THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

ENGELHARD & SAUNDERS,
Editors and Proprietors.

TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

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# Wilmington Journal.

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Wilmington Journal.

WILMINGTON, N. C.:

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1873.

**CIVIL RIGHTS IN MISSISSIPPI.**

It seems they are just starting out in Mississippi under a State Civil Rights bill. A Jackson dispatch to the Memphis *Appeal* reports progress as follows:

The effects of the Civil Rights bill was shown last night. The Katie Putnam Troupe opened at Angelo's Hall, and preparation was made for a quadroon gallery, but several "wards of the nation" saw it to occupy near seats on the floor. No notice being taken of them, they did not enjoy their rights so much. Only one colored citizen appeared for his rights; he is a small grocery keeper. The barber shops have succumbed to the bill with one exception. Jake Wonders, a colored barber, who swears he will not shave niggers. The balance of the shops have lost the best part of their white custom.

The rates published in Miller Knickerbocker's private boarding house for board per month is two hundred and fifty dollars; per week, seventy-five dollars; per day, ten dollars; single meal, five dollars; ham and eggs, two dollars and fifty cents; oysters per dozen, two dollars and fifty cents. Everything else in proportion. No discount. Cash in advance.

These charges sound like the items of a hotel keeper's bill during the last days of the Confederacy, but we presume the figures are reduced under the new circumstances. If a colored Republican persists in eating with the poor white trash, he has to pay five dollars per meal in advance, and so has any pale skin, but when the latter finds the courses they no doubt anticipate for dollars and twenty-five cents fall around the tooth pick or crowded in the folds of the napkin, he may declare who shall be permitted to eat at a hotel, but it cannot prevent mine host from charging guests what he pleases for their entertainment. So on the palace steamers which ply upon the Mississippi river the Civil Rights bill has had the effect of closing up all the cabins and saloons, and travelers can only purchase deck and steerage accommodations. The captain reserves the saloon and cabins for himself and friends, and somehow the invited guests are always the white passengers. No pay is demanded, but the guests never forget to leave the former regular price of the luxuries which they have enjoyed lying around where the purser will not fail to find the money.

**PRESS ASSOCIATION.**

Most of the papers of the State have endorsed our proposition to form a Press Association. A few have expressed no opinion, and one, our Wilson cotemporary, has opposed it. We take it, therefore, that it is the almost unanimous wish of the conductors of the press of this State to form an association for their mutual benefit.

If two-thirds of the papers of the State will unite in such an organization to begin with, we are satisfied that it will not be many years before all, seeing the advantages to be derived by association, will become members, and that many of the stumbling-blocks in the way of pecuniary success in the newspaper business of North Carolina will be removed.

Speaking of the press of its own State, and the advantages derived from association and mutual co-operation, the Albany, Ga., *News* says:

"The truth is, the whole Georgia press stands upon high ground, and 'to-day wields more power, and contributes more to the development and glory of the State than all the other estates—so-called—that are nominally catalogued 1st, 2d, and 3d, put together.'

"This is partly owing to the energy, industry and capabilities of the splendid body of gentlemen engaged in the business; more particularly to the success of the Press Association, which governs by rules, teaches by experience and elevates by contact and fraternity. Its fruits are already hanging thick and luxuriant upon its vigorous branches, and the people may pluck and feast without diminishing the exuberant reproduction."

There are many things in the publication of newspapers in which there exists among all a mutuality of interests which can and will be promoted by friendly and honorable co-operation. Even the pleasant reunions of the editors of the State will be advantageous. In no way can such an organization injuriously affect the business of any.

As to the time and place of meeting, we are satisfied with the suggestions in the Goldsboro' *Messenger* for the first meeting to assemble at Goldsboro', on the 14th of May. If this suits the majority of the Press, it certainly will be agreeable to us. We are interested only to select the time and place, so that the greatest representation will be present. So certain are we that those who attend will be convinced that great good can be accomplished for the promotion of the press of the State, that we desire a full representation of the editors and publishers. We hope that there will be a very general expression in regard to the selection of the time and point of meeting.

Gold is at a premium of only thirty thousand per cent. as compared with paper currency in Hayti.

The Alabama Legislature seems in earnest about annexing West Florida. In the House, on Monday, the bill providing ways and means for the annexation was taken up, and after a spirited debate the rules were suspended and the bill passed by a vote of 49 to 24.

Late advices from Brazil report that the cotton crop in that country has suffered serious injury, and that the deficiency will be much larger than had been anticipated. The shipments are already almost at an end, and but trifles are still expected from the interior.

