THE BONAPARTES

At Bordentown, New Jersey—Their Magnificent Estate Brought Under the Hammer—Historic Family Memorie

The Once Magnificent Salons Given Over to Dust and Decay—Royal Splendor Eclipsed by Time.

Bordentown correspondence of the New York *Herald:* A stiff quarter of a mile walk over well paved streets and thence along Park avenue, brings me to the Bonaparte property. It now contains a trifle more than 231 acres, though it originally included several large farms further up Crosswick Creek, and embracing altogether about 1000 acres. The park portion of this once splendid estate still exists entire. Behind a picket fence its broad acres are spread out like a carpet of dark green velvet. As your correspondent carried a permit from one of the executors of the estate, the long walk up the Trenton pike to the main gateway seems a most unnecessary bit of circumlocution. So, without more ado, the fence is scaled and we walk cross country toward the mansion house, whose white walls are plainly discernible through the trees that closely environ it. Here, by the side of a tiny streamlet, stands what was called the Lake House, the home of Princess Zenaide, the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, who accompanied him to America in his exile. As it is still a veritable bit of the past—wasted, neglected (most horrible to relate, whitewashed, like Napoleon's Hermitage, at St. Helena!)—let us take a turn through it before going to the wider ground on the plateau above. This was the dovecot to which Prince Charles and Zenaide returned from their wedding journey. It was a fine house in its day, as the three wide doorways opening upon the veranda indicate. It is a three-story structure of plaster-covered brick, and the rear of the building stands in what was "the lake" at the time of its erection. At that time it overhung the water like a Venetian palace. The brook that crosses the dusty pike under a really fine arched bridge which Prince Bonaparte built at his own cost, now winds through a reedy marsh. When he purchased the place, in 1816, one of the prince's first acts was to build a dam across the narrow valley at the mouth of the little stream and thus to create a pretty lake 200 yards broad by nearly half a mile long. In this lake there were several islands with velvety grass, young trees and fine shrubbery. Black and white swans added life to the idyllic picture. Stairways of stone, which still exist, led down the abrupt bluff side to boat landings, at which little fleets of pleasure craft, with bright-colored awnings, lay moored. Ah! here is a mystery. From the shore of this lake to the house of Prince Bonaparte, which stood where the green sward now is, was an underground passage carefully walled with brick and sealed by heavy doors. The end of this curious exit-way, at the point where it emerges upon the lake front, is clearly discernible. Descending the stone steps before spoken of, three arched doorways are seen. One of them is large enough for a railway tunnel; the others are small as postern gates.

KING, FARMER, DEMOCRAT.

Born of obscure family in Corsica, he rose with his immortal brother, defended him with energy and talent as a member of the Council of Five Hundred, became a Senator, invaded and conquered the kingdom of Naples, became its ruler, and was made the King—though never master—of Spain. As such he was the peer of such Marshals of France as Soult, Ney, Massena, Jordan, Bessieres, Lannes, Mortier, Victor, Marmont and, with France, "fought all the world of Europe." The wearing of two crowns had not worn him out. While at Madrid he studied the landscape gardening about that sepulchral pile of Philip II, that stands about thirty miles to the northwest of the capital, and is called the Escurial. These effects he set out to reproduce at Point Breeze after the sun of Napoleon went down forever amid the defeat and carnage of Waterloo. Ah, yes! one thing more he did. He declined the crown of Mexico. He was visited at this very place by a commission from our neighborly peninsula and tendered it. The memorable words of his declination are honey to every lover of this country. Here they are: "Every day I pass in this hospitable land proves more clearly to me the excellence of Republican institutions for America. Keep them as a precious gift from Heaven. Settle your internal commotions; follow the example of the United States and seek among your fellow-citizens a man more capable than I am of acting the great part of Washington."

THE DOVECOT.

But we must enter the Lake House, and not loiter longer outside, though the entire neighborhood were as full of memories as a trust company's office generally is of widows. Gone is the glory of this once fine house. The broad hallway is there, but the mahogany-bannistered stairs look shaky and dangerous. The stairs describe a half circle ere they land before the door of my lady Zenaide's chamber. It is closed and the heavy moulding about the casements would set forth her figure well were she only to appear therein. With diffidence, and after an involuntary but unanswered knock, I push back the oak door and enter. This was Zenaide's nest. The apartment is large, and some sacrilegious scamp has papered the walls with the rottenest paper imaginable. The beautiful marble mantel that once was here has been torn out; even the tiles in front of the fire-place are gone and the sand beneath converted by the children of the tenants into tiny castles and bear-pits. The windows are open, and the modernized white blinds bang in the wind just as viciously as they did in Philadelphia last night. Dust rests on the floor that once was covered by the heaviest silken carpets. The relic hunter has been here and the scribbler of names. Ascending the stairway to the top floor, the ceiling is found much lower and the rooms dustier, darker and more spooky. Taken altogether this is a most interesting old home, but the feature that charmed me most was to find that the youngsters thereabouts had converted the large apartment directly over my lady Zenaide's chamber into a roller skating rink. This spoke volumes in behalf of the present age.

THE MANSION IN THE PARK.

How fresh is the open air when one returns to it from a catacomb filled with dead love, lost ambition and corroding grievances! This is a day of all the days of the year to visit this turf strewn with acorns and opened chestnut burrs. Amid the woodland the falling leaves threaten to smother us as was Cambyses by the sands of Africa. Long rows of stately sentry pines keep melancholy guard along the southern side of the broad lawn. In the grass plot are fully twenty acres, and on the northwestern side (not in its center) stands the modern manor house, built by Henry Beckett, son of Sir John Beckett of Somersby Park, Lincolnshire, England. It is a fine Italian villa of three stories, and contains twenty-five spacious apartments, besides many corridors and passageways. It has been untenanted for many years. Its massive door frames and really imposing stairway and rotunda stamp it as an architectural effort of considerable taste and skill.

RELICS OF ROYAL SPLENDOR.

The main drawing-room, consisting of two large parlors, contains the famous alabaster mantel presented to Joseph Bonaparte by Cardinal Fesch, his uncle. It is one of the most exquisite bits of sculpture in this country, and the two figures that gracefully support the marble ledge recall the two statues that stand in the charmed treasure-room of the Alhambra, at Granada, pointing toward concealed gold that nobody has yet been able to find. That mantel should adorn some public gallery. In the dining-room is another mantel, also sent by his eminence the Cardinal. Two dragons glare at each other across the table that crosses the front of the fireplace. The lace work on the pillars is as delicate as the fabric of Valenciennes. It is a dainty example of the best Italian stonecutters, but it does not rise to the level of a work of real art, as does the mantelpiece first mentioned. A fine glass chandelier hangs in one of the largest rooms that was a gift to Bonaparte from his sister Hortense.

BONAPARTE'S TEASER.

