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# MEMPHIS APPEAL

TUESDAY, : : : MARCH 28, 1882


## THE PROPOSED BANKRUPT LAW.

We have received from the New York Board of Trade and Transportation a copy of a petition to Congress requesting the passage of what is known as the Lowell national bankruptcy bill, rather than the "equity bill," which has been presented by the House committee. Also a copy of the signatures to the petition in New York, which contains the names of the most important firms and most eminent business men in that city. The bill reported to the House is reputed to be a favorite with the lawyers, as being a promising source of business for the bar and fees for the officials. The Lowell bill has the approbation of merchants and business men generally, whose judgment comes from a practical standpoint, and who aim only at justice between debtor and creditor—not the wasting of the bankrupt's estate in unnecessary expenses. When a measure of this kind can command two thousand of the best mercantile names in New York, we think there can be little doubt where the superior merit lies. Our own business people are as much interested in this important matter as elsewhere; they know how unfortunately the last bankrupt law worked, and they must feel the necessity of avoiding any blunder this time. In order that they may have opportunity to join with New York, should they agree with the opinion expressed in that city, we have handed the copy of the petition to the Cotton Exchange, where, we presume, it will receive the attention its weighty claims demand.

## ANOTHER COMET APPROACHING.

The New York *Herald*, of Friday, says the comet discovered by Mr. Wells, of the Dudley Observatory, is a remarkably bright one, and is "hurrying toward the earth at the rate of 2,000,000 miles a day, and promises to venture within 10,000,000 miles of the sun." The Albany *Argus* says the comet, when discovered, was in right ascension 17° 15′, declination 30° 30′; since first seen it has increased its right ascension at the rate of 58′ a day, moving to the northeast 33′ in the same time; the motion, therefore, is northeast at the rate of 33′ a day. This is an unusually slow rate of motion for a comet, and indicates, in the absence of more complete observations, that its motion is not deviating much from a straight line drawn through it and the earth. It is apparently in an advanced state of development, and probably not far from its perihelion or nearest distance to the sun. It is unlike what is usually seen in the telescopic comets with short tails; it is narrower for its length and brighter in its light than is usual when a tail is first developed. There is a condensation of light to be seen, but no nucleus proper, and the brightness is that of stars of the ninth magnitude; the tail is about 7,000,000 of miles in length, the width about one-fifth of the length. Seen from the comet the earth is in quadratures; lines drawn from the comet to the earth and the sun, respectively, would show very nearly a right angle. Of course this is not the Proctor comet that is to go into the fire-kindling business; that is fifteen years away, giving full chance to prepare steam fire engines.

## QUININE AND IRON TIES.

It is with pleasure we see the Chattanooga *Times* of Saturday last proclaiming itself a "fair trader," a position a degree in advance of monopolist protection, and we hope to see its faith exemplified in its works and in its opposition to unfair schemes, such as making the public at large pay to support monopolistic extortion. It is pleasant also to find that paper opposed to the hateful quinine tax which, from an expression we saw in one of its articles, we understood it to support. The *Times* says it "has never favored the continuance of the quinine duty. We were for its removal, just as we favored and now favor the abolition of the match stamp duty, and the placing of all articles of prime popular necessity either on the free list or in a position, by virtue of protective taxation, fairly to compete with imports from foreign countries. In a word, we are a fair trader." This, as far as it goes, is an excellent confession of faith, and as the APPEAL—as the *Times* handsomely acknowledges—desires to act fairly, it gives that paper due credit. That American manufactured quinine is a good and pure article gives it a great advantage over any "mean foreign article," and that advantage confers upon it an independent position that places it above the need of mere baby-like "protection." The *Times* attributes to us a desire to have a monopoly on the cotton-tie trade handed over to the British mills. The APPEAL is opposed to monopoly wherever unavoidable, and has therefore no such wish; but it is equally opposed to the discreditable attempt now making by the manufacturers who seek to impose tribute upon the cotton planter by their efforts to have that tax more than doubled. That the planter, and not the consumer, contrary to the usual rule, pays this tax we have clearly explained, and the assertion of the *Times* that the explanation has to be answered does not overthrow our statement. That the planter can use rope, if he objects to paying the iron-master's tribute, is true; but it is also true that if he chooses to use the tie he will not ask the iron manufacturer's permission to do so, and he strongly objects to being taxed for the privilege of exercising his choice.