**MURDER IN NEW YORK—ITS PUNISHMENT.**

The Goodrich homicide is exciting as much attention in New York this week as the Foster hanging did last week, and well it may. At the very moment when the whole city was in eager expectancy of the execution of the sentence of the law upon a condemned murderer, Mr. Goodrich, a well-known citizen, is found dead in his own house, bearing upon his person unmistakable evidence of having come to his death by violence. Of course the policemen were early on the spot after the discovery, and upon a view of the body and its surroundings they gravely came to the conclusion that Mr. Goodrich had committed suicide. To outside laymen, however, this view of the case did not seem to be well sustained. In the first place, Goodrich had three pistol balls shot through his head. One went in behind his left ear, one in his left temple and the other in his right temple, and all three of them horizontal shots. At one orifice the effect of the powder was visible; at the others it was not. It is contended he must have been a man of wonderful vitality, to have fired the second and third shots, and then to have lain down and placed his boots under his head and then to have composed his limbs, and with his arms by his side and the pistol still in his hand! But this is not all. It was manifest that the man's face and head and neck had been washed subsequent to his having been shot, for there was no blood upon him save a slight stain on his shirt collar. A bloody towel was also hung up in an adjoining room as if to dry. In spite of all these facts, however, the policemen were, and still are, it is said, of opinion that the man committed suicide. We confess that to us the supposition seems too absurd to be entertained for a moment. Later developments seem to point to a woman, whose relations with Mr. Goodrich required but had not received, legal sanction and whom he was about to abandon, as the criminal.

The frequency and the immunity with which murders have been committed in New York, have given practically a broad license to crime. The great increase in the number of murders is doubtless due to a failure to inflict adequate punishment, and this in turn, is due to a sentiment of false philanthrophy that has induced the Legislatures of the State to make material alterations in the old law in relation to homicide. The opponents of capital punishment have not indeed been able to accomplish all they desire in that State, but they have succeeded in very materially reducing the number of cases in which it may be inflicted. Indeed, the tendency of public opinion seems to be in favor of abolishing hanging altogether. Unfortunately for that class of men whose delicate sensibilities make them revolt at the hanging of a fellow being, no matter what crimes he may have commited, the modification of the law of homicide in New York has not been followed by any decrease in crime; indeed, we believe there has been a marked increase. It was not to be expected that this effect would be attributed to its proper cause, nor has it been. On the contrary, it has been attributed to the administration and machinery of the law, rather than to the law itself; to the Judges and Juries, rather than to the Legislature. We have never yielded to the clamor of these latter day saints against our system of trial by jury. It may not be perfect, but it has stood the test of time, the test of near a thousand years, better than any other human device for the good of man, no matter whether that good be sought in the punishment of guilt or the protection of innocence. This is no time for the people of the South, at least, to deery or to undervalue the great bulwark of the liberty of the citizen, the trial by jury. A judge now upon the bench has declared it to be his intention to make the people of a certain county in this State "see hell." What would that unfortunate people do were it not for that inestimable right of trial by jury? We do not think the fault lies so much in the execution or non-execution of the law, as in the law itself.

Upon one condition, as has been well said, there will be an entire unanimity of opinion in favor of the abolition of capital punishment, and that is, that the murderers will begin first. So long as individuals visit upon the persons who offend them the punishment of death, so long must society visit upon individuals who disturb the peace in so terrible a manner, a punishment terrible enough to prevent it.

**NEW PARTIES.**

We said, when the telegraph announced to the country that Governor HENDRICKS, of Indiana, was in Washington City in secret consultation with Democratic and Liberal Republican Senators, maturing plans for future party organization, proposing to abandon the old Democratic party and forming a new one with an attractive name and with such a "compromising declaration of principles" that its success will be certain, that "it was "a curious sound to hear that Governor "HENDRICKS proposes to abandon the "Democratic party. It sounds stranger "still to hear that he proposes to com-"promise his principles. The time "has not yet come for making arrange-"ments to fight the battle of 1876, or "even that of 1874. 'Sufficient unto "the day is the evil thereof.' Let us "take as long a breathing spell as "possible before forming new parties "or forcing new issues."

This rumor turns out to be, as we suspected and intimated, false *in toto*. We are now informed that the statements, which have been widely published, of conferences of Governor HENDRICKS with leading Democratic Senators and others for the purpose of forming a new party organization, appear to have been founded on a misconception. At least half a dozen Democratic Senators who have been spoken to on the subject say that, although they conversed very freely with Governor HENDRICKS during his late visit to Washington City, he made no such proposition to them.

Governor HENDRICKS is not the man to go about the country peddling his principles for combinations and compromises looking merely to success. It has not been by such means that he has won distinction and promotion. Even during the late Presidential canvass, he accepted the Cincinnati platform and nominees only after the National Democratic Convention adopted them.

The people of the South, too, are getting tired of seeking after strange political gods. They have sought compromises, embraced new party organizations and "accepted the situation", so often, that the old land marks are well nigh obliterated. And they have looked in vain for the benefits that were to accrue. Those States which have most submissively passed under the yoke of "loyalty," and have most willingly accepted the terms of reconstruction, have been most abused, worse plundered, and are now lagging behind in the race for renewed prosperity and for honorable recognition. This is not only true of States, but of counties, cities, towns and communities in the same State. It is unnecessary to point out examples that are so conspicuous.

