them to jail thirty days for tippling.

Last Wednesday, H. A. Stephens, son of Robert Stephens, of Paris, and a conductor on the Henderson and Nashville railroad, fell from a train while in motion, and was killed by the fall, near Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Mr. R. H. Yancey has severed his connection with the Somerville *Reporter*, which has become the sole property of his co-partner, Mr. S. G. Sparks. Mr. Yancey has purchased a controlling interest in the Somerville *Falcon*.

At Chattanooga, on Thursday last, Mrs. Mary Brudy, aged fifty years, became incensed at her daughter, and ran at her with a poker, but when she had made a few steps dropped dead from heart disease, to which disease she had been subject.

Last Saturday W. R. Slate, who resides near Covington, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a pocket-knife. When discovered by his wife he was attempting to tear the wound open with his hands. His life is despaired of. He has been in feeble health for some time, and despaired of getting well.

In Fayette county, last Friday night, William Thomas, a respectable and hard-working colored man, while sitting in his sister's house, near Braden, was fired upon through a window by an assassin and dangerously wounded. The ball entered his breast above the left nipple, passed above the lungs, and lodged near the back. The white citizens of the vicinity are very indignant over the murderous attack, and efforts are making to discover the guilty party.

Near Lebanon church, Henry county, there resides Mrs. Louise Mearl, who, on the night of the 9th of February, gave birth to a male child, got up and attended to household duties, and did a good-sized washing on the second day. On the seventh day, she walked three miles to a neighbor's house and fed the baby heartily on turnips and three cups of coffee each day from the start. The child cuts teeth at five weeks old and plays with toys, and weighs thirteen pounds.

Last Sunday night, at Union City, a drunken man named Shipley entered a low bagnio and made himself generally disagreeable, especially to a woman named Shepard, the mistress of Mike Moran, night watchman at the Nashville and Chattanooga depot. The woman sent for Moran, who was drunk, and on arriving he pulled out a pistol and shot Shipley in the abdomen, the ball lodging near the backbone. Moran then tore up a portion of the floor, and shoving the body of the supposed dead man under it, replaced the flooring and left. Shipley was heard groaning and was pulled out of the hole almost dead. He survived until Tuesday morning, and Moran is a fugitive from justice.

Man's Mortality.

[The following poem is justly considered a poetical gem of the highest order. The original was found in an Irish manuscript in Trinity college, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung or chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains and bards, held in the famous halls of Tara. The translation is by Dr. Donovan. A manuscript copy of the poem was sent by Prof. Stewart, of Trinity college, to the person who furnished it for publication in the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*. It is believed that the lines have not appeared before in print in America.]

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah made;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan,
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream:
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like swift course of water flow,
Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole,
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent;
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear, or like a plum!
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

GOETHE AS AN ACTOR.

The Story of the Great Poet's Relations with the Actor, Laroche.

In the recently published "new" edition of *Faust*, with annotations by K. J. Shroer, we find the following interesting account of the great poet's relations with the celebrated actor, Laroche: "In the winter of 1828–9 Chancellor von Mueller, Riemer, Eckermann and Laroche came to Weimar to visit Goethe and to tell him that they had resolved to give a representation of *Faust* on the Weimar stage. At the word 'resolved' the poet flew into a passion. 'Does anybody doubt that I might have brought *Faust* upon the stage if I had wanted it? Is it fair to dispose of my works without previously asking me what my intentions are? Am I supposed to be dead? You say you have "resolved?" Then you surely have done so without consulting me.' The friends were in an awkward predicament, but ultimately, as in many similar cases, they carried their point. Goethe familiarized himself with the idea, and speaking to his daughter-in-law, Ottilie, one day, said: 'If they really mean to act *Faust* they shall, at least, do so, not as they but as I think it ought to be acted.' The above visit probably took place previous to the 12th of December, 1828, for on that day he wrote to the painter Zahn concerning an arrangement for the appearance on the stage of the *Spirit of the Earth*, which had been adopted at the Radziwill performance in Berlin in 1820. Laroche remembers distinctly that at the Weimar representation in 1829 a gigantic face was made to fill nearly the entire background—a mode of representing the *Spirit of the Earth* which was afterward copied by the Vienna Burg theater. The words of the spirit were sung after a composition by K. Eberwein. After having given his consent to the representation in question, Goethe invited a number of his friends and actors to his house, to whom he read the whole of the first part of *Faust*. Laroche speaks in the highest terms of his powerful declamation and of the profound impression it made upon the audience. The part of 'Faust' Goethe read in the deep bass voice of an oldish man until he got to the scene where 'Faust' quaffs the rejuvenating draught in the witches' kitchen, when he changed the sound of his voice to that of a resonant youthful tenor. In the 'scholar scene' he made quite a pause after the scholar's words, 'Now I am tempted to study theology,' and during this pause he, taking the part of 'Mephistopheles,' allowed his head to sink between his raised shoulders, and, with a sneering, luring glance and broad grin, pronounced the words: 'I had no wish of misleading you.' The part of 'Mephistopheles' he took such pains of explaining to Laroche, that the latter used to say: 'In the delineation of "Mephistopheles" as rendered by me, every gesture, every grimace and every word are Goethe's own. What little I have added to it you may put under your thumb-nail.'"