The climb to the cupola is made by a neat stairway, and the view from the top is quite extensive. The broad Delaware is seen beyond the narrow strip of lowland that separates Crosswick's creek from the larger stream, and at the base of the bluff, which ends the plateau so abruptly, is the steamboat landing, whence the small vessels run to Philadelphia. A realization of the vast extent of the park is gained from this lookout. In the days of its grandeur Bonaparte Park contained twelve miles of graded gravel drives. Scope for cross country riding was vast. "Up hill and down dale" was an experience that any rider who had the sweet privilege of hunting there might enjoy. As one walked along the wide avenue that swings gracefully round the rear of the house, constantly pelted by falling hickory nuts and acorns, it was easy to imagine the presence of the tall, fine figure of Joseph Bonaparte striding through these glades, with his trusty pruning hatchet in his hand—an advance upon Charles Martel and his hammer—seeking for small boys, who, despite his utmost vigilance, persisted in setting traps for his hares. Prince Bonaparte had only one cross besides the downfall of his family to bear. That was the persistency of the American small boy. The two individuals did not, never could, understand each other. The small boy of Bordentown was the Blucher of Joseph Bonaparte. He would invade his domain, between two days, and set traps that nobody but the prince could find. Many a cold, raw morning, in the fall or winter, would the prince rise early, swallow a cup of coffee so hot that it made his valet tremble to see him bolt it, seize his hatchet and sally out into the damp woodlands in search of the small boy's traps. It is not recorded that he ever threatened ill to the small boy himself; but he could demolish a rabbit-trap at sixty yards by a well directed cast of his weapon. He loved the rabbits better than the boys. The urchins were industrious, and during his long seeking he found many a one. Though the spectacle of an ex-King of Spain seeking poachers is not splendid, no doubt it would have gratified Mr. Henry Bergh to have seen him break a rabbit-trap and release its prey. Over these wide lands Prince Murat hunted during his visits to his uncle. This son of a waiter in a Paris cafe, who rose to be a marshal of France, was a tough lad, and spent his time and money with equal prodigality. In a tramp of several miles one can circumnavigate this natural park of lawn, forest (both soft and hard woods) and tilled ground. The tract is now really divided by iron fences into seven parts. The portion containing the mansion and abutting on the bluff contains fifty-three acres. The other six plots, given to the various purposes of shade and forest trees, corn and wheat, vary in size from twelve to fifty-eight acres. Toward the little lake at the bottom of the ravine, about a quarter of a mile north of the house, an excellent road leads, and a small bridge that crosses the sluiceway enables one to encircle it. The pond, which was, in happier days, well stocked with fish, now has a floating log for its king. The water looks so cold that one can fancy the fish are at the bottom rubbing themselves to keep warm. A half mile through a chestnut grove, with here and there a tall white pine towering above all the other trees, brings one to the farm. Here several laborers are husking corn. The number of red ears among the piles of corn attracts notice. White as a country tavern is the farmer's house, and less decayed than its sister building at the side of the waterless lake. It is about as old. Another turn toward the south brings one back to the great lawn after a long, roundabout trudge. All the gateways are kept locked. The reason is that almost every year cranks, male and female, were in the habit of driving through the gates to the front porch, entering the house and declaring that they owned the establishment by right of descent. One lady actually remained a week, until assistance could be procured to put her out. The good old janitor saluted your correspondent most respectfully, and went through all the pomp and ceremony of swinging the great gate. It was a tribute to assumed respect for the great past, for the one name he constantly muttered—the name of Bonaparte.

Gen. McClellan's Romance.

Cleveland *Leader:* A very interesting story was told about a year ago about McClellan's first meeting with his wife. He married her, you know, in 1860, and the relations of the two during the past quarter of a century have been the happiest. Mrs. McClellan accompanied her husband everywhere and was a helpmeet in the true sense of the word. She was very proud of her husband and was very sensitive to any ridicule of him. He met her in a church in Baltimore in 1860, one cold Sunday morning. He was then traveling through the United States on a health tour, and had reached Baltimore Saturday night. The next morning he left the hotel and went to the nearest church. The usher took him up to the front and seated him in a pew which was already occupied by a very handsome young lady. The sermon was prosy, and Mr. McClellan devoted himself to casting sly glances to his seat-mate. He concluded that she was fair. As he caught a fuller view of her he decided that she was beautiful, and when at last he saw her features and her eyes looked into his he felt that he had met his fate. As they passed out of the pew the young lady blushed under McClellan's admiring gaze. He followed her home and found that she lived in one of the handsomest houses of the city. On inquiry he found that this house was owned by Gen. R. B. Marcy, the father of one of his schoolmates at West Point. McClellan at once called upon young Marcy, and through him obtained an introduction to Marcy's sister, Ellen. He began to pay her attentions, and found upon acquaintance that she improved. His love was reciprocated. They were engaged, and in May, 1860, they were married.

A Noble Woman-Hater.

Lord Strathmairn was a confirmed bachelor, and when he forgot the power of beauty he became a misogynist. Spirits feminine were only suffered to come near him when he was at home. He traveled about with a butler, valet, groom and coachman, who were on board-wages, and who all had, save the personal attendant, to find their own lodgings. Once upon a time, and not a very long time ago, he fell ill in the course of a summer tour somewhere in a mountainous place. There was no doctor on hand, but an American doctress was staying at the hotel, and was called in by the landlady to see what was the matter with her eminent guest. He had been in a state of semi-insensibility. On opening his eyes and perceiving two women bending over him, one of whom was young and well-favored, he bounced out of bed and told them to begone. He was a proper man, and did not want such creatures about him. In their astonishment the ladies neglected to obey his peremptory order. On seeing which he took the doctress by the shoulders and pushed her at a running pace out of the room. In his last illness he was brought to his senses by the presence of a nurse who had been called in to see that the doctor's prescriptions were regularly followed. His mind had been a little shaken by a recent apoplectic fit, and he imagined, because a female attendant wearing feminine habiliments was near him, that the hotel, or rather auberge, where he was staying at Versailles to look after a lawsuit, was an establishment of another kind. His rage and distress were boundless until he was by friends and servants brought to understand that the poor woman, whose presence so agitated him, was merely a sick nurse. However, no argument could bring him to let her remain. Out she had to go, then and there.

Marie Roze's First Love.

Boston *Herald:* Several years ago there went from Boston a young man, gifted with a fine baritone voice, to study in the conservatoire at Munich. This young American, Mr. Julius Perkins, was not only possessed of a good voice, but was a man of culture and a very handsome man. Hard work brought its reward and Mr. Perkins's debut before a critical audience at Munich was altogether successful, and from that time on his career was upward. It was while singing in London that he was thrown professionally into the society of Marie Roze, then young and beautiful and at the zenith of her fame. The old story. The petted American soon found himself madly in love with the charming Marie. His wooing, like his singing, was crowned with success and the two artists were married. They were very happy for a brief honeymoon, but at the end of a few weeks the young bride was left a widow. Mr. Perkins took a severe cold while sleeping in a damp, illy-aired room at Birmingham, and after an illness of only a few days died. Poor Marie was inconsolable for a time, but her art was her comforter, and in the applause of her audiences she found some consolation in her hours of loneliness and grief. She is now a second time a happy wife.

