Historical Society X

SEMI-WEEKLY MINER.

Published Every Wednesday and Saturday Mornings,

—BY THE—

Miner Publishing Company.

S. T. BROWN, ... Business Manager.

TERMS—BY MAIL:

One copy one month.....$ 50
One copy six months.....3 00
One copy twelve months.....5 00

Delivered by Carrier, 50 cents per month; payable to the Carrier each month.

Advertising rates will be furnished on application.

Semi-Weekly Miner.

THE DAILY MINER.

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MINER PUBLISHING CO.,

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TERMS—BY MAIL.

One Year (postage prepaid).....$12.00.
Six Months " " " .....7.00.
Three " " " .....4.00.

Delivered by the Carrier at 25 cents a week, payable at end of each week.

VOLUME 6. BUTTE, MONTANA: WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1882. WHOLE NO. 349.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 22.—The Senate took up the revenue bill, and without debate voted down the amendment offered by Beck, to retain the tax on perfumery, medical preparations, and other articles in schedule A, section 3,436, Revised Statutes. The vote was a party one, 26 to 29, Davis of Illinois voting no with the republicans.

Vance moved to retain the stamp tax on playing cards. Lost by a party vote, 28 to 29; Davis not voting.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—The Deuster bill to regulate the carrying of passengers by sea passed.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—House bill to provide an additional training school for Indian youth and ordering the use of unoccupied military barracks for such purpose, passed. House bill directing the payment to Mrs. Lucin A. Garfield of $50,000, less any sum already paid out on account of the late President's salary, passed. A resolution offered by Cockrell was adopted, calling for the expenditures in each State in '79 for public buildings, rivers and harbors, forts, arsenals and armories. The Secretary of the Interior was directed to report whether he advised the issue of certificates for double pensions for Ward B. Burnett and if so, his reasons for so doing, pending action on the subject by Congress.

Kasson, under instructions of the Committee on Ways and Means, called up the bill to allow a drawback on foreign materials used in connection with domestic materials used in the construction of steam and sail vessels for foreign account. Consideration was entered upon. Kasson maintained that it was in the interest of ship-builders.

Tucker moved to make the bill read "That section 2,660, Revised Statutes," be amended by adding at the end of the last line "Steam and sail vessels built for foreign or domestic account of domestic and imported materials, as provided in the preceding section." Haskell objected that when by a unanimous vote the Ways and Means Committee came in with a carefully prepared bill to relieve the industry of the country, the Democrats and free-traders killed it by loading it with amendments. On the vote the House appeared to have no quorum, many Republicans refusing to vote.

The bill finally went over.

A Slight Skirmish.

ALEXANDRIA, July 22.—To-day two hundred and fifty rifles under an aid-decamp of General Allison pushed beyond Milaha, six miles hence to blow up the railway. They met some of Arabi Pasha's cavalry and several shots were exchanged. The Egyptians fled after losing two dead and several wounded. The rifles having finished their work withdrew. The Khedive received advices that Arabi Pasha is well supplied with provisions and ammunition but his forces are not increasing.

Decisions by The Attorney General.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Attorney General Brewster decided in the case of Geo. W. Curtis and representative Hubbell, regarding political assessments, that congressmen are not United States officers and a gift from them for campaign purposes does not fall within the statutes. The Cabinet will consider the matter Tuesday. The Attorney General decides the Secretary of the Treasury cannot allow transportation companies to take sixty thousand Chinese through this country from Cuba to China.

Action of Western Boards of Trade.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—On receiving news of the favorable report on the Nicaragua canal bill the Board of Trade met and telegraphed all the Pacific Coast representatives at Washington and to Kasson of Iowa to have the bill taken up by the consent of the House if possible, and insure prompt action before adjournment. The Portland, Oregon, Board of Trade will also take some such action in the matter.

Europeans in Alexandria are Alarmed.

PORT SAID, July 22.—At a meeting of foreign consuls yesterday it was agreed to call on the Admirals and captains of the men of war in the harbor to ask what steps are to be taken for the security of Europeans on shore in the event of an outbreak. Fresh earthworks have been thrown up by the Egyptians at Ft. Guemiel, six miles from here. The Arabs at Ismail are murdering the copts. Every European has left Cairo.

Troops for Alexandria.

