

ON "THE OTHER SIDE."

Oh heart, my heart, how strange to yearn no more. With weepings bitter for the long-lost peace; How strange to find thyself at Heaven's door Where tears forever cease.

In the fair country where sin enters not, And where all with everlasting rest, Think you, my soul, your sins shall be forgot, And ye be blest!

No more, no more, to hunger there for love, No more to thirst for blessings long desired. "Thy face is foul with weeping," but above Thou shalt be satisfied!

What shall it be to find all fair within, Pure as the angles in the highest Heaven; To feel no more temptations, and no sin That needs to be forgotten?

No more repining—no more vain regret; No longing to lie down and fall asleep; Oh heart, my heart, how strange when ye forget The way to weep!

He Was Rich.

From a New York Letter. A few weeks since a pleasure yacht was capsized in New York harbor and five of the persons on board were drowned. Mr. Garner, the owner of the yacht, and his wife being among the number. This accident was in itself no more appalling than hundreds of others which are duly chronicled in the press from week to week, still within a few hours after its occurrence our city papers were filled with staring headlines, such as "Heart-rending Calamity—Terrible Accident in New York Harbor," etc., etc., followed by a brief account of how it occurred and a long eulogistic personal history of Mr. Garner, ending by informing the public that he was rich.

The illustrated papers posted off their artists to obtain portraits of the gentleman named and his wife, which duly appeared in their columns, they not forgetting to inform their readers that the deceased were rich. Even the very waters which rolled over the sunken yacht and its precious burden, and the dozens of small craft filled with idlers listlessly hovering about, were duly sketched for the delectation of the people. For a week or more following the disaster, columns after columns of our daily papers were filled with accounts of it, not the smallest scrap pertaining to Mr. Garner's wealth being omitted.

In the search for the good deeds of the deceased it was discovered that he paid the men who catered to his personal comforts and pleasures "liberally"—a glorious thing to do, and, judging from the comments of the daily press of this city, one might suppose it was the first instance on record of a man spending money freely to gratify his own personal pleasure. But in addition to the hundreds of columns filled with eulogium of this rich sportsman and the manner in which he met his death, nearly every church in New York and Brooklyn bowed to Mammon, and their pastors feelingly referred to his loss—and all because he was rich.

Scarcely a day passes in which some worthy person does not meet death in fully as tragic a manner as did Mr. Garner, but a line—a paragraph at most—is all that the press bestows to their memory or good deeds in life, unless they happen to be wealthy; if so, the eulogium is drawn out to correspond with the length of the purse of the deceased!

Of course we have nothing to say in regard to the virtues of those who lost their lives in the ill-fated yacht, never having heard of them before their death, and naught we know they may have been the very "salt of the earth," but neither vices nor virtues were named in the vivid accounts given of the catastrophe in the press of our city, but the burden of it was, bonds, stocks, landed property and great wealth—all of which seemed to stimulate the facile pens chronicling the sad event. Neither would we undervalue wealth or the talents a man must possess to accumulate and keep a store of this world's goods, in order to provide for his own wants and those depending on him for support; but this long-continued laudation and bowing down to Mammon, as in the case under consideration, is, to say the least, disgusting, and unbecoming a people who claim to appreciate and extol personal integrity and individual worth above gold.

What a lesson to our young men and women. Does it not seem to them, as plain as words and actions can say, seek and obtain wealth above all things else! Get money, and your name and fame shall be heralded throughout the length and breadth of the land, and when death comes you will be remembered in prayers offered up from a thousand pulpits.

Is it any wonder, under such a condition of society, that men become corrupt and women stoop to intrigue and infamy to obtain that which possesses the power to silence calumny and open gates of praise!

A Sad End in a Massachusetts Poor-House.