We felt a pride in Georgia's honorable recognition by Vice President WILSON a few days ago in calling upon General JOHN B. GORDON to preside temporarily over the United States Senate. For the first time since Breckinridge left it, a true Southern gentleman occupied the chair of the presiding officer of the Senate. And why was Georgia and General GORDON thus honored? Georgia more than any Southern State has resisted Federal usurpation and Congressional tyranny. Georgia, except when the infamous Bullock was counted into the Gubernatorial chair over General GORDON by the military, has at every succeeding election uttered her solemn protest against the encroachments of the Executive and Congress. General GORDON was a conspicuous commander in the Confederate army. His record is written upon every battle field, and he has been a prominent and faithful exemplar of Southern sentiment during the process of military reconstruction. The compliment is not greater to the honorable and manly bearing of the man, than to the heroic endurance of a people who dared and braved everything throughout a dark night of despotism. The circumstance shows that devotion to principle and true manhood find admirers among those who have been foremost in their persecutions.

It is no time now to talk of new party combinations. Our people are sick and tired of national politics. They are discouraged from making new compromises. Their only hope lies in an honest devotion to principle. They will hesitate long before forming new parties or hunting up new issues. Rather let us encourage them to tread the old paths and be guided by the old land-marks. At least in National political matters let the South make haste slowly.

**REQUISITION FOR LITTLEFIELD.**

A rumor obtained here on Sunday that M. S. Littlefield had been turned over by Governor Hart to the authorities of North Carolina, upon a requisition from the Governor of that State, and that he was by that time well on his way to the old North State, to answer the long-standing indictments against him there for just such offences as he has been guilty of since his residence in this State. The rumor, however, proved untrue, and we understand that Governor Hart, before taking any steps looking to Littlefield's surrender upon the requisition which now awaits Executive action, proposes to examine thoroughly into the condition of the indictments pending against him in Leon Circuit Court.—Tallahassee *Floridian*.

Of course! Governor Hart is too loyal, and Littlefield is too valuable a member of the "party of progress," to give him up to the tender mercies of a North Carolina jury. Governor Holden found Littlefield a valuable assistant in party matters, and no doubt Governor Hart is equally fortunate, as our Tallahassee cotemporary says something about "such offences as he has been guilty of since his residence in this State." The taxpayers of North Carolina know how it is themselves, and those of Florida will soon learn.

By the way, our friend Dyke would be more careful how he talks about such a loyalist as Littlefield, if he had Cantwell for a Solicitor. Cantwell is jealous of the reputation of his friends, whether Littlefield, Bond, Sinclair, Holden, or the Devil.

The gifts from the United States to the Geneva arbitrators, consisting of three silver sets, all alike, manufactured to the order of the State Department at a total cost of about $60,000, are now on exhibition at Tiffany's. Each set consists of a punch bowl, a pair of wine coolers and a pair of candelabra, elegantly carved and relieved with gilding. On each of the punch bowls is an inscription, expressing the satisfaction of the United States with the manner in which the arbitrators discharged their duties.

Three or four Judges of the Supreme Court of Indiana have been bought by a railroad corporation for the sum of eleven thousand dollars. To outsiders it will appear as if they sold themselves very cheap; but when it is taken into consideration that they have been accustomed to live on a salary of one thousand five hundred dollars, which was but recently moderately advanced, the bargain is by no means a bad one. However, railroads wishing to purchase Judges will have to pay more than that for them in any other State.

What length ought a lady's petticoat to be? A little above two feet.

From the Battleboro' Advance.

**A Farce.**

After the most officious, persistent and presumptuous efforts, perhaps ever employed in any similar exploit, Edward Cantwell, Radical Solicitor, has at last succeeded in getting the grand jury of Bladen county to find a true bill against the editors of the Wilmington JOURNAL for libel!

For the unpardonable sin and disloyal coudut of applying the epithet, "scoundrel," to the notorious Judge Bond, the JOURNAL editors incurred the wrath of this partisan Solicitor.—With an energy worthy of a better cause, backed by instructions from a Radical Judge, he labored in vain a whole week to get his bill through the grand jury of New Hanover.

After this ignominious failure, if he had been possessed of one iota of common sense, he would have abandoned a project so absurd, and so full of partisan prejudice and hate. But not so with the inevitable Cantwell. He was made of sterner stuff than that. This was too good a chance to punish a bold, out-spoken Democratic journal. So we behold him, going from county to county and from court to court ringing his pet libel bill in the ears of the jury, and meeting merited rebuffs everywhere, until he reaches the county of Bladen. Here it seems, he managed to manoeuver his bill through.