LONDON, July 22.—The troop ship Euphrates left Portsmouth to-day. She took seventeen hundred men. She received sealed orders. It is presumed her destination is Alexandria, not Malta.

Monitors to be Tested.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Orders are issued for the monitors, Mantauk and Nantucket, to get in readiness for sea service to test their sea-going qualities.

Moving on Arabi.

ALEXANDRIA, 9:40 A. M. July 22.—Major General Allison last evening set out with two regiments of infantry and a mounted squadron in the direction of Arabi Pasha's entrenchments. This movement will probably lead to an engagement.

All for Love.

COLLINSVILLE, Tex., July 22.—J. McLain and O. Fallon fought a duel for the hand of a young lady, being rivals. Fallon was shot dead. McLain was unhurt.

Miscellaneous.

LONDON, July 22.—In the Commons the stream bill passed to a third reading.

NEW YORK, July 22.—The dock hands and firemen on the Albany line of steamers demanded an increase of wages and were discharged.

LONDON, July 22.—In the commons Childers, secretary of war, stated that the money proposed by the vote of credit for the Egyptian expedition would be asked. He said he would also ask a supplementary vote for 10,000 men for the army.

ALEXANDRIA, July 22.—Reconnoissances are making to-day in the direction of Ramleh and Mfleh. Several dead have been found in Mamodieh canal.

Heart Disease Not so Fatal.

When an individual is reported to have died of disease of the heart we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented; and it is too much the habit, when persons fall down dead, to report the heart as the cause. This silences all inquiry and investigation, and saves the trouble of a post mortem. A true report would have a tendency to save many lives. It is through a report of the disease of the heart that many an opium eater is led off into the grave that covers at once his folly and his crime; the brandy-drinker, too, quietly slides around the corner thus, and it heard off no more; in short, this report of disease of the heart is the mantle of charity which the polite coroner and sympathetic physician throw around the graves of generous people. At a scientific Congress at Strasburg it was reported that thirty-six persons who had suddenly died, an immediate and faithful post mortem showed that only two persons had any heart affection whatever—one sudden death only in thirty-three from the heart. Nine out of sixty die of apoplexy—one out of every seven—while forty-six, more than two out of three, died of lung affection, half of them from congestion of the lungs, that is, the lungs were so full they could not work; there was not room enough for air to get in to support life. It is then, of practical interest to know some of the causes of congestion of the lungs—these are cold feet, tight shoes, light clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled through after having warmed up by hard labor or a long hasty walk.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Lightning as a Nail-Puller.

There has existed in Rochester for some time, without creeping into the public prints, foundation for a very singular story. As, however, it is, vouched for by the word of a highly respectable gentleman, it should not be classed as fiction. The story runs on thus wise: "Some ten days or two weeks ago, as a member of a gentleman's family, who reside on Monroe avenue, were sitting down to the tea-table a thunder storm arose. It wasn't much of a storm to all appearances, though, and the meal progressed in the ordinary fashion. By and by there was a clap of thunder which was rather louder than usual, accompanied by a flash of lightning. There was, however, no extraordinary display, and beyond a slight shock no special effects were felt. But a singular smell pervaded the house which was at first attributed to escaping gas. Search was made high and low for the hole in the pipes, but to no effect. Still the smell continued, and upon opening a closet door it appeared stronger than ever, and was accompanied by the perfume of burned leather. Closer inspection showed a pair of boots standing and shriveled up, from the heel of which all the nails had been drawn. "And if it wasn't the lightning pulled the nails out, what was it?" questioned our informant.

Fashion Notes.

A bunch of artificial radishes appears upon a new French bonnet of dark green straw, faced with rose pink.

The favorite full dress toilet with those that can afford it is the Spanish lace dress, black or cream color, the former having the majority.

The statement that the arrears bill had passed through the committee in Congress last night was an error. The committee yesterday disposed of all the original clauses of the bill, and a new technical clause was then added, and on motion of Gladstone progress was reported.

Mrs. Frederic Douglass is dangerously ill. She is at her home in Washington.

A Story of Russian Discipline.

One need not be surprised at anything that happens in Russia. The other evening while smoking a cigar with one of my old friends, who has seen, read and travelled a great deal, I was told of an incident that occurred some forty years ago at Novgorod, quite as monstrous as that which recently occurred at Smargon.

