

Daily Eagle

DUELING IN EUROPE.

Trial and Sentence of a Successful French Combatant—Dueling in Germany.

The trial of M. Belz, alias Villas, in the criminal court of Aix goes to show that dueling, as it exists in France, is something far more serious than it is generally believed to be in this country.

SOME OHIO CRIMINALS.

Result of a Visit to the Penitentiary at Columbus.

Ohio is justly celebrated for the excellence of its state institutions and the humanity and efficiency of their management.



MARY GARRETT.

But the institution which interests the largest number of people is the penitentiary at Columbus, the inmates of which vary from 1,600 to 2,000 and represent every grade of society and intellect, crime and retribution.

All these are represented in the woman's department, though there are but thirty-six female convicts at present, and a woman correspondent of The Cincinnati Enquirer recently gave an interesting sketch of these, having interviewed all who would talk.

Nearly all the women are in for very short terms, the exceptions being two colored girls from Cleveland for leaving a child to death, Barbara Eckenweiler for murdering her husband, Mary Whitefield for manslaughter, Lizzie Edgington for infanticide, Essie James an Indian girl for beating her husband, and the famous murderer of Ulysses county, Mrs. Garrett, who killed her imbecile stepdaughters. The Chickasaw Indian girl is, of course, a United States prisoner, and so is not a native of Ohio.

The President—You must have used extraordinary force to drive your weapon completely through your adversary.

Belz—Why, not at all. I pushed the steel quite naturally. Then, seeing that he was wounded, I stepped back and exclaimed, "You are bleeding!" And he was dead.

The President—What was then done with this unfortunate young man?

Belz (in a careless tone)—Everybody seemed to have lost his head. They all began to cry, and faith, it wasn't amusing.

The President—Did not Pierotti receive several prizes in the arena before he received his mortal wound?

Belz—No; those scratches were made after the thrust.

The President—And so for a few lines thoughtlessly written, for a quarrel without reason, in the best of you do not figure as having had the best of it, we find ourselves in the presence of the corpse of an intelligent and kind hearted young man, who was beloved by everybody, and is now torn forever from his little family.

Belz—There might have been two dead men instead of one.

He received two years' imprisonment. But the strangest state of affairs exists in the German army. A Paris correspondent of Courrier des Eats writes:

"Among the officers the thing is simple enough, and it follows its natural course on one side of the Rhine as well as on the other. But that is not the case when a civilian becomes mixed up in the affair. In France the officer insulted by a person outside of the army is inspired simply by his own feelings in the matter. He goes to his superior, or chief of corps, and explains the case. The latter, after having looked carefully into the matter, advises him only to fight or not to fight, as the case may be. In Germany an officer insulted under the same conditions is not free to give to the affair the sequel that he might desire. There exists in each regiment a tribunal of honor to whose decision he must submit. If this tribunal permits him to fight, he will, without further hesitation, obey its advice; but, if the decision forbids him to go upon the dueling ground, the case becomes serious for the insulted officer, because every officer who does not obtain satisfaction for an insult is obliged to quit the army. And it is the same if the insulted officer refuses reparation. Under these conditions, the German officer may be compelled, in spite of himself, to hand in his resignation. Even if the tribunal decides that the insult is not worthy to cross swords with an officer, the latter, finding himself in the impossibility of exacting satisfaction, has no other recourse than to resign. And if he does not resign in twenty-four hours, he will be compelled to do so by the tribunal of honor."—New York Sun.

A letter Nine Years on its Travels. A registered letter, supposed to contain something valuable, was returned to the Baltimore postoffice recently. It was sent from here to New York city for a party there as far back as March 15, 1881. The regulations require registered letters to be returned to the sender within thirty days if undelivered. The letter had no explanation or endorsement after its nearly nine years of sleep in New York. If the woman who sent it will call at the postoffice she can get it back now, but she will be required to identify it.—Baltimore American.

sheriff was a farmer he would have but little money for a fellow put under the lash for horse stealing. The man who robbed a store would get off pretty well if the sheriff was a farmer. Then again, if the sheriff was a city or town man he would have no mercy on a city burglar or sneak thief. This same gentleman declares that he has seen, but many years ago, nine or ten men run back from the post with their backs all bloody. The story that blood often runs from the backs of the victims and soaks the ground is absurd. The writer has seen two or three hundred men whipped, but has never seen the blood flow. He has seen large welts on the backs of the victims, and fine drops of blood almost ready to come through, but never any blood running.

Many years ago a butcher named Stanhope was waylaid and robbed on the highway, first being shot and badly hurt. The robber was arrested and convicted and sentenced to the pillory. A number of the butchers purchased three barrels of old eggs and went to New Castle on the day of the whipping armed with eggs. After the man was placed in the pillory, which was then in the open space outside of the jail yard, the butchers began a fusillade of eggs. The poor victim was a mass of foul matter, besides being bruised by being hit in the face. The sheriff had great trouble to stop the outrage. At the next session of the legislature the post was moved inside the jail yard. There have been no incidents of the Stanhope kind since. The jail gates are always thrown open to the public on whipping days, but the best of order prevails.

