LAWYERS.

A. M. HUGHES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Will attend all courts to be holden for Maury and adjoining counties. Office, Whitthorne Block. feb24-tf

CHARLES CLEAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to the collection of claims.

HILL & FIGUERS, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Columbia, Tennessee. Will practice in the courts of Maury and adjoining counties. Office in the Whitthorne Block. mch15-tf

J. T. L. COCHRAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, And General Collecting Agent, Columbia, Tennessee.

JOHN V. WRIGHT.....W. J. WEBSTER. WRIGHT & WEBSTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee.

WM. H. TIMMONS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to all business entrusted to him. may-28-1y

JOHN B. BOND.....ROBT. M. MCKAY. BOND & MCKAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Office, Whitthorne Block. Prompt attention given to all kinds of collecting

W. M. EDWARDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Dallas, Texas. Will practice in the courts of Dallas and the adjoining counties. feb14-1y

R. P. & Z. M. CYPERT, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Waynesboro, Tennessee. Will practice in the counties of Hardin, Wayne, Lawrence, Lewis, Perry, and Decatur, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. They also prosecute claims for pensions, patents, and bounty land, before the Department at Washington. feb14-73-1y

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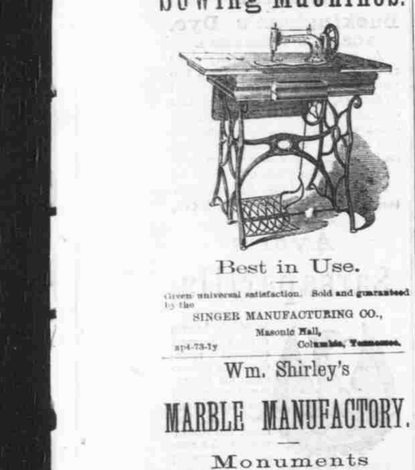

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PEARL-FISHING.—The schooner Witch Queen, chiefly owned by C. J. Sprague of Brooklyn, New York, and commanded by Captain Cushing, late of the Dreadnaught, a navigator of many years' experience, will sail shortly for Porto Reinas, where the attempt is to be made to adapt the diving-bell to pearl-fishery. Sanguine hopes are entertained that by these means old Neptune's domains may be laid under a heavier contribution than heretofore; and taking into account the calmness of the waters south of the Gulf of California, and the rich bed of pearl oysters to be found on the Mexican coast, it is not unreasonable to expect a considerable return of those precious bivalves, especially from those spots which have hitherto baffled the efforts of unassisted divers. Should the Mexican government offer no objections, of which little fear is entertained it is proposed to fish the entire coast, and if the yield prove insignificant to transfer the search to Tahiti and the neighboring islands. The party is to consist of thirteen men, besides the owner and the captain.

—California boasts that severe and destructive storms of any kind are practically unknown on that side of the Rocky mountains.

COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1873. VOL. XIX. NO. 4.

A QUIET LIFE.

Slowly, steadily, under the moon,
Swings the tide, in its old-time way;
Never too late, and never too soon—
And the evening and morning make the day.

Slowly, steadily, over the sands,
And over the rocks, to fall and flow.
And this wave has touched a dead man's hands,
And that one has seen a face we know.

They have borne the good ship on her way,
Or buried her deep from love and light;
And yet, as they sink at our feet to-day,
Ah, who shall interpret their message aright?

For their separate voices of grief and cheer
Are blending at last in one solemn tone;
And only this song of the waves I hear,
"Forever and ever His will is done!"

Slowly, steadily, to and fro,
Swings our life in its weary way;
Now at its ebb, and now at its flow—
And the evening and morning make the day.

Sorrow and happiness, peace and strife,
Fear and nothing, its moments know—
How, from the discords of such a life,
Can the clear music of heaven flow?

Yet to the ear of God it swells,
And to the blessed round the throne.
Sweeter than the chimes of Sabbath bells—
"Forever and ever His will is done!"

JOHN PAUL

Heard From at Saratoga.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

That trunk had been my inseperable companion for nigh upon forty years. It had, to some extent, become my sole, perhaps I should say my sole-leather, reliance. Together we had slid down the gigantic glaciers of the far north; bournosed Bedouins had dragged both it and myself across the scorching sands of the Great Desert; linked in close embrace, we had pounded over the pyramids, plowed through the mud of the Nile. Not many moons have waxed and waned since we went bumping over the lava beds. And in all, over all, and through all, we had preserved our primitive integrity. But we are wrecked at last; the sinewy arm of the mighty baggage-man has wrought what the extremes of cold and heat, the agility of the Arab, the malice of the murderous Modoc, failed to accomplish. It got no further than the Grand Central depot, though I am here.