The colonel of a certain Russian regiment ferociously tyrannical, and I may say moreover, toward his soldiers, was in the habit of treating this human flock like a pack of brutes. He disciplined with the knout; sentenced men to whippings for having one button insufficiently polished; whipping a non-commissioned officer for having one stain on his cloak; visiting outposts of Bonaparte in the face for saluting too slowly; sending poor wretches to Siberia for giving too free an answer. In short, during the lapse of years this colonel had made himself so detested by his men that he reaped a frightful vengance from seeds of hatred he had sown.

One morning during the parade he suddenly saw file off from the regiment a company of soldiers bearing, instead of muskets, those long rods which cut deeply into the flesh at every blow.

Nevertheless, he had given no orders; there was no soldier to chastise.

"Who is that for?" he demanded.

A grenadier advanced from the ranks and replied with terrible calmness:

"For thee!"

The entire regiment, non commissioned officers and soldiers, were in the plot. The whole regiment was present at the terrible spectacle. The colonel was seized, his uniform torn off, and was tied down in a wheelbarrow and wheeled up and down before the ranks of the grenadiers armed with rods, all of whom struck and insulted him.

The officers who attempted to aid their colonel were immediately seized and bayonets pointed at their throats. Some were taken away; others garroted. Only one soldier attempted to take part with them. Then a sergeant, still pallid from the effects of his last whipping with the knout, put his musket to the soldier's temple and blew his brains out.

And all the regiment saw its colonel pass under the rods.

When it was all over they opened a kiln-oven. The colonel was flung into it, all bleeding, together with the officers who had obeyed him. And when the furnace was well fed, the soldiers heated it slowly, slowly—until at last that hideous, heavy and revolting smell of burning flesh arose in the air, which the savages of the Russian frontier inhaled some days ago at a Jewish cemetery at Smargon.

An imperial courtier bore to the Czar the news of the mutiny. Nicholas listened, became white, but said nothing except to order four batteries of artillery to Novgorod.

Ten days after a white-haired and gray-moustached major-general, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, knocked at the door of the barracks which the soldiers had never left since the murder of their chiefs.

The general gazed coldly upon these pale men; all neatly and faultlessly uniformed, who gave him the military salute.

Not one reproach—not one useless word. He only said to them:

"At 6 o'clock to-morrow morning the regiment will assemble in undress uniform and without arms at the Tartar camp, upon the Little Square. Order of the Czar."

Not one voice replied. But the next day upon the narrow square, all in ranks without arms, in their long gray coats, their sergeants at their usual posts, all the mutinous soldiers were there, in lines regular as if adjusted to a string, with a double line of lace-bearing Cossacks before and behind. Then all silence from every tar spire, all the great bells began to toll. The Cossack horsemen with drew. Only the unarmed infantry remained upon the square, with folded arms, waiting. Then there came a long low roll of drums, and with it from all the avenues leading into the square came volleys of grape like iron-hail.

Then nothing was heard awhile but the thunder of the cannon in that city, otherwise silent as a cemetery when men, women and children, kneeling before their holy images, were praying for the soldiers they were shooting down in the square. And during an interval in the cannonading a hymn rose up from the square, for the soldiers were doing their duty, their children upon their lips. The cannon thundered for hours. Then all was silent. Powder and iron rested awhile. The cannoneers entered the square and recoiled at the sight of those ranks of men mown down like wheat. From under the dead they pulled out a few still breathing victims, able to live awhile.

"What shall be done with them, General,—shall we put them in the hospital?"

—"Put them under the knout!"—*From Le Figaro.*

Rumor says that Anna Louise Cary and her husband, Mr. Raymond, were engaged for ten years.

Miscellaneous.

Set not too high a value on your own abilities.

People's intentions can only be decided by their actions.

Every man is the son of his own deeds.—*Spanish Proverb.*

When you meet a heart that is true don't be afraid to trust it.

He who waits to do a good deed of good at once will never do any.

If a dog has money he is called "Your lordship the dog."—*Kromnir.*

Education may not prevent crime, but it is a crime to prevent education.

The noblest and most useful lives are made up of small acts well done.

Plenty of time is given in life to do all that God intended we should do.

There are troubles enough in life without adding of your own manufacturing.

The whole of our lives depend upon the persons with whom we live familiarly.

Circumstances are the rules of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.

There are some wicked people who would be less dangerous if they had no good qualities.