The history of the post for fifty years is that the lash as a rule has been used with leniency. The whites have escaped, it has been claimed, for political reasons, the sheriff being in a position to win a vote every time he spared a man's back. There has been but little difference as to numbers between white and black victims.

There has been a great toning down of late years of the number of lashes applied. It was a frequent thing years ago to give a prisoner a cumulative sentence, and for three successive Saturdays he would receive eighty lashes. The result was, even though the blows were lightly laid on, that the victim's back would be in an awful condition. The story is told of one old black man, who, after being whipped upon three Saturdays, was sold into slavery.

He declared that he would never go south, and when his purchaser got as far as Havre de Grace the poor fellow cut his throat.

It was the rule at one time to sell colored men and women to the highest bidder after they had been whipped, and they were frequently knocked down for \$1 and quickly hurried south. There is an old man now in the New Castle county almshouse who was regularly engaged in the purchase of blacks and selling them into slavery.

It is really surprising, however, how few are the real facts and incidents that those who are in a position to know can tell.

There are very few whippings in Kent and Sussex counties, so that all material for a history of the post has to be gleaned in New Castle county. Nearly every whipping has some little incident attached to it, but the story of one is the story of all.—Wilmington News.

Literary Confusion. As an illustration of the ludicrous results produced by biblioclasts passing one bill over another, Mr. C. Spurgeon, son of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, mentioned in a letter that on one occasion in London, when he and another gentleman were announced to preach special sermons, he was astonished to read the following announcement: "110 Reward. Lost—Two Fat Heifers. Mr. J. J. Knight and Mr. C. Spurgeon." Another read as follows: "Pigs fattened in six weeks on the Englishman, edited by Dr. Kennedy. Price 3d. weekly and lifts down, besides insects and all kinds of vermin. Perry Davis' Painkiller cures sually chills, and notice to mothers, feed your infants on Bond's marking ink, 1d. per bottle.—Cork Examiner.

The Boy Was Surprised. A very little Black Bay boy, who had occasionally been taken to Trinity church by his parents, but who, for all that, had managed to fall into bad company, and had been told of the delights of smoking doobies and then scampering out one evening on his very first expedition of this kind. He began on Clarendon street, near the house where he lives; he ran the bell of one big house, and then slipped around the corner, undetected. Then he tried another, and another. His success excited him, and presently, when he got to a certain house he was so sure that, almost before he had ceased to pull the bell, the door opened and the towering form of the rector of Trinity stood before him. The little fellow stood rooted to the spot, opening wide his big wondering eyes. And then he found a voice to say, very slowly: "W. Y. Phillips' Book! Does you live here?"—Boston Transcript.

It Was the Other Fellow. Grizzly—My toe hurt like thunder last night. Tooley—That's! What was the matter with it? Grizzly—Wasn't anything the matter with it. Tooley—Thought you said it hurt you. Grizzly—No, it didn't hurt me. It hurt that young dude that was calling to see my girl.—West Coast.

Slight on the Avenue. Young Burglar (in the prison)—Hark! I just heard the lady upstairs tell her husband there were burglars in the house. Old Burglar—That's all right. If they know we are burglars they'll keep quiet, for fear of being killed. It was afraid they'd mistake us for poor relations, and yell for the police.—New York Weekly.

Suitable. She—Where do you get your suits from, Mr. D.? He—That's a strange question! From the tailor, of course. Why? You ask?

She—Oh, they're generally so "loud." I thought you might get them from the gunsmith.

He—Yes, I've heard reports about them.—Lad.

Don Pedro as a Republican.

As a number of American gentlemen were recently discussing the overthrow of the Brazilian empire, one of the speakers expressed the opinion that Don Pedro had willing withdrawn from the throne, and another, ex-President Hayes, replied that he believed Don Pedro to be a republican, fully in favor of republican institutions.

While the Declaration of Independence was being read from the orator's stand the Brazilian emperor, with bowed head and eyes fixed intently on the well worn document before him, followed the sentences word for word.

The impressive reading, and the accompanying thought that the project of "free and independent states" had been grandly accomplished, evidently made a deep impression on him. When the orator had concluded the emperor, with bowed head, still kept his eyes on the last words of the page before him. Then looking up, his eyes dimmed with tears, he said, in a husky voice: "A wonderful document! a wonderful document!"

"When I recall that incident," said Mr. Hayes, "there is not only patriotism but prophecy in it."