## A VAST COTTON PLANTING ENTERPRISE.

From the New Orleans *Picayune* we learn that, in one portion of the drowned out district, an unexpected prospect of aid has become known which is rejoicing many of those who were near to despair. In October last a scheme was formed for going into the cotton planting business on an extensive scale. Two sons of Calhoun, the eminent statesman, owning the Harwood plantation in Chicot county, Ark., convinced by experience that the present system of planting, which makes the agriculturist totally dependent and hopeless, is radically wrong and ruinous, and that it debases instead of elevating the negro, is incapable of success, conceived the idea of effecting a change from the system of "carrying" the farmer through the season. Efforts were made and resulted in the purchase of seven plantations in Chicot county by a Boston company. This purchase is only part of a large plan extending to both sides the Mississippi river, involving investments by Eastern capitalists in plantations along the routes of the Mississippi valley, the projected Illinois Central branch to Greenville, and the Georgia Pacific. So far the Sunnyside, Hymer's, Hebron, Fawnwood, Luna, Patrsiac, and Latrobe plantations have been purchased and paid for, the whole including 12,000 acres. The sum paid was $200,000, and agricultural implements have been bought to the amount of $50,000. Negotiations for 20,000 acres on the opposite side of the river are in progress. The fact that the company has already paid out $280,000 shows that "it means business." The floods will, of course, interfere with the immediate prospects of the company, but the levee improvements that will be initiated will add to the value of their purchase and to the amount of their profits. The *Picayune* says: "The people of that region are excited. The price of real estate has jumped twenty per cent. Everybody thereabouts is talking of it. It is a revolution. It is not a risk on the part of the company." The intention appears to be to carry on cotton planting much in the way that Dalrymple is growing wheat in the country of the Red River of the North—business done on a vast scale, with something of the factory order and method. The experiment will be watched with intense interest.

## THE FAME YET TO BE WON!

The excitement produced throughout the civilized world by the fate of the Jeannette, instead of repressing energy in the direction of the Arctic search, appears to have given that field of adventure an attractiveness it never had before. Much has been gained by the various efforts that have been made, not only in geographical and scientific discovery but, what is probably of more practical value, in the mode of conducting research, and in the choice of men by whom future achievements are to be gained. The order, discipline and excellent manner of conducting the successful voyage of the Vega, which passed completely round the polar circle and secured most valuable results, has excited especial attention and points out the way to improvement. In the choice of men, especially, more care will be given. Enthusiasm and zeal will not be accepted as equivalents for experience and knowledge. Each man is to be picked, and must have the physical robustness and the mental qualifications that fit him for the severe and arduous task. Less reliance is to be placed on the chances of the season, less tempting of fate by exposure to the obstructions and dangers of the ice-covered seas. Parties are to be definitely placed at favorable spots within the Arctic circle. They are to be supplied with substantial protection from the weather, are to have dogs and every facility for exploration, and all necessary implements and material for scientific observation and experiment. The pathless snows, undisturbed by intrusive human feet, afford facility for carrying telegraph wires from settlements to stations, and from one station to another. This alone will greatly facilitate proceedings, and immensely reduce the danger. Various countries have combined for the purpose of making simultaneous efforts, all having in view the common great object of reaching the north pole, and, subsidiary to that, of observing every kind of natural phenomenon and product. The skies, the aurora, weather changes, the behavior of electrical and other scientific apparatus under conditions so unusual, the phenomena of tides and currents, will receive incessant attention; the bed of the ocean will be questioned by dredging, and every appearance of vegetation, every insect and animal upon the face of the earth will be scrutinized, and secrets will be wrung from the birds of the air and the fish of the sea. As an instance of the interest often involved in problems that cannot be carried out with any degree of accuracy in an inhabited country, we may mention that we have evidence that, in various parts of space, especially in the tracks of comets, vast streams of meteoric stones are circulating along paths as regular, approximatively, as those of comets. Individual masses of these, of various dimensions, lying scattered from the main group are occasionally attracted to the earth, the meteorites we hear of occasionally as falling from the sky, and smaller ones we see as falling stars, as they burst into flame on coming in contact with our atmosphere. Where so much rough, angular matter is in motion, with more or less friction of masses against masses, much of their surfaces must be driven off in the shape of fine powder or of coarse sand-like particles. A large portion of this "cosmic dust," as it is called, falls upon the earth. Some scientists think our that portion is a large one, and that it has entered materially into the process of world-making, and constantly but imperceptibly adding to the size and bulk of our globe. Precise results upon this point have not come within the reach of observation, circumstances forbid, but in the frozen north, amid the eternal silence of perpetual desolation, if this cosmic dust is continually descending, especially in amounts to add appreciably to the sum of matter that forms our world, the virgin bosom of the spotless snow in the far north will reveal the fact. There will be found particles which have floated from the far regions where comets circulate and planets whirl their mighty orbs. This is one of many most interesting questions upon which continuous, systematic, intelligent search and observation may throw light, for the opportunities of settled parties will be vastly superior to those obtained by transient visitors troubled with the harrassing details and perplexing dangers of travel within the circle of perpetual frost. So far are these stations of observers from being mere matters projected for the future, that quietly, and almost silently, some of them are already on active duty. At Lady Franklin Bay, not a very great distance from the furthest spot explorers have reached since July last, is a party under command of Captain Greeley. This station is nearly opposite the extreme northern point of Greenland, and is the most northern point in the world ever lived in by man except for short intervals. The point of the nearest access to the pole ever yet gained, that reached by Sir. G. Nares in 1876, is not far beyond it. This is an American station, and "our boys" will show what they can do, as also at the other American station at Point Barrow, the extreme northern limit of Alaska. Russia has an observation colony at the mouth of the Lena river, Siberia; England will establish one at Fort Simpson, on the MacKenzie river; Germany one on the Gulf of Georgia, near Vancouver Island; Austria one at Jan Mayen Island, east of Greenland; Norway one at Altengrade, near the northern extremity of Scandinavia. To these still others will be added, and thus the pole will be surrounded with a band ever watchful, ever scrutinizing, investigating, questioning. Gradually the circle will be narrowed. The stations, as they advance toward the central north, will be drawn nearer. The interest will deepen. Hardiness will dare its utmost. The regular assault of these combined forces will accomplish what flying visits in frail ships have failed to secure. Some day a more venturesome, more skillful, or more fortunate party of explorers than the rest, will cross the last boundary and plant their feet upon the spot around which the whole world turns ceaselessly in its course down the illimitable ages. Imagine the sensations of a moment so sublime, on a spot so mysterious! Men are ambitious; Alexander and Napoleon battled for fame, but who would accept the fame of both for the peal that will ring through all the future of earth's history, telling the countless generations to come the name of *him* who first stood upon the pole of the world!