Heavy receipts of cotton are predicted next Monday if all the local packets get in on time.

GOV. STONEMAN

Of California Expresses Himself Freely Upon the Depew-Grant Statement as to the Late

Pre ident Andrew Johnson, Whom He Knew to Be an Honest, Honorable and Patriotic Man.

Sacramento *Record-Union:* As Gov. Stoneman was one of the military Governors appointed over Southern States by President Johnson after the close of the war, an interview was yesterday obtained with him for the purpose of ascertaining if he could give any facts or throw any light upon the Depew-Grant-Johnson matter. In answer to inquiries made, the Governor stated that he sustained very intimate relations with President Johnson during the latter part of the war, and until Gen. Grant was inaugurated as President. He said he was appointed to command one of the military divisions of the Southern States just after the close of the war, and subsequently was appointed Governor of Virginia during reconstruction days. They talked very frequently and freely together, and especially upon reconstruction matters. He was one of the Presidential party which became famous as that with which Johnson made his "swing" around the circle.

"And by the way," remarked the Governor, "I was thinking of that this morning—about those who were in the party, and I find I am the only one of the number now living who can speak personally of what then occurred. There was in the party," he continued, "President Johnson, Secretary Seward, Gen. Grant, Admiral Farragut, Gen. Rawlins, Geo. Steadman, Gen. Rosseau, Gen. Custer and myself. That, I think, constituted the entire party, and I am the only one now remaining out of the number. This 'swinging round the circle' trip, you will remember, occurred through the President and others going to Chicago to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the Douglas monument. The party went by the way of New York and Buffalo. On the way Johnson and Seward got to making speeches, and Johnson, who had got into a bitter controversy with Congress and the leaders of the Republican party, took occasion whenever he spoke, to refer to them with strong invective. Johnson was an able man, as all his State papers will show. He was a man of strong, combative nature, and to be in a hot contest with some one or over something was his natural element. He was in it from the cradle to the grave.

"I did not hear all Johnson said while on that trip, as I did not join the party until it arrived at Chicago. I accompanied the party from there, through the West, to St. Louis, and as far back as Indianapolis. Johnson made a great many speeches during this part of the journey, but I did not hear a word that could be questioned upon the score of loyalty, or that had the slightest tinge hinting of revolution, unless it was his frequent characterization of Congress as a 'rump'—calling the national body a 'Rump Congress.' That I did not regard, and no one did, as anything more than a strong epithet which he applied to the then Republican Congress. He used the term in nearly every speech, and appeared to feel as if he had been injured and traduced by that body and his rightful prerogatives interfered with. It will be remembered that Congress, in its contest with President Johnson, limited his power very greatly, through laws passed over his veto, and among the number was the tenure-of-office act. Another directed that all orders emanating from the President, pertaining to the army or military matters, should go through the hands of the commanding general of the army. In these ways Congress took from him powers which had been exercised by his predecessors. This course made Johnson intensely bitter, and he struck back in an epithetical manner by calling the power which was fighting him a 'Rump Congress;' but that he ever had the slightest idea of attempting to interfere with that body, or of doing any other act which would have been disloyal I don't for a moment believe. As to what Johnson said in his speeches, however, during that trip, it was fully reported at the time and published in all the leading newspapers throughout the country. I presume he expressed himself as openly and with as much bitterness then as he ever did in public utterances, and by referring to the files of papers of that time there need be no question as to just what his views and purposes were."

The Governor's attention was called to the fact that these were public utterances, but those concerning which Depew alleges Gen. Grant told him at a dinner were given at private conferences, and that he then might expressed himself differently, not anticipating that it would ever be repeated.

To this suggestion the Governor replied: "I do not believe Gen. Grant, at the end of a two hours' dinner, nor at any other time, ever accused Andrew Johnson of being a traitor to his country. I do not think he could have done so, because I do not believe that Johnson ever expressed to Grant the sentiments imputed to him. I am strongly of this conviction from my knowledge of Johnson's character. Andrew Johnson was a man of the people, and was earnest in his devotion to the country. I do not believe that Grant entertained the views concerning Johnson that are imputed to him in the letter written by Mr. Depew to Col. Fred Grant recently. Certainly the general did not entertain such views when Johnson made his famous trip to the West to which I have referred. On that occasion Gen. Grant, Gen. Rawlins and myself left the party at Indianapolis, and went together to Washington and I did not hear the least word or intimation from Gen. Grant reflecting upon Johnson's loyalty, nor have I at any other time. The only other occasion when I ever heard him criticise Johnson was at St. Louis, on that trip, when a two hours' speech of the President compelled us to take up with a cold dinner.

"I will tell you," said the Governor in conclusion, "what I think Johnson's purposes were in his bold movement in favor of the South. From hearing the numerous speeches made by him upon that trip, and from all I could gather, I came to the conclusion that Johnson contemplated a genuine reorganization of the Democratic party throughout all sections of the country, with himself as the central figure. In this manner I think it was part of his purpose to bring the Southern States again into full relations with the general government without further legislation. This I consider to be the object toward which he was aiming, and the full extent of his purposes, not openly expressed."

Garrison's First Appearance in Boston.

During the first fortnight of his arrival in Boston, Mr. Garrison vainly endeavored to procure, without cost, a place in which to deliver his lectures, and he finally sent this advertisement to the *Courier:*

"WANTED: For this evening, a hall or meeting-house (the latter would be preferred) in which to vindicate the rights of two millions of American citizens who are now groaning in servile chains in this boasted land of liberty; and also to propose just, benevolent and constitutional measures for their relief. As the addresses will be gratuitous, and as the cause is of public benefit, I cannot consent to remunerate any society for the use of its building. If this application fails I propose to address the citizens of Boston in the open air or on the Common.
"WM LLOYD GARRISON.
"No. 30 Federal street, October 11, 1830."

The appeal was quickly answered, but not by any of the Christian ministers or churches of Boston. It was left for a society of avowed "infidels" to save the city from the shame of sealing its doors against the slave's advocate, and to offer him their hall for his three lectures, although as a body, and individually, they had no personal acquaintance or sympathy with him, or special interest in his cause. Two days later the papers announced that Mr. Garrison would deliver his first lecture on Friday evening, October 15th in Julian Hall, at the northwest corner of Milk and Congress streets.—*From William Lloyd Garrison, "The Story of His Life."*

George Cable.