The Boston Herald of Thursday tells the following sad story: "At the Medway Poor Farm, on Monday, died a man who merits more than passing notice—Hon. Warren Lovering, familiarly known as the 'Old Squire,' a man of power in political circles twenty years ago, a State Senator and a member of Gov. Briggs' Council, and the man who gave the late Henry Wilson his first upward push in political life. Two years after Wilson became Vice President his old-time patron went to the town poor farm for a home. At his father's death the Squire came into the possession of a large estate, consisting principally of several large farms in Medway; indeed it was hard to determine where his boundary line ended, so extensive was his domain, embracing nearly all of the lower portion of the village of Medway. At about the age of fifty he married a young wife, the daughter of a political associate and ex-Lieutenant Governor. Incompatibility of temperament soon began to have its effect. The young wife was fond of company and display, while the Squire grew morose in disposition and penurious in practice. The breach continued to widen, and the resources became crippled. Farm after farm was mortgaged and never redeemed, and soon his whole estate was sunk in debt. A separation was finally agreed upon, and the old Squire shut himself up to live alone. So soured had his disposition become that his clients left him one by one, and soon his practice was gone.

One by one the mortgages on his property were foreclosed; he would pay neither debt nor interest, and the best of his farms were sold under the hammer. The remainder were left tenantless, and went to ruin and decay. Finally illness set in, and an attempt was made to settle up his affairs. His wife was appealed to by the authorities, and she agreed to look after him for the remainder of his days, if the remnant of his property, a dwelling in the village, was put into her hands. This was agreed to, and she took him to her own home in Holliston. But the peace did not last long, and it was decided to send him to the poor farm, as he needed care and treatment, the town taking charge of the house in question, and applying the rent toward paying for his support. Here he remained about a year, and on Monday morning last he breathed his last, with no kind or loving relative near to smooth his dying pillow. He died a hard death, struggling with the destroying angel from 4 p. m. Sunday to 7 a. m. Monday. He was almost eighty years old. Charles River Lodge, F. and A. M., of which he was a member, took charge of his obsequies, which occurred in the Congregational Church at 10 a. m. yesterday. The coffin was of rosewood, and elegantly ornamented. In the absence of Rev. R. K. Harlow, Pastor of the Church, Rev. E. O. Jameson, of East Medway, officiated. In his address he alluded briefly to the public career of the deceased, stating that he was a graduate of Brown University and of high literary ability; a power in public affairs, and a man whom the town and State were glad to honor. The only mourners present were the wife and nieces of the deceased, the town fathers, and members of the legal profession. The only brother of the deceased, Judge Lovering, residing in a distant State, was unable to be present owing to weight of years. At the cemetery the usual Masonic honors were tendered to his memory."

The Last Scene in the Servian Tragedy. A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writes from Belgrade: This Servian play, with its murky atmosphere of gunpowder, its lurid flashes of fire and grim glitterings of steel, its deafening noise, its hurry and confusion—above all, its final display of corpses, disposed in grisly heaps amongst frowning rocks, and bearing silent witness to a ferocity content with nothing short of extermination—has recurred often and very vividly to my mind during the last two or three days, while I have been reading the latest accounts of the conflicts recently waged upon Servian soil. The crowning catastrophe during the war threatens to resemble with awful fidelity that of the drama in question. As the Servians have sown so are they reaping. Themselves blood-thirsty and merciless, they have challenged a no less sanguinary and pitiless foe, superior to them in numbers, courage, discipline and endurance. The Osmanli does not do the atrocious work of war in a half-hearted way; when his blood is stirred and his passions inflamed, he "kills, burns, and destroys," nor can he be restrained from so doing by anything short of death or disablement. The most obedient and even placable of men when his pulse beats temperately, fanaticism and the excitement of battle—sounds convert him into a furious monomaniac, whose one idea is "Destroy." I have seen him at this sort of work; once in it, he is well nigh as dangerous to friend as to foe. And he is in it now, up to the hilts.