ANDREW JACKSON'S WIFE.

Aspersions Contradicted by Her Great Grand-Nephew, the Son of Colonel Knox.

Mesquite (Texas) correspondence of the *Courier-Journal:* The article concerning the domestic life and manners of the wife of General Andrew Jackson contains statements at variance with the facts. My father, Colonel William Lucky Knox, formerly of Louisiana, is a grand-nephew of Mrs. Jackson, she being his mother's aunt. When his father, who was the cousin of James K. Polk, died, he, when a year old, went with his mother to live in the family of General Jackson, and remained at the Hermitage thirteen years. As a matter of course, a boy fourteen years old has a distinct recollection of things transpiring around him, and can form correct ideas of the intellect and manners of the people whom he knows. My father has been a public man all his life. It was when living with Jackson, while listening to the conversation of Houston, Benton, Governor Call, E. H. Foster, John Bell and others of the great men who figured at the time, I think, he received his first inspiration for politics. He remembers perfectly their appearance, and also that of General Lafayette, who visited Jackson while he lived there. Through his mother he is acquainted with the earlier life of General Jackson and perfectly familiar with circumstances connected with his marriage, his duel with Dickinson, his street-fight with Benton, and many other interesting incidents which he could, if desired, relate. He says that many of the accounts about him are ridiculous, and he naturally feels indignant when the writer in the article alluded to says that Mrs. Jackson was "grossly ignorant," and makes her use such language as "the general kicked the kiver off last night and I caught cold." General Jackson and his family belong to history, and when statements concerning them go before the public they should be true; and he knows that Mrs. Jackson was refined and intelligent, and, for the times, finished in her manners, and one of the finest-looking ladies he ever saw. A SON.

Social Stratum of Boston Architects.

Boston *Herald*, March 18th: "Artistic Boston is convulsed. A young Boston painter, who is said to be exceedingly proud of his ancient family name, has solved a vexed problem, the weight of which has proved a heavy load for the artists who have been struggling under it for many years. The artist in question recently read a paper on 'The Relation Between Painter and Architect,' before the Boston Society of Architects, in the course of which he said: 'Architects in this country are superior to the painters because they are drawn from a higher social stratum.' It is needless to say that the convulsion thereby caused is one of laughter. At the St. Botolph and other artistic clubs the greeting of the day is, 'How's your social stratum?' and one artist has propounded the question, 'When a painter builds a studio of red brick and paints the trimmings green, is he striving to attain a higher social stratum?'"

Won't Stand the Union.

ST. LOUIS, March 26.—The Excelsior Manufacturing company of this city, one of the most extensive stave making concerns in the west, whose hands struck about three weeks ago because they would not discharge four non-union men in their employ, announce that hereafter no member of the molders' union will be allowed to work in their shops under any circumstances.

BOSTON CORBETT,

The Man Who killed John Wilkes Booth, Pursued by an Avenging Nemesis—His Life Made a Burden to Him—The Troubled Spirits of Revenge Will Not Let

Him Rest—He is in Constant Fear of Assassins, and Though He is a Good Man and Faithful Minister He Goes to the Pulpit with a Pistol by His Side.

"Private Dalzell" furnishes the Cincinnati *Enquirer* with the annexed interesting reminiscences of Sergeant Boston Corbett, the man who killed John Wilkes Booth:

In Monday's issue of the Cincinnati *Daily Enquirer* I find a special dispatch from Washington setting forth many intesting details of the killing of John Wilkes Booth; but, like most of the modern versions published of that tragic event, it leaves "Hamlet" out of the play of *Hamlet*, and omits altogether the name of Rev. Boston Corbett, the man who killed John Wilkes Booth. I know Boston Corbett well. In 1874, when I was holding my first experimental national reunion here, one of the celebrities of the occasion, whose attendance I had secured to draw a crowd, was Boston Corbett. He stayed at my house here then for a week, and I became intimately acquainted with his remarkable career, especially that part of it wherein he figured as the Nemesis of Booth. General Sherman was here the day that Corbett addressed the reunion, and eyed him with an eagerness and interest that was observed by every soldier present, and more than twenty thousand people were that day present at the opening ceremonies. That day Rev. Boston Corbett preached a very eloquent extempore sermon from these words: "The Lord is a man of war—the Lord is His name." He is a fiery and eloquent speaker, and a devout Christian of the pronounced Methodist type. In personal appearance he is very striking. He is just the style of man whom you would select among a million as the one for the tragic work assigned him in the book of fate. Short, strongly built, firmly knit, active and Frenchy, with eyes and hair a shade blacker than those of John A. Logan even, quick as a cat, and speaking so rapidly that you could hardly follow him at all; a little man, all nerves, and fire in every nerve, his eyes dancing in their sockets and glancing about with the swiftness of lightning. He was to me a riddle—a strange, wild man—and I could not touch his hand without being thrilled as if I had touched the wires attached to a powerful galvanic battery, there was something so intense and magnetic there. He was constantly at his devotions, like a very monk or friar. Boston Corbett never once referred to the great tragedy or made the slightest reference to it publicly or privately while he was here, except that the evening before he left I was anxious that my children should hear the story from his own lips, and I, with great difficulty and after much earnest solicitation, prevailed upon him to tell it to us in their presence. I never heard it correctly before or since. It has never been correctly published. That every word he told us was the truth I have no doubt at all, and I only wish that after the lapse of seven years I could give it to you precisely as he gave it to us. He belonged to the Sixteenth New York cavalry, I think, and was a sergeant. After they had tracked Booth over the river and through woods and fields for days, at length he was discovered in a barn. Corbett saw him in there at the moment the straw or hay took fire. The commanding officer commanded Booth to surrender. He was standing, as Corbett saw him through the crack in the barn, on a pile of hay, leaning on his crutch, pale with loss of blood and from excess of hatred and revenge, for John Wilkes Booth never knew what fear was. Corbett said he watched Booth like a hawk. He was standing there on his crutch with a carbine in his hand, and had his back toward Boston Corbett. He was the impersonation of the assassin, and even there, when he determined to die, did not for a moment forget his part in the great tragedy he was acting. The fire was mounting up all around him, and the pallor on Booth's face in the wild light of the blazing barn grew ghastly pale, and he stood there leaning on his crutch, with carbine in hand. The demand for his surrender was repeated, and answered with the same sullen silence of contempt, scorn and defiance. Just then the soldiers were standing a few paces from each other all around the barn, every man with his pistol in his hand. Suddenly Corbett saw Booth raise his carbine, as if he were going to shoot some one outside, when, quick as lightning, Corbett raised his pistol, fired at the Presidenticide, and the next moment he was lying on the hay from *a wound in exactly the same spot where he hit Lincoln*. In the next second Booth was dragged out, stretched on the ground away from the burning barn—the next he was dead. Corbett told me that Booth never spoke after he shot him, and that all this nonsense of his dying words was mere clap-trap of sensational writers. The moment the officers saw that Booth was dead they inquired for the rash fellow who had disobeyed orders, for it was their purpose to take him alive and have a grand State trial, and all that, after the manner of the great historic English regicide trials in the time of James II. Boston Corbett had spoiled that sport. All eyes turned to Corbett, for the soldiers on his side of the barn pointed him out as the guilty one, and he was forthwith placed under arrest. From that hour he never knew a moment's peace. The pistol with which he killed Booth was stolen from him that night, but the holster was left, and he had it at my house. His share of the prize was likewise stolen from him the day he got it—every cent of it. From the moment Corbett killed Booth he was a doomed man. One disaster followed another. He was treated with scorn by his officers and neglect by the government, and his share of the reward he lost. It never did him any good. He was stopped on the road by masked men, a pistol put to his breast, and he was required to dismount and surrender his hard-earned money the very day he received it. He was stripped of his clothing and every dollar he had. This was on his way to Washington. The officers there, wild with rage at him for depriving them of the pomp and circumstance of leading Booth in captive alive, and parading him through a long public trial, of which they should be central figures, felt like persecuting him further, but better counsels prevailed, and he was released and permitted to retire from the service branded and disgraced. From that hour to this army officers speak of Corbett with contempt. He has been driven from post to pillar. He preaches with a pistol in his pocket. After he says his prayers he lies down at night with a loaded revolver under his pillow. He moans pitifully all hours of the night. It almost seemed to me my house was haunted while he was there. Although he was a good man, a pure and devout christian of spotless life, I declare I was glad when he was gone, he was so unhappy, so uneasy, so strange. He is no lunatic. He is no fool. He is a good man every way. But wherever he goes he says Nemesis pursues him, and the troubled spirits of revenge will not let him rest. He is in constant fear of assassins. Threatening letters follow him everywhere. I saw one dated "Hell," and signed "Booth," saying, "You will soon be here." Such letters reach him every day. He got several while he was here. He is never in so obscure a town where they do not find him, containing all manner of threats. He complained bitterly and justly of this neglect with which the government treated him. It gave him no pension. It gave him no office. He is a poor man, a hatter by trade. He never married. The last I heard of him was in Philadelphia, when with characteristic daring he rescued a young girl out of the hands of villains in a lonesome alley. It was like him. He was so poor he had to raise money here to pay his way back to Philadelphia. Let no one suppose it was remorse that made him unhappy. Not a bit of it. He is proud that he killed Booth. Nor let anyone suppose that it is regret; for he told me the Lord told him to do it, and the Lord directed the shot. He believed that, even if Ingersoll cannot. General Hammond asked him how in the world he happened to send the bullet to the same spot exactly to the tilting of a hair where the fatal bullet found the life of Lincoln. "The Lord directed it," was the only answer, and he believed it. Take it all in all, it is the most wonderful story I ever heard from human lips.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Mrs. Saxon's Lecture.