Surmises are not facts. Suspicions which may be unjust need not be mentioned.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and the evening will find something done.

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us.

A good deal is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who sows kindness gathers love.

There is no sphere of life so narrow or confined that it does not afford opportunities for doing good to some one.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

If it is foolish to give advice too readily, it is also foolish to be too ready in seeking it. Advice should only be asked of those whose advice we value, and by whose judgment we are willing to be guided.

An aged Scotch lady, knowing the habits of her old and spoiled servant, when she wished a note taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying: "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in it; noo, dinna stop to open it, but send it off"

SUNDAY SERMONS.

They always talk who never think.—*Pope.*

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.—*Addison.*

Whatever's lost, it first was won.—*E. B. Browning.*

Censure is the tax a man pays for being eminent.—*Swift.*

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—*Sterne.*

To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into recklessness and despair.—*Froude.*

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—*Burke.*

Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Our children will be better, do more, love more and be in every way in advance of ourselves.—*Wm. M. Baker.*

Confidence is that feeling by which the mind embarks in great and honorable courses with a sure hope and trust in itself.—*Cicero.*

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.—*Byron Edwards*

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear bought experience.—*George Washington.*

It was Ruskin who said that "he only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."

"The first and last thing which is required of genius," said Goethe, "is the love of truth." "Truth," wrote John Milton, "is as impossible to be soiled by an outward touch as a sunbeam."

"Testimonies come to us from the past, and we look down from the summits of the Sierra Nevada, in which lie that precious particles, and intermixed with indefinite alloy, the debris of centuries.—*Bovee.*

Many Christians cannot fix the precise date of their conversion. The new life came to them as the dawn comes—darkness slowly giving place to steel gray, and the steel gray to silver, and the silver reddening into ruddy gold, and all so quietly and steadily that we could not fix the precise birth-moment of the day.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

Skobeleff is spoken of as the Phil Sheridan of the Russian army.

Ruskin recently watched a cricket match with artistic admiration.

A Dollar.

Many discussing the silver question, frequently contend that if the silver dollar was equal to a gold dollar in market value, that it would then circulate equally with gold, and perform the same work. The only reason that the silver dollar is less valuable, than a gold dollar, to-day, is because it is restricted in its use by legislation, and is deprived of its currency value by law. When the Government specifies that it will not receive the same money that it makes and pays out to the people, it at once makes a discrimination which creates a depreciation.

If the law says that gold will alone be received for interest to the Government, and imports due it, all other metals are debarred, and for that purpose rendered worthless. In such a case silver dollars, if they contained a pound of silver, would not avail.

The way to restore silver currency to its normal value, is to remove the restrictive legislation, which is the sole cause of its apparent loss of value.

The experiment with the trade dollar is sufficient proof of the falsity of the position held by many that the weight or commercial value of a silver dollar establishes and fixes its currency value. If it be true that the standard dollar is depreciated on account of its weight, why is not the trade dollar, which is heavier, more valuable as a circulating medium?

This one thing illustrates most forcibly the truth that the power of currency fixes its value. According to the theory advanced by some, the trade dollar possesses more of the very elements of value, so vehemently claimed to make the silver dollar valuable, but it is evident that its currency value has not been improved by its additional weight, and it is not more sought ofter by those who use the currency of the country. Remove the cause and you cure the disease. There was never any question about the difference between the currency value of gold and silver, and the depreciation of silver until restrictive legislation cut off a part of the value of silver currency, by limiting its sphere of usefulness. Let the Government say "this gold dollar and this silver dollar which I create, and give to the people as a dollar, I will receive again in payment of all dues. A dollar is a dollar" and let the people say "Amen."—*Mining Review.*

SIDE DISHES.

Gail Hamilton is at Hamilton, Mass., for the summer.

It has now been discovered that Billy Patterson was struck by lightning.

Mr. Stephens is called "Aleck of Georgia" by a Western paper. That he is a "smart Aleck" goes without saying.

The trapeze performer is a high-minded man in more ways than one. He is always above being in the ring.—*Boston Courier.*

A cousin of Eugenia, named Caro, who was in the diplomatic service under Napolean, has just died by the bursting of an aneurism.

All flesh is grass, and that's why so many men nowadays appear to have had their hair cut by a lawn-mower.—*Lowell Courier.*

There ought to be a great many red ears in the corn crop this season, it has been talked about so much.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

The current opinion seems to be that Don Cameron will cling to his Beaver with all the tenacity of an Irish laborer on St. Patrick's day.