Were the war miraculously put a stop to to-day, Servia, though she merits a severe lesson for her treachery and lawless ambitions, would be found to have already suffered a punishment more than adequate to the degree of her turpitude. Devastation, annihilation, as far as such an achievement may be physically possible, bear ghastly witness to the passage of the Turkish troops, as they press irresistibly forward to the heart of the principality. What horrible tidings are these that reach us daily! Where are

the glorious vineyards of Negotin—of a whole district as large as Shropshire, and as well-to-do as the Gironde? They are turned to ashes. The fine yellow wine of Negotin, famous throughout eastern Europe, is dried up at its source, and with it the prosperity, the very existence of the most thriving and contented population in the principality—Kuiazevitz burnt to the ground—Saitchar pillaged—Gladovo a heap of ruins; the peasantry flying in thousands from their homes in all the frontier lands, and gradually converging upon Belgrade, with the avenger behind them; deadly fevers breaking out all around the scorched battle-fields, upon which the dead lie putrefying in as yet uncounted numbers; national bankruptcy, panic, foreshadowings of starvation—these are the themes of the letters that reach us, batch after batch, from a country only three days' journey from the German capital! The unfortunate prince, at length emancipated from the illusions which have hitherto fettered and weighed down his naturally diffident and unambitious disposition, and agitated at the conviction that he has been made the cat's paw of utterly unscrupulous men, is at his wits' end to discover some not altogether ruinous and dishonoring means of escape from the terrible embroglio into which he has allowed himself to be thrust; his unprincipled councillors are smuggling their valuables across the Danube into places of safety, and his people are plunged into the deepest depths of black despair. At such a moment the irony of fate bestows upon him an heir! No more distressing spectacle has been seen since the Polish insurrection of 1803 than the present state of vanquished Servia.

His Grounds for Divorce. A Raleigh lawyer (says the Sentinel) was interviewed yesterday by an agriculturalist living a score of miles from the city, who said he wanted to secure a divorce from his wife.

"You don't live happily with her, eh?" inquired the attorney.

"No; we don't seem to hitch wuth a cent," was the quiet reply.

"Does she sculp and fret, and make your home a hell upon earth, so to speak?" continued the lawyer.

"That's her, exactly."

"And you are prepared to prove that you have a peaceful disposition, and that you have done everything you could to make home pleasant?"

"You bet I am! Anybody as knows me will swear that I wouldn't hurt a flea, and that I move around home like an angel."

"Well, I guess we can make out a case," said the lawyer, as he took up his pen and began to dot down the points. After a moment he inquired: "Do you think that your wife will contest the case? Has she any defense?"

"Waal, now, I never thought of that," slowly replied the farmer. "I didn't know as she had anything to say about it."

"She may have. Has she any grounds for complaint against you?"

"I don't know much about law," answered the client in a hesitating way. "I know I've got a hankering after her sister Marier, and her sister Marier has a hankering after me, but whether there is good grounds for complaint I don't know!"

The lawyer hasn't filed a bill yet.

Badly Cheated. Mr. — of a certain town in Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of an entire navy. He once bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entering in great excitement, bearing the cake of tallow, exclaiming vehemently:

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow! It is hollow, and there ain't near so much as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly," replied the merchant. "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. You paid ten cents a pound. Now, Mr. —, how much do you suppose the hole will weigh!"

The Reason. A gentleman who held a responsible position under the government at Washington, concluded to change his lodgings. He sent one of the waiters at the hotel where he had selected his apartments after his baggage. Meeting the waiter an hour or two afterward, he said:

"Well, John, did you bring my baggage over?"

"No, sah," blandly responded the sable gentleman.

"Why, what was the reason?"

Nijni-Novgorod.