Living in the country, I had long been anxious to rest my pale-blue eye upon this arch and arched wonder of the metropolis. I was, *vidi, vici*, which may be literally translated: We came, my trunk and eye, and got split wide open ici. It seemed very little of an undertaking that, coming in on one train to go out on another from the same depot, but it gives one an excellent opportunity to see a good deal of New York before he gets well through with it, which cannot but be gratifying to one who, like myself, is a stranger to the great city. The politeness, too, of the numerous officials about, is pleasing to the man who, all his life through has been exposed to the proud baggage man's scorn, the breakman's contumely, the conductor's patronage. I attempted to pass through a small gate which led to the other side of the depot, where my ticket-office was located.

"Whither would you go, fair sir?" inquired a Peri in navy-blue, with a brass label on him.

"My objective point, kind stranger, is Saratoga," I made reply. "I would impinge thither by the special train which leaves this edifice at the hour of 9 in the morning, and reaches the haven above mentioned at 2:25 in the afternoon, unless seized at Albany for nonpayment of the internal revenue tax; unless distrained upon, so to speak. Since I have said thus much to you in confidence, let me add that I seek the Hudson river railroad ticket office. No, do not trouble yourself to go with me," I said, as he made a motion of coming toward me; "I see the sign immediately opposite, and can reach it quite readily, thank you."

"Nay, it is not permitted that you pass this way," he made answer. "You are from the country, I presume?"

"To a certain extent my response should be in the affirmative, sir. I reside in Westchester county, just beyond the Spuyten Duyvil creek, but the question of annexation has been much discussed of late, and it is quite probable, from the tone of feeling on this subject and the identity of the interests involved, that in the course of a century or two some definite—"

"Pardon the interruption; I was simply going to remark that, if my supposition be correct, your line of travel in getting your ticket and obtaining checks for your baggage will afford you an opportunity of seeing the city and its environs which could not have fallen to your lot under any other combination of circumstances. Pass out carefully through that far door below there; a good many gentlemen wearing badges like that which now I wear, to show that they belong to the establishment, and are employed expressly, to find out where you wish to go, and keep you from going there, at least in the way you wish to, will stop you and ask you questions. But it is probable you will not meet more than a hundred of them on this occasion, for 'tis yet early morn, and few of them are abroad as yet. Explain everything to them fully and carefully, and you will not be molested. Having reached the street—God send in safety, fair sir, for your countenance pleases me, and I think thou hast a wife and—"

"Six lovely—"

"No, that comes in in the dialogue between Rolla and the old Castilian, in 'Pieces of Oratory Selected for School Use.' I was going to add when you interrupted me at 'and,' (flying off, as it were, to the Andes,) that thou hast seen trouble, (Cause and effect are nearer together, generally, than the various points of interest in this depot.) As I was remarking, having reached the street, walk briskly around the building, turning to the right as you go, and you'll get to the ticket-office, of which you're in quest, in a half-hour, at most."

"Thank you, kindly; adieu, sir," I said, raising my hat respectfully as I turned to go.

"Nay, say not adieu, sir. Au reveir; rather; we shall meet several times again ere you depart."

How pleasant are the paths of peace! How sweet it is to hold cheerful converse in this wise with the servants of the public, and to be entreated gently by them, rather than to fume and fret, and have them be impolite, if not profane, to you! Musing upon all this, and resolving to write a series of "Tracts for Travelers," for gratuitous distribution, I proceeded to follow out the directions given me, and by the aid of a friendly policeman or two, at last found my ticket-place. The usual courtesies ensued, but I carried my point, and the next thing was to get my baggage checked. "No, you cannot pass here, sir," explained a suave official, when I attempted to cross the depot to where my baggage was, "nor can any one bring it from there to you. 'Tis slightly suggestive of the Dives and Lazarus business, I know, but there is no help for it. You must go outside the building, and around it; 'tis only a dozen blocks or so. Present your checks to the gentleman who has the baggage in charge; if you can take some responsible person, known to the establishment, along with you to identify you and certify to your good moral character, 'twill facilitate matters somewhat, but 'tis not absolutely necessary. Then, if one of the gentlemen porters happens to be disengaged, your baggage will be brought around here, and you can get checks for it."

"But I have just come from around there, and don't want to go back all around there, if I will have to come back all around here again;" and I tried to get through the door.

"Excuse me, sir; it is not permitted that you pass here. Besides, you are from the country; I presume?"

"O bother your presumptions," I made answer, forgetting my role of the Tame Traveller; "I've been all through that over yonder."

