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IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

There is probably not a person who ads these lines who has never felt a sire to go abroad; and in common with any others we had for years longed for a ip to foreign lands; consequently it s with the keen satisfaction which ac- mpanies the realization of long cher- hed hopes, that on as bright and beau- ful a May morning as one could wish, rip sack" in hand, just as the ten nute bell was sounding, we stepped on e magnificent steamer, City of Chicago, the Inman line, bound for Europe. t last the dreams of our boyhood were be realized. At last we were to visit ose wondrous lands beyond the sea, hose history was old a thousand years fore America was thought of. At last e were to view those works of art which ve been a joy to the world for centu- es. At last we were to see those grand d cathedrals, whose towers and spires ve been pointing heavenward for hun- eds of years, in silent praise to God. t last we were to tread the streets of ondon the Mighty, Paris the Beautiful, ome the Eternal and a thousand other aces immortalized in history, in song d in story. There was joy in the ought.

Promptly to the moment, the cables ere thrown off, the massive engines arted and amid the waving of handker- hiefs and the last farewells of friends on hore to those on board, the great ship oves slowly out from her pier and down he Hudson river to the bay, where the uny batteries of Governor's Island and ort Hamilton are soon passed, and tak- g a last look at the green hills of Staten land, the beautiful fields of Long Island nd the low lying shore of New Jersey, e drop our harbor pilot to a boat in aiting at Sandy Hook and bid farewell land for the present.

As many of the readers of the INTEL- GENCER have probably never seen an ean steamer, perhaps a brief description f the vessel in which we are embarked ay not prove totally uninteresting. he City of Chicago was built in 1883, Chas. Connell & Co., on the Clyde, d is 450 feet, or 27 rods in length, with feet breadth of beam and 34 feet depth hold. It is an iron ship, with iron asts and spars, the former rising about 0 feet above the water. Its tonnage is ,300 gross, and is registered at 3,383. Its gines are of the most approved type d are provided with three cylinders, e (high pressure) of 56 inches and two low pressure) of 80 inches each diameter, d five feet stroke. There are six boil- rs and into the 30 furnaces beneath them firemen shovel nearly 100 tons of coal very 24 hours. The engines are of bout 750 nominal horse power, but work p to nearly 5,000 horse power. The haft is 20 inches in diameter and the crew propeller 21 feet in diameter, with pitch of 30 feet; and at every revolu- ion of its massive blades this immense essel is driven through the water about 0 feet. The steering apparatus is driven y steam and steam is also used for heat- g, the entire ship being lighted by the wan-Edison system of electric lighting. The City of Chicago has accomodations or 130 1st cabin passengers, about 50 ntermediate and 1,000 steerage, and her rew numbers about 150. She is pro- ided with 8 boats, 3 life-rafts and 900 ife buoys and is divided into 8 water- ight compartments, with steam pipes eading to each for use in case of fire. In hort every precaution is taken to pro- vide for the safety as well as the comfort f the passengers and crew. The cap- ain, R. L. Leitch, is a most genial and ourteous old sailor and has had an ex- perience of over fifty years on salt water, hirty of which have been spent with the nman company. He is the oldest cap- ain on the Atlantic and has made more voyages across it than any other living man, he having accomplished over 530 essages.

Among the novelties found on ship- board by a landsman, the reckoning of time deserves an important place. Every welve hours from noon midnight or rom midnight to noon is divided into hree watches of four hours each, and ach watch is divided into eight bells; onsequently at half past twelve o'clock ne bell is struck; at one o'clock two ells, and so increasing one stroke for each half hour until four o'clock when ight bells are struck and at half-past our one bell again, eight bells always eing either twelve, four or eight o'clock. Meals are served at any time when rdered, but the regular hours are break- ast, from 8:00 to 9:30 a. m., lunch, 12:30 o 1:30 p. m. and dinner from 5:30 to 7:00 . m. The food is of good quality and ell prepared and the service excellent, he *menu* comparing favorably with first- lass hotels on shore.

Our voyage was in the main an unin- teresting though pleasant one. For the irst few days the surface of the ocean was almost unbroken and the great ship sped on its way with scarcely any per- ceptible motion. In spite of the good weather, however, a large number suc- cumbed to either fears or their imagina- tions, and one after another a dreamy, thoughtful look would creep over their faces and they would silently steal away to render involuntary tribute to Neptune. For sea-sickness no cure has as yet been discovered, but though incurable it is not fatal, although it is a common remark that the victims of it would be better sat- isfied if it were. Some medical writers affirm that it is a disease of the brain, others of the eye, but so far as we can judge from observation and a few pre- monitory symptoms in our personal ex- perience, it is most decidedly a disease of the stomach, and the best and most available remedies are plenty of fresh air and a strong will.