## Society of the Army of Tennessee.

ST. LOUIS, March 27.—General James A. Williamson, of Iowa, is to deliver the annual address at the fifteenth meeting of the Society of the Army of Tennessee, which will be held here May 10th. Among the distinguished men who will be present are Generals Sherman, Grant, Sheridan, Hancock, Pope, Auger, Stanley, Rosecrans, Logan, Palmer and Prentiss.

# JACK'S BREAKDOWN

**Collapse of Haverly, the Theatrical Manager—Everything Turned Over to His Backers.**

**Incidents in His Life—Apprenticed to a Tailor—Keeper of a Faro Hell—His Mining Speculations.**

Chicago Special to Cincinnati Commercial.

The sudden departure of Colonel J. H. Haverly for Europe has created a considerable sensation in theatrical circles, and doubtless some incidents in the life of the ex-manager will be interesting to the readers of the *Commercial*. As I have known him from his boyhood, I can furnish several which are not generally known. Colonel Jack, whose real name is Christopher Haverly, was born at Curtin's Furnace, Boggs township, Center county, Pa., and, as the story books say, "of poor but honest parents." When of the proper age he was placed apprentice with a tailor named William McClellan, of Bellefonte, Pa., some five miles from the place of his birth. He very soon quarreled with his boss, and throwing a hot goose at him, was arrested and confined in Bellefonte jail. A second quarrel arose, in which a pair of shears became the weapon, and the poor tailor had to fly for his life. To avoid another incarceration, young Haverly skipped out. He succeeded by hook or crook in getting to Toledo. At this point he got on a train as assistant peanut vender, where he remained until he secured a horse and cart and commenced as a fish peddler. His next movement was in becoming assistant manager of a low music hall in the same place, known as the Adelphi. He then took the road with a snide show, which, not proving remunerative, he threw up, and returning to Toledo started a skin faro hell, which he ran until he got in with Cal. Wagner's minstrels. He soon became sole manager of the show, to which he gave the name of "Haverly's Minstrels," and with which he visited Chicago, when Mr. McConnell, of that city, observing how smart a man he was and to what an extent he advertised, became his friend and backer. At his "enterprises" increased extra backing was necessary, and McConnell, of the National Printing Company, backed his paper to the amount of $45,000, through a New York bank. Wild speculation after speculation at length alarmed his friends, and he was repeatedly requested to curb his ambitious spirit, but Mr. McConnell and the National Printing office were too deeply involved with him to withdraw support, and when the "Michael Strogoff" and one or two other concerns were added to the already overwhelming amount of risk, McConnell submitted to a further $25,000 strain. This, added to the insane mining speculations into which Haverly had entered, and which so unmercifully fleeced him, caused his backers to squirm, and a restraining hand was placed on the reins, which the colonel rebelled at and kicked over the traces. His career was now merely a matter of "either you must go or I must," and as he had rashly taken theaters where there was not the remotest possibility of a dividend ever being declared, and as the "Strategists," the Mastodons and other organizations were loudly crying for salaries, while the moneys made elsewhere were swallowed up in Colorado mudholes, or even worse, in secret Gotham, Mr. McConnell determined, about a month ago upon a definite measure, and the announcement of Jack Haverly's sickness was the entering wedge. It was finally forced upon him that he must go, and while even in his death agony, negotiating for more theaters, he was brought up with a round turn. A journey abroad for the benefit of his health was determined upon, and the scheme was carried out.