We look upon this whole proceeding, on the part of Cantwell and his aiders, as a perfect farce from the very beginning. It is a mockery of justice and must rebound upon the guilty heads of its instigators. It makes no difference whether this smart Solicitor was obeying the dictates of his own unbridled prejudice, or the mandates of some superior master in the Radical party, the result will be the same. It is an invasion of the freedom of the press and the rights of the jury.

It is fortunate for the country that there are but few such Solicitors and but few such Judges. Their paucity renders them powerless. It may be, that a few such are necessary to serve as a warning, and to open the eyes of other and better men to the degeneracy of the times.

Whatever there is left of civil liberty in this country can be traced to the freedom and independence of the press, and the safeguard and protection afforded to society by a fair and honest jury of our peers. So long as these are safe and are above the reach of party tyrants and corrupt Judges, the freeman may know his rights and dare maintain them; but when these great and precious rights are successfully invaded and destroyed, when the press is muzzled and the sacred jury box is tampered with, our last bulwark is gone, and the boasted freedom of America will be "numbered with the things that were."

**The New Ocean Cable.**

All remember what a thrill of regret and disappointment ran through the civilized world when the first Atlantic cable broke, and how many there were to predict that no such undertaking would ever be successfully carried out. Seven years have passed since then; there are now three cables under the Atlantic in successful operation, and in three months more, if all goes well, there will be a fourth. The Great Eastern, which is lying in the Medway, has now on board the whole of the deep-sea section of the new cable, and it is expected that the huge ship will start in May to lay it. This line, like that from Brest to New York, belongs to the French company, the others being owned, respectively, by the Atlantic Telegraph Company and the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. It is hoped, if all goes well, that the new cable will be working through to New York by the 20th of June; and in that case positive assurance would seem to be afforded that telegraphic communication between Europe and America will never hereafter be interrupted.

The new line is to start from a new place—a spot called Germoe, on the coast of Cornwall, having been selected for the purpose. Its advantages are, that the bay on which it is situated has exceptional protection from the sea, and that very deep water is found by regular descent at no great distance from the shore. The cable is intended to be laid down to Freshwater Cove, in Halifax Harbor. Thence, a branch will be taken to Hog Island, near the end of Long Island, connecting thereafter, we suppose, with Sandy Hook. The cable consists first, of seven No 18 gauge copper wires, twisted in a spiral and weighing 300 pounds per nautical mile. These are then covered with four coats of gutta percha, with thin layers of Chatterton's compound. By this time the "core" is about half an inch thick, and weighs some 400 pounds per mile. It is then "served" with hemp, and the hemp is subsequently protected by ten wires drawn from homogeneous iron, each wire being swathed in five yards of Manila hemp laid on spirally, with a tarry compound to preserve it. Then there are two "servings" of jute yarn, wound on in contrary directions, and enveloped with two coats of a preservative invented by Latimer Clarke.

So great is the weight of the cable that the shore ends, as well as the line from Halifax to Hog Island, will have to be taken by other vessels, namely, the Edinburgh, of 3,000 tons, the Hibernia, of 2,000 tons, and the La Plata, of 1,800 tons. It is probable, all things considered, that nothing but a great storm or some other untoward and unforeseen circumstance will prevent the two continents from being linked together by four unseen bonds of electrical communion by the next Fourth of July.—N. Y. *Times*.

They have a young lady at Grand Rapids who is so conscientious that she won't take a kiss without returning it.

An Iowa man now languishes in prison because his wife, to whom he has deeded all his real estate, refuses to become his surety for $1,000 bail in a criminal suit.

The gentleman who set a stell-trap in a drawer, the other day, to detect the pilferer of certain small articles, wears this right hand in a sling now and calls it rheumatism.

Female deception received a severe check the other day when twenty thousand dollars' worth of corsets were seized at the New York Custom House while being smuggled through. The Government is right in levying a tax on artificial appliances for squeezing.

A young gentleman who advertises for a wife in the Independance Belge has his little preferences. The applicant must be a young lady or a childless widow; and he would prefer "a wife who is slightly lame"—a precaution probably against her running away.

The old fashioned mantilla is coming again into favor as a wrap. The modern form is made of black cashmere, trimmed with yak lace, bows, betu, and sashes of watered ribbon, with buckles and chatelaines of silver and jet.

Ruffs are becoming very large and very stiff. An engaged man complains that he can't get near his lady love when she has one on, and would as soon think of kissing a circular saw running at full speed.

## LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

**No Bones Broken.**

We are glad to learn that Capt. J. M. Howell, the conductor of the train, was not seriously injured in the accident on the W. & W. Railroad on Wednesday morning. Although badly bruised, as stated by us yesterday, he was able to take his passengers through to Weldon and will be all right in a few days.