On our second night out an event occurred which threw a gloom over all the ship. A young man about twenty- four years of age committed suicide by throwing himself overboard. He was an Englishman by birth, of good family and well educated; but nearly two years in America, the "Land of Promise" to so many from foreign shores, had resulted in total failure and complete discourage- ment for him; and rather than go back empty handed he chose to plunge in the great unknown. A sad and early termi- nation of disappointed ambitions.

During the voyage the passengers amuse themselves in various ways. Some are sick and find themselves fully occu- pied with their ailments. Others, more fortunate, are able to seek amusement and devote themselves to shuffle-board, quoits, ring-toss and other games, walking on deck, reading, music, debates, conver- sation, etc., and we are sorry to say, quite a large class find in gambling and whisky drinking their principal recrea- tions. All classes, from ministers to pro- fessional gamblers, from colporteurs to confidence men, can be found in every passenger list and the law of selection very soon breaks up the company into numerous circles, the members of each seeking among themselves for congenial companionship. The daily progress of the vessel, the difference in time as we go Eastward, the increasing length of the days as we go Northward, the working of the ship, an occasional sail or steamer met on the broad ocean, are all seized upon with eager interest to break the monotony of the voyage as we sail on day after day, apparently in the same circle of water in which we started and which, viewed from the deck, is about twelve miles in diameter, the roundity of the earth allowing a body on the surface of the water to be seen at a distance of only about six miles.

In the evenings the phosphorescence of the sea forms a never ending source of entertainment. The myriad flashes of light, produced by a diminutive animal organism, at times illuminate the dark waves as they roll from the sides of the ship like a million electric sparks and presents a most brilliant and gorgeous display, recalling those words of the "Ancient Mariner:"

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes;
They moved in paths of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship,
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green and velvet black,
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

Each day at noon, the captain takes an observation on the sun with his sextant, to ascertain the position of the ship, and besides this the log is cast at intervals during the day and the distance traveled by the ship as thus ascertained is marked on a chart which is hung at the head of the stairs leading to the saloon. This is made the subject of much speculation and many are the guesses, bets and pools made upon it.

Although our voyage was a quiet one, yet when within about 500 miles of the Irish coast, we struck, or were struck by what was evidently the remains of a heavy storm and thus were given some idea of the power of old ocean. Mighty waves from 15 to 20 feet in height, roll- ing majestically onward, would catch the ship in their giant embrace, rolling it from side to side and pitching it about, a mere plaything of their mad fury. Standing on the prow, and looking out over the undulating surface of this path- less waste of waters and glancing back- ward at the ship tossed about like a cork on a mill pond, how puny seem all the devices of man and how hopeless the con- flict with the elements. And yet modern science has triumphed over even the ocean, and hundreds of ships annually, crowded with living freight, pass and re-pass over its surface and with but few exceptions outride its heaviest gales.

We have always entertained a large amount of respect for Columbus and the other sturdy old navigators of his time; but since witnessing for ourselves the power which they defied, we have felt our admiration perceptibly increase. Going forth as he did with no guide except his own faith in an untried theory and with no encouragement except his own stout heart and undaunted will, the world does well to honor his name and to revere his memory.

But our voyage, like all things else must come to an end, and one day after taking an observation the captain announces that Fastnet light will be passed during the night and Queenstown reached at about 4:00 o'clock the next morning. The evident satisfaction with which this announcement is received by all, proves that even among those who have enjoyed the voyage there is a per- fect willingness to exchange the uncer- tain deck of the ship for *terra firma*. Long before reaching Fastnet light, how- ever, a dense fog settled down over the ocean and with a fog horn sounding at frequent intervals and frequent casting of the lead, we felt our way along, missing the light house entirely, but later on sighting the light ship about six miles out from Cork Harbor. The fog was still very heavy and it was only with the greatest care that any progress could be made with safety. At last the watch cried out, "Land on the port bow," the anchor was dropped and when a little later the fog lifted, we found ourselves nearly opposite the light house at the entrance to the harbor. The green hills of Ireland, fresh with the verdure of spring, formed a pleasing change from the watery waste upon which our eyes had rested for the previous week and all rejoiced at the termination, or near termi- nation of the voyage. In a short time a tender came along side to receive the passengers and mails, and without fur- ther delay we were landed on the shore of the Emerald Isle, concerning which we shall have something to say in our next letter.

TRAVELER.

— Where a cause is good, an appeal should be directed to the heart rather than the head.

MASON'S COTTON PICKER.

The Machines Ready for Work on this Year's Crop.

While the young cotton plants throughout the vast cotton region of the South are shooting upwards and statisti- cians are figuring as to the probable size of the crop of 1884, public interest in the success of the Mason Cotton Harvester is steadily on the increase. From every part of the Cotton belt, as we learn, hundreds of inquiries concerning the progress of the invention are received by almost every mail, and the secretary of the Harvester Company has found it ab- solutely impossible during the past few weeks to answer the multitude of these inquiries.