Marietta Bey's library has been bought by the French government for $14,000. It is considered the best private library in existence on Egyptology.

Old lady (to druggist)—"Are you quite sure that is carbonate of soda—not arsenic?" Druggist—"Quite, ma'am; try it and judge for yourself."—*The Judge.*

A passer-by gives two cents to a beggar—"Thank you for your intention," said the beggar, "but I no longer accept cents. They did very well when I began to beg, but now—"—*Paris Wit.*

The rector (to Irish Plasterer)—"That mortar must have been very bad." Pat, (with a grin)—"Faix, ye can't expect the likes o' good Roman cement to stick to a Protestant church, sor!"—*London Punch.*

Mrs. Sims has got the whims
And nothing will improve her,
Until she sees the Tuileries
And waddles through the Louvre.
—*Cambridge Tribune.*

A crusty old fellow once asked, "What is the reason that griffins, dragoons and devils are the ladies' favorite subjects for embroidery designs?" "Ah, because they are continually thinking of their husbands," was the lady's quick retort.—*Quiz.*

"The sense of death is most in apprehension," says Shakespear's Isabel, but there are subsequent horrors on this side of the mysterious river which might well appal even so stout a heart as Garibaldi's. That hero is to be done into a novel by Zola.

BLACKMAILERS.

How a Despicable Class Cast Nets For the Guileless.

Doings of the Craft in the South.

Trading Upon Family and Disgraceful Secrets.

What a Knowing Detective Says.

New York Press.

"There is one thing that the uninitiated know very lit though they talk about it a great deal. and that is blackmail."

This sage remark was made to a reporter of the Chicago *News* by F. D. Raymony, a private detective, who has been making his headquarters indifferently in St. Louis and Chicago for years past.

"And what is there to know about it," queried the knight of the quill, "further than that everybody admits it is an industry given over entirely to the private detective."

"And to the newspaper man. Seriously, however, I have been figuring on this subject lately, and I tell you that I believe there is more than $50,000 changing hands in St. Louis every year, wherein the consideration is blackmail pure and simple. And I believe if you go into any gathering of ladies and gentlemen such as your Veiled Prophets' balls, or your grand entertainments of the Merchants' Exchange, I could pick you out dozens, aye scores, of pretty women and gallant men at whose throat the grip of the shadowy tax gatherer is present always. There is no case I go into with so much earnestness as these blackmailing ones. It does me more genuine pleasure to down one of these people who make their living by trading on their knowledge of other people's secrets, than any other part of my work."

"And do you get much for it?"

"A great deal. I have just closed up a case this morning that was of that class. A lady living in a nice house on Glasgow avenue sent for me a couple of weeks since in great distress. Put briefly, her story was this: About a year ago, her husband being out of the city, she was out riding rather late with a gentleman to whom she had been engaged before her present marriage. The couple had a tolerably gay time, never thinking that Nemesis, in the person of the hackdriver was on the trail. A few days after this ill-starred ride the lady received a badly-spelled note from the driver announcing that now her husband had returned it would take $50 to keep him from giving her little adventure away. The fifty was forthcoming. The demand was made again and again, each time successfully. Two weeks since the Jehu, inspired by his previous success, demanded $250. The lady's friend was absent, and she could not get the money from her husband. In despair she sent for me. In a short time I had Mr. Hackdriver in a fi which he was glad to leave town to get out of. Those hack drivers are, or at least a part of them are, the worst blackmailers in the business. They are exceedingly shrewd in knowing just when a lady is going where she has no business to go, and as soon as they ascertain that she has enough character to be able to lose any, they close in on her for money. The lady's course should be to go at once to the police, but few women know that. They imagine that one payment will end the matter, little guessing that they are fastening a leech to themselves who will bled them unmercifully for every obtainable cent."

"But the hack drivers do not do all the blackmailing?"