EDITORS APPEAL: We were one of those who attended the "lecture given by Mrs. E. L. Saxon," on Friday afternoon at Cochran hall, and consider all those of my sex who did not hear her, as having missed a treat, inclusive of beautiful sentiment, fine elocution, and all that goes to make the orator. Most important of all, the subject was one that should engage the attention of all women who have the interest of their sex at heart. It is the "unfortunate ones" we have always among us. Obviously the secret of success resides in whatever method can attack the root of the evil, by reforming those engaged in this revolting traffic, and preventing accessions to their rank. Only christian charity can accomplish this object, for it remembers one who spoke gently to an unfortunate woman of this class, and gave her this pardon, and consolation; one drop of whose precious blood, is sufficient to wash and purify the entire universe. PHILANTHROPIST.

Science and Religion.

EDITORS APPEAL—While this may appear to some as a hackneyed phrase, and is used in numberless instances, no doubt, by shallow-brained scribblers as a veneering to their ignorance, there are abundant reasons why practical, common-sense people should inquire into the matter and see if there is really any clashing between true science and revealed religion. Christianity has nothing to fear from such investigation, and will not shrink from the closest and severest scrutiny and comparison with scientific investigation. It is also a fact that most would-be or so-called scientists make their attacks upon the first book in the bible, and, in the vulgar parlance of the day, attempt to show up the "mistakes of Moses." Now, one of the best and most impartial discussions of this subject the writer ever heard from the pulpit was the sermon of the Rev. R. A. Venable, of the First Baptist church, last Sunday night. He treated the subject fairly and dispassionately, knowing full well that no permanent results could possibly follow from a partial and unfair treatment of the subject. He demonstrated that those who attack the record of Moses always construct their own theories of what he did state, and then proceed to demolish their own fallacious and fanciful creations, and triumphantly claim to have demolished revelation. Now this is manifestly unfair. They have no right to infer that Moses said thus and so when the record shows that he said no such thing. One of the special hobbies of those who claim that science overthrows religion is the assumed position that the record of Moses makes the world only six thousand years old, whereas scientific investigation shows it to be many thousand years older. That objection would have some force, as Mr. Venable admitted, if Moses so stated in his record; but when the fact was taken into consideration that no such statement was made by Moses in his account of the creation of the world, the time element being entirely absent, it fell still-born. The "six-thousand-years-old hobby" was most thoroughly dissected, as well as other assumptions of scientific objectors, and the transparency of the objection exposed. Mr. Venable announced that he would pursue the investigation of this subject in a series of sermons on the book of Genesis at the evening service at his church. All impartial seekers after light on this subject should hail a fair and impartial investigation of the subject with pleasure. Revealed religion nor true science can be harmed, and the truth will be vindicated. TRUTH SEEKER.

The McCormick Telescope.