In view of the great interest which is felt all over the South in the success of this new expedient for facilitating and cheapening the picking of cotton, the *News and Courier* has been inquiring con- cerning the progress which Mr. Mason is making in preparing his machine for the coming crop. The Mason Cotton Har- vester was tested last year very thorough- ly in a field of cotton which was planted by the Cotton Harvester Company, near its workshops, at Sumter. From the be- ginning to the end of the cotton season Mr. Mason worked early and late to make the machine as perfect as possible, and the company which owns the patents ex- pended money freely in supplying the shops with the latest and best machinery. The result of the tests made last season satisfied the company that the problem which had so long been deemed impossi- ble of solution had at last been practical- ly solved. All that remained to be done was to simplify and cheapen the cost of manufacturing the machines. The ma- chine even upon the very first trial proved wonderfully successful, gathering the open bolls, without injury to the plants or to the unopen bolls, or blooms, and with almost incredible rapidity. The principle of the machine was dem- onstrated to be the true solution of the problem that has puzzled so many heads. All that remained was to apply the prin- ciple in the best possible way. Since the disappearance of the cotton from the fields last winter, Mr. Mason has made many improvements in the Harvester. The machine has been made smaller and lighter, and yet affords more space for the operation of the machinery. In its present form it is capable of doing even more rapid and satisfactory work than it did last year. The construction of the machinery which operates the picking stems and gives to them the peculiar triple movement, which renders possible the selection of the open cotton without injury to the unmatured bolls, and the delivery of it into the receptacles con- structed for the purpose, is marvellously simple and perfect. The friction has been reduced to the minimum, and the 136 picking stems which are placed in each machine can be lubricated by pouring the oil into a single brass oil cup at the top of the shaft. Numerous other modifications have been made in the construction of the machines which, it is believed, will greatly improve it. But whether all the changes which has been made will prove to be improve- ments can only be finally determined by practical tests in the cotton field.

In order that no time may be lost the company is having ten different styles of machines made, so that it may be seen without delay which style of machine gives the best results. A special machine for the luxuriant cotton of Texas, Mis- sissippi and Louisiana is being made which will contain two pair of picking cylinders instead of the single pair, which will be used in the smaller cotton of the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama. The Texas machines, however, can be used equally well upon smaller cotton where the rows are not less than three feet and-a-half apart.

A Reporter of the *News and Courier* paid a visit to the Cotton Harvester Company's shops at Sumter recently and found the work on the new machines progressing rapily and satisfactorily. Mr. Mason says that he has at last reached that point in the perfecting of the machine which satisfies him that it will not only do the work, but will stand the wear and tear of practical use even when operated by an ordinary field hand. It has been to this end that the inventor has been bending all his energies. His aims were: Simplicity of construction, absence of friction, strength, lightness and ease of manipulation. These quali- ties, he is satisfied, have now been se- cured for the harvester, and nothing re- mains but to demonstrate the success of the invention in the cotton fields as soon as the cotton begins to open. As time is important in this case, it is not improba- ble that the company will send a ma- chine to Texas in July so as to secure the advantage of the early crop of that State. Cotton opens in some parts of Texas nearly a month earlier than it does in South Carolina or Georgia, and the Cotton Harvester Company will make every effort to test the machine upon this early crop, so as to have time to make any changes which may be found necessary, before the cotton picking sea- son becomes general throughout the cot- ton-growing States.

Mr. Mason was asked if he felt sure the machine would be a success. "I have no doubt in the world," he said "that the machine will do all that I have ever claimed for it. It is simply a mat- ter of time. When it is first put into the field this season I can't say that every- thing will work like a charm and that I will not still have to make some trifling changes to perfect it, but there is no shadow of doubt that I will make it work in a perfectly satisfactory manner before very long. I believe the changes we have made will prove to be important improvements, but of course I can't be certain that they will so prove. We labor under the great disadvantage of having no means of testing our changes except while the cotton is in the field, and all that we can do is to go ahead and make the machine as perfect as we can, and then wait patiently for the cotton to open. As to the doubts of the public concerning the success of the machine I care little or nothing. Very few persons, comparatively, have ever seen the ma- chine working in a field of cotton, and the opinions of those who have not seen it work practically are not worth much consideration. As a general thing it is amusing to me to hear the positive asser- tions of people that the machine will not work. The more impossible the construc- tion of a cotton-picking machine is con- ceded to be, the greater will be the tri- umph of accomplishing it. But it does irritate me to have people make state- ments about the machine which would justify the inference that I am lacking even in common sense. For instance, when the machine was on exhibition at the Fair in Charleston, I think I heard a dozen people say that the shafts were so high that there was not a horse in the country which could pull in them with- out using stilts. It was very evident that they thought I had actually gone to work and constructed a machine, which it has taken me years to perfect, without ever measuring a horse to see how high the shafts ought to be. The facts is that the shafts were rather lower than they should have been, because my experi- ments were all made with a small-sized horse. Assertions concerning other por- tions of the machine were made which were equally positive and equally ridicu- lous. I was surprised to find how much better informed the public was about the machine than I was myself."