The calm official looked reproachfully at me, but betrayed no symptom of either impatience or anger, and, somewhat regretting the hastiness of my speech, a thing I seldom have to apologize for, by the way, I touched my hat apologetically and said, "adieu."

"Nay, say not 'adieu,' sir; say rather,—"

But I knew what was coming, and broke away. The rain was pouring in torrents, so I called a hackman, and bargained with him to drive me around where the baggage was. Ever on the lookout for information, I asked this hackman, as we bowled merrily along, how long it would take to drive clear around that depot? "Well, sometimes more and sometimes less," he said, "if it be a poor day for bodies—"

"A poor day for what?"

"Bodies, sir; we calls 'em bodies; some folks calls 'em stiffs, but we calls 'em bodies; sounds less distressful, as 'twere, besides being more 'spectful like to the parties themselves, you know. New if there hain't been many pussons a-moovin' about and tryin' to git'ome across the tracks, you can get along right smartly, but if there's many bodies layin' about—"

"Thank you, driver, I don't think I care to know any more just now. Call me when we get where the baggage is," and I threw myself back on the satin cushions, wondering if the author of the sweet old song, "If a body meet a body," knew what he was about when he wrote it.

"Said I not we should meet again?" remarked my first friend in navy-blue, with a sad smile, as he gave me permission to walk a few blocks down to where the baggage was piled.

My identity being satisfactorily established, five stalwart Greeks took my baggage on their shoulders, and stepped right across the depot with it, while I rushed out to my hack, and by mad driving, got around almost as soon as they did. Got there just in time to see the favorite trunk, of which mention has been made, dashed down upon an ingenious iron anvil, apparently erected for the purpose, and split open as though it had been an oyster. A peculiar odor floated out upon the air, which I recognized at once—Mustang liniment—evidently a bottle was broken. "Very unfortunate, sir; but can't be helped," remarked the baggage-master, in measured tones. "It will go very well if you have a strap around it. All these other trunks of yours will go, too, if they don't have straps around 'em."

"Very well, put a strap around that one, then."

"But your other trunks, will go, too, if they don't have straps around 'em."

"Then don't put any straps around them; I'm not particular about it," I said.

The mental agony of that moment I would not again endure for worlds. There stood that moral megatherium of a baggage-master protesting that one trunk would go if there was a strap on it, and that the other would go if there was not, and amid all the confusion it took me ten minutes to understand what he really intended, which was simply to sell me five straps. I permitted him that luxury.

"What is the consideration, the compensation, the beggarly pay for each?" I inquired, as he buckled to his buckling.

"Only a dollar, sir!"

"Of what material are they fabricated; are they Russian leather?" I asked.

"Rushin' leather on you? O no, sir, we sell a good many of them of course, but hinges will break, and locks ain't much 'count, no way. Now, if there was any collision between the boys that handle the baggage and us who sell the straps it might look like a game, but there's no profit onto them. We only keep them to oblige the public. Five dollars! All right, thank you, sir."

"The obligation is mutual, my good friend." I replied. "Really I am the one to say 'thank you.' For here I have been traveling up and down and over the world with these same trunks, and never found out that they were deficient in straps. No one has so much as hinted it before, and I am really profoundly grateful to you for mentioning it, the more especially as I see by this advertisement that there is no change of baggage between here and Saratoga. But why do not your assistants handle baggage with more care? What good comes of banging them about so?"

"What good comes of it? Really I am surprised that a gentleman of your intelligence should ask such a question. What good comes of it? Do you remember that Rozenweig affair? Now, how would that murder ever been found out if the boys hadn't been a little rough on that baggage? And how would the woman ever have been remembered and identified if I hadn't sold her a strap for the trunk when it got a little shaky? You see the fact is" (here he dropped his voice and whispered in my ear,) "When anybody comes along who looks like a murderer now, the boys always contrive to—"

I looked at my watch here, and I saw that it was very near train-time, so I said good-bye, cordially.

"Would you not like a strap for that umbrella, sir?" he called after me. "It looks as though it would come open easy."

"No, I thank you; good-bye."

"A strap for your pocket-book, perhaps?"

"Thank you, no; it is pretty well strapped already. Good-bye."

And it was good of me to buy so many straps, though after all I did little better in that direction than my fellow-travelers, for I noticed that nearly every trunk on the train, even the newest, strongest and most vigorous, iron-bound, brass-jointed, hickory-hooped box was supplemented with one of those russet-leather surcingles, which I have ascertained can be purchased of any good harness-maker in the land for from four to five dollars the dozen. A few moments more, but not before I had again met the other official who so strongly deprecated the word "adien," and our lightning special was thundering along the track.