Everything Haverly had was turned over to McConnell, and disintegration will immediately take place. Those theaters which are paying and the remunerative combinations will be kept up. All the others will be at once dropped, or sold out as soon as customers can be found. The Fifth Avenue and the Brooklyn will be parted with. The Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, which is merely a dramatic graveyard, will be dropped like a hot potato, customer or no customer. Mr. McConnell retaining only those which will indemnify him for the very heavy losses which he has or must sustain.

Mr. Haverly is married the second time, to one of the Duval sisters, of which there were three, variety artists, one of which Colonel Haverly has been the husband of two. These facts may be implicitly relied on, as I have them from sources which cannot be questioned. The Haverly bubble has burst, and it is to be hoped McConnell will realize on the property he has secured.

## Lease of the Fifth Avenue Theater.

New York Tribune.

"I have sold the lease of the Fifth Avenue theater to Mr. Stetson," Mr. Haverly said to a *Tribune* reporter last evening. "The lease has three years to run from September 1st, when Mr. Stetson will take possession. The theater will remain in my hands for the remainder of the season. I received $18,000 for the lease, the rent being $25,000 per year. I let the house go because some capitalists here have offered to build me a first-class theater of a kind and in a location that will serve as an excellent substitute for this, and I have made up my mind to let them build. I have renewed my lease of Niblo's Garden for next season. The Fourteenth street house will also remain under my management. All the rumors that I am transferring my business are utterly false."

Mr. Stetson said that he had satisfied himself before he closed his negotiations with Mr. Haverly that the trustees of the Ames estate were determined to accept one of the offers which had been made by business firms for Booth's theater, and that it would be impossible for him to remain after May 1st.

## THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

LONGFELLOW.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who hath sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

## TRANSFORMED.

**A Woman Who Turned Into a Man After Marriage.**

Dubuque Times.

Most of our readers have heard of the Burnham Novelty Company, which has been playing about in the smaller towns of Iowa during the past winter. The company has, however, gained confidence, and is playing at St. Paul this week. It is said to be on its way to Dubuque. From what we have heard about its morals, we are led to hope that Dubuque may be spared. But there is an extremely interesting history connected with the manager of this company, and we give it to our readers with the solemn assurance that it is well authenticated. Mr. and Mrs. Burnham are residents of Waterloo, this State, where they have resided for some time. One of the principal parties in the strange affair about to be related is Major Powell, who was, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune* in 1873. Prior to this time Major Powell had led the life of a Bohemian, and in his travels he went to Brodhead, Wis., where he met a charming young lady, possessed of talent as a musician. Major Powell was then lecturing, and made a favorable impression both upon the young lady and her parents, and the friendship for the girl ripened into love and marriage. The young lady was then about nineteen years old, and had always been reared delicately by a family of the highest respectability. The father was a physician and druggist. Soon after her marriage to Major Powell a change began to take place; her complexion became swarthy and a beard began to grow, which demanded and received the assiduous attention of a razor. Other physical changes went on, and after the couple had been reasonably happily married for a period of nearly three years, despite the major's dissolute habits, it became impossible to deny the fact that the girl was more man than woman. A visit was made to Chicago, an eminent physician was consulted, who confirmed the suspicion, a surgical operation was performed, and Major Powell and wife separated, there being no matrimonial provision to bind two males together. The disclosure was extremely mortifying to the parents of the ex-wife, and they shortly afterward removed to another place. The metamorphosed individual availed himself of his prerogative and put away crinoline and donned male habiliments and commenced work at a drug store in Chicago under the name of E. W. Burnham, a change in the given name only being made to suit the change in sex. During the period young Burnham had lived as a woman the acquaintance had been formed of another young woman also of musical predilections. The two "girls" were chums, even roommates together, without suspicion of another condition being present. The regard then formed ripened into love, and after a period had elapsed the two were married and have since lived happily together, making their home at Waterloo. The husband and wife are none other than E. W. Burnham, the head of the Burlington Novelty Company, and Mrs. Gertie Everette Burnham, one of the members of the party. There is nothing in Mr. Burnham's appearance to indicate the strange history, and he is now thoroughly masculine in appearance, capable of raising a heavy beard, though to meet the requirements of his business he is cleanly shaven. The facts are all well authenticated. Mr. Burnham is the nephew of a prominent citizen of Minneapolis, in whose family he lived as a charming young girl for a considerable time, and is the subject of one of those curious freaks in nature, which are rare, but undoubtedly occur.