The Harvester Company has been notified by the agricultural departments of several States that gold medals would be offered for the best cotton harvester at the State Fairs this fall, and that patch- es of cotton had been secured for experi- mental purposes. The company will doubtless have machines at these fairs, and will do everything in its power to demonstrate their practical utility in every one of the Cotton States.

A Confederate Eggnogg.

One cold, cloudy Christmas day, when the prospects of the Confederacy were as gloomy as the weather, an Arkansaw sol- dier, whose clothes loked as though they had been run through a threshing ma- chine, approached General Hindman, who sat on a stump near a fire, and said:

"Gineral, wouldn't a little aignog go putty well this mornin'? You know, in Arkansaw we allus cilibrate Christmas with a little o' the stuff."

"Yes," the General replied, "and I should like to have a quart of it right now."

"Well, let's go to your tent, whar nobody ken see us, and we'll make some 'rangements."

When they entered the tent, the soldier said: "You git the whiskey, and I'll git the aigs an' sugar."

"All right."

The soldier went away, and after a while, with a dejected countenance, he returned with the information that some one had stolen the "articles." "I'm devlish sorry," said he, "for I've been er savin' them things fur yer benefit for a long time, knowin' how a aignog would strike yer Christmas day."

"That is bad," said the General, "and if I could discover the thief, he should be punished. Stay here, and let me go out and skirmish."

The General, after much difficulty, succeeded in securing the ingredients, and ere long a bowl of the frothing drink was prepared.

"Ah," said the soldier, refilling his tin cup the third time, "this tastes like old times, when I uster get up afore day an' fire off the old fuzee. Put two men's heads together, an' suthin is goin' ter happen."

Shortly after the soldier left the tent, Col. Bob Newton, chief of Hindman's staff, entered and said:

"Do you remember old Dave Aickett, who used to run a flat boat on White river?"

"Yes, he was here a few moments ago."

"He came to me this morning," the Colonel continued, "and began to talk about eggnogg. Said that he had been keeping eggs and sugar for me a long time, and that if I would furnish the whiskey, we would have a Christmas drink. I agreed, and he went away, returning pretty soon, and sorrowfully announced that some one had stolen his treasure. Rather than see the old fellow disappointed, I furnished everything, and for a few moments we——"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Gen. Churchill, entering the tent. "Had a fine eggnogg early this morning. An old fellow that used to run a flat boat on White river, said that he would furnish the eggs and sugar——"

"But did he do it?" asked Hindman and Newton simultaneously.

"No; some wretch had stolen the stuff. Hello, here is Fagan."

"Gentlemen," said General Fagan, "you ought to have been with me this morning. An old fellow, a former flat boatman, came to me and talked about eggs till he made my mouth water. He said that he had been saving up a lot of eggs and sugar for my benefit, and that if I would furnish the whiskey we would celebrate. I agreed, and he went away, but I never saw a more cast down man than he was upon returning. Some one had stolen the eggs, but I furnished the outfit, seeing that disappointment would about kill the old fellow. Hello Rey- nolds!"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Gen- eral Reynolds. "I have had a fine time this morning. An old fellow——"

"Hold on," shouted the other men; "we know all about that egg stealing business."

General Hindman called an orderly, and giving him the name of the egg man, said: "Find that man and make him drunk, if it takes every drop of whiskey in the Confederacy. Such merit shall not go unrewarded."

The Nation's Drink Bill.

The *Christian Union* gives a diagram showing the relative amounts paid for several of the leading articles in general use. The sums of money paid out are represented by black columns, and the one that represents the drinks of the country towers far above any of the others. It is about seven inches, while the one representing public education is about three-fourths of an inch. The money paid for drink is nearly twice that paid for bread and more than three times the meat bill, and it is greater than the aggregate amount paid for woolen goods, sawed lumber, cotton goods, boots and shoes, and Christain missions. The fig- ures are taken from the census of 1880. Liquor is put down at $900,000,000; bread, $505,000,000; meat, $303,000,000; iron and steel, $290,000,000; woolen goods, $287,000,000; sawed lumber, $233,000,000; cotton goods, $210,000,000; boots and shoes, $196,000,000; sugar and molasses, $155,000,000; public education, $85,000,- 000; Christian missions, home and foreign, $5,500,000. The National Tem- perence Alliance places the amount now paid out for drinks of all sorts at $1,000- 000,000. This amount is beyond the com- prehension of any man. When we take women and children into consideration, fully one-half of our population does not taste liquors of any sort. This then will allow forty dollars a year for each of the drinking people to spend. This seems to be enormous, when we consider that twenty-five millions of people are spend- ing on an average forty dollars a year for drink of some sort. This is not the greatest expense. Add to this money that is worse than wasted, the ruined homes, the broken hearts of wives, the expense of policemen and courts to look after drunkards, the paupers and insane made so by drink, the thousands of idiots and diseased children, born of intemper- ate parents, and you have some idea of the vast ruin wrought by intoxicating drinks.