From the London Times. The great Russian fair, which sixty years since was transferred to Nijni-Novgorod from its ancient locality in the meadows near the monastery of Macarieva, opens on the 25th of June (old style), and comes to a close early in September. Mr. Doria, Secretary of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, reports that it is calculated that 1,000,000 persons visited the fair last year, and about 150,000 of them were resident at a time, for a longer or shorter period, during the fair. The value of the merchandise actually sold at the fair has risen from 49,000,000 roubles in 1847 to 105,000,000 in 1874. In the last-named year upwards of 6,000 shops were let. The site, at the confluence of the rivers Oka and Volga is unrivalled in the whole Empire for water communication. Between the immense market-halls and the moats which surrounds them is the celebrated subterranean gallery, washed by the waters from Lake Mestcherski, which, rushing with great impetus into the gallery, cleanses it thoroughly, carrying away all rubbish into the River Okah, whose level is six yards lower than that of the lake. The wholesale trade in iron, in different forms, amounted at the fair in 1875 to 5,557,800 poods of 36 pounds each, sold for 15,955,000 roubles, equal, at 33d., to £2,193,812. Tea of the value of upwards of 10,000,000 roubles was also sold. Along the banks of the lake enormous pyramids of chests of tea are heaped upon the ground, covered only with matting made from the inner bark of the birch tree. These chests of tea, called "tsibiki," are so packed as to be impervious to rain or damp. Outside the ordinary wooden chest is a covering of wicker-work or cane of bamboo round which, at Kiakhta, raw bull-hides are tightly stretched, with the hair inwards. These chests arrive at Nijni from China, having been received in barter, at Kiakhta or Maimatchin, on the Chinese border of Russia, for Russian manufactures of cotton or wool; the transport then being on the backs of camels to Orenburg, and then in rude carts to the Rivers Kamma and Volga. It is these "tsibiki" which contain that peculiar Kiakhta, Balkhoff tea, whose taste and aroma are unequalled by any other kind of tea imported into Europe from China. But Kiakhta tea now encounters a formidable rival in the tea imported through the Suez Canal and Odessa, as well as from England, and which bears the name of Canton tea. Large sales are made of corn and of leather at the fair, of fruits from Persia, of madder and wine from the Caucasus, and of cotton and skins from Bokhara.

Georgia papers report the prevalence of yellow fever in Savannah in an epidemic form. Hundreds of residents of that city are pouring into the upper towns of the State by every train. The Atlanta constitution of Sept. 1st, says: From the most reliable sources at our command we gather that the disease first made its appearance, some days ago, in the low sailors' boarding houses in the river quarters of the city. This fact would argue that it came thither from some foreign port, most probable brought by a vessel touching at a Cuban port. There were several deaths before it came to be admitted that the disease was really of the yellow type, but the symptoms became pronounced and could no longer be mistaken. In one case we are told that the black vomit was fully discovered. The disease began to spread and take in other portions of the city, and the physicians began to prepare for a hard and tough fight with the terrible foe. As yet it would seem that the disease has confined itself in the main to that class subject to its ravages, being those people who have the least regard to temperance and cleanliness. If reports from all intelligent and sincere sources can be relied upon, the fearful fever is gaining a prevalence among this mass which will baffle all the skill of the medical profession for some time to come. Numbers are being prostrated daily but thus far the malignant form of the disease is rare.

Polly's Revenge. Mrs. B.'s parrot was very fond of crackers and milk, and so was Tom, her cat, who would watch her chance to rob poor Polly's tin cup, running his long fore paw through the bars of the cage and taking out piece by piece until the dish was empty. One unlucky day Tom sat by the side of the cage, Polly, as usually, scratching his head and whispering in an unknown language, when, as sudden as a flash of lightning, he grabbed the cat's tail in his bill and bit off nearly an inch as smoothly as if it had been done with a knife. Then such roars of triumph, laughter, and fun; he did not stop screaming for an hour. Tom stole no more.

A gentleman caught a negro carrying off some of his fancy poultry the other night. "What are you doing with my chickens?" he yelled. "I was gwine fer to fetch em back boss. Dere's a nigger 'roun' here what's been 'sputin' longer me 'bout dem chickens. I sed day wuz Coackin' Chyniz an' he sed dey wuz Alabamam pullets, an' I wuz jey taken 'em fer ter 'stablish my nollege. Dey don't lay no aigs, does dey, boss? Ef dey does, I'm mighty much 'shamed er hustling ov 'em 'roun'. Aigs is scase."

Thousands of base deceivers are hung every night—on the backs of chairs.

Ancient and Modern Novels.