## HENRY WADSWORTH'S LONGFELLOW.

The old Quaker, Whittier, now unquestionably the first of the living American poets, wrote recently some lines of himself that are wonderfully appropriate to the death of Longfellow:

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O! soul divine! O Helper ever present,
Be Thou no stranger here!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting;
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

# THE WIDOW AND THE DUKE

**How a San Francisco Lady was Courted and Basely Deceived.**

The San Francisco *Chronicle* tells a strange conspiracy story in which the "Duke of Leicester" and a Mrs. Bennett are the principals. Mrs. Bennett had been told by two lady friends that the "duke," traveling in California as "Dr. George Logan," had fallen in love with her while she was presiding at a patent medicine stall at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, San Francisco. She was led to believe that it was customary for the "nobles of Great Britain," when they paid marked attention to a lady with the intention of conferring upon her the proud distinction of sharing their titles, to conduct the negotiations through the medium of a friend, who, in this instance, appeared to be a "Dr." Barton with the two ladies referred to. Preparations for the wedding were made by Mrs. Bennett, and also by the "duke," who wrote her a bundle of letters of Biblical quotation, poetry and love. The "duke," by the way, had at one time been requested by the queen to marry one of the royal princesses, but had declined to do so for reasons not given. Her majesty, however, heard of "the grace" conferred on this San Francisco beauty, sent her a cashmere shawl worth $1000, or rather the "duke" said he had received it for her. Three ministers were to be employed at the wedding, and the principal bridesmaid was the wife of a leading San Francisco physician. The wedding presents which the "duke's" agents said he had bought were marked "Etna-Leicester," and were of surpassing beauty. The bride was to be attired in the rich laces which had graced the lady forms of the noble "duke's" mother and grandmother. The wedding having been put off from time to time, Mrs. Bennett grew uneasy and insisted upon seeing the "duke," but Barton told her he was lying very ill at Valejo. Then it was represented that the "duke" had taken a great fancy to one of Mrs. Bennett's shawls, believing that if it were only wrapped about his shoulders it would have a very salutary effect. Believing this, she surrendered the costly garment. It is also said that he desired to have sent to him a breastpin she had worn at the pavilion, his intention being to have a similar one designed and set with costlier stones. This was also given up. Under the impression that she was become a "duchess of Leicester" she would possess the costly wardrobe prepared for her, she gave to the two ladies most of her private wardrobe and effects. At length, after waiting seven months for "this grace," Mrs. Bennett began to think that she had been swindled, and she swore out a warrant for the arrest of Barton and her lady friends, Mrs. Fannie Clark and Mrs. Julia Taylor, mother and daughter. Barton had fled, but the two women were arrested and held for trial.

## CHICAGO TRADE.

**The Market Fairly Active, with Higher Prices All Round.**

CHICAGO, March 27.—Wheat was moderately active to-day, but unsettled, and averaged higher all around, but the improvement was not sustained. At the opening prices were ⅛@⅜c higher than Saturday, weakened soon, and declined ⅛@⅜c, then rallied under a good speculative demand, advanced 1c above the lowest figures, again dropped ⅛@⅜c, fluctuated, and finally closed ⅛@⅜c better than Saturday's close. Receipts and shipments small and evenly balanced. Bidding was stopped for half an hour by a visit of Canadians, but the bidding broke out actively just after they left, and as the market was closing sales were made at $1 35⅞@1 36 April, $1 30⅞@1 31 May, $1 28⅞@1 29 June, $1 25⅞@1 26 July. On call prices were higher for options, advancing ⅛@¼c. Sales only 650,000 bushels.

Corn was active, but only from speculation. The market opened firmer and ⅛@¼c higher than Saturday, advanced ⅛@⅜c more, then ruled easier and lost about all the advance, closing only ⅛@¼c above Saturday's prices. The receipts were decidedly smaller than the average, less than half in fact. Sales were made at 63⅛@64c April, 68⅛@69c May, 68⅛@68⅞c June, 68⅛@69c July, rather grandiloquent, carrying on the channel of his argument with considerable strength, and meantime amusing the people with bright rhetoric, and nursing their prejudices and passions. He was an egotist and a vain man, however, and at the celebrated Montgomery convention, which was called for alleged commercial purposes, and ended by obeying an agitation to reopen the slave trade, Yancey invited me to dinner with other gentlemen, and at his own dinner table made a speech, which, without any change except the addition of another matter, he made at the Charleston convention not long afterward. The convention turned out to be nothing but a tournament for the display of the public speaking of Yancey on one side and Henry W. Hilliard on the other.