**Board of Education.**

The Board of Education for this county met last night, according to previous adjournment, but the only item of business transacted, of general importance, was the appointment of Isaac Foy as a member of the School Committee in Grant township.

Adjourned to the first Monday in April.—*Daily Journal, 28th.*

**A Sad Calamity.**

We regret, exceedingly, to learn of the death of Mrs. McDiarmid, wife of our esteemed friend, Mr. W. S. McDiarmid, of the Lumberton *Robesonian*, which occurred very suddenly at her residence in Lumberton, on Friday night. Mr. McDiarmid was in this city, with his daughter, and knew nothing of the sad calamity which had fallen upon him until hastily summoned home by a telegraphic dispatch. We could not learn the cause of the sudden death.

We tender Mr. McDiarmid our sincere sympathy in this great affliction with which he has been visited.

**County Commissioners.**

The Board of County Commissioners met last night in adjourned session.

Petition of W. L. Smith, Vice President of the Dawson Bank, for refunding of tax paid last November, was, under the advice of the County Attorney, ordered granted.

C. Larkins, H. G. Hashagan, L. M. Waldron, J. F. Ruffs, R. J. Scarborough, Henry Bremer, Geo. L. Schutts, and Claus Schriever were granted permission to retail spirituous liquors.

Commissioner Nixon reported having made an examination of the County Work House, which he found in a generally good condition.

Adjourned to meet again on the first Monday in April, at 8 P. M.—*Daily Journal, 28th.*

**Another Branch of the Bank of New Hanover.**

It affords us pleasure to be able to state, says the Wilson *Plaindealer*, that there is a reasonable expectation of the establishment at an early day of a branch of the Bank of New Honover in this place. A Bank here will be a great convenience to the town and surrounding country, and will furthermore have a tendency to improve the trade of the place. Every additional public convenience or enterprise of any kind must have a beneficial effect upon trade, because everything of the kind must attract the people of the surrounding country. We have, what we believe to be reliable information, to the effect that the Bank of New Hanover is one of the very best institutions of its kind in the whole South.

**Important to Teachers of Public Schools.**

The Superintendent of Public Instruction has issued his instructions to the County Board of Examiners. He decides that all teachers in the public schools must have new certificates.

The Board of Examiners for this county have decided to give, during the Spring, some instructions which shall be free to all teachers in the county, and which shall precede the examination, that all who desire certificates under the new and more rigid demand, may have an opportunity to prepare themselves. The time and place of the drill will be announced.

We approve of this movement, and will give Prof. McIver's instructions a place in our columns in a few days.

**Distressing Accident.**

A very distressing accident occurred yesterday morning near the corner of Market and Fifth streets. A little lad about 12 years old, son of Mr. Henry Reeder, was engaged, with a number of others, in jumping on and off the street cars while in motion and unknown, be it said, to the conductor. As young Reeder jumped he missed his hold and fell, the wheels of the car passing over his leg, breaking the thigh bone and inflicting a severe fracture below the knee. His head, at the same time, was badly cut and injured. The little sufferer was taken up and conveyed to his home where several physicians soon arrived and did all that they could for him. His leg was not amputated, and at last accounts, although very low, he was as easy as it was possible for him to be, under the circumstances.—*Daily Journal, 28th.*

**The Fire Last Night.**

About 8 o'clock last evening the alarm of fire was sounded for the Fourth fire district. The department all turned out promptly when the alarm was found to proceed from the building on South Water Street, owned by Mr. P. Murphy and occupied by Messrs. W. I. Gore and C. W. Oldham. The doors were broken open but there was such a dense smoke in the building that it was impossible to enter. It was only known that the flames were somewhere in the back part of the building. The engines began to work when the building was thoroughly deluged with water and the flames were subdued.

There were conflicting reports in regard to the origin of the fire, but it is generally thought to have caught in a pile of bags that were stored in the portion of the building occupied by Mr. Oldham and adjoining the partition between the two stores. Mr. Oldham occupies the northern division of the first floor, while Mr. Gore has the southern portion of the first floor and the entire second floor. Mr. Oldham's stock consisted of groceries and pea nuts, while Mr. Gore had between 10,000 and 12,000 bushels of peanuts stored in the building.

The loss, which was almost entirely by water, it is difficult to estimate. Mr. Oldham has $2,000 insurance with Messrs. Atkinson & Manning, Agents, and this amount will probably cover his loss. Mr. Gore has $2,000 in the Ætna, of Hartford, Messrs. Greme & DeRosset, Agents, and $5,000 with Messrs. Atkinson & Manning, Agents. The loss is partial but it is impossible to correctly approximate it.

The building, owned, as we have said, by Mr. P. Murphy, was without insurance. The damage to it will probably not exceed $300.—*Daily Journal, 29th.*

"Madam," said a certain nameless one to Mrs. Brown, the other day, "you are talking simple rubbish." "Yes, sir," replied the ever-crushing lady, "because I wish *you* to comprehend me."

