# THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS. MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1877. VOL. 11.---NO. 3.



The Morristown Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1877.


☞ It cost Secretary Fish $50,000 a year to live in Washington.

☞ Stanley Matthews has been elected Senator from Ohio in place of Sherman.

☞ The Knoxville *Tribune* has been cut down to a seven column poper, and looks much neater than heretofore.

☞ A staunch Democrat has been made postmaster at Lynchburg. Va., and Virginia Radicals are not happy at all, at all.

☞ Don Cameron, the younger, has been elected U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania in place of his daddy who resigned.

☞ The Senate on Monday passed on its third reading, the bill to provide for the re moval and re-interment of Ex-Governor Willie Blount.

☞ Jim Blaine, of Maine soliloquises thusly:

My name is yet Jim Blaine,
And the truth is very plain,
That damned hoosier, Hayes,
Has floored me again.

☞ Three additional revenue officers are to be appointed in each Southern District to look after illicit distilleries. This, we presume, is in lieu of the employment of troops.

☞ During 1876 Colorado's bullion yield was $6,625,900, and during last year, for the first time in the history of Colorado, her silver industries exceeded that of gold.

☞ That was a good prayer which the old fashioned Methodist minister uttered: "O, Lord, start us right, because if we get started wrong we are hard to turn."

☞ The seventh claimant for the President's position has arrived at Washington and was sent to the insane asylum. They are all Republicans.

☞ "Nashville is about to buy a $110,000 engine for her waterworks." With all the water that such an engine as that can pump up, she can afford to put on a clean shirt three times a week—that is, if she can sell enough of her bonds to buy the necessary amount of soap.

☞ Spain has decided to suppress the Cuban Rebellion immediately. For this purpose she has instructed Gen. Campos to proceed accordingly, etc. The Cuban war has already cost Spain $1,500,000,000, and the end is not yet.

☞ The number of square miles in the United States is 1,087,663.—The real and personal property in the United States is $29,942,778,-443. The number of persons who cannot read are 4,444,503. The number of those who cannot write is 5,551, 311.

☞ Morton is to have another trip to Oregon so soon as the coming extra session of Congress shall close. The sub-committee of the Senate committee, which is to go to Oregon and investigate Grover, is composed of Morton, Wadleigh and Saulsbury. Grover will be allowed to be present and examine witnesses and introduce evidence.

☞ Of the three hundred members of Congress, there are only about thirty, or say ten per cent.. who command the attention of the house and galleries when they speak. It is a good place for a man to find his level, and the most of them find it on a lower round of a ladder of fame than they supposed. To speak to a mob at a corner grocery and win their applause by telling indecent things, and to command attention in Congress is quite another thing.

☞ Capt. L. S. Marye, lately of Chattanooga and two years ago member of the Senate of Tennessee, has been appointed Post-master at Lynchburg, Virginia, by Mr. Key. He is a Democrat. The Lynchburg *News*. of a recent date, says: We yesterday hung out our bulletin board as usual and announced that Capt. L. S. Marye, a Virginian "and to the manor born," had been appointed Post-master at Lynchburg. Our Republican friends read the announcement and suddenly remembered that they had important business down town. The colored brigade raad the intelligence and adjourned to the sunny side of the street and cussed and discussed the situation. One old Bedford darkey said: "Mr. Tildum wouldn't treat us dat bad." A Democratic darkey remarked: "We's thankfuller dan we 'spected to be—but how de debbel can anything good come from a President which wern't elected." A city colored Rad said they didn't expect anything better and didn't care a continental any way. The Rads, as a general thing, looked as though their din. ners laid heavy on their stomachs The Democrats were as placid as the immortal "Jeems" in July.

## THE STATE DEBT.

### The Proposition of the Bondholders.

The following correspondence will throw some light upon the recent negotiations in New York between the Committee of our Legislature and the bondholders, committee:

NEW YORK, March 12, 1877.—Hon. John H. Savage, Chairman—Dear Sir: I have the honor to hand you annexed copy of the award of the Committee of Arbitration, to whom has been submitted the question; "What would be, under all the circumstances, a fair adjustment of the public debt of Tennessee?"