From the London Saturday Review. There is an element in the prose fiction of the last century which places it in strong contrast with the novel of the present time. We are now inclined to regard the novelist as before all things an artist. His work is judged by the laws proper to imaginative literature, and success or failure is reckoned by reference to a standard which would have been scarcely understood by the writers or by the public of an earlier time. On one point in particular modern critics are wont to be unfavourably severe. The novelist is not permitted to be a teacher of morals. Pardon may be granted for other faults of style or knowledge, but the fault of attempted instruction is deemed unpardonable, and the writer who now undertakes to deliver sage counsel on the rewards of virtue or the perils of vice is at once and confidently judged to be ignorant of the first principles of his craft.

This modern view of the requirements of fiction is curiously opposed to the practice of the writers of the last century. There, at least, we find no doubt in the mind of the author as to the propriety of instructing his readers. The novel was understood to be the vehicle for discursive comment upon manners and morals, and the element in fiction now held to be supreme, occupied in then only a subordinate place. The gift of characterization, since discovered to be the one enduring element in those cumbersome works of fiction, was held at the time to be subject to the power of the essayist; the individual personages of the history slowly emerged from a world of wise and witty comment offered independently by the author; and when we strive to reach the motive of one of these earlier novels, it is impossible not to feel that by the novelist himself the facts of the story were regarded mainly as useful machinery by the aid of which he might deliver himself of a store of pregnant criticisms upon men and manners.

The fortune and fate of the hero formed no doubt an object of interest to him; and we may note everywhere in the literature of the eighteenth century the signs of a new pleasure in being able to describe and imitate the minutest facts of real life and to transfer them into the mimic world of fiction; but all this side of his labor was evidently deemed of less dignity and consideration than the functions of a moral instructor.

Out of the many instances of individual bravery which must have signalized the struggle for independence, few have been preserved; but one, that has been, lights up the melancholy darkness of the scene with a peculiar brightness. At the battle of Bunker Hill, John Callender, a captain of artillery, had withdrawn from the battle, and had disobeyed Putnam's orders to return. The battle over, Putnam declared that if Callender was not cashiered or shot, he would himself leave the service. The court-martial convicted him of cowardice, and dismissed him "from all further service in the Continental army as an officer." Coward or not, he was brave enough to step down into the ranks of the company he had commanded. The 27th of August found him on the heights overlooking Flatbush. His captain and lieutenant had fallen, and his companions were beginning to retreat. Springing in front of them, he ordered them to return and man their pieces. For a time his courage nourished theirs; but at length he stood alone, charging a field piece, while his comrades were swept away by a tremendous onset of the enemy. Court-martial death, he made no signal of surrender when the hostile bayonets were at his breast; but a brave officer interfered in his behalf, and he was made a prisoner. Washington, hearing of his conduct, ordered the sentence against him to be erased, and his command to be restored to him; and when, a year later, he was exchanged, he gave him his hand before the army in token of his great respect and admiration. He left the service at the end of the war with an enviable reputation.

Fighting for the Flag. Perhaps one of the bitterest regrets the officers and men of the Seventh Cavalry will have for the unfortunate battle of the Little Big Horn, will be the loss of their standards. General Custer carried with him into action that occasion, not only his own division flag, but the regimental standard, both of which were captured by the Indians. In addition to the division and regimental flags, Custer lost five guidons carried by the five companies that were with him. Colonel Reno on his field lost three of the seven guidons carried into battle. Of the fighting around Custer's flags, nothing is known, but the battle on Reno's side raged hardest whenever the smaller tailed flags appeared. Again and again the color-sergeants were shot down, and their places immediately filled by others. About one flag three men were killed and wounded, but it was at last borne off the field in safety. Lieutenant De Rudio, seeing a troop-flag fall, dismounted and picked it up, and carried it away through volleys from the Indian line; but he afterwards lost it in the timber, where it became entangled in the branches of a tree, and before he could loosen it the Indians charged and captured it. For this battle of the Little Big Horn, the Indians have no less than ten of our battle-flags to show as

an evidence of their bravery and prowess.