How improving conversation is to the mind! Here, after an intelligent interchange of ideas with the various officials of the Grand Central depot, carried on amicably, notwithstanding some unmistakable differences of opinion, I went away invigorated and refreshed, possessed of much knowledge that had never dawned upon me before. This is why I have introduced so much of the conversation at length. And will any say that this was not much better than sitting idly about, having others to do the work for me, and waiting for train-time to come?

A Wagner car, how comfortable it is! Whether or not the Wagner music is that of the future I will not undertake to decide, but certainly the Wagner car is good enough for the present. It is delightful to get away from "'Ere's your pop-corn, fresh sugared and salted!" How do those wretches live? I never see any one buy any "popcorn" of them. The friends, too, who lay "packages of prize candy, every package containing some valuable present," and dirty illustrated papers and books in your lap without asking permission—railroad accidents are not of infrequent occurrence, but I never read of any of them being killed. Do they ever die? They scarcely seem "bright things." Our lightning special makes few stoppages, but at Poughkeepsie the conductor announces ten minutes for refreshments, and to enable any one who is without a trunk-strap to purchase one, I suppose.

The excellent language used along the line of this road really surprises one, and compensates for all manner of minor inconveniences. For instance, I asked a man in the restaurant what kind of ale he had.

"Vassar," he replied.

"Is it made at the young ladies' college?" I asked. "Is it of that brewed?"

"I suppose it emanates from a family of that name," he said. Upon my word he did. "Emanates" was the word he used, and I maintain that emana'es "is good" under the circumstances. And the young ladies of this restaurant, if they are not graduates of Vassar, they should be. They serve doughnuts with a dainty grace, and you eat more pie than you ought to, simply to gratify them. And they speak the languages, too. I'm not much in that way, but I experimented a little.

"De quoi fails-il les souliers?" I asked.

"You will find the answer in the book of 'Familiar Conversations in French,' where you got that quotation from," she replied.

"All right; go ahead!" shouted the conductor, and I fell into a train of thought over the coincidence, which was scarcely broken until we reached Saratoga, though passing the various shops where tho commodore manufactures his locomotives, cars, scrip dividends, etc. I could not forbear wondering where he makes all those trunk-straps.

But here I am at the end of both the sheet and my journey. JOHN PAUL.

P. S.—I add a postscript to remark that my trunks are all right, but the straps are broken. I shall telegraph for more, for I cannot be happy without them, now that I am accustomed to them, as it were. J. P.

The City of Pekin.

The ancient capital of northern China, three days' journey from the Great Wall, on the Siberian road, uprears itself from a hideous, seemingly boundless plain of dust, strewn with remnants of old buildings and all kinds of disheartening rubbish. There is, perhaps, no portion of the earth's surface on which the European feels more hopelessly far away from every familiar place and person than when traversing this great desert plain, heaped with the dust of ages. A few crumbling villages break the monotony, and then comes a wall of immense length, brown, crenulated, pierced in the centre by a magnificent portico, the finest "gate" in all the celestial empire. It is like the Scripture picture of the walls of Babylon and the formidable ramparts of Nineveh. A lofty tower is surmounted by a roof, consisting of five stages of green tiles, pierced by five ranges of holes, through which grin huge cannon-mouths, very terrible, until one learns that the guns are wooden. Far out of sight, on right and left, stretches the wall, partly of granite, partly of huge gray bricks, and at its foot opens a deep, vaulted passage, through which pour converging tides of Chinese, Mongols, and Tartars, strings of blue carts, files of black mules, caravans of dun-colored, heavily laden camels; for this is the entrance to the Chinese town.

The ancient city is divided into three sections, the Chinese, the Tartar, and the imperial, and each has a perfectly distinct physiognomy. The majestic beauty of the "gate" passes like a dream, and the traveler finds its stateliness utterly reversed by the scene which it encloses. Waste land, tumble-down huts, sinuous ways; half paved with enormous blocks of stone, half left in yawning gaps a couple of feet deep, dirt, poverty, desolation; through these one struggles on until a second wall stops the way. It is still more majestic and Babylonian; it is sixty feet high and forty feet wide, and it divides the Chinese from the Tartar city. On the other side is a kind of circus without benches, which is formed of gigantic walls protecting, the principal gate, and is very like a spacious beat-pit. Nobody is permitted to pass through the central aperture except the emperor, so the traveler passes under the gate arch at the side, and is generally instructed by his guide to ascend some steps to the top of the wall, from whence he can command a view of all Pekin. A wonderful sight, grand, melancholy, and suggestive. Three concentric cities, divided from each other by inner walls: first the Tartar city, which is the largest, and has upon it the warlike stamp of the conquering race; then the imperial city, with the palaces of the mandarins, each consisting of nearly a hundred kiosks; and finally the forbidden city, with its thousands of roofs in imperial yellow, and its Me-chan, the sacrosanctum of the celestial empire.