EDITORS APPEAL—The friends of education throughout the south have an excellent opportunity for showing their zeal for the cause by contributing a small amount to secure to this section of the country the possession of the great McCormick telescope. In dealing with this question we ought to have sufficient foresight and magnanimity to pass beyond the narrow limits of State bias and look to the common good of the whole sunny south. We see men giving large sums for the establishment of sectarian institutions which can never make a mark in the world, but the real meritorious objects are left to languish and pine away for the lack of a concentration of purpose and sympathy. What is the lamentable result of such narrow bigotry? Everywhere we stumble upon one-horse colleges, one-horse universities and poorly paid professors, and, as a result, the most indifferent educational advantages. We have Baptist colleges and Presbyterian colleges, Episcopal and Catholic colleges; but, outside of a narrow circle of affection, no one cares a picayune for them. How much better it would be to concentrate upon a few worthy institutions, and make them universities worthy of the name. Such an institution is the University of Virginia, founded by Thomas Jefferson, the "Apostle of liberty," and based upon principles fifty years ahead of their time, and now indorsed through the length and breadth of the land. Education, like the State, ought to be separated from religion. I am opposed to religious colleges unless their creation is for religious training. The University of Virginia is above sectarian littleness; it stands on a basis as wide as the world and as high as heaven. It echoes the voice of its mighty father, and proclaims the freedom of conscience. It is recognized as the foremost university in the land. It numbers among its students men from Memphis and all our southern cities. It is a southern university, broad, free and worthy of charitable enterprise. Mr. McCormick has offered to the university a telescope worth $50,000 on certain conditions. The first of these is the building of a suitable observatory. Mr. Vanderbilt has generously offered $25,000 to effect this object; there only remains the second condition to fulfill, the raising of an endowment fund of $50,000. Of this $45,000 have been subscribed, and Mr. McCormick gives till the 1st of April for the remaining $5000 to be raised. The university appeals to its friends in this emergency. Shall her appeal be neglected, and shall the south lose this great opportunity of securing a donation which will immediately render the university an object to which all southerners may point with pride? The possession of this coveted prize would make the institution one of the chief educational stations in the land. It would be the nucleus around which would gather countless donations. Mr. McCormick is a Virginian by birth, and hence it is probable that if his native State does not secure the instrument, it will be lost to the south forever. The following is a history of the telescope: It is the *largest* refracting telescope in the world. Its object-glass alone cost $35,000, and is twenty-six and a quarter inches in clear diameter. Its focal length is thirty-three feet. If the great telescope were directed upon the moon with a magnifying power of 2500 diameters it would be equivalent, so far as mere enlargement is concerned, to bringing that luminary within ninety-six miles of us. The space-penetrating power of Mr. McCormick's telescope is 131, that is to say, the faintest star visible to the naked eye would still be visible through this telescope if the star were removed to 131 times its present distance. According to the received computation, light (which travels 186,000 miles a second) would require more than 18,000 years to come to us from the faintest star visible through the McCormick telescope. The instrument was made by Messrs. Clarke & Sons, the celebrated makers who formed the great telescope of 1873 for the United States government. Two universities only in the United States have observatories in active operation—Harvard and the University of Michigan. The great telescope of McCormick would put the south on a par with the east and west. The atmosphere of the University of Virginia is as pure as that of Greece, with which it is on the same parallel of latitude; being, therefore, superior to that of the National Observatory with its malarious surroundings. The question recurs again, shall the south lose this valuable gift? Petty gifts of ten dollars or so from a few hundred liberal-minded men would answer the question the negative. Or, rather, shall we deserve the contempt of those in the north who are only too ready to reproach us with an indifference to the advantages of education, and with too easy an inclination to the groveling pursuit of lazy pleasure and debasing animal gratification? L. G. TYLER.

LITERARY.

The minister of public instruction in France has ordered Mr. Herbert Spencer's work on *Education* to be printed and distributed gratuitously throughout the republic.

Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, has transferred the publication of his two series of the *History of the United States* from Boston to New York. D. Appleton & Co. are to be his future publishers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish *Co-operation as a Business*, by Charles Barnard, a practical little duodecimo volume, containing a summary of the results of co-operative work in the United States and Europe.

The first volume of a *History of Ireland* by Mr. Standish O'Grady will shortly be published by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. It will form a critical examination of early Irish history, with the object of determining what is mythical and what reliable.

Mr Richard Grant White's new book, *England Without and Within*, will be published at an early day by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The separate chapters have already appeared in the *Atlantic*. In book form they will be carefullo revised and receive considerable additions.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have nearly ready a new edition of Mrs. Lamson's *Life of Laura Dewey Bridgman*, the deaf, dumb and blind woman, whose development in intelligence is almost a miracle. Mrs. Lamson was her instructor for three years, has known her about forty years.

Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement's *Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art*, of which the fourteenth edition has just been published by James R. Osgood & Co., is considerably enlarged and improved in its present form. The first edition was published ten years ago. It has had a remarkable success for a work of the kind.

Birthday books have their uses. Poets do not improve under the process of piecemealing, but it is a proof of versality and fecundity when a poet's writings can furnish so many apt and brief passages as are displayed in *The Longfellow Birthday Book*, compiled by Charlotte Fiske Bates (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The frontispiece portrait of Mr. Longfellow is excellent, and the printing and binding make this little volume what its purpose demands that it should be, both durable and ornamental.

Dr. William A. Hammond is a writer of original force, who turns his scientific speculations and experiences into narrative as interesting as a novel. This is specially true of his book *On Certain Conditions of Nervous Derangement* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), of which a new and revised edition was recently issued. In order, as he says, to make the book more homogenous, he has omitted everything relating directly to spiritualism. The chapters on somnambulism, hypnotism and hysteria are of curious interest.

St. Louis is not content with one *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. This year sees the start of the *Platonist*, a monthly periodical "devoted chiefly to the dissemination of the platonic philosophy in all its phases." The editor is Thomas M. Johnson, of Osceola, St. Clair county, Missouri, and he promises that the *Platonist* "will not pander to the passions and the prejudices of the rabble." Mr. Johnson expresses his scorn for the man who "sneaks through life" unwilling to express his genuine sentiments through fear of becoming unpopular with the rabble.