In the long and earnest discussions which have taken place between our respective committees upon the subject, it gives me pleasure to attest the fact that while no member has withheld the most unreserved expression of his individual views, they have all done it with the utmost courtesy, with an evident appreciation of the magnitude of the question and with a manifest desire to reach a satisfactory and equitable result.

In presenting to you the award of the committee, allow me to express the hope that it may secure the important end desired; that the adjustment of the debt of your great State will be followed by similar proceedings in the other States, and that by the removal of this dark cloud from the reputation of the country, we may begin an era of progress, prosperity and mutual respect which will be perpetual.

With the highest regard, I have the honor to be, sir, respectfully yours,

GEO. S. COE, Chm'n.

The proposition referred to by the arbiters is as follows:

To the Honorable the General Assembly of Tennessee. After a prolonged discussion with your committee, when all the circumstances under which the debt was incurred, the peculiar condition of affairs in the State, together with its present ability and its future resources, were most fully and carefully considered, the undersigned have come to the deliberate conclusion that, after adding all the arrears of interest and the interest to accrue up to July 1, 1877, the then aggregated amount of the State debt should be readjusted by the issue of new bonds at the rate of sixty (60) per cent. of the total of the amount; *i. e.*, for every sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars then due, new bonds should be given in exchange and full settlement for six hundred ($600) dollars, or for proportionate amounts.

The new bond to bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 1st of July, 1877, payable semi-annually in the city of New York, the first payment to be made on the 1st of January, 1878, and the principal be made payable also in New York in thirty years from date. The interest coupons to be received by the State for all taxes due it.

This compromise the undersigned consider, under all the circumstances and necessities of the case, to be just and fair, both to debtor and creditor.

To facilitate and promote the proposed change, which it is assumed the creditors will generally accept, this committee recommend that a new and uniform issue of coupon bonds of the required amount, in denominations of one thousand, five hundred, and one hundred dollars for convenient exchange, be prepared, ready for delivery from time to time as wanted in the city of New York and that they be there held, subject to the countersign of an agent appointed under their supervision if so desired, with the approval of the Governor of the State. The new bonds to be registered in the name of the owner if preferred, and the old bonds, as exchanged, to be cancelled and immediately returned to the Treasurer of the State.

In the conclusion to which this committee have, with much deliberation, arrived, they have not lost sight of the fact that a soverign State, although beyond the reach of legal coercion in the fulfillment of its obligations, is for that very reason under stronger bonds to maintain its credit inviolate. Nor have they been undmindful of the honorable character and ueblemished credit which the great State of Tennessee has always enjoyed in the markets of the world, of her reputation for the possession of large resources, nor of the humiliation she must consequently endure by any compromise whatever of her legal obligations. All these considerations have been duly weiged, and they have induced this committee to carefully inquire whether it was not expedient for them to recommend, instead of so large a reduction of the principal of the debt, a concession for a few years, in the rate of interest as proposed in a plan submitted to the Governor by holders of a large amount of bonds, in the belief which is generally entertained among the creditors, that a gradual recovery of wealth would accrue to the State and enable her at an early day to resume payment in full. This mode of adjustment would be obviously more gratifying to State pride, and would also afford greater present relief, and it would certainly be more acceptable to the majority of bondholders.

But after attentively considering the statements of your declaration respecting the sad results of the war, the derangement and general impoverishments it has entailed, and the wide-spread disorganization existing in all the industries of the people throughout the State, we have been constrained to the decision that a summary reduction of the debt, even to the large extent indicated, is the best course for all parties concerned, and that, unless the Legislature shall now see its way clear for a settlement more favorable to the bondholders, it is both its duty and its policy to adopt the award which this committee most respectfully and conscientiously tender to them and their creditors, as the result of their best judgement.