"Hilliard was not as warm an orator at Yancey—he was a quieter speaker; but he was the principal man on the Whig side at that time. He had been the minister to Belgium, and was eight years in Congress. He got in several good points on Yancey. He said that in the old Roman days it had been not infrequent for a man to throw himself into the Chasian gate to save his country; that the time was now at hand when there were men willing to push their country into the Chasian gate to save themselves. Yancey leaped to his feet, and asked if the gentleman meant him. 'No,' said Hilliard, 'in an argument of this kind, seeking to save my fellow-citizens from ruin, I had no time to think of individuals, although my friend, Mr. Yancey, thinks there never is a time when he is out of anybody's mind, and his friends agree with him. Compared with the weight of this cause and my feelings he sinks into ephemerality. I never thought of him at all.' In his earlier days Alexander H. Stephens was very much of an orator. Ben Hill never was an orator in the true sense. Howell Cobb was the ablest man for general affairs I have ever known."

## A SOCIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT.

**Figures from Utah that Totally Upset the Polygamous Theory of Marriage.**

Salt Lake Tribune.

By the classification of the census bureau, just published, the Mormons in Utah of voting age numbered 49,000 in June, 1880. The males outnumbered the females in the total Utah population by seven per cent., which would give at least 25,000 marriageable men and 24,000 marriageable women. It is not a violent supposition that one-fifth of these men are actual polygamists. Assigning to these 5000 men 2.2.5 women each, we have 5000 out of our 25,000 men appropriating 12,000 of our 24,000 women, leaving for our remaining 20,000 men 12,000 women. No doubt this is near the true state of the case and we commend it to the consideration of thoughtful Mormons. After nearly a third of a century's trial of what the Rev. John Kimball terms "A Sociological Experiment," in a new field, practically unimpeded and unrestricted, and with a good part of the productive energy of the Church proselyting in all lands, we have this astonishingly artificial and strained assignment of men and women—5000 men with 12,000 wives, and 20,000 men with 12,000 wives. Were the logic of Mormon teaching carried out, were every man to marry two or more women, who was not physically prevented from doing so, another 5000 of our marriageable Utah Mormons would have married our remaining 12,000 women, and left 15,000 men without any wives! It matters not, for the purpose of our illustration, whether our figures are accurate or not, that is, as to the total, or as to the number of men in this case actually polygamously married. Any sum total of men and women, or any number of actual polygamists, will exhibit the same result comparatively. Nature produces the sexes in pairs; hence, when one man marries two wives some other man must do without. This shows that nature and polygamy are at war, and can any sane man doubt that God is more surely manifested in His works than in what some one says He has spoken or written? It seems to us to require as extraordinary an exercise of credulity to believe that polygamy is ordained of God, as it would to believe that a carriage-wheel is made to slide, to hop, or to step. It is often said that it is a preventive of polyandry. But if we crytalize in figures, as above, is it not plain as the sun in heaven that it is not? that if there were no polyandry, polygamy would create it? Five thousand men, remember, appropriating as wives 12,000 women, or 20,000, according to facilities, and leaving 20,000 men with but 12,000 women, or with 4000, with the instincts of the species as strong within the last as within the first lot! Is there anything more inevitable than that polyandry will result? Because, so far, the people being few, and poor, and hemmed in and despised, conditions always productive of a fierce religious zeal, they have been able to repress it altogether, at least the public profession, is no reason why they should expect to be able to under different circumstances. The men who have three or four wives each will, perhaps, have no temptation, or at least no energy wherewith to respond, but what of the other men?

# HEAVY HAILSTORMS

**In Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania—The Most Severe Visitation Since 1864.**

**Great Damage to Property—Windows Broken and Trees Stripped of Their Foliage—Loss of Life.**

CINCINNATI, March 27.—The *Commercial's* Lexington (Ind.) special says: "The heaviest hail-storm since 1846 passed over this village to-day. The hail was not so large, but was destructive. In two minutes 1500 panes of window-glass were broken in the town, consisting of 1500 inhabitants."