There is to be an *American Men and Women of Letters* series, edited by Mr. James T. Fields and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Washington Irving will be the subject of the first volume, and those who have read the sketched prefixed to the new "Knickerbocker edition" of Irving's works will be glad that Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is to write it. The *Life of Noah Webster* will be by Mr. Horace E. Scudder, and Thos. Bailey Aldrich, the new editor of the *Atlantic*, will write the book on Nathaniel P. Willis.

Dickens used to tell inimitably a story about Carlyle, the scene occurring at a dinner held at Proctor's, where were present, among others, Carlyle and the well-known editor of a review. The editor had enunciated some weighty opinion on the subject under discussion—as Dickens used to say, "treating it in the usual —— *Review* manner, wrapping it up in a small parcel and laying it by on a shelf as done with forever"—and a dead silence ensued. This silence was, to the astonishment of all, broken by Carlyle, who, seated immediately opposite the editor, looking across at him in a dreamy way, said, as though to himself, but in audible tones, "Eh, but you're a puir creetur, a puir, wratched, meeserable creetur!" then, with a sigh, he relapsed into silence.

A COMING STORM

That Has Long Been Brewing Among the People of the Stage, and Which Will Take the Form of a Reaction and a Rebellion Against the System of

Combinations and Star Companies and Speculative Managers That are Ruining the Profession and Preventing the Growth of the Legitimate Drama.

Brooklyn *Eagle:* There is a storm brewing in the theatrical world. Already its murmurings are heard, and the preliminary puffs of wind are rustling among the flies of our theaters. It will wake up some managers pretty thoroughly, and before it is over its results will be felt throughout the United States. The storm has not been caused by any sudden convulsion of the elements making up the theatrical world. It has been accumulating force for some seasons. It will take the shape of a reaction against the system of combinations and "star" companies, and against the speculative fever that has run rampant for so many seasons in theatrical life. Many of the actors are heartily disgusted with their present status in their profession. All laudable ambition to excel has been slowly but surely crushed out of many of the most talented people on the stage by the pernicious speculative fever that is now at its hight among managers, and which has brought about the combination system. The actors are tired of being at the mercy of irresponsible men, who become managers as they would become stock jobbers or railroad contractors, and simply for the money they can knock out of the business in a given time, and without regard for dramatic art, many of them hardly comprehending the meaning of the term. Through this speculative fever the stage is being brought almost to a state of chaos. Many so-called managers will take hold of anything that pays. This week it is "Buffalo Bill," and next week Booth in *Hamlet*. All is fish that comes to their nets so long as it is marketable. In the old days

AN ACTOR TOOK PRIDE IN THE THEATER

he appeared in, and companies grew to be like families, with the manager as the father of the flock. Now an actor is hardly sure from one week to another that he will be in New York or Boston, St. Louis or Chicago, in this company or that. He is, in fact, very often more or less of a vagabond, picking up a living when and where he may. Such an existence is necessarily fatal to his art. He grows careless of his reputation, knowing that the audience he appears before to-night may not see him again in months, perhaps in years. In the days of stock companies the audience and the actors were more or less in sympathy with each other. The former watched with interest the progress of the latter, and encouraged them to do better things and excel in their profession. All this feeling is being crushed out by the traveling company system. It has come about that acting, once a pleasure with the profession, is fast becoming a drudgery and a "demnition grind." Talent is stifled wherever it develops itself, and the stage is fast becoming a mere machine for the coining of dollars and cents. But this machine has not been as productive this season as the speculators could wish. The force which runs it is necessarily weakening. The public is discovering the growing degeneracy of the stage, and a reaction has commenced for something more substantial on the boards. Broken-down combinations are pouring in in disorganized fragments from all parts of the country, and it would really appear that the backbone of the combination system is about to be broken. It is safe to prophesy that a return to the stock-company system will take place in most of our first-class theaters inside of two seasons at the most. If managers will turn their eyes in the direction of the theaters that have held to the stock company through all the speculating era, they cannot but see the wisdom of a general reformation. What the public wish to-day is a theater where every play is produced in the most correct manner, and with every character ably filled. A star supported by a bad company, or a combination made up of one or two good and many bad actors, are poor material for managers to depend upon, and they are fast finding it out through bitter experience. The