Moore said to Peel, on looking at a picture of Burke, "You can see the very quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered: "He meant arrah coming out of it."

The editor of the West Point (Ga.) News cordially invites one of his contemporaries to "lay aside the quill, smash his inkstand, and try the plow awhile."

**A QUEER CONCLUSION.**

**Are Men and Women Fond of Each Other.**

The Pall Mall Gazette is exercised over the question whether "men are more interesting to men than women are, and whether women find more in women to interest them than they do in men." The Gazette comes to the unwelcome conclusion that the pretended fondness of the two sexes for one another is the great fundamental hypocrisy of the race. It would be unfair to dwell too much on the circumstance that they make one another uncomfortable in a way that men never make men nor women women, taking that fact by itself. This might be a mere result of their being different. But a review of the whole case tends to establish a general incompatibility between the two. Things will have to alter very much if men and women are to get along well together. The pretence that they are dying of sheer liking for one another is not only not proved, it is disproved. Not merely is that kind of mortality wholly absent from the returns, but after all these centuries the two sexes greatly keep aloof from one another.

When you can get a glimse of their true tendencies, it comes out clearly enough that men and women are domestic creatures under compulsion. All kinds of social contrivances have been tried, the real purpose of which, no matter how it may be disguised, is to separate the sexes, and so secure for each, the pleasure of being only in its own society. There is no sacrafice men will not make to get this luxury. They will support the costliest clubs, they will smoke, they will pretend any sort of recreation from cards down to billiards, sooner than not be apart from women a portion of their time. The like thing holds of the ladies in the same way. The inability of men to stay at home, allows their wives to assemble mutual clubs in their own drawing rooms, and they do so. For one club the men have, the women have hundreds—just as many as there are houses.

The truth is, the taste of the sexes radically differ. At home feminine likings prevail, and there is no man who is not more or less aware that the minor arrangements and wonderful and to him superfluous filigre-like ornamentation of his house are not for him nor for his sex, but for the other. Just as little can it be doubted that men and women dress each for their own sex; that it is the admiration of their own kind, not of the opposite one, they lay themselves most out for. Men and women are in a perpetual condition of surprise, and scoff at each others' styles, both always self-complacent and always omitting criticism of their own.

Conversation equally betrays this natural opposition. If the sexes had real respect for one another, would they indulge in those unbelievable compliments? Neither does it to those of their own kind whom they honestly like. The artificial style of talk which is the traditionary custom of the sexes, is plainly that of creatures who do not understand each other and have mutual suspicions. Being strange, they betake themselves to compliments.

A qualification in reference to the family relation has to be made. To a man his mother is not a woman—she is a divinity. The like partly holds to a girl of her father, and brothers and sisters are not of any sex. But get outside of this non-sexual circle, and the antipathy comes quickly into play. Boys nearly hate girls, and the feeling is retured. Old men care nothing for women of any age, except as nurses; old women creep together. It is only during the central portion of life that the sexes can be said to be civil to one another. In fact, if nature had not forced men and women to love each other during that portion willy-nilly, and given them that incredible and perplexing bribe of children, it is doubtful whether they would have any mutual liking. Love is all that exists between them.

It is astonishing, considering what a complete, intricate, long association the bringing up a family ties a couple to, that they do not become more really intimate than they do even in the best cases. Doubt may well be felt that there are few husbands and wives who, in spite of all the trials they have shared, have not at the bottom of their hearts a sense of grievance one against the other.

It is all very sad; but it cannot be helped. The sexes are a partial failure, and somehow has arisen an enormous exaggeration of their liking for one another. Looked at calmly, the interest each has for the other is wefully lacking in versatility; it is alike monotonous and small—mere love, in fact.

**Brave and Pious.**

Among the many unrecorded acts of true heroism by unknown men during the late war we find the following, which some eye-witness has chronicled in the Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser:

During Longstreet's campaign in Tennessee, while a portion of his army was under a fearful fire of shells from the enemy, at Campbell's station, a private soldier within a few feet of the colonel of his regiment had both his legs torn off. The regiment was not fighting, but waiting orders. The wounded man was lifted a couple of yards to the rear to die. Another private now marched down the line under a hail of missiles, and said to the commanding officer, "Colonel, may I have a few moments of prayer with that dying man?" The colonel said, "Are you a clergyman?" The private answered, "I am." "Then," said the colonel, "do as you desire."

And the man of God knelt and prayed with and for the dying man five or ten minutes without moving or swaying his body, seemingly totally unconscious of a storm of shot and shell, which the colonel tells us he never saw surpassed in fury. In a few days the praying private was announced in field orders as chaplain of the regiment—"promoted for gallantry and piety on the field." The regiment was the Hampton Legion. The colonel was Gary. The private soldier was the Rev. W. M. Thomas, now pastor of the Methodist Church of our circuit.