The *Book Buyer:* Mr. Cable is not among those who believe in being ruled by inspiration; he goes into his study at 9 in the morning and leaves at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, only stepping into the next room at lunch time and back again. This is his invariable habit; he never waits for inspiration, except at the desk with pencil in hand, and often shuts the windows to guard against the temptation of looking upon what is going on without, and being distracted thereby. From his work he goes upon long walks, not so often drives—he rarely drives for his own pleasure, preferring the exercise of a brisk walk. In winter, after his day's hard work, he attends to his correspondence and the reading and revision of unfinished work. But in summer he stops all thought of his work at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and devotes his time to wife and children, taking his rest in, as he expressed it, "pottering with music," in which he professes himself a "wretched dabbler." At his work he is a slow writer, swift of pen, but slow to construct his thoughts into written speech. He never lets outside noise or happenings disturb him, but works steadily until his stint is finished. By long practice he has schooled himself to turn with facility from one subject to another, and at the present time he is writing two books at once.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

Keith Returns from Her Trip to Georgia.

Miss Safford, the Missionary—Personals.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.]

HOLLY SPRINGS, November 6.—Home again after an absence of nearly two months, and it is with renewed interest and pleasure that I resume my duties as correspondent of that popular and widely-circulated journal, the APPEAL.

When I penned my last letter to the APPEAL, I had no idea that so long a time would elapse before I wrote again, but on reaching Georgia I was received with open arms and loving hearts by near and dear relatives, who made my time pass so pleasantly that the weeks slipped by almost unheeded.

On my way to Georgia I had the good fortune, at Chattanooga, to meet Miss Safford, who, many of your readers will remember, was, some years ago, sent by the Presbyterian Church as a missionary to China. After eleven years of faithful and unremitting toil among the Chinese, she was visiting her friends and relatives in the United States, and was then on her way to Atlanta, in compliance with an earnest request from the ladies of one of the churches there that she would visit them and give them a description of the Chinese, their peculiar manners and customs, and the success of her work among them. Miss Safford is a woman of the highest type—true, noble and unselfish, a most charming companion, dignified and gentle in her bearing, yet very cheerful, and always ready to join in or add to the innocent enjoyment of those around her. She is, in fact, one of those of whom it can truthfully be said, "To know her is to love her."

There are many things I would like to say about the prosperity of Georgia and the kindness and hospitality of her people, but time and space forbid.

Capt. J. M. Taylor departed this life last Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, after a long and painful illness. Capt. Taylor was born in Madison county, Ala., December 10, 1824. In 1838 he moved with his widowed mother to Marshall county, and has remained a citizen of Mississippi ever since. A short time before the war he engaged in business at Coffeeville, but at the breaking out of hostilities he enlisted in the Twenty-ninth Mississippi Regiment and served throughout the war, rising to the rank of captain. He was at Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and in all the important battles of the army of Tennessee, faithfully following the fortunes of his distinguished leader, Gen. E. C. Walthall, for whom he entertained an unbounded admiration. For many years he had been engaged in business at Holly Springs, and was a most successful business man.

Mr. John Buchanan of Louisville was in the city this week. He came to attend the funeral of his sister-in-law, Mrs. G. M. Buchanan.

Mrs. Lena Smith, wife of our assessor, C. J. Smith, died at her home in this city Monday last. A good woman has gone to rest.

Mr. Volney Peel, who has been dangerously ill at the residence of Mr. James Matthews, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Goyer of Memphis came out from Memphis last Sunday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Buchanan.

The Rev. Lewis Taylor, brother of the late Capt. J. M. Taylor, spent several days in the city the past week, attending his brother in his last sickness.

The Hon. H. C. Myers, wife and daughter returned to Jackson yesterday.

Mrs. I. C. Levy and Mrs. Cliff Myers are visiting friends in Memphis.

Mr. Charles Gray of Orwood, Miss., was in town last Saturday.

D. S. Roberts and J. C. Boxley left this week for Florida.

Ed Gholson left Wednesday morning for Cincinnati to enter upon the practice of his profession—the law. Success to him.

Miss Courtney Walthall, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. K. W. Freeman, returned to her home in Grenada yesterday.

Mrs. Cora Carey has returned from New Orleans.

The Rev. J. T. Hargrave spent several days in Memphis this week.

Misses Mary and Lillie McDowell were in Memphis this week.

Quite a number of Memphians spent last Sunday in "The City of Flowers," among them Receiver Erb and family and Mrs. O. H. P. Piper.

Mrs. Sallie Martin, after spending some months with friends and relations here, has returned to her home in Florida.

Mrs. Jordan of Arkansas is visiting her mother, Mrs. Rebecca Martin, near Holly Springs.

The Edwin Stifford Dramatic Company played at the hall Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

The Waverly Hotel has been overrun with guests for several weeks.

Next Tuesday, November 10th, the *Marshall County Register* will issue its first number as a morning daily.

Entered into rest, at her home in this city, on Saturday last, October 31st, Mrs. Victoria, the beloved wife of Capt. G. M. Buchanan. KEITH.

EMPTY SELF-PROMISES.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day.
We mean to slacken this feverish rush
That is wearing our very souls away;
And grant to our loaded hearts a hush
That is only enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime broil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,
As the patriarchs sat at the open door
Of their tents, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashing beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes Care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When, tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest;
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—
But the angels we meant to call are gone!
—*Anon.*

Sentiments Commended by Canon Farrar.

Among the many beautiful things said by Canon Farrar during his stay in New York, none better illustrates his sense of the fitness of things and his facility as a writer than his letter to the boys of the Berkeley School:

Dr. John S. White, Head Master of Berkeley School:

DEAR SIR—Nothing would have given me more pleasure than to visit your school and say a few words to your boys. But it is not possible, for every moment is taken up. As I cannot visit them, give them from me these two messages—one is from a poet of your own—Emerson; I had it carved on the walls of one of our halls when I was head master of Marlborough College:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

The other is from one of our poets, Lewis Morris:

Take thou no thought for aught save truth and right;
Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure.
Youth fails and honors; fame may not endure;
And loftier souls soon weary of delight.
Keep innocence; be all a true man ought,
Let neither pleasure tempt nor pain appal.
Who hath this, he hath all things, having nought;
Who hath it not, hath nothing, having all.

Yours faithfully, F. W. FARRAR.

Life in Boston.

At a recent visit to an intelligence office, according to the Boston *Budget*, the following "are a few of the questions that were asked: 'Have you set tubs? Is there a carpet on the girl's room? How many cuffs do you have in the wash a week? Do you get up and get the breakfast on washing days? Do you do all the cooking except boiling the potatoes? Do you let the girls go out all day Sunday and four nights a week? Do you send the master's shirts and your own white skirts to the laundry? Do you send all the children to boarding-school in the winter and into the country for the whole of the summer? Do you have a man to look after the furnace?' But why go on? The list of questions might be easily extended so that it would fill this column."