MOST SUCCESSFUL THEATER

in our city for the past two seasons has been the one where a play is brought out with the greatest care being bestowed upon everything, from the scenery to the filling of even the most minor part in the cast, and many of our managers have gazed in blind astonishment at the success of this house, failing utterly to profit by the trenchant lesson that success should inculcate. Let an equally good company appear in even a passably good play at any other theater and they may enjoy the same success. As one instance of the many that could be cited showing the folly of the present star system, it is only necessary to point to the present engagement of Madame Janauschek at Booth's theater. Here we have a perfect dramatic *artiste* supported by a very indifferent company. With an efficient support her talent would increase tenfold in its drawing power. As it is, her engagement has met with but a meager support, considering the talent and reputation of the *artiste*. When she is off the stage the audience often go to the length of "guying" those who appear with her; the effect of the play is ruined, and the performance resolves itself into the dramatic recitation of so many lines by Janauschek. This poor support is probably the result of speculation. A good company would materially swell the salary list, and your average dramatic speculator never spends a dollar more than he can possibly avoid, so that it frequently happens that he looks over the dollars on to the cents. There is too much dependence placed upon the gullibility of the public. Even Barnum will acknowledge that there is a limit to this sort of thing. Audiences are not made up of Verdant Greens. They are growing more critical every day, and this fact is just beginning to dawn upon the managers, or rather it is making itself felt in their box-offices, and a reaction to a higher standard of art on the stage is like to be very rapid when its necessity is once felt in the cash drawer. The storm is likely to sweep away many of the so-called

MANAGERS OF THE DAY,

but it will be a great blessing to the profession when they are once out of it, and managers who really take pride in their calling can easily weather the gale and come out of it with flying colors, while the same may be said of actors. There is already a rumor that the Standard and Park theaters, and possibly Booth's, will be run with stock companies next season. Wallack will move up town and establish his stock company in his new theater, while an excellent German stock company will occupy his present theater, and everything points to a more substantial and legitimate business being revived at all of our first-class places of amusement. The sooner the reaction sets in the better it will be for both managers and actors worthy to bear the name.

TEXAS TALES.

The citizens of Austin are pursuing all prowling dogs.

Cattle-thieves are making it lively for herders in many portions of Texas.

A large train of wagons loaded with machinery, *en route* for the mines at Chihuahua, Mexico, passed through Uvalde last week.

Near Jacksonboro, on the seventeenth, an unknown horse-thief was found hanging from a tree. Nine bullet-holes were found in the body.

At the county poor farm near Fort Worth, last Wednesday, a lunatic named Wallace attacked the steward of the farm and stabbed him fifteen times. The injuries are severe and may prove fatal.

Last week, near East Belknap, the Gainesville and Henrietta stage was stopped by three masked men, who robbed the driver and the one passenger of their watches and money. The robbers would not interfere with the mail bags.

At Dallas a few days since, a well-dressed lady, with an elegantly attired child in a baby carriage, stopped in front of the postoffice and asked a gentleman to watch the carriage while she posted some letters. She failed to return and relieve the gentleman on the watch.

At Shreveport, on the twenty-first instant, the warehouse of G. A. Bourguin was destroyed by fire. Two hundred and thirty-five bales of cotton were consumed. The cotton was insured for $9500; actual value, $11,700. No insurance on the building. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

Near Arlington, last Tuesday a man named Wilkins shot and killed his brother-in-law, named Harrison. Wilkins and his wife did not get along well together, and Harrison took the part of the wife. On Tuesday Mrs. Wilkins threw scalding water on her husband, when he turned and shot Harrison, believing that he instigated the outrage.

On the seventeenth instant, at Austin, Mrs. Mary E. Daniel published a card in the *Dispatch*, addressed to the house of representatives, stating that John W. Daniel, representative of Dallas county, sits in their midst, and he is unjust and unprincipled; that two years ago he boarded with his brother, her husband, and, although receiving $5 a day as a legislator, failed to pay his board or washing; that he borrowed $200 from his brother, her husband, and refused to pay it back to her so that the funeral expenses of her said husband could be paid. The writer adds: John W. Daniels is a heartless man, who sits with you in the house like a black sheep in a white fold. The same day Mr. Daniel attempted to cowhide old Mr. Brown, aged sixty years, and father of Mrs. Daniel, who published him in the *Dispatch*, for which Daniel was fined $15 and costs for the assault, and $5 and costs for using indecent language.

Charles Scribner's Sons have ready this week the *Reminiscences*, by Thomas Carlyle, edited by James Anthony Froude, and the third and fourth volumes of *Memoirs of Prince Metternich*, which cover the period from 1815 to 1829, and contain particulars of the congresses of Laybach, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Verona, and the eastern war of 1829.

NERVINE.

NEURALGIA,

NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE,

NERVOUS HEADACHE, DYSPEPTIC HEADACHE,

Sleeplessness, Paralysis and Indigestion,

ARE ALL CURABLE DISEASES.

Dr. C. W. Benson Warrants His Celery and

CHAMOMILE PILLS TO CURE EVERY CASE

No Matter How Chronic or Obstinate the Case May Be.