— True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the cornfield."

— A fashion item says that ladies are giving up the "bang," but we notice that a great many of them still hang on to the "powder."

— Grace: "I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?" Dora: "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl! Give her my love."

THE GREAT LAW-GIVER.

A Lecture by the Author of Progress and Poverty.

The lecture of Mr. Henry George on "Moses, the Jewish Law-giver," has ex- cited much attention in Europe and the United States, and the following report of it will be found interesting:

Mr. George began by describing the Jews as they existed at the time of the Egyptian captivity, speaking of their many high qualities in terms of praise, and said the advent of such a people marked an epoch in the history of the world. But Moses himself was accorded a place on the highest plane given to man by three great religions. He was the medium clothed with supernatural power through which the Divine will was expressed. And yet this very exultation, by raising him above comparison, may prevent the real grandeur of the man from being seen. Saul's great height was best perceived when he stood among his brethren. This was a case that might be treated as one would treat a similar case in profane history; and in consider- ing the situation then we could see now what Moses's character was. To lead into freedom a people long crushed with tyranny, to repress discontent and jeal- ousy and mutiny, to turn the quick, fierce volume of enthusiasm into a steady purpose, requires some towering charac- ter, a character blending in highest ex- pression of the qualities of politician, patriot, philosopher and statesman. Such a character Moses was. He united all the wisdom of the wisest of the Egyptians with the humility of the meekest of men. Behind the grand deeds he did was the grander thought. Behind the high performance a still nobler idea. The great people he was among became a patriarchal family. They developed from a roving life into a grand civilization—a civilization so an- cient that the pyramids were horary with centuries ere Abraham looked upon them. But the Hebrews there were "of them." Just as the Jews of to day among the Germans are Germans, among the Italians Italians, the Hebrews among the Egyptians were Egyptians, and yet they were Hebrews still in spite of the Egyptian influences they were subjected to.

A people long used to despotism may rebel against a tyrant; they may break his statutes and repeal his laws; but they inevitably set up another tyrant in his place. A people used to superstition may destroy their idols and free them- selves from that particular form of su- perstition; but they will surely accept some other in its place. When we see amidst a people used to superstitions of one kind institutions of another and op- posite kind suddenly arise, we know that behind such a movement there must be that active, creative force of some great man who makes institutions himself. The striking difference between the He- brew and the Egyptian policy was not one of form; it was one of essence. And so from out the strongest and most splen- did despotism of antiquity came the freest of all republics. The blasts of the trampets of the Exodus throb with the Divine declaration of the rights of man. From time immemorial the Egyptian slave was used to toil and suffering and misery that those above him might live in grandeur and luxury. It is the same to day; and it is in the constructive statesmanship that laid the foundations of the Hebrew Commonwealth in such a community that the superb grandeur of the Hebrew leader looms up. But the influence of the Egyptian system remain- ed to interfere with him and his idea. No sooner is the back of Moses turned than we hear the cry, "These by thy gods, O Israel!" and the golden calf is set up to be worshiped. But the influence of his spirit is with us to-day. It matters not where or by whom were compiled the books attributed to Moses, no matter how much of the details of the code were there; they may be the survival of an earlier day or the amplification of a lat- er age; we see in it the mind that drift- ed not with the tide of events, but aim- ed steadily at a definite purpose.

What we know of his life illustrates what we know of his work; what we know of the work illumines the life. It was a commonwealth based upon the in- dividual that Moses founded—a common- wealth whose ideal was that every man should sit "under his own vine and fig tree, with no one to vex him or make him afraid;" a commonwealth in which even for the bond slave there should be hope and for the beast of burden rest; a commonwealth in which the family af- fections might knit their tendrils around each member and bind with links of steel the various parts in a living whole. It is not the protection of property but the protection of humanity that fills the Mosa- ic code. At every point it interposes its barriers to selfish greed. Capitalists and workmen, millionaire and tramp were to have alike the benefit of its Sabbath day. That secured even to the lowliest in the land a rest from labor. The reaper must leave something for the poorer gleaners; even the ox cannot be muzzled as he treadeth out the corn. Everywhere the dominant idea is that expressed in our own homely phrase "Live and let live." From the idea of the brotherhood of man springs the idea of the Fatherhood of God. Even though the forms may re- semble those of Egypt, the spirit is that which Egypt had then lost.

The law is announced not to a few privileged ones, but to all the people. The tendency to take the type for the reality is sternly repressed. It is only when we think of the divine cats, the sacred ichneumons of Egypt, that we realize the full depth and breadth of the command: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image." Its God is one who is the God of the living as well as of the dead; a God of the market place as well as of the temple; one whose immutable decrees will bring happiness to the people in this life who obey them, and misery to the people who ignore them. A social order, in which the Di- vine justice seemed to speak in the word "I am," dawned upon Moses. "I am" was the message which fell upon his ear. We may miss any reference to a future life in the Mosaic books, but that he be- lieved in it there is no doubt.