THE leading physicians of New York are much interested in Prof. Louis Pasteur's experiments in inoculating the human body to prevent hydrophobia. Drs. Alexander B. Mott and John C. Peters have studied the subject carefully and praise the new treatment.

THE LANGTRY'S PA.

A Dean Who Was Silenced Because He Was Naughty and Not Nice—The Reasons Why.

What the Old Man Thinks of the Gebhard Matter and of Lily's Talent as an Actress.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, from St. Heliers, Jersey, sends the following account of the family of Mrs. Langtry:

"The reverend Dean of the charming Isle of Jersey is the father of the beautiful Jersey Lily. Aside from the popular impression that prevails to this effect, there is every reason to believe my statement. The resemblance, for instance, between father and daughter is most convincing, and to-day the dean spoke to me of the Lily as his 'dear daughter.' Jersey is the largest of the channel islands; St. Heliers is the largest town in Jersey, and the dean is the largest man in St. Heliers. So I sought the rectory of St. Martin's in the same spirit that I would seek St. Peter's, were I in Rome. But before I conduct you there let me tell you what gossip I had heard of its occupants ere I lifted the gate latch. Said the landlady at the Hotel Palais de Crystal:

"You have seen the Dean? You have not? *Mon Dieu!* But you must, he is charming. But naughty—oh! tres méchant."

"Will he preach to-morrow?"

"Preach? Monsieur, do you not know that he dare not preach? Ever since that trip to Mont Orgueil. Ah! it was a foolish thing; why did not he and Mademoiselle go to Guernsey—I asked him that, and he only say—'*C'est vrai*, madame; but you women are wiser than we old men.' No, monsieur, he has not preached for three years; but, as you know, his wife now lives with him; they are again happy."

"Why, you don't mean to say they were separated!"

"You know it not? Voila! the wise Americans who love the Lily know nothing of her parents. But it is always so. Yes, monsieur, they were separate—months, monsieur; for she is very gay—gayer than the Dean. But then madame is not prudent. When the big scandal came out about her two sons and the young ladies from St. Malo—what says madame? 'C'est damage,' she says, 'but they are young, let them have their amusements.' Amusement, monsieur! Is it amusing to ruin two young ladies? Then madame herself was talked about. Oh! there are stories of yachtmen, officers at Fort Elizabeth and a lawyer. Yes, they separate, for can a home be happy with the children disgraced, the husband—not always drunk, but presque, monsieur—and the wife never in it? It is impossible. But you will like him. He is very distingue."

St. Heliers is a clean little city, well paved and shaded. Its inhabitants are very proud of it, and, albeit they have never crossed to the continent in their life, they tell you flatly that their shops are much handsomer than any in Paris. You really want to believe them, they lie so earnestly. Yet there is one thing the Jerseyman may brag about until he dislocates his jaw, and I am sure he will not succeed in over-praising—the beauty of the women. I have met everywhere on this lovely island a dozen of girls far handsomer than the Lily of which it boasts. This is, doubtless, the reason why the members of the Royal Yacht Club find it so pleasant and convenient to linger here for months at a time. It is their bounteous patronage, indeed, which has made St. Heliers so thriving a place; for, whether it be the equable climate, or the pretty girls, or both, certain it is that my Lord Duke, tarrying here from August to December, contrives to enrich its citizens and have a "dem jolly time" himself. Thus did that great and good man—the benefactor of London society, the stage, and chiefly the Prince of Wales—his Grace, the Duke of Bedford, who discovered the Jersey Lily.

The rector stands in the heart of the town, a *rus in urbe*. The clean granite stones and white shutters show dimly through the thick hedge and tall, umbrageous trees. As I approached by the gravel path the front door opened and out came the Dean, very handsome and distingue, indeed, as madame at the hotel had said.

Talking commonplace for a time, I finally broke the ice with:

"How do you regard your daughter's entrance upon the stage?"

"Oh, I don't know," said he smiling. "I really haven't thought much about it. She is the best judge now of her own conduct. She is old enough, don't you think?"

"How old is she?"

"I'm afraid Lily wouldn't wish me to tell. Not that she's much older than she looks, but age, you know, is a woman's only secret. The finest Christian lady I ever knew would lie about her age to me—once vowed that she was only forty years old, with tears in her eyes, whereas the parish record showed her to be sixty."

"Have you ever heard of Mr. Gebhard?"

The dean looked wicked for an instant, and then said coldly: "I think Mr. Gebhard is a fool. I am sure Lily has been misunderstood in this matter. You Americans doubtless believe her to be very shrewd and knowing in the ways of the world, but she is not. I have often cautioned her against permitting her inclination to repose implicit confidence in people to lead her into relations which would be misconstrued to her social hurt. She takes after me in this respect, and I can only pity, not chide her."

"Have you heard her play yet?"

"Only as an amateur. But I am sure she has talent and will succeed. You see the great difficulty is that her old unfortunate fame as a 'beauty' predisposed the critics against her, and it must be some time before the real merit that she undoubtedly possesses can eradicate this prejudice from their minds. But that time will come; we are sure of it, absolutely sure."

"Do you keep up any communication with Mr. Langtry?"

"None whatever. But I have nothing harsh to say of him at all. Indeed, my own family affairs take up all my time and attention, and I can give but brief consideration to Lily's. They were no doubt extravagant while in London, foolishly so, I believe, and are now engaged in the mortifying task of reaping the whirlwind. It is often a very profitable, if not pleasant, employment, you know."

He said a great deal more in the same strain as we strolled through the town, concluding with the flattering assurance: "Lily tells me she would rather live a year in the States than two in the continent of Europe, and above all she admires that Quaker town—what's its name? yes, Philadelphia."

LITERARY NOTES.

DR. LYMAN of Chicago, in the last chapter of his book on *Insomnia and Other Disorders of Sleep*, treats of dreams, somnambulism and hypnotism as of great interest, some of the cases cited under this head being worthy of especial consideration by the society for psychical research.

LIFE, as an artistic, humorous and satirical journal, easily takes the lead of anything in the world. The Christmas number, which is to be issued December 7th, will be more than double the size of the usual issue, and no labor or expense will be spared in making it the most attractive of the holiday publications.

THE NATION is a weekly review of politics and of literature, from an independent standpoint, conducted with the aid of the most competent writers obtainable. The list of contributors whose services are thus enlisted include most of the leading names in literature, science, art, philosophy and law in this country and many abroad.

FEW persons are aware of the number and importance of the scientific societies of Washington. The capital has become such an important scientific center that a Washington letter will hereafter form one of the regular features of *Science*. Other new features are correspondence from London, St. Petersburg, etc., and a weekly supplement.