**The Expense of Running the Government.**

The total amount of the various appropriation bills passed at the last session of Congress exceeds the amount of the previous session about fifty-four millions of dollars. The details of the various appropriations are as follows:

Preliminary deficiency, $1,699,833; Texas Border Commission, $18,490; pension, $30,480,000; American and British Claims Commission, $613,500; Indian, $5,312,218; fortification, $1,809,000; Consular and Diplomatic, $1,311,359; Military Academy, $344,317; legislative, executive and judicial, estimated $19,500,000; naval $22,275,757; army, $31,796,008; postoffice, $8,529,167; river and harbor, $6,112,900; sundry civil, $32,175,415; deficiency, $9,242,861; total, $195,310,839.

An Oregon youth is accused of dressing up a straw woman, and giving it a sleigh ride through the town, after his bashful approaches had been rebuffed by the genuine articles among his female acquaintances.

From the Missouri Republican.

## ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

LINA POSSELLI.

A poor girl, now about 19 years of age, was born in Rome, and received the above name. Her father was probably an organist of the wandering class, and her mother may have been a fish-woman. There is no doubt her parents were poor, and they may have been honest. Lina very early conceived a distaste for life in Rome, and started out to make her fortune. She was pretty—Italy's sun burned in her veins, and Italy's skies shone in her eyes. She got away from home at fourteen, and threw herself upon the wide-world with that dangerous companion a beautiful face. She drifted to New York and soon became noted as a "pretty flower girl." She did not stand on the corner with her blooming basket, but carried it around in fashionable avenues, and to the beautiful brown stone mansions seated thereon. Her fresh stock of flowers every morning, and her bright eyes and the roses on her cheeks and the perfect picture of beauty she made, harmonized with the aristocratic locality she loved to frequent. She always sold out and then glided away into the solitudes of the great city, no one knew whither. Her swift foot denied followers. She became a curiosity—and then a sensation. David Simmons, an old, rich, retired merchant, saw her and became one of her daily patrons. He was often seen talking to her on his marble steps, and afterwards with a posy in his buttonhole. Then Mr. Simmons tried to find out where the beautiful vision vanished when the basket was empty, and because he could not, he became greatly distressed. Mr. Simmons was a widower, but he had a daughter who was married, and she and her husband lived with the old man in his house. The daughter saw the beautiful Italian girl and did not like her. She objected to her father making an old dunce of himself, and the quantity of flowers which old Mr. Simmons bought every day was something astonishing.

The more his daughter scolded the more he filled his room with flowers, and the more he displayed the choicest and rarest of them, in his various buttonholes. He was a walking conservatory and hot house, though he could not be called a green house. His white hairs too nearly resembled dead leaves. His daughter and her husband made an effort to get his property taken out of his hands, but failed to establish a case of insanity. This angered him, and when it was all over he ordered his covetous children to leave his house entirely, and they went sorrowing away. The old man then turned all the property he possessed into money and disappeared from New York. The beautiful flower-girl disappeared at the same time. She had made her fortune. The old man and his Italian character went by sea to Savannah, Georgia, where they were duly and properly married.

David Simmons on the same day executed an instrument whereby all his money and bonds were left to his wife. In a few days he met with an accident which injured his spinal cord, and he lay down and died. Nothing was heard in New York of the fate of Simmons for some months, and, in the meantime, the girl had left the country, and was safely back in her own sunny land. The only thing left that told of David Simmons was his empty trunk, which was found in a New Orleans hotel.

Lina Posselli has been heard from. She has been seen in Rome by one who, like old Simmons, had been infatuated with the bare-legged flower girl of New York. It was at the carnival last spring. During the last days of this fantastic saturnalia he saw a gorgeously apparelled woman in an elegant open carriage, who attracted almost universal attention, and commanded the plaudits of the throng that beset her carriage. It was Lina Posseli.—Her form was nearly lost amid the banks of roses and exquisite flowers that surrounded her. Her face was wreathed in smiles as she pelted with sugar-plums the occupants of the carriage next in front or next behind her in the procession. Her eyes danced and laughed and sparkled like light in water. Her whole being was in a condition of bewitching madness and tumultuous merriment—the very intoxication of ecstatic enjoyment. She had made her fortune. The fairy dream of her childhood was realized. She is nineteen, and rich and beautiful, and in her native Italy. A fortune for a prince—perhaps a future queen of the opera. What connection has Lina Posselli henceforth with the pretty flower-girl of New York, or the old empty trunk in New Orleans?

**Josh Billings on Silence.**

Silence iz a still noise.

One ov the hardest things for a man to do iz to keep still.

Everybody wants tow be heard fust, and that iz what fills the world with nonsense.

The greatest talkers among the feathered folks iz the magpie and the ginny hen, and neither ov them iz ov mutch account.

If a man ain't sure he iz right the best kard he can pla is a blank one.