The doctrine of immortality, appealing as it does to the strongest human feelings, may become so incrusted with degrading superstition, may be so turned by craft and selfishness into an instrument for the enslaving of human lives, that it may become an agent of human oppression. But the belief in the immortality of the soul must have existed in the minds of the Hebrew people of that day, and Moses also held it; but the truth he brought prominently forward is the truth, that the actions of men bear fruit in this world, that though wickedness may seem to go unpunished and wrong to be re- warded, there is yet a Nemesis that fol- lows every national crime and punishes the children for the father's transgress- ion; the truth that each individual must act upon and be acted upon, and that the life of each must be dominated by the conditions imposed upon all. But I can- not think that such a soul, living such an unselfish life as his, feeling the burden of great care, the bitterness of great care, the bitterness of great disappointments, did not stretch forward with the hope of the life beyond; did not strengthen and ground itself in the confident belief that the death of the body is but the emanci- pation of the soul; did not feel the as- surance that there is a power in the uni- verse which will lead safely through "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." In the full blaze of the Nineteenth Century, when every child in our common schools knows things such as the Egyp- tian in his wisdom never dreamed of, it is natural for us to look back upon the wisdom of 3,000 years ago as a man looks back upon the accomplishments of the child. And yet for all this wonderful increase of knowledge, this enormous gain of productive power, where is there a community in the civilized world where there is not want and suffering? Here, with vaster knowledge and wider experi- ence, we are building up a nation greater than any other, there are yet thousands among us who find it difficult to assert the first of all national rights—the right to earn an honest living.

We boast of equality before the law; and, notoriously, justice is deaf to the call of him who hath not gold, and to the sin of him who hath. Under the shad- ow of our colleges, children are growing up in vice and crime, because from their homes poverty has driven all refining influences. We pin our faith to univer- sal suffrage; yet the control of public affairs is passing into the hands of a class of professional politicians, and our Government is becoming the instrument of men who are robbing the people. We have forbidden titles of nobility, yet there is growing up among us an aristoc- racy of wealth as remorseless as any that ever existed. We girdle the land with iron roads and cover it with telegraph wires; each day brings some new advance in science and art; yet the complaints of hard times come oftener and are louder; everywhere are men harassed by care and haunted by the fear of want; pauperism is increasing; insanity is increasing; there are more and more men who do not get a wife; more and more women who wait in vain for a husband. The causes that are thus producing want in the midst of plenty, ignorance in the midst of knowledge, aristocracy in democracy, weakness in the midst of strength, you will find they are something which this Hebrew statesman three thousand years ago perceived and guarded against. Moses saw that the real cause of the enslavement of the masses of Egypt was what was everywhere produced in slave- ry; that in permitting the same unqual- ified ownership in land as in other ac- quisitions it would ultimately raise up the very rich and cast down the very poor, and make the few the masters of the many. Inevitably it would bring vice and degradation, and he sought to guard against this error. Everywhere in the Mosaic institutions is the land treat- ed as the gift of the Creator to His com- mon creatures, which no one has the right to monopolize. It is not "your estate," or "the land which you bought or conquered," but "the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee." And by practical regulations He tried to guard against the cause that converted Egypt's ancient civilization into a despotism—the cause that is to-day crowding our fami- lies into tenement rooms in our cities. He provided for the distribution of the land among the people, and made it fol- low every seventh year, and for a redis- tribution every fiftieth year. He made monopoly impossible.

I do not ask this nation to follow the forms of that time; I ask a recognition of the spirit. Yet how common it is to honor the form and deny the spirit. There are many who believe that the Mosaic institutions were dictated by the Almighty and who yet denounce the ap- plication of their spirit to the life of to- day. And yet how much we of to-day owe to these institutions! This very day the only thing that stands between our working classes and ceaseless toil is one of those Mosaic institutions. Our work- ing classes would get no more wages for seven days' labor than for six, and would find it just as difficult to reduce their working as now. That there is one day in the week when the hammer is silent and the loom stands idle is due to these Mosaic institutions. That exaltation of thought strengthened the Scotch coven- anter in the hour of peril, and the Puri- tan in the strange land; it stood behind the low redoubt of Bunker Hill. The life of Moses is a protest against the blasphemous doctrine current to-day, as it was three thousand years ago, that the want and suffering of the masses of man- kind flow from a mysterious dispensation of Providence that we may lament, but cannot alter. For him who will look, yet burns the bush; for him who will hear, yet comes the voice as strong as ever. The forgetfulness of self manifes- ted in the smiting of the Egyptians shines through Moses's whole life. In institutions that make life easier for the toiling masses we may read the same purpose. The unselfish desire to make life happier, better, nobler. He discard- ed the claims of blood, and disdained to found a dynasty of his own, which he might have readily done. He conquered the soul's natural yearning to depart among friends, and withdrew from the sight of men to die alone lest in his death he should be deified and accorded the full measure of superstitious rever- ence which he knew was ready to break forth. But the name of the Hebrew who strove for the elevation of his fel- low-man is yet a beacon-light to the whole world. With whom among the founders of empire shall we compare him? To dispute about the inspiration of such a man is to dispute about mere words. From the depths of the unseen such characters must draw their strength. Of something more real than matter, of something higher than the stars, of a light that will endure when suns are dead and dark, of a purpose of which the physical universe is but a passing phase, such lives tell.