WITH the advent of the new year the first number of the *Atlantic Quarterly Review* will be ready for English readers. The new publication will aim to treat of current events of the Eastern Hemisphere from an Anglo-Indian rather than from a European point of view, and the departure is said to be warmly encouraged by leading Englishmen.

RAND & MCNALLY'S *Official Railway Guide* is one of the most valuable works of the kind offered to the public. It is invaluable to the traveler, affording as it does information as to trains, their times of departure and arrival on every railroad in the country. It is corrected to date, and then it is only 25 cents per copy. Mansford has it for sale.

JOHNSTON'S JOURNAL exhibits signs of well-merited prosperity in increasing its size from sixteen pages to thirty-two pages and a cover. This "Illustrated Magazine for the People," as its sub-title defines it, was established in 1874, but a change was recently made in its shape and contents, and its appeal to a wider public has been so successful that the readers want more of it—hence the enlargement.

THE death is announced in Scotland of Miss Jean L. Watson, author of *Bygone Days in Our Village, Round the Grange Farm*, etc. She was a native of Broughton, in Peebleshire, but for many years back she had resided in Edinburgh. In conjunction with Miss Sarah Tyler she compiled *The Songstress of Scotland*. She had recently been engaged on brief biographies of the Erskines, McCheyne, Dr. Chalmers, etc., together with some sketches of reformation and disruption times.

THE index of *Babyhood's* first year, which accompanies its twelfth number (November) comprises nearly 400 titles, and gives an idea of the subjects covered by this novel mother's companion in its first volume. It would have been difficult for *Babyhood* to crowd into its 390 pages a greater variety of information and suggestion touching the rearing of children and the regimen of the nursery, yet a glance at many of the articles shows that their subjects have been by no means fully treated, while a vast number of allied topics remain totally untouched.

WE agree with the Charleston *News and Courier* that the compiler of "Cotton Facts" has displayed industry, good judgment and a thorough appreciation of the statistical information needed by the cotton merchant. Although small in size, it presents a mass of facts touching the movements of the great staple, the accumulation of which must have consumed much time and taken much labor. As it gives the most complete statistics of cotton for a series of years, it covers an extensive field, and should be received with approbation by the cotton merchants of the country.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR says this young country is in advance of all European States in joining science to its administrative offices. He points particularly to the excellent work of the United States Fish Commission, and makes this amusing comparison of the English and American methods of promoting fisheries. In England there are expensive commissions to visit the coast and question the fishermen, and the fishermen having only a knowledge of a small area, give the most contradictory and unsatisfactory evidence. "In America the questions are put to nature and not to fishermen," and the results of the inquiry are, therefore, far more truthful.

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD writes to a friend in London, we learn from the London *News*, from his library in a cave in the cliffs near Sorento, where Mrs. Crawford and he have spent the summer: "I am extremely busy, having proposed a serial to *Macmillan's Magazine* and one to the *Atlantic Monthly*, besides having several other irons in the fire. I am nearly half through another Italian story, which seems to be better in every way than the 'Roman Singer' or 'To Leeward'—stronger than the first, and not open to the objections which were made to the latter. I have another novel half written, which I have laid aside to let it ripen, as it seems to be in the way of becoming long, and needs to be accurate."

Conspiracy, by Gen. Adam Badeau, is a novel whose scenes are laid partly in Cuba and partly in Washington. It treats of Cuban society, of the last great insurrection, of the brigandage and plots of to-day, of the details of Spanish diplomacy on one side, and on the other of the highest officials in America, the social life of Washington, the machinations of clerks and subordinates, the wheels within wheels of American politics at the capital. It mentions the origin of the Spanish treaty, which was rejected last year. It is written by a man who has seen intimately the two phases of life that he describes. Gen. Badeau was the secretary of Gen. Grant both during and after the war, in the field and at the White House. He was Consul-General at London and also at Havana under President Arthur's administration, so that he speaks by authority on these themes.

THE Lancaster *Intelligencer* notices the fact that the enterprising magazine publishers, taking advantage of the increased popular interest in the writings of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.), are hurrying forward all of her manuscript writings which they happened to have on hand. One of these posthumous publications is the "Mystery of Wilhelm Rutter," published in the November number of *The Century*, just out. The author has laid the scene of her story in Lancaster county, Pa., though there is nothing at all familiar in her local coloring or character delineation. The broken German of her story is not akin to any language or mixture of language spoken hereabouts, and it is all too plain that she selected a location for her sketch entirely at random. There is something of anachronism, too, in her references to the sickle and flail as agricultural implements of this latter day in our county.

THE *Book Buyer* states that attempts have been made by the newspapers to fit real names to the characters of Mr. Brander Matthews's story, *The Last Meeting*. All such guessing must be futile, as he has not in any case contented himself with a barren transcript of facts. Of course he availed himself of the artist's privilege of sketching from life. Certain of Olyphant's adventures in the East were derived from the experience of Mr. F. D. Millet, who kindly gave Mr. Matthews the benefit of his advice. Olyphant's studio is obviously that formerly occupied by Mr. E. A. Abbey, just over the Tile Club, in Tenth street. The room from which Olyphant disappears is very like the author's own library, although the collection of death-masks supposed to adorn its walls is the property of Mr. Lawrence Hutton. The conversation about the disappearance of revenge as a motive in modern fiction is a reflection of a discussion between W. D. Howells, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. William Black, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Gosse and Mr. Matthews, at a dinner Mr. Gosse gave Mr. Howells in London two or three years ago.

COINCIDENT with the death of the distinguished general who gave rise to the controversy is published Judge William D. Kelley's essay on "Lincoln and Stanton; a Study of the War Administration of 1861 and 1862, with Special Consideration of some Recent Statements by Gen. George B. McClellan," (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) This reply to the recent article in the *Century*, in which McClellan severely criticised Lincoln and Stanton, Judge Kelley has written "under a sense of obligation to the truth of history and to the memory of two men who, while bearing the burden of the grandest of civil wars, admitted me to their confidence." He charges Gen. McClellan with having driven Gen. Scott into retirement, and placed himself at the head of the party of inaction, permitting himself to be surrounded by the leaders of reactionary political forces of the Northern States; with profound ignorance of the topography and geography of the Peninsula; and with a failure to follow up the victory of Antietam. He also vindicates the motives of Lincoln and Stanton in removing him from his command.