"No; I will admit that the private detectives have the business almost entirely in their own hands, but you see the private detective in four cases out of five is anything but an upright, honest man. There is something in the calling itself which familiarizes one with the seamy side of life, and unconsciously many men are led away who would not steal, perhaps, but who certainly do not hesitate to exact money from victims as the price of keeping back disgraceful secrets. There are few people who have not some shady part of their lives which they do not want the world to know anything about. The proportion of people having shameful secrets is greater than you or anyone but a detective would believe In the course of our business, these secrets are confided to us, are learned by us, are guessed by us every day. Every one of these secrets is worth its weight in gold, and how is an unprincipled man to be prevented from using it? Rich men and women are delivered over to him, bound hand and foot, for him to do as he pleases with. They are his slaves. African slavery was not as heartless or as brutal. They are his to plunder utterly. I know of a case which happened a year since in which a private detective caused the suicide of a prominent St. Louis citizen by his unceasing and ruinous exactions. You recollect the case as well as I do—the gentleman had two families and the detective found it out and 'worked' him. At last the burden was more than he could bear, and he laid it down and died. I have been told upon excellent authority that the same detective who is a very shrewd fellow, got $25,000 from young Phil Krieger before the Broadway Bank closed its doors. He had discovered the dealing between Goldsoll and Krieger.

I was told only this morning that another private detective had been working Oby E. Owin, the Third National thief. He did not grasp the magnitude of the secret, however, and had only demanded hundreds when he might just as easily have had thousands. When the matter came out in the papers, and he saw that Owen had got away with more than $150,000, an intimate friend of this detective told me that he actually cried with vexation at the opportunity he had lost, saying that he had only got $700 where he might have made him 'come down' for $10,000. There is a private detective entirely within the gambling ring, having got there entirely against the wishes of the gamblers or their official friends, and in spite of them, He knew too much, however, and there he is. He was a private detective who discovered Kring's father, and only let the State know of his whereabouts and mental condition when the murderer of Dora Broemser declined to bleed in order to have the information suppressed.

Again, a private detective knew of Bechtolsheim's trouble nearly a year before the balance of the world, and made a good thing of it, too. And the same man knew just where Bechtolsheim was hiding and finally gave the police the clew which ended in the Austrian Baron's arrest. More than this, there was a private detective here who knew who killed the man who was shot on Pine, near Fourth, so mysteriously some years since, and has built a house on his information. There is another man here who knows enough to send a leading light of the merchants' Exchange to the penitentiary over the dead baby which was found up near Watkins's North Park Place Hotel some months ago, and is making a great deal of money by keeping his mouth shut. And so it goes on. I tell you this town is honeycombed with blackmail. I could count you ten men in the last two years who have been absolutely ruined by trying to pour enough money into the pockets of these blackmailers to shut their mouths. They got on the wrong side of the market and failed. Bosh! They got on the wrong side of a blackmailer and was stripped—that's all."

JOHN BRIGHT'S FRIEND.

A Woman Whose Poverty was the Background of Her Genius.