Forming the vast mysterious inclosure of the forbidden city are walls on whose summits four carriages might be driven abreast; the countless roofs of the mandarin's palaces are bright green, the domes of the temples are dark blue; there are great spaces paved with pottery, and there are marble bridges. But all this splendor is set in a frame-work of crumbling, dusty ruin. Everything is extraordinary in this wonderful place, which is an epitome of decay. Thebes, Memphis, Carthage, Rome, are ruins which tell of violent vicissitude; Pekin is a skeleton dropping into dust. The ravine-like streets are knee-deep in every sort of rubbish, the moats, the canals, and the rivers are all, and always, dry; the formal parks, the once marvelous ponds, are turned to desert places. Triumphal arches stand side by side with wretched tumble-down booths, surmounted by a forest of little poles, whence paper "signs" dangle in the air, and uniformly is lent to all by the thick layer of evil-smelling dust which lies upon them, the same dust that is always whirling around, hurting the eyes, and offending the nostrils. This great city, in which nothing is ever repaired, and where it is penal to pull down any thing, is dropping to pieces; and it is the opinion of M. De Beauvoir, the French traveler, to whom we owe the best and most picturesque account of Pekin yet given to the western world, that in a century it will have been abandoned and have ceased to exist.

A poetic element reigns at Pekin, with all its dust and quaintness, making one see the soul of that wonderful verification in life, and on a huge scale, of the designs on screens and plates with which every one is familiar. The imperial city is a vast assemblage of the turrets, the belfries, the steep bridges, the balconies, and the kiosks which we have seen a thousand times in lacquer. But they are reached through the gates of Virtuous Victory, of Great Purity, of the Temples of Heaven, of Agriculture, of the Genius of the Winds, of the Genius of the Lightning, and of the Bright Mirror of the Mind. Every year the emperor, arrayed in a country costume, with a straw hat a yard in circumference (afterward hung up in the temple), drives a golden plow-share through a field, that the tracing of the furrow may call down the blessing of Buddha upon the seed-time and the harvest. Every six months the emperor burns a number of death-warrants in bronze braziers, ranged under a roof of dark blue porcelain, between curule chairs of pink marble, in front of which are dragons and pugs in the rarest china, perched on columns of carved wood. A little beyond the temple where these ceremonies take place there stands, built upon the wall, a magnificent observatory, 273 years old. The gigantic bronze instruments, curiously wrought, rest upon the outspread wings of flying dragons; a celestial globe eight feet in diameter shows all the stars known in 1650, and visible at Pekin. Such is the dryness of the climate that the whole apparatus of the observatory, though exposed to the air, is wholly uninjured, and the instruments act with unerring precision.

Havana Life.

Looked at from a social point of view, what immediately strikes a stranger is that Havana, like the Rome of Romulus, is a city without women. There die annually, out of a population of 205,000 souls, 3,682 white males to 1,204 white females, while the deaths among the colored people are, for the males, 1,046; for the females, 1,099. Thus, while the sexual numbers of the negro and mulato population are almost balanced, with respect to the whites the proportion is something more than three males to one female. The fact, however, is self-evident. Hardly any other women than negresses are ever to be seen about. Ladies with any pretention to youth and beauty would sooner die than venture out unprotected, even for their early mass; and so uncommon is the sight of decent women unattended in the streets that foreign ladies, unacquainted with the custom, and sauntering from shop to shop, become the objects of a curiosity not unfrequently degenerating into impertinence. The causes of the disproportion between males and females are not far to seek. Besides the priests, the soldiers and sailors, and the public funcionaries, whose tenure of office is extremely precarious, and who are either debarred from marriage or dread its encumbrances and responsibilities, there are here thousands of Spanish immigrants of the lower classes attracted to the spot by high wages, but looking upon themselves as birds of passage, who, consequently, would hardly dream of sending for women from home, while their contempt for the native race seldom allows them to look upon the Creole women with honorable intentions. I need not dwell upon the obvious results of this state of things. Suffice it to say that regard for women is by no means enhanced by their scarcity. There ensues an exclusively male society. The charms of *cafe* and club life, such as they are, wean the Havana husband from a home where real feminine accomplishments are as unknown as hearth-rugs and fire-irons. House-keeping in this town, and still more in the suburbs, is terribly up-hill work. Foreign consuls and other strangers usually try it on their first arrival, but soon learn to look even upon the hotel with its smells and noises, as a haven from domestic storms. Nothing like available free service is to be obtained in a slave-holding community; the laziness, and, unless awed by the lash, the insolence, of the negro body men communicate themselves to the hired help, whatever be the color, race, or sex, working at the same task with him in a common household. Hence man's life in Havana is wholly out-of-doors, while for women there is no life within them. In no town in France or Italy have I ever seen so many, or, proportionately, such sumptuous and constantly-crowded *cafes* and restaurants. The Havana merchant is as eager to make money as he is ready to squander it. But the town supplies little besides gross material enjoyment for his money. A box at his third-rate opera, a drive in his dreary *prado*, are all the amusements he can have in common with his wife and daughter. For the rest, the women are left to mope alone at home, playing bo-peep with the passers-by from their window-gratings, or pacing the flat roofs of their houses like so many Sister Annes waiting for those who are never coming. With so little wholesome domestic society, it is pleasing to hear the character universally given for good conduct to the Havana women. Few of them, even of the lowest classes, frequent the cock-pit and the bull-ring, and the profligacy, the symptoms of which are everywhere only too conspicuous, is of Spanish or American—altogether of foreign importation.—*Correspondent London Times.*