This committee regard it as most important and just to all the creditors of the State that the bonds issued under the proposed adjustments shall be uniform in forms and conditions, of payment and in their general appearance, and they also express the conviction that the State will be able at an early day to provide a fund, however small, in excess of the interest to be used for the gradual extinguishment of the debt. This, with the constitutional prohibition which they are informed is now existing, that "no debt can be incured by the State for the creation or in aid of any public improvement," will give augmenting value to the new bonds, and so far tend to mitigate the loss which the creditors incur.

The consideration that the decision of his momentous question by a State so distinguished in character and position as Tennessee, will exert unbounded influence upon the other States, gives immeasurable responsibility both to this award and to its adoption. Yet the committee confidently present it with the belief that while it is best for her creditors, it is also best for the State, and that it will remove the greatest sbstacle that now stands in the way of the prosperity of the whole nation. And they have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servants,

GEO. S. COE,
J. D. VERMILYE,
B. B. SHERMAN,
B. B. COMEGYS,
ENOCH PRATT,
Committee.

The question of offering suggestions relative to calling a special session of the Legislature, to act upon the proposition of the arbiter, was discussed, but no argument reached. It seemed to be the general opinion of the committee, however, that the present session of the Legislature was too far spent to admit of proper action upon the question now.

### We Are But Seven.

I met a little Democrat,
A gray-haired little lad,
Who piped his eye and heaved a sigh,
Superlatively sad,

"Wherefore," I asked, "these dismal sighs
That aspirate to heaven?"
He brushed the tear-drops from his eyes,
And said: "We are but seven!"

### Fourth Month Dunce.

The curious custom of joking on the first of April, sending the ignorant or the unweary on fruitless errands for the sake of making them feel foolish and having a laugh at them, prevails very widely in the world. And whether you call the victim a "Fourth month dunce," an "April fool," "April fish" (as in France) or an "April gowk" (as in Scotland), the object, to deceive him and laugh at him, is everywhere the same.

The custom has been traced back for ages; all through Europe, as far back as the records go. The "Feast of fools" is mentioned as celebrated by the ancient Romans. In Asia the Hindoos have a festival, ending on the 31st of March, called the "Huli festival," in which they play the same sort of first of April pranks—translated into Hindoo,—laughing at the victim, and making him a "Huli fool." It goes back even to Persia, where it is supposed to have a beginning, in very ancient times, in the celebration of spring, when their New Year begins.

How it came to be what we everywhere find it, the wise men cannot agree. The many authorities are so divided, that I see no way but for us to accept the custom as we find it, wherever we may happen to be, and be careful not to abuse it.

Some jokes are peculiar to particular places. In England, where it is called All Fools' Day, one favorite joke is to send the greenhorn to a bookseller to buy the "Life and Adventures of Eve's Grandmother," or to a cobbler to buy a few cents' worth of "strap oil,"—strap oil being, in the language of the shoemaking brotherhood, a personal application of the leather. The victim usually gets a good whipping with a strap.

There was an old superstition in England that prayers to the Virgin at eight o'clock on All Fools' Day would be of wonderful efficacy, and it is seriously mentioned by grave writers of old days.

In Scotland the first of April fun it called "hunting the gowk," and consists most often of sending a person to another a long way off, with a note which says, "Hunt the gowk another mile." The recipient of the note gives him a new missive to still another, containing the same words; and so the sport goes on, till the victim remembers the day of the month, and sits down to rest and think about it.

In France, where the custom is very ancient, the jokes are much the same; but the victim is called an "April fish," because he is easily caught. In one part of France there is a custom of eating a certain kind of peas which grow there, called *pois chiches*. The joke there is to send the peasants to a certain convent to ask for those peas, telling them that the fathers are obliged to give some to every one who comes on that day. The joke is as much on the monks as on the peasants, for there is often a perfect rush of applicants all day.

A more disagreeable custom prevails in Lisbon on the first of April, when the great object is to pour water on passers-by, or, failing in that, to throw powder in their faces. If both can be done, the joke is happy.