I have known menny a man to beet in an argument by just nodding his hed once in a while and saying "jess so, jess so."

It takes a grate menny blows to drive in a nale, but one will clinch it.

Sum men talk just as a French pony trots, all da long in a half bushel meazure.

Silence never makes enny blunders, alwuz gits as mutch credit az iz doo it, and sometimes more.

When i see a man listening to me cluss, i alwaz sez, "Lookout, that feller is taking mi meazure.

I hov herd men argy a pint 2 hours and a haff and git no further frum where they started than a muel in a back mill; they did too mutch going round and round.

I hav sat on jurys and had a lawyer talk law, fax and evidence ov the case all out ov me, besides starting the taps on mi botes.

I hev been tew church hungry for sum gospel, and cum home so phull ov it that i could'nt draw a long breth without starting a button.

Brevity and silence are the 2 grate kards, and next to saying nothing, saying a little iz the strength ov the game.

One thing iz certain, it iz only grate thinkers who can afford to be brief, and there has been but few volumes yet published which could not be cut down to two-thirds and menny clean back to the title paig without hunting them much.

It iz hard to find a man ov good sence who kan look back upon enny occashun and wish he had sed sum more, but it iz ezy to find menny who wish they had sed less.

A thing sed iz hard to recall, but unsed it can be spoken at enny time.

Brevity iz the child of silence and iz a grate credit to the ole man.

A section of plastering about the size of a bed-quilt fell on the heads of a groupe of State Senators, who occupied seats together in a Nashville theatre, the other evening. The frightened legislators thought an investigation was at hand.

## THE EMERALD.

One wintry afternoon in January, away up in the bleak attic of a miserable tenement house, a pale, sad-eyed woman sat sewing. The garment on which she was working was a very rich dress. The twilight closed in rapidly, with a blinding fall of snow, a bitter, wailing blast, that made the windows rattle in their casements. Still the pale-faced woman sewed on.

"Mother," pined a slender voice, from the cot beneath the window, "shall you get the fine dress done? Oh, my mother, I'm so hungry. If I could only have some tea and a bit of sausage."

The mother worked on steadily for a few moments, pausing only to brush a tear from her white cheek. Then she arose and shook out the folds of the glimmering robe.

"'Tis done at last," she said; "now mother's little girl can have her supper. Only be patient a little longer, Flora. Ross, Ross, where are you, my boy?"

A manly little boy came out of the little bedroom beyond.

"The fine dress is done, Ross," said his mother, "and you must run home with it as fast as you can. Miss Gracie will be out of patience, I know. Tell her I couldn't finish it an hour sooner, and ask her to give you the money. We must have it to-night. And you can stop in at Mr. Ray's as you come back, and buy some coal, and we must have some bread and tea, and a mite of butter, and you must get a sausage for poor little Flora."

"I'll get them all, mother, and be back in no time," he said. "You shall have a big sausage, little sis," he added, turning toward the cot.

"And you shall have half of it, Ross," she piped, in her slender, bird-like voice.

"Hadn't you better put on your thick jacket, my boy," continued the mother, "the wind cuts like a knife."

"Pshaw, little mother; I don't mind the wind." And away he went down the creaking stairs, and out into the storm.

Miss Grace Foutenay was in a perfect furor of excitement and anger. Her dear five hundred friends were waiting in the halls below, and the handsome dress had not come home. What did that beggar woman mean by disappointing her? At that moment there was a ring at the door, and a voice in the hall.

"Please tell Miss Gracie, my mother could not finish it sooner; she wants the money to-night." The servant took the handsome dress and message.

"I'll never give her another stitch of work," cried the angry beauty; "I ought to have had it three hours ago. Here, Fanchon, dress me at once; there isn't a moment to spare. No, I can't pay to-night; I haven't time; he must call to-morrow."

"But we've no fire, and nothing to eat, and my little sister is sick," called the boy, pushing up the grand stairway.

"Shut that door!" commanded Miss Gracie, and the door was shut in his face.

From the porch at the parlor window, Pansie watched the whole proceeding. Her violet eyes opened in childish amazement.

"Poor little boy," she said, as Ross disappeared down the stairway. "Sister Gracie ought to pay him. It must be dreadful to have no fire, and nothing to eat."

She stood for a moment balancing herself on the tip of one dainty foot, her rosebud face grave and reflective; then a sudden thought flooded her blue eyes with sunshine, and suddenly snatching something from the table, she darted down stairs; the servant had closed the street door, but she fluttered past him.

On the steps sat Ross, brave little fellow that he was, his face in his hands, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter, little boy?" questioned Pansie.

"O, I cannot go home without the money," he sobbed; "poor mother worked hard, and Flora is sick, and so hungry."

Pansie's eyes glistened like the stars.

"Here," she said, "do you take this, little boy, and buy her lots 'o n