Vaneering.

I think half the trouble in this world comes of doing things from without instead of from within. Imitation seems to be taken for the necessary experiences of youth. Indeed, one may say that measles are a sort of imitation. It is pitiful to see a person of so-called maturity lingering in this grade of culture. Yet how many arists do you find far beyond it? When I say artists I imply all men, for every body is using some sort of artifice; if in no other way than in the structure of his life. The fault with this vast raft of inedited writing; great army of stories, for instance, that marches up yearly to be slaughtered without ruth at editorial batteries, is that it is not sincere. A girl has been reading conventional novels all her life long, and a yearning grows in her consciousness; not to say something, but to write a story. She catches the poorest part; the trick of form, and wonders that the editor or publisher does not see that this is the thing the world wants. It cannot be denied that a large part of which is supposed to be the literature of our day is as false in quality as the crude stuff that never sees the light. Yet I think we need not be greatly troubled by the easy acceptance granted to persuasive affectation. It holds in its heart the seeds of its own dissolution, which time never fails to ripen. Nothing insincere can live, in art, love, life. If there had not been an element of sincerity in the devil himself, he would have been dead long ago. I become so tired of all this vaneering in art, education, conversation, morals, and the rest, that I confess to a transient sympathy for certain sincere forms of wickedness. No one can doubt that sin is a permitted evil; and I can readily imagine that a soul may come out quite as vigorous from a swoon of undeceiving, passionate crime, as from a life constrained by an ill-fitting, hard-jointed, artificial shell of any kind; even though you call it, shell morality, even though you call it, falsely, religion. The living, the doing, strom within, are the only true. I want no man's code, no man's doctrine; I respect the codes of all men, the doctrines of all; I am eager to search and know; but I must know of myself, and not of another. I am talking now only for myself; and for my "doubles," wherever they may be. Some people seem to know things by the knowledge. I never knew anything until I felt it. I have thought that I knew it, but I did not. The tritest proverb; the thing that I supposed went without the saying, has leaped, with an experience, into a meaning that had been, till that moment, utterly hidden from me.—*Dr. Holland in Scribner's.*

—The owners of the new glass works at New Albany, Ind., the only place in the United States where plate glass is made, recently imported from England, at their own expense, a number of skilled workmen, and had just got them settled at their work, when they all struck and left town.

—Hook told a story of a gentleman driving his Irish servant in a cab, and saying to him, half jocularly, half in anger: "Now, if the gallows had its due, you rascal, where would you be now?" "Faith, then, your honor, it's riding in the cab, I'd be, all alone by myself, may be!"

—THE most deadly enemy of human life is our own breath. A carnary bird hung in its cage over night at the topof a contained bed has been found dead in the morning from the poisoned atmosphere created by the human lungs of the sleepers below it.

—A gay spiritualist may be called a happy medium.

How "Evans" Has Changed.