Plum Pudding Is Not Plum Pudding. It would be well if Mr. Matthew Williams' lecture on plum pudding at Birmingham could be made familiar to everybody. It contains matter which would surprise, perhaps, most people. For example, the so-called plum pudding is not plum pudding at all; there are no plums in it. The plums of which we speak are really grapes—dried grapes, of course, but grapes all the same. Again, we speak loosely of the currants in plum pudding. There are none in it whatever. What we call currants are grapes, too—dwarf grapes dried. And Mr. Williams mentions that he could not procure from any English grower a single plant of cutting of the dwarf grape. They all come from abroad and mainly from Greece.

But what in Mr. Williams' lecture will be most surprising to most people is the assertion that plum pudding, eaten by itself, not after an otherwise heavy dinner, is by no means indigestible. If we ate it before, instead of after, the food and drink which we do us no harm. Nay, it would do us good. And why? Because the grape, of which it is mainly composed, is the greatest supplier of potash, and because potash is the best corrective of lithic acid, to which we owe gout and rheumatism. It comes to this, then, that Mr. Williams' scientific theory, if we ought to cultivate plum pudding all the year round, and to eat it, moreover, in preference to beef and turkey, not to say goose. Not only this, but the children ought to have two helpings of plum pudding, whether they ask for it or not.—London Globe.

An Indian Ghost Story. A college professor who was stopping at a house near Lierrington, Kan., was awakened by a light in his room, and, white with terror, he looked out from the bed to see an Indian in full war paint, but as ethereal as a wraith, standing before him beckoning. He followed and went to the grand parlor on the floor beneath, where, in a circle, with the beautiful paintings, the upright piano, the book case and the portiers for a background, stood a group of ghostly warriors, each with stern and solemn countenance. Silently they advanced a shallow grave in the parlor floor and brought one of their number—a heroic corpse—and laid him therein. Then, while the professor stood with hair erect and starting eyes, they circled about the grave for what appeared to be much and finally disappeared through the door. There was a slanting of windows, a rattling of casements and a whirl of damp air, and the professor stood alone in the great parlor with the piano and books about him. He returned to his room, and the next day, taking a hint from his night's experience, examined carefully the room and went out by the window in an evading manner. He found unmistakable evidence that the light had been used as a burial ground by the Indian tribes in the past. The spectral funeral which he witnessed was the repetition of one of their old burials.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Supposed Shakespeare Table. A very interesting piece of furniture has been added to the museum at Stratford-upon-Avon, a table which is supposed to have belonged to Shakespeare's family and to have been in use in the poet's day. It was only discovered a few days ago, and one's examination of it on Saturday was such that he is inclined to believe that it has been identified. It is a low round table, with raised edge, standing on a stout center leg with three toes. The top has evidently been bequeathed for centuries. On the under surface of the table two letters (J. W.) appear. The old Stratford families who surmises best with it are the Jennings, who are a cousin named Webb, but the records do not allow any of them a Christian name ending in J or J. The information on which the table was purchased is to be found in a statement made on oath before Mr. Lloyd Chadwick, Warwick. This gentleman, who is 80 years of age, states that when a boy he remembers the table being in the possession of his grandfather, and he often heard it spoken of by her and others. She bought it from a woman who purchased it at the sale of Shakespeare's house in Henley street, Stratford-upon-Avon, and it was always known in the family as Shakespeare's table.—Birmingham Gazette.

How to Preserve Meats. Commissioner of Agriculture Henderson has found an excellent recipe for preserving meat, which he is anxious to have the farmers of Georgia make use of, as he considers it an excellent one. For 1,000 pounds of meat, mix with 100 pounds of salt, 2 pounds saltpetre, 1 1/2 pounds cloves, 1 pound cayenne pepper, 5 pounds brown sugar, and dissolve in water. Then boil slowly and strain well, until the brine is strong enough to float an egg. If necessary add more salt. Trim meat well and pack in watertight barrels, and when the compound is cold pour in until the meat is covered, and weight it down so as to keep it submerged. Keep on hand enough of the compound to add, if it evaporates. In four or five weeks the meat will be ready to hang up, then take it out, wash well and hang up. This should be done in dry weather, and it would be well to dry out the slices first. When thoroughly dry, take them and sew up loosely in a covering of shirting or ducking, which cover well with a paste made of two parts lime and one part of wheat shorts or flour. See that the paste is, not on thick enough to exclude the air. Hang up in cool, dry place and the meat will keep for years.—The Georgia Farmer.

Provincianism. The Boston Gazette has risen up in its might to rebuke the lauders of that town for their bad dressing. "The mixture of costumes to be seen at some small evening entertainments," says the Gazette, "is extraordinary. Half of the women present will be properly dressed in dinner or evening costumes, while the others will wear stuffs and bonnets. Until women learn that they are not to be taken for the best of the evening, it is a pity that Boston should still bear the penalty of being considered by cosmopolitan a most provincial little town. Wherever you go, you will be recognized as not in New York, except for Mrs. Kennell's hat, which is worn by every woman in Boston."—New York Journal.

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