Exciting Scenes Among De Witt Talmage's Disciples. When De Witt Talmage proved his own superior virtue by rushing into the temptations of watering-places at Martha's Vineyard, he left his elegant mansion on the corner of Oxford street and DeKalb avenue in Brooklyn, in charge of a couple of his church people, Elder Cobb and his wife, to look after the house and furniture. It is a large house, and the Elder grew weary of it, so they invited another couple to share the spoils of the mansion with them. The second couple did not stay long, and another couple were invited, by Dr. Talmage's consent. The last-named pair consisted of a young lawyer named Squires and his wife. For a few days matters moved along satisfactorily. Then there was a difficulty about the food, then the ladies could not agree, and as a result separate tables were maintained. The divided house could not go on in this way, and the next scene was a wordy controversy between Mrs. Squires, Mr. and Mrs. Cobb. The women were especially violent, but the day ended without anybody being hurt. At length Elder Cobb wrote a letter to Mr. Squires in which he reflected upon Mrs. Squires, and requested them to leave the house. Squires asked an explanation and Cobb proceeded to give it. They were adjusting their difficulties rapidly when Mrs. Cobb put in an appearance and opened the wounds afresh. One word led to another, and finally a blow was given and returned, and a regular fist-fight ensued. The women screamed, the boys in the neighborhood yelled, and still the punching continued until a policeman interfered and prevented further hostilities. Squires and his wife left the house, and now the conduct of Elder Cobb and Eldress Cobb will be investigated by the church session.

A. T. Stewart & Co., in Chicago. From the Philadelphia Times. The establishment of a branch house of A. T. Stewart & Co. in Chicago, marks what will prove to be the first step in the decentralization of business in this country. Hitherto New York has been the metropolis; the largest importers and jobbers have had their houses here, and all other cities have been more or less dependent on the metropolis. This new store, filled with a stock of goods worth \$2,000,000 and managed by Mr. William Libby, the real head of the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., is a notice to western merchants that they will gain nothing by going further east than Chicago. That city will become the distributing centre of the great west, selling its goods to every State between the Rocky mountains and the Ohio. Chicago is already a great distributing point. The firms of John V. Farwell & Co., and Field Leiter, & Co., each do a business amounting to a quarter of a million a day, and there are others second only to these; but the establishment of such a house as Stewart's is, so to speak, "sticking in a pin" and marking a centre. Mr. Libby is sure to be followed by H. B. Claflin & Co., and others. William E. Burlock & Co., the largest shirt manufacturers in the country, with a factory at Bridgeport Conn., are the first to follow, having telegraphed at once to a Chicago attorney to lease a store for them near Stewart's. Will anyone be so rash as to predict that another generation will not see the New York store the branch, and the Chicago the headquarters?

Profitable Humbug. A. J. Jennings writes from London to The New York World: "I can tell you of a New Yorker who is likely to make a good thing of it over here, although he only arrived a few weeks ago. It is Mr. Slade, a medium—better known, I believe, as Dr. Slade. He has taken a house in Bedford row, and I understand that his day is pretty well taken up with visitors. He charges \$1 is. each visitor. I never had the honor of consulting this medium myself, but I was taken yesterday to some one who saw him last Sunday, and he gives a wonderful account of his revelations, or performances, or whatever may be the proper name for them. Some very eminent persons have already been among Mr. Slade's visitors—you would be surprised if I told you the names of some of them. I should like to have all in the excess £5,000 a year which Slade will make—at least for the first two years—after he gets well established here. Spiritualism has been making rather rapid strides of late."

A Knowing Dog. There is a knowing dog, who lives on the West side. A day or two ago, his master feeling too ill to go out, sent a negro boy to buy some meat for the dog. Being unable to obtain the meat at the nearest market, the boy undertook to go to another, but the dog refused to let him come out of the first one without the meat. At length the boy showed him the money which he still retained, and the dog permitted him to go, but instead of running ahead of him as at first, kept by his side, giving an occasional growl as an indication that he was not to be trifled with, and evidently under the impression that his funds were in danger of being embezzled.

Very long polonaises are becoming to large figures, which should avoid everything short in the way of tunics overshirts, &c.