This Statement is Made After Years of Experience in Their Use.

They have been tested time and time again, and always with satisfactory results. This preparation just meets the necessities of the case. These diseases are all nervous diseases. Let me say just what my pills are made to cure, and what they have and will cure: Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Sleeplessness, Paralysis and Indigestion. Nervousness embraces nervous weakness, irritation, despondency, melancholy, and a restless, dissatisfied, miserable state of mind and body indescribable. These are some of the symptoms of Nervousness. Now, to be fully restored to health and happiness is a priceless boon, and yet for 50 cents you can satisfy yourself that there is a cure for you, and for $5 at the very furtherest that cure can be fully secured. These Pills are all they are represented to be, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction if used as directed. Please remember they are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Paralysis, Sleeplessness and Indigestion, and will cure any case. Price 50 cents, or six boxes for $2 50, postage free. Sold by all druggists. Depot, No. 106 North Eutaw street, Baltimore.

IMPERISHABLE PERFUME.

THE IMPERISHABLE PERFUME.
Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER,
Best for TOILET, BATH, and SICK ROOM.

THREAD.

The People Appreciate Merit
EAGLE AND PHENIX
Columbus, Ga.
PERFECT
SMOOTHEST, STRONGEST, BEST
BALL SEWING THREAD
SOLD BY ALL JOBBERS
1878 1879
Production Doubled. Again Doubled.

SPECIAL TREATMENT.

Specialty Treatment
—OF—
Fistula, Piles, Stricture, Painful Ulcer, Hernia, or Rupture.

SCROFULA in its SPECIAL FORMS, as manifested by Ulcers on the skin and mucous membranes, [illegible] tules on the Face, often extending to the chest shoulders.
Affections of the EYE and LIDS, with loss of lashes; EAR affections; inflammation of the NOSTRILS—Catarrh; Laryngitis, with hoarseness.
DYSPEPSIA, resulting from chronic catarrh of the stomach and intestines; Enlargement of the GLANDS of the Neck; Scrofulous affections of the BONES and JOINTS, with ABSCESSES.
All the affections mentioned can be cured by proper treatment, if treated before the development of CONSUMPTION, which is the LAST STAGE OF SCROFULA.
When it is not convenient for the patient to come to the office, medicines can sent by mail or express.

DR. J. D. WHITE,
Office, 243 Main, Memphis.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Leading Shoe Store in Southwest.

ZELLNER
& CO.,
288 MAIN ST
COR. MADISON,
MEMPHIS.

SPECIALTIES in Ladies', Gents' and Children's Handmade Goods of the finest and best makes produced in the world. For comfort, try our COMMON-SENSE SHOES. For children, try our SOLAR TIP SCHOOL SHOES, the most practical and durable shoe in existence. All our goods are warranted and satisfaction guaranted in every respect. Goods sent C. O. D. ZELLNER & CO.

BIRDS.

BIRDS!

JUST RECEIVED, A SUPPLY OF GERMAN Canary and other Singing Birds, Cages, etc., at
Memphis Bird Store.

WIRE WORKS!

WIRE-GUARDS FOR DOORS AND WINDOWS, Storehouses, Dwellings; Desk and Counter Railings, etc., made to order at
211 Main Street Memphis.

NOTICE.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 12, 1881.

THE
Southern Express
COMPANY

CONTINUES TO RUN AN EXPRESS ON THE Memphis and Little Rock Railroad and to all points on the Iron Mountain Railroad, and to make direct connection with the Texas Express Company. HUGH A. HAMILTON, Agent.

SHIRTS.

Fancy Shirtings
IN NEW DESIGNS,
FOR SPECIAL ORDERS,
—AT—
T.J. McCARTHY'S
293 Main Street.

EDUCATIONAL.

FAIRMOUNT.

THE NEXT TERM OF FAIRMOUNT COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, located on the Cumberland Plateau, will begin March 16th. For circulars and information apply to MRS. H. R. KELLS, Principal, Moffat, Tennessee.

REFERENCES—Hon. Jacob Thompson, Messrs. Day & Proudfit, J. J. Freeman, S. Mansfield, J. T. Fargason, Rev. Dr. White, Memphis; Gen. J. D. Vertever, Port Gibson, Miss.; Rt. Rev. Alex. Gregg, Austin, Texas; Rev. Alex. Marks, Natchez, Miss.; Judge W. A. Drennan, Lexington, Miss.; Hon. W. B. Spencer, New Orleans; Hon. John S. Billin, Thibodaux, La.; Rev. W. P. DuBose, D.D., Sewanee, Tennessee.

Rev. W. P. DuBose will be in Memphis, at Peabody Hotel, from March 3d, and will attend to all business for the school. On March 15th, he will leave Memphis in charge of pupils for Fairmount.