A NARRATIVE of military service, by Gen. W. B. Hazen, now chief signal officer of the army, and whose military services are of a highly creditable character, is a very interesting contribution to the history of the civil war. It is written with great fairness and justice and must go far to dispel or neutralize the accusations against the author, with which the press has been filled, especially since the return of the Greely arctic expedition. It shows Gen. Hazen to have been a brave, discreet and intelligent officer, always ready for duty and prompt in its performance. A strict disciplinarian, he believed in the enforcement of the rules and regulations of the army, and in the articles of war, in schools for the commissioned and non-commissioned officers and daily duties for the privates. In a word, he believed in thoroughness and in preparation for war service by all ranks. The narrative covers all the chief events in the West during the civil war, beginning with West Virginia, Nashville and Shiloh to the surrender of Gen. Johnston, and closes with a chapter of great value to soldiers upon the lessons of the war. The book is illustrated with many portraits, views and maps and engineering plans. For Southern readers Gen. Hazen's chapter in the burning of Columbia by Sherman's army will have most interest, especially because he admits the fact of its having been set on fire in a hundred different places by Union soldiers who had a fanatical notion that as the war was begun by South Carolina, that State should be severely punished as the leader in secession. Another fact of special interest to the people of Memphis is that the Rev. C. C. Parsons, who died here in 1878, a martyr to duty, was chief of artillery on the staff of Gen. Hazen, who says of him that he displayed during the epidemic the same spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty that always distinguished him as a soldier." This every one who was in Memphis during that eventful year will willingly subscribe to. Gen. Hazen's book is full of interest for ex-Confederates who served in Tennessee and Georgia. They will find it very entertaining and as impartial as is possible to a just man and fair who believed in his side of the war and fought for it bravely and persistently until crowned with victory. Ticknor & Co., Boston, are the publishers. Any of the Memphis booksellers will order it.

SECRETARY LAMAR

Declines the Honor of Having Proposed the Abolition of Slavery to Save the Confederacy.

He Gives the Duc de Morny the Credit of It—An Interesting Personal Retrospect.

Washington correspondence of the New York *Times:* An anonymous paragraph going the rounds of the press is attracting considerable attention. It says that the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, now Secretary of the Interior, returned from Europe in 1864 bearing assurances from Lord Palmerston and the Emperor Napoleon that if the Confederate Government would abolish slavery its recognition by England and France would be possible. It also asserts that Mr. Lamar diligently sought to impress upon the members of the Cabinet of the Confederate States the importance of such a step. It was intimated that he had probably urged Mr. Davis to take steps in the matter by asking the Confederate Congress to pass an act for the gradual abolition of slavery.

This paragraph has been read by many persons with much interest, and it being believed that Mr. Lamar could tell something of interest about it and give a correct account of the facts that led to the publication of the statements concerning him, his attention was directed to it today. He read it over carefully and then said: "Well, there is something in the story, but as told it is very erroneous. It brings up some interesting reminiscences of my stay in Europe as the foreign agent of the Confederate government. While I was abroad I saw the Emperor repeatedly, but I had no conversation with him. Napoleon made no suggestion as to what the course of the Confederacy should be. He was with the South in sympathy, however. So was Persigny, and so was De Morny, the Prime Minister. The Count de Morny was the man who was really responsible, originally, for the appearance of this story about the abolition of slavery by the Southern Confederacy.

"De Morny," said Mr. Lamar, "was a bright man, and he understood France, the sentiments of nobles and common people, and the disposition toward the Confederacy of all political classes in the empire. He told me that the noblesse—Emperor, princes, the Guizot faction, Imperialists and Bourbons alike—were for us. If the desire of those classes—the wealthy, aristocratic and powerful—was alone to be consulted they would declare for the Confederacy at once. But the peasants, l'esclavage—they were against the Confederacy. To them the idea that a cause was to be espoused that was not favorable to liberty was intolerable, and not to be harbored for a moment. If the Confederacy, seeking independence not alone on the ground that its cause was one of resistance to oppression, could also appeal to common France for its support in an effort to enlarge human liberty, then the Emperor, who had great regard for *l'esclavage* as well as the nobles, could extend assistance with the assurance that he would be upheld. Persigny was of the same opinion, and so were others about the Emperor with whom I conversed. De Morny was confident that the populace of the French Empire were more intensely opposed to us than the people of England, and that their repugnance was to be attributed to the fact that we were contending for the maintenance of slavery.

"While I was in England," said Mr. Lamar, "I did not meet Lord Palmerston to talk with him on the subject of recognition of the Confederacy. Dickens, Thackeray, Carlisle, were all with us. Of that I am fully certain. Disraeli might have been with us if it had not been for an unlucky mistake made by Mr. Mason, who was then with me. We were both invited to dinner at the same house—the house of Col. Greville, where many Southern men gathered, and were to meet a number of prominent men of the time, among them Mr. Disraeli, as he was called then. Mr. Mason was a good deal of a Virginian in his notions about social etiquette, and, it appears, did not know that it was enough for two or three gentlemen to be invited to dinner by an Englishman to remove all bars to conversation between them. An introduction was unnecessary under such circumstances. When dinner was served it so happened that as the ladies and gentlemen paired and passed into the dining-room Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Mason were thrown together for the first time. Mr. Disraeli was all grace and suavity. He bowed to Mr. Mason. 'Have you heard from Vicksburg recently?' he asked. Mr. Mason drew back and fixed his great black eyes wonderingly on Mr. Disraeli. The American and Virginian could not understand how so great a liberty could be taken by one gentleman with another gentleman when there had been no introduction. They got along very badly, never speaking, in fact, and it was impossible after that to attempt to approach Disraeli on recognition.

"It does not at present seem to me that I had any further talk about the proposal to abolish slavery by the Confederacy. In 1864, on my way home, the blockade runner on which I had sailed made an effort to pass the United States ships at Wilmington. The steamer was attacked and sunk, and I got off in a boat with my officers. But, as fate would have it, in attempting to go ashore the boat was also sunk, and my diary, kept during my entire stay abroad, floated off upon the waters. I have never heard that it got ashore. The water where we were upset was only about five feet deep, and the boat's company waded to the dry land.

"Did I speak to anybody in the matter about the abolition proposition? Yes, I did. I was younger then than I am now, was more enthusiastic, and I was full of the force of De Morny's suggestion. I spoke to Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, to Mr. Memminger, to Mr. Clay, and to others, but never to Mr. Davis. I knew that it would be useless. Slavery was the thing for which we were contending, and I knew that to propose to Mr. Davis to secure foreign succor by abolishing the institution would result adversely. Nothing ever came of it in the way of legislation or attempt at legislation. So the honor of having proposed that the South should abolish slavery in order that the Confederacy might live does not belong to me. Whatever of credit there is in the suggestion belongs to De Morny, whose advice was not followed."

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A Church Criticism of Howells.

Catholic *World:* The revolution attempted by Mr. Howells is as simple as it is great. He regards novel writing as science, and not as art. This is, perhaps, a natural outcome of what Mr. Spencer would call heredity and environment. The Puritan mind is scientific, analytical. It is too severe and cold and suspicious to fuse into the constructive enthusiasm of art. And the last thing it would dream of would be to pursue art for art's sake, or even science for the sake of science alone. It must have an object in view, some useful end to serve. Thus it is curious to note how the Puritan mind in Mr. Howells, finding itself, by a freak of circumstances working at an art, takes it strongly in his hands and transforms it into a science... and a science intended to have a useful application.