Suicide to avoid Death.

The case of Charles Ford is a very curious one. It was he who killed Jesse James, the great Western robber. Ford belonged to James' gang of thieves, and he was induced to murder his chief be- cause of the large reward offered by Governor Crittenden, of Missouri. Ford was given the money and a free pardon. He was then engaged by a theatrical speculator, who exhibited him through- out the country; but the enterprise was not a pecuniary success. Robbers and murderers do not make a good amuse- ment attraction. Ford subsequently lived a miserable life. He was tortured by the fear that some of his former as- sociates were on his track. Day and night the spectre of the avenger haunted him, and life became so great a burden to him that he finally killed himself to avoid being killed. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard.—*Demorest Month- ly for July.*

— A remedy for balky horses, which works well, is to put a small stone or sand in the horse's ear. Generally the horse will start off at once at a lively gait, unless he balks from fatigue.

Blaine's Public Record.

A correspondent, whose letter we print in another column, desires some explana- tion of what he considers the slighting or hostile references to Mr. James G. Blaine which so frequently appear in the *Even- ing Post*, and which he suspects must be, in some degree at least, the product of private malice. We think he is entitled, as our readers generally, to some such explanation, and we shall proceed to make it cheerfully, starting, however, with the assertion that no editor or other person connected with the *Evening Post* in any capacity has, to our knowledge, had any difference, quarrel or controversy with Mr. Blaine or has ever received any injury from him whatever or bears him any personal grudge. Whenever he is discussed in these columns he is discuss- ed either as the holder of a public office or as a candidate for a public office. Nor do we make any reference to his private affairs except when those affairs have or appear to have direct and important re- lation to his character and claims as a public man. In fact, all our comments on him and his doings are due to the fact that we consider his re appearance as a candidate for the highest office in the government, or any other, as an audacious proceeding, which can only be accounted for by supposing him to have an extraor- dinary and unwarrantable confidence in the popular forgetfulness. It is the duty of all those who do not wish to see the Republican party hardened during the canvass next summer with the hopeless task of whitewashing him, to set forth briefly, now that his boom is becoming so lively, the charges which he will have to answer before he can be elected to the Presidency. It would be lamentable indeed, and certainly disastrous, if the task prescribed for Republican journalists by the Convention should be not the discussion of great questions of public policy, like the tariff or the civil service or the railroads or the currency, but la- borious examinations of Mr. James G. Blaine's railroad transactions. We mean, as far as we are concerned, to avoid this if we can by taking up his railroad trans- actions now, before the bustle and excite- ment of the canvass begins.

THE FIRST CHARGE.

The first of these charges is that in the spring session of Congress in 1869 a bill was before the House of Representatives which sought to renew a land grant to the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad of Arkansas, in which some of Mr. Blaine's friends are interested; that an attempt to defeat it by an amendment was made, and was on the point of being successful, and its promoters were in despair; that at this juncture, Mr. Blaine, being then Speaker of the House, sent a message to Gen. Logan to make the point of order that the amendment was not germane to the purposes of the bill; that this point of order was accord- ingly raised and promptly sustained by Mr. Blaine as Speaker, and the bill was in this manner saved; that Mr. Blaine wrote at once to the promoters calling attention to the service he had rendered them, and finally, after some negotia- tions, secured from them, as a reward for it, his appointment as selling agent of the bonds of the road, on commission, in Maine, and received a number of such bonds as his percentage; that the leading features of this transaction appeared in two letters of his afterwards made public, dated respectively June 29 and October 4, 1869.

THE SECOND CHARGE.

Second. That he asserted at first on the floor of the House, with the view of cov- ering up this affair, that the Little Rock and Fort Smith road "derived its life, franchise and value wholly from the State," and not from Congress, whereas the evidence subsequently taken by the Congressional committee disclosed the fact that the road derived the value on which these bonds were based from the Act of Congress of which Mr. Blaine secured the passage in the manner above described in 1869; that he asserted on the floor of the House that the bonds he received "were bought by him at precise- ly the same rate as others paid," whereas the evidence showed that the bonds came to him as commissions on sales, which he secured the opportunity of making through his aid given to the work in Congress, and that he solicited this agen- cy, basing his request on the aid so given, and that he paid nothing whatever for the bonds, the consideration being his ruling as Speaker and his subsequent efforts to sell them. What he did with these bonds, seventy-five in number, is uncertain; but strong, though not con- clusive, evidence was produced going to show that they were taken off his hands at a good price by the Union Pacific Railroad (through the instrumentality of one Caldwell,) which then also was in trouble. The investigation on this point was never pushed home, owing to the sudden illness which overtook Mr. Blaine in 1876.