### Furious Hurricane in Ohio.

CLEVELAND, O., March 27.—A furious hurricane, accompanied by vivid lightning, thunder, hail and torrents of rain, swept over this region at noon to-day. Numerous trees and several unfinished buildings were prostrated. The weather, which has been remarkably mild, became quite cold after the storm, which lasted about half an hour.

### Terrible Loss of Life.

PITTSBURG, PA., March 27.—A *Dispatch* special from Evansburg, Crawford county, Pa., says: "During a severe gale this afternoon a three-story brick house in course of erection was blown down, and two men, William Hunt and Frank McDonald, were killed, John Houser and William Sharle were fatally injured and five others slightly hurt. A similar accident occurred in this city this afternoon, the wind blowing down a frame house and fatally injuring John Atkinson and Patrick Gavin, two workmen.

### At Wheeling.

WHEELING, W. VA., March 27.—The most severe hail-storm that has visited this city since 1869 occurred this afternoon, shortly after 2 o'clock. The forencon was bright and warm, even sultry, and not until a few minutes before the storm burst did the blackening sky give any warning of the destructive visitation. The storm was short, but severe. Hailstones, many of them as large as walnuts, fell with almost incredible force and rapidity. A brisk breeze was blowing at the time from the west, and the hail pelted the exposed sides of buildings like rifle balls. The Statehouse, United States customhouse, Female College, Linsby Institute, the large hotels and factories and all the ward school buildings, with the business houses and residences having frontage on the west, had their windows riddled. Hotbeds, greenhouses and skylights gave way like egg-shells, and many valuable plants were destroyed. The storm reached from five miles west to five miles east of the city, and from a short distance below town to the north end, and the damage, at the least calculation, will reach $25,000. Persons who were exposed to the storm, and not in reach of shelter, were badly bruised about the head, and horses, in many instances, became frantic and ran away. The street cars and railroad coaches all suffered more or less damage to the windows. A heavy rain followed, completing the destruction, in many cases where skylights had been broken and valuable goods were exposed to the weather. The legislature and all the schools were obliged to suspend exercises for some minutes, the noise of the unusual fusilade drowning the sound of voices. In the country near the trees were stripped, in some cases the bark being peeled off by the hail.

## BOSTON MURDER MYSTERY.

**Mrs. Bell Evidently the Victim of an Irresponsible Lunatic.**

BOSTON, March 27.—The indications now are that the mystery of Mrs. Bell's murder will be speedily solved. It is the opinion of those to whom the following facts are known that she was the victim of an irresponsible lunatic, who a day or two ago figured in a significant street episode. As the wife of a well known journalist was leading her little daughter along the sidewalk near their home on West Newton street, a man behind and on the opposite side of the street called out to them. The lady paused, thinking at first that she might have dropped something; but on the fellow's approach she was alarmed at his wild appearance and the unmistakably insane glare of his eyes. Staring fixedly at her, and without looking at the child, he walked toward her, and as he drew near put his hand deep into his breast under his closely buttoned overcoat.

"'Is that your child?' he abruptly asked.

"'Certainly, it is my little girl,' replied the lady, alarmed and edging away.

"'But are you sure it is?' persisted the man, whose face was working convulsively.

"'There is no doubt of it,' said the lady, as she moved toward the door.

"'It is a comely child,' said the man, following along behind.

The house of the lady was only a rod away, and she went inside the door with her child as quickly as possible. The man stood hesitating on the sidewalk, his right hand still in his breast, until the door was fast. He then moved slowly away. His resemblance to Mrs. Bell's murderer did not occur to the lady until she described him to her husband this evening. The description is an exact counterpart of that given of the assassin, except that he wore a soft hat. Otherwise, in dress, age and personal appearance, he was the same. The police are scouring the city for the fellow.

## JUDGE LOCHRANE

**On Yancey, Hilliard, Alex. H. Stephens, Ben Hill and Howell Cobb.**

Gath in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Referring to Southern orators, Judge Lochrane said: "Perhaps Yancey stood at the head for a pleasing style, rather grandiloquent, carrying on the channel of his argument with considerable strength, and meantime amusing the people with bright rhetoric, and nursing their prejudices and passions. He was an egotist and a vain man, however, and at the celebrated Montgomery convention, which was called for alleged commercial purposes, and ended by obeying an agitation to reopen the slave trade, Yancey invited me to dinner with other gentlemen, and at his own dinner table made a speech, which, without any change except the addition of another matter, he made at the Charleston convention not long afterward. The convention turned out to be nothing but a tournament for the display of the public speaking of Yancey on one side and Henry W. Hilliard on the other.