A STATEMENT

Of Facts for the Public to Consider.

ATLANTA, GA., January 12, 1885.

Emerging from a severe and long spell of typhoid fever, I discovered that the fever had settled in my right leg, which caused it to swell to an enormous size, remaining so quite three years, resisting all treatment. A small ulcer finally made its appearance a little above the ankle, which refused to heal to any and all external application and the use of the most noted blood poison remedies.

The ulcer continued to enlarge, frequently discharging, perhaps, as much as a cupful of pus or matter per day. The size of the ulcer was about two inches in diameter, extending to a depth near the bone. At one time it appeared that the flesh in all contiguous parts would surely become a running sore, as its peculiarly flabby, spotted and unhealthy condition clearly indicated, and it was intimated that I might lose my leg. My condition becoming so critical, and the ulcer enlarging so rapidly, we sent for Dr. J. P. Dromgoole, who made a thorough examination, and said that the flesh on my leg for six inches around the sore would soon slough off if not remedied; that I must have my leg bandaged daily and commence the use of B. B. B.

I acted according to his instructions, and after using the second bottle the ulcel looked fresh and healthy and commenced healing. I continued the use of B. B. B., and to the great astonishment and satisfaction of myself and friends, the ulcer continued to heal rapidly and is now entirely well, and I am attending to my business at W. H. Brotherton's store. I do not hesitate to recommend B. B. B. as a wonderful, speedy and effectual blood purifier, far superior to anything else I ever used.

I refer to W. H. Brotherton, W. B. Cone, Major D. A. Cook, Dr. Park, Dr. J. L. Pinson and others of Atlanta.
W. M. CHESHIRE.

Dropsy Treated Free

DR. H. H. GREEN,
No. 55 Jones Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.,
A SPECIALIST FOR ELEVEN YEARS PAST,

Has treated Dropsy and its complications with the most wonderful success; uses vegetable remedies, entirely harmless. Removes all symptoms of Dropsy in eight to twenty days.

Cures patients pronounced hopeless by the best of physicians.

From the first dose the symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed.

Some may cry humbug without knowing anything about it. Remember, it does not cost you anything to realize the merits of my treatment for yourself. In ten days the difficulty of breathing is relieved, the pulse made regular, the urinary organs made to discharge their full duty, sleep is restored, the swelling all or nearly gone, the strength increased, and appetite made good. I am constantly curing cases of long standing, cases that have been tapped a number of times, and the patient declared unable to live a week. Send for 10 days treatment; directions and terms free. Give full history of case. Name sex, how long afflicted, how badly swollen and where, is bowels costive, have legs bursted and dripped water. Send for free pamphlet containing testimonials, questions, etc.

Ten days treatment furnished free by mail.
Epilepsy fits positively cured.
H. H. GREEN, M.D.,
55 Jones Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.
State this paper.

GUINN'S
Pioneer Blood Renewer.

R. GUINN first manufactured and sold his Medicine from

PERRY, GA.,

In an humble way, using an ordinary iron pot for boiling. The business was run under the name of

SWIFT & GUINN,
PERRY, GA.

With the CAUTION printed on each label:
"*None genuine without the written signature of R. GUINN.*"

And the Medicine was sold at $5.00 per bottle. This copartnership was dissolved by Mr. C. T. Swift retiring, and Mr. R. Guinn continuing the manufacture of this Celebrated Vegetable Blood Renewer from Southern Forests up to the present time.

MR. R. GUINN has his account books showing sales by him to parties who came years after with alphabetical repetitions, and who seek to take from him the honors and rewards—that his genius, enterprise and money in first labeling and introducing to commerce this boon to the afflicted—clearly entitles him to. He has now sold his right therein to the

MACON MEDICINE CO.,
MACON, GA.

The Mirror

is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

CONTAGIOUS

Diseases are Prevalent all over the World.

I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. I had vertigo and deafness, with partial loss of sight, severe pains in my head and eyes, etc., which nearly ran me crazy. I lost all hope in that country, and sailed for America, and was treated at Roosevelt in this city, as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection with the hospitals.

I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and I determined to give it a trial as a last resort. I had given up all hope of being cured, as I had gone through the hands of the best medical men in Nottingham and New York. I took six bottles of S. S. S., and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my life. L. FRED HALFORD.
New York City, June 12, 1885.

BLOOD

Is the life, and he is wise who remembers it. But in March of last year (1884), I contracted blood poison, and being in Savannah, Ga., at the time, I went into the hospital there for treatment. I suffered very much from rheumatism at the same time. I did not get well under the treatment there, nor was I cured by any of the usual means. I have now taken seven bottles of Swift's Specific and am sound and well. It drove the poison out through boils on the skin. DAN LEAHY.
Jersey City, N. J., August 7, 1885.

Two years ago I contracted blood poison. After taking prescriptions from the best physicians here and at Dallas, I concluded to visit Hot Springs, and on reaching Texarkana a doctor recommended me to try Swift's Specific, assuring me that it would benefit me more than Hot Springs. Although the

POISON

had produced great holes in my back and chest, and had removed all the hair off my head, yet I began to improve in a week's time, and the sores began to heal, and were entirely gone inside of eight weeks. WILL JONES,
Porter Union Pass. Depot.
Cisco, Texas, July 13, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta Ga., N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between C. B. Lacey and P. D. Lacey is this day dissolved, P. D. Lacey assuming all the liabilities of the old firm, known as Lacey Bros., up to November 1, 1885.
Memphis, November 5, 1885. C. B. LACEY. P. D. LACEY.

Agricultural Display
AT CRAIG'S SEED STORE,

Will be placed on Exhibition MONDAY, 9th inst. The finish of the new building has delayed the exhibit until then. 500 specimens are now in store and room for more. Bring in the products of the land, and show what our country can and will do.

F. F. WOODS, Formerly with Woodruff-Oliver Carriage and Hardware Co. W. C. SWOOPE, of Mississippi.
Woods & Swoope,
Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in
WAGONS, BUGGIES, HARNESS, PLOWS,
Agricultural Implements and Machinery.
No. 332 Second Street, Near Union. : Memphis, Tennessee.

It is the sweetest flavored, the purest and most delicious CHEWING GUM in the world. Promoting digestion, effectively and permanently removing offensive smell from the breath and teeth, it stimulates a waning appetite, and renders a spirit, otherwise debilitated, buoyant and exhilarating. In addition to perfuming the breath, and giving a sense of exquisite enjoyment, its absolute purity of materials, its unadulteration in manufacture and cleanliness exercised in packing it making it a boon to mankind.

KO-KO TULU
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