In one of Henry Watterson's recent letters to the Louisville Courier-Journal he laments the growing licentiousness of the British metropolis, and thus pleasantly writes of a famous coffee-house: There once was, and there still is, in this particular quarter of London, a famous coffee-house, which the old wits and beaux were wont to visit, and which Thackeray celebrated in the second chapter of the Newcomes, known as Evans'. When I first knew Evans' it was a rough place, facing the market without any show or ornament whatever. My recollection is that no fee was charged at the door. You entered a great old room hung round with old portraits of old habitues, and furnished with rough deal tables and chairs. The bill of fare was limited. You got a chop and potato and a pewter of ale; nothing else. But these were peerless, prepared and served in an incomparable way. You sat down at table; a neatly-dressed waiter came and laid you a napkin as white as snow, and a pewter plate as shiny as silver, and a knife and fork. Then he went away and presently returned with two little shiny pewter globes, smoking hot, and a pewter tankard. The air began to glow and grow odorous. The globes parted; in one there was a chop and in the other there was a potato. The waiter caught up the potato in a napkin, gave the napkin a twist and emptied a bag of flour in your plate. He twirled the tankard and out poured a stream of foamy amber. All the while a droll, old-fashioned concert was going on, old songs, old dances, old glees and old choruses, with one moral, Be kind to the weak and poor, be generous and be jolly, eat heartily, sleep soundly, love God and serve the king. Not a chemisette was to be seen. There was one place in London at least where a man might be free and easy without having to break the seventh commandment. A more virtuous, a more upright and elevating, a more uncouth, cleanly, primitive and delightful entertainment could not be devised. The other night, I bethought me of Evans'. So, making my way out through the tobacco smoke and snapping of the Alhambra, I strolled down there, finding it without any trouble, for a great flaring sign, in glittering gas jets, "Evans'," now illuminates the entire market place. Paying my shilling at the door, I entered to find not the jolly old deal board commonplaces, the smoke-stained beams and rafters, the old portraits, but a magnificently furnished and frescoed apartment, fitted up like a *cafe chantant* in the Champs Elysees, gorgeously lighted and made as splended and unnatural as Bob Acres after his entre into polite society. The music, however, proved to be unchanged and good, the chops still excellent, and, on the whole, the evening passed off pleasantly enough. But it was not Evans' of old. The wire-covered boxes ranging round the main hall were occupied, and, chancing to look innocently into one of them, I distinctly saw a young man kissing a young woman. Perhaps it was his sweetheart, but it was enough to satisfy one that the glory of the place has departed. Its glory was its homeliness and its geniality, its quaint and hearty humor, its chops, potatoes and ale. It was a place in which one could mellow and overflow about his mother, about his sister, and even about his wife and his mother-in-law. It was a place where a man felt himself to be safe. Women were not admitted. Good ones did not care to go; and middle-aged gentlemen do not care for the other sort. But all that is set aside, and Evans' is like the rest, a mere musical restaurant. Next year, I dare say, the waiters will wear short red frocks, and smirk and ogle like the bar-girls in the Haymarket.

The Jews.

They have not invented anything. I speak, certainly, without reference to the very old times when they may have invented a great deal. It is incontestable, however, that they exhibit extraordinary aptitude in utilizing the inventions of others. In some places in this slow old Europe of ours, they have run at a belle idee as a pike rushes at a spinning minnow and carries it clear off to gorge at discretion alone. The telegraph, for instance. Baron Reuter furnishes the news of the world to all the English papers and to many of the foreign journals. Wolff provides the news for central Europe. These are quite of Israel. Then there is the Agence Havas, which may be considered as much inspired, if not owned, by the same great people. Europe is under these thumbs. And in these days news is money. And now money often means news, in war it is indeed almost identical, and no people understand that better than the parsimonious Prussians who lavished gold for intelligence. Here in Vienna, as in other places, the press is largely worked, owned written and largely influenced by Jews. They have appreciated the importance of holding the end of such a lever in their hands, and have not neglected its use. Their general sympathies are opposed to Roman Catholicism, which is agressive, but they do not love the Greek church. They are distracted somewhat between their democratic and liberal principles and the effect which would be produced on ancient states by a vigorous application of them. Certainly they have reason to be proud of their race, which, despite the heavenly malediction and the hate of Christendom, has now taken possession of so much of the goods of this world without striking a blow in battle, or sustaining the burdens of national life. In music, in money-making, in politics, they play a great part. A Jew owns the purest vintages, the best cigars, and some of the finest horses in the world, not to speak of paintings, statuary, jewels, and china, and as the civilization of the world advances so does the Jew come to the front, not of the combat, but of the gleaners, who gather the fruits of victory. In Vienna there are more Jews than cross the Jordan with Joshua to smite the tribes of Canaan. In the Austrian empire there are as many Jews as there were in Juda in the time of Titus, far more than there were in the captivity.—*Vienna letter.*

—The diamond region of South Africa has been erected into a separate colony of Great Britain, under the name of Griqualand West. Its extent is 17,800 square miles. About 40,000 persons are hunting for diamonds, of which $5,000,000 were dug out last year. The diggings have been well turned over, and people are diverting their attention to agriculture and to developing the mineral resources of iron, copper and coal. Nothing has been heard from the Orange Free state, so it is to be inferred that the farmers of the little republic thought it wisest to make no fuss when the British lion laid its claw on a portion of their territory.