"Hilliard was not as warm an orator at Yancey—he was a quieter speaker; but he was the principal man on the Whig side at that time. He had been the minister to Belgium, and was eight years in Congress. He got in several good points on Yancey. He said that in the old Roman days it had been not infrequent for a man to throw himself into the Chasian gate to save his country; that the time was now at hand when there were men willing to push their country into the Chasian gate to save themselves. Yancey leaped to his feet, and asked if the gentleman meant him. 'No,' said Hilliard, 'in an argument of this kind, seeking to save my fellow-citizens from ruin, I had no time to think of individuals, although my friend, Mr. Yancey, thinks there never is a time when he is out of anybody's mind, and his friends agree with him. Compared with the weight of this cause and my feelings he sinks into ephemerality. I never thought of him at all.' In his earlier days Alexander H. Stephens was very much of an orator. Ben Hill never was an orator in the true sense. Howell Cobb was the ablest man for general affairs I have ever known."

## THE "OLE MAN'S" LAMENT.

SAM W. SMALL ("Old Sl.")

*In the Little Churchyard of the Old Homestead.*

I.

I've just bin down to de ole grabeyahd
By de little brick church in de pines,
Whar de ole foxes rest in dere last long sleep
'Neath de wile rose bushes and de vines.
Hit's de only place left fer de ole man now
Fer hinger when de sun goes down,
An' think ob de fren's dat's all gone to peace
In de bosum ob de cole, cole groun'!

II.

Hit seems ter me ez I wanders 'mong der trees
Dat I hears der voices ob de lov'd ones agin—
Dat I feels dere spertits in de a'r round about,
An' de russle ob dere gyarments in de win'!
Den I know's dat my days is drawin' to an end
An' de angels at de Father's doukin' my way,
But I se ready fer ter go—I'se lonesome down heah
A-watchin' an' waitin' de comin' o' Day.

III.

Some night when de owl is hootin' in de tree—
De watch-dog howlin' in de yahd outside
De' lil' ho weepin' in de bottom ob de lil'-top car
Er de ole man's soul washes out on de tide,
Den a new fresh grave in de graveyahd
Will show dat de las' ob de homestid race
Her gone to jine de sleepers in de mould
Tell dey all wakes tergether in de Lan' ob Grace.

## BROWNSVILLE, TENN.

**And Dry Land Appeared—A Republican Caucus—The Late Jewish Ball.**

From the Regular Correspondent of the Appeal.

BROWNSVILLE, March 25.—The dove has returned with an olive leaf in its mouth. Many acres of good land that were under water in the Hatchie bottoms will soon be dry enough to plow, if the sun shines on them a few days longer. Already on the hillsides vast squares have been laid off in half-mile rows and planted with corn. It does seem that corn for bread, corn to feed to stock, and corn to sell, is the farmer's idea about this plant.

The Republicans of this county will meet in convention here next Saturday, to nominate machine-made candidates for the several county offices. Thursday night there was a kind of caucus—we held, with open doors, in the court-house. The meeting seemed altogether in charge of two or three burly blacks, who kept up at the window a continual howling to truant politicians in the streets. Everybody was chairman, and everybody in attendance puffed their cigars and talked and laughed by the sickly light of the fitful tallow candle. As for the speeches, they were, with one or two exceptions, too ridiculously absurd for anything—speeches no negro minstrel could even burlesque. Finally, some of the orators of the evening got into a quarrel, which broke up the weird caucus, without so much as a hint at adjournment. The fun didn't stop here, however. Last night a primary for this district was held. A great crowd of negroes were present with a small sprinkling of white Republican; but the efforts of the latter were useless to preserve order. Not a negro in the crowd ever heard of Cushing, or wanted to hear of him. "I give up to a pint of cordu, sah," "I motions you in lew," "O, Mr. Charmun, ain't yer gwine ter listen ter me," are a few among the large number of plaints that dingdonged into Chairman Mabrey's ears. Pandemonium reigned, it can be only be imagined, for it begged description. But with all this loud jarring, it was plain that most parts of the machine had been already oiled, that the majority had been sounded beforehand, for the delegates elected were not picked up at random. There are twelve of them, as follows: D. A. Nunn, Benj Hayes, Green Estes, Jacob Scott, A. Whitehead, Jack Moreland, Robert Claiborne, Peter Claiborne, W. M. Simms, Wm. Sevier, Esquire Richard and W. A. Mabrey. After which a voluntary break-up.

His accidency, Governor Hawkins, stopped over here on his way to the great flood. He was dined and wined by Secretary-of-State Nunn.

Petty office seekers are as plenty in Haywood as locusts, and every whit as hungry.

The Richmond and McEreth Dramatic Company are billed here for next week in such plays as *Our Boys*, *Pygmalion* and *Il ad