I am not a critic, and I never was a writer, Some people say that critics are writers who have failed to write. [Laughter.] And being not very kindly disposed towards those who have succeeded, they become rather spiteful in their criticisms. Well, I am not a critic, but still I have an opinion of books that I read, and I read one not very lately—at least a large portion of it—to which I should like to refer. It is a book containing the memoirs, and poems and composition of, to my mind, the most remarkable old lady that I ever heard of, one Janet Hamilton, who lived, I think, in the town of Coatbridge, in Scotland—in Lanarkshire, if I am not mistaken. Now, I should like to tell you what can be done by a person to whom God has given a great love of books. Janet Hamilton was the daughter of a shoemaker who employed one journeyman, and as might be reasonably supposed, she became afterwards the wife of the journeyman [laughter], and at a very early age, too—earlier than I should recommend in similar cases. However, during her life, she had a family of ten children, most of whom, I believe, grew up to manhood and womanhood. But she never went to school, and her mother, who was the shoemaker's wife, taught her to read. She did not learn to write until she was 50, and she became blind at 60, and she lived, I think, to be about 75 or 76. So far for the points of her life. Now, she never saw a mountain, she never saw any river but the river Clyde, and she never was twenty miles away from her own humble dwelling. She read in her childhood, at 5, or 6, or 7 years of age, Bible stories that her mother procured for her, at 8 years of age she found by accident on a weaver's loom in her neighborhood two volumes. One was "Paradise Lost," and the other was Allan Ramsey's poems. Now, she read with an extraordinary eagerness, and did not forget what she read, as some of us are much too apt to do. She read through all the village library, the history, the biography, the travels. When she got to Shakespeare, Shakespeare was like a revelation to her [cheers], and she had no words with which to express her admiration of his writings. She said in those days it was not considered a very good thing for serious people to read Shakespeare [laughter], and there was a hole in the wall in her house near the chair on which she nursed her children, and where she worked at home some kind of tambor work, and when people come in she put Shakespeare in the hole in the wall, so that it might not be seen, and her conduct might not be criticised. [Laughter.] Well, she said that in her childhood her mother had read her every morning, after she could read, a chapter in the Bible, which was done without intermission until she left her home and had a home of her own. She said that her love of books was her ruling passion, and notwithstanding that, so far as she knew, nothing was neglected. But she suffered ultimately from sitting up to read until two o'clock in the morning, for she believed that it had the effect of very much injuring and at last depriving her of her eyesight. Somebody asked her how it was that never having been to school she wrote so accurately—not only poems—for she wrote for one of Cassel's publications when she was 54 years of age, although she only learned to write at 50, and it is almost impossible now to read her writing, the letters are so curiously formed; but she was asked how she came to write so grammatically, having never been to school, and she said: "You might as well ask me why the laverock—that is, the lark—can sing." She said God had given her, not as Sir David Dundas said, "a great love of books," but a natural tact or gift of grammar. [Laughter.] This old lady has written poetry, some of which—if there was time I would quote one or two of them—but certainly there are one or two of them that, if placed among the poems of Burns in a volume of his, no one would for a moment doubt were the productions of that the greatest of Scotch poets. That, I think, is an amusing story. I confess it has surprised me beyond anything I have ever read for a long time, and I doubt if we have on record the particulars of a more remarkable person than my old friend Janet Hamilton.—*From a Speech by John Bright.*

A new and pretty material for summer dresses is a crinkly, silky crepe, called diamontine, which for evening wear is made up over surah and trimmed with Spanish lace.

A ROMANCE OF 1812.

A Reminiscence of a Brilliant Naval Exploit.

Secretary Freilinghuysen advertised in the daily papers to notify the heirs, executors, administrators, agents and assignees of the captain, officers, owners and crew of the privateer General Armstrong, destroyed by the English at Fayal, in September, 1814, to transmit to him, in writing, a statement of the amount and nature of their claims before the 13th day of the present month. This is probably the last official mention that will be made of one of the most brilliant and romantic naval exploits in the world's history. The defense which Captain Samuel C. Reid with seven men and ninety guns made when attacked in neutral waters by a British squadron carrying 113 guns and 2,000 men, is the Thermophole of naval annals. The Yankee sailors after beating off successive attacks by boats, launches, ships of the line and boarding parties for a night and a day, during which time they destroyed more than three times their own number, turned a gun down their hatchway, scuttled their brig and retired to an old convent, to which the enemy did not see fit to follow them. This exploit delayed the arrival of Cochrane's fleet at New Orleans, until Gen. Jackson had reached and fortified that city, and according to his testimony ended the war of 1812. The brig General Armstrong has been hardly less famous in diplomacy than in war. The United States, England and Portugal were for many years involved in a tangle growing out of a claim for indemnity, in the course of which Louis Napolean, as Emperor of the French, acted as a referee. Mr. Lowell has succeeded in obtaining from the British Government important documents bearing on this claim, and Senator Pendleton instituted the legislative action that has at last resulted in the award of $70,740 to the participants in that action after a delay of 67 years. Captain Reid received from the legislature of this State, at the hands of Governor Tompkins, an elegant gold mounted sword, and from the common council of this city a silver service in commemoration of this event, of which William Cobbett wrote: "It is the essence of heroism; it drives one wild with admiration."—*Norfolk Telegram.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter is spending the summer at the Isle of Shoals.

Mrs. Garfield keeps from her young children all newspaper mention of themselves. She wants them to be like other children.

Mrs. M. F. S. Hopkins, widow of the late millionaire Hopkins, of San Francisco, is to receive three-eighths of the immense estate.

Brigham Young's first wife died a few days ago, aged seventy-nine years. She was married in 1834 and was the mother of six children.

Dr. Howard Crosby caused some displeasure at the Wellesley commencement by saying that the woman's rights movement was not important.

Mrs. M. Adele Hazlett, of Hudson, the well known lawyer and stump speaker, has begun proceedings, for a divorce from her husband, Mark Hazlett.