THE THIRD CHARGE.

Third. That Mr. Blaine in 1870 made an offer, as appeared by his own letters, to one of his railroad friends, Mr. War- ren Fisher, of Boston, to sell him a half of one-twenty-fourth interest in the Northern Pacific Railroad, immediately after Jay Cooke's contract "had been per- fected and the additional legislation had been obtained," he having, he said, come into control of this interest "by a strange revolution of circumstances;" that the amount of stock which this would repre- sent, he said, would be $125,000, and the number of acres of land "nearly 275,000." "The chance," he said, "was a very rare one; he couldn't touch it," but he offer- ed it to Mr. Fisher for $25,000; that Mr. Fisher accepted it and paid the money, but for some unexplained reason the stock was never delivered, and Mr. Blaine subsequently returned the amount. This transaction was a very peculiar one, for the following reasons:

It appears from Acts of Congress re- lating to the road, none of which are of older date than July 2, 1864, that the authorized stock was $100,000,000, with a land grant estimated by the commis- sioners of public lands at 47,000,000 acres, or 74,423 square miles. The line of the road was 2,000 miles long, and at the time of Blaine's letter to Fisher it was, he says, being built on bonds at $25,000 a mile, which would have made a bonded debt of $50,000,000. Mr. Blaine, as member of Congress and Speaker of the House, must be taken to have known about the circumstances of the road, and there therefore seems no escape from the conclusion that his offer was based on the expectation that he would receive almost as a gift a share in an enterprise dependent for its value on legislation in which he had taken part. Mr. Blaine's defence in the case of this transaction consisted at first of a denial that he had ever had any transaction with the road at all, but he afterward rested on the fact that he had no pecuni- ary interest in the transfer, and that it was never actually made; but though this might be a defence to a suit against him for a conspiracy to defraud purchas- ers of the stock, it does not affect in any way the nature of the offer. His rela- tions with Warren Fisher were in 1870, as appeared from the evidence, such that any favor done the latter, or gift present- ed to him, had a direct pecuniary value.

THE FOURTH CHARGE.

Fourth. Because he obtained certain letters, which there is every reason to believe contained matter gravely compro- mising him, from a perfectly reputable witness, Mr. Mulligan, who was the prop- er and lawful custodian of them, after having vainly tried appeals to his pity, by pledging his word of honor to restore them broke this pledge, retained them by force, and subsequently read such of them as he pleased to the House in aid of his vindication; that this conduct, if not legally criminal, was such as no man aspiring to be the Chief Magistrate of a great nation ought to be even suspected of.

THE FIFTH CHARGE.

Fifth. That both his short service as an executive officer of the government and the various efforts he has made du- ring the past eight years to keep the public in mind of him, have been sensa- tional and theatrical, indicating a strong love of notoriety and an absence of the settled convictions, the sober judgment and the steadiness of character which are needed to make him a safe occupant of any high or responsible administrative office; and that the means by which his "booms" are started and promoted—of which the manner in which his "history" has recently been heralded and produced is a good example—bear too close an approach to the advertising devices of a circus or other public show to make the candidacy of any person resorting to them anything but a humiliation for the party producing him.

A PACKER OF CONVENTIONS.

Lastly, it seems to us emphatically the duty of the Independent voters to repress in some signal way the rapidly growing practice of packing conventions under the personal superintendence of candidates for the Presidency. It is of comparatively recent date. It is only a few years since Mr. Tilden excited the horror of the Republican press by taking charge of his own canvass and starting a "literary bureau" to supply puffs of him- self to the newspapers. Since then it has grown apace, and it now excites no surprise to hear that any candidate is actively engaged in using all his powers of intrigue, chicanery and corruption to secure the election of delegates all over the Union, pledged either openly or secretly to act under his orders at the Convention, and, if casting votes for him will do no good, to cast them in such a way as to enable him to carry out any bargain or "deal" with any other candi- date which it may have pleased him to make. The Nominating Convention has already, through its size as well as for other reasons, lost nearly all semblance of a deliberative body, but it has not yet become wholly the product of "subsoiling" carried on by the various candidates themselves. In this art of packing Con- ventions Mr. Blaine is now the greatest master in the country. His success would make this art almost the only one which American statesmen would hereafter cul- tivate or would apparently need to culti- vate. It is high time, therefore, that he and his disciples were made to understand that it is not by such little games that the Presidency is to be won.—*From the Evening Post, April 7.*

Is the Moon Inhabited?

At the astronomical observatory of Berlin, says a translation from