—A West Chester (Pa.) merchant set a steel trap in the cellar to catch rats, and the next morning it was missing. A few days thereafter, a boy saw a strange cat enter the cellar carrying a piece of meat in her mouth. She went behind a lot of empty barrels, and presently returned without the meat. The barrels were removed, and there was a cat eating the meat, with one leg fast in the missing steel trap.

—Kalulu, the playful little moke brought from Ujiji by Stanley, is blacking boots in Milwaukee, in the same barber's shop he used to work in before Stanley picked him up.

—A TIP-TOP band—Hat band.

St. Peter's.

As a mere promenade, St. Peter's is unequaled. It is better than the Boulevards, than Piccadilly or Broadway, and if it were not the most beautiful place in the world, it would be the most entertaining. Few great works of art last longer to one's curiosity. You think you have taken its measure; but it expands again and leaves your vision shrunken. I never let the ponderous leather curtain hang down behind me, without feeling as if all former visits were but a vague prevision, and this the first crossing of the threshold. Tourists will never ceased to be asked, I suppose, if they have not been disappointed in the size of St. Peter's; but a few modest spirits here and there, I hope, will never cease to say, No. It seemed to me from the first the hugest thing conceivable, a real exaltation of one's idea of space, so that one's entrance, even from the great empty square, glaring beneath the deep blue sky or cool in the far-cast shadow of the immense facade, seems not so much a going-in somewhere as a going-out. I should confidently recommend a first glimpse of the interior to a man of pleasure in quest of new sensations, as one of the strongest the world affords. There are days when the vast nave looks vaster than at others, and the gorgeous baldachino a long journey beyond the far-spreading tesselated plains of the pavement, when the light has a quality that lets things look their largest, and the scattered figures mark happily the scale of certain details. Then you have only to stroll and stroll, and gaze and gaze, and watch the baldachino lift its bronze architecture, like a temple within a temple, and feel yourself, at the bottom of the abysmal shaft of the dome, dwindle to a crawling dot. Much of the beauty of St. Peter's resides, I think, in the fact that it is all general beauty, that you are appealed to by no specific details, that the details, indeed, when you observe them, are often poor and sometimes ridiculous. The sculptures, with the exception of Michael Angelo's admirable *Pieta*, which lurks obscurely in a dusky chapel, are either bad or indifferent; and the universal incrustation of marble, though sumptuous enough, has a less brilliant effect than much later work of the same sort, that, for instance, of St. Paul's, without the walls. The supreme beauty of the church is its magnificently sustained simplicity. It seems, as it is, a realization of the happiest mood of a colossal imagination. The happiest mood, I say, because this is the only one of Michael Angelo's works in the presence of which you venture to be cheerful. You may smile in St. Peter's without a sense of sacrilege, which you can hardly do, if you have a tender conscience, in Westminster abbey or Notre Dame. The abundant of enclosed light has much to do with your smile. There are no shadows to speak of, no marked effect of shade; but effects of light innumerable, points at which the light seems to mass itself in airy density, and scatter itself in enchanting gradations and cadences. It performs the office of shadow in Gothic churches; hangs like a rolling mist along the gilded vault of the nave, melts in to bright interfusion the mosaic scintillations of the dome, clings and clusters and lingers and vivifies the whole, vast atmosphere. A good Catholic, I suppose, is a good Catholic anywhere, in the grandest as well as the humblest churches; but to a traveler not specially pledged to be devout, St. Peter's speaks more of contentment than of aspiration. The mind seems to expand there immensely, but on its own level, as we may say. It marvels at the reach of the human imagination and the vastness of our earthly means. This is heaven enough, we say; what it lacks in beauty it makes up it certainty. And yet if one's half-hours at St. Peter's are not actually spent on one's knees, the mind reverts to its tremendous presence with an ardor deeply akin to a passionate effusion of faith.—*Henry James, Jr., in Atlantic.*

Captain Jack as a Prisoner.

[New York Times letter.]

Confinement goes very hard with an Indian, and Capt. Jack has suffered much since his imprisonment. He is thin in flesh and haggard in appearance. No doubt he was especially discomfited at the result of his interview with the cheifs, old Sconches and Allen David, a few days before. He had been proved a liar there under very mortifying circumstances, and may have felt that his case was weakening thereby. When he came into this last Modoc stronghold, when the Modoc nation were penned like sheep, and kept under vigilant guard, it is not unlikely that the situation was presented to his mind in a very vivid light. He had been a chief, had magnified his office, and had filled it with all possible dignity. He had dictated terms to the whites as long as they chose to parley with him, and when they came in force, he had waged war with such success as the world had never before known.

I imagine that the past swept