I need not tell you the American styles of joking: nailing a piece of silver to the side-walk; tying a string to a purse, and jerking it away from greedy fingers; leaving tempting-looking packages, filled with sand, on door-steps; frying doughnuts with an interlining of wool; putting salt in the sugarbowl, etc. You know too many already.

But this custom, with others, common in coarser and rougher times, is fast dying out. Even now it is left almost entirely to playful children and the uneducated classes. This sentiment, quoted from an English almanac of a hundred years ago, will, I'm sure, meet the approval of "grown-ups" of the nineteenth century:

"But 't is a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed,
The one that innocently went,
Or he that him designedly sent."

*St. Nicholas.*

Gov. Porter has authorized the statement that he will call the Legislature together in extra session to dispose of the Bond question. Wherein we think the Governor is right. Let us have a settlement at once and thus avoid trouble in 1878.

### Stop Fault-Finding.

In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own,
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone;
If we have nothing else to do,
Than think of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until it's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for all we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan—
And find it works full well—
To try your own defects to cure
Ere' others' faults you tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own short-comings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know,
Remember curses, chicken-like,
Will oft'times roost at home,
Don't speak of others' faults until
You have none of your own.

### Easter in England.

Of Easter Monday rites various curious relics still linger. One, called "clipping the church," is preformed by children of the charity schools, amid crowds of people and shouts of joy. They place their backs against the outside of the church, and join hands till the circle is complete and the building surrounded, when the ceremony is over, and they go to another church.

Another custom in Durham, is for men to go about the streets and take off a shoe from every woman they meet, unless she will pay a small fee to prevent it. The next day, as is but fair, the women retort by doing the same to men.

In some parts a still more ridiculous custom is found, called "heaving" or "lifting." On Easter Monday the men "lift" women, and on Tuesday the women are the lifters. It is done thus: two strong men cross hands in the way we used to call "making a chair," in my school-days, or they carry a chair lined with white, and decorated with flowers and ribbons. On meeting a woman in the street, they invite her to take a seat, and, in fact, insist upon it. They then lift her into the air three times, when she must kiss each of her lifters, and give them money besides. In the time of Edward I. this custom was so general that even the king was "lifted."

In Kent, the young people on Easter Monday "go a pudding-pieing." That is, go to public-houses to eat pudding-pie, a dish about the size of a saucer, with raised paste rim, and custard inside.

And everywhere, and all the time, are eggs, eggs, eggs; boiled and colored; striped and motled, and gilded; ornamented with names, or mottoes, or pictures. Common ones are variously adorned with designs drawn with a bit of tallow, which keeps the dye from taking on those parts. A better kind of decoration is to scratch the design with a sharp knife on an egg after it is dyed; landscapes, mottoes, etc., can be made very neatly.

A common game—which, perhaps you know—is played with Easter eggs. The owner of a hard-boiled Easter egg challenges any one he meets to strike eggs with him. If his eggs breaks the other it is called "the cock of one," and its owner has the broken one as a trophy.

When it has broken two, it is "cock of two," and so on. If an egg which is cock of one or more is broken, the conqueror adds the numbe. of trophies won by the victim to his own score.

The custom of making presents of eggs is said to be Persian, and to bear allusion to the "mundane egg," from which the world was fabled by certain nations to have been derived. It is a custom among Jews Egyptians, and Hindoes, and was adopted by Christians to symbolize the Resurrection.

This feast of eggs, therefore, very properly occurs at Easter.

### A Generation on the March.

A generation on the march from the cradle to the grave is an instructive spectacle, and we have it carefully presented to us in the report of Dr. Farr, as English physician. Let us trace the physical fortune which any million of us may reasonably expect. The number, to begin with, is made up of 511,754 boys and 488,255 girls, a disproportion which, by and by, will be redressed by the undue mortality of boys, and will be reversed before the close of the strange, eventful history. More than a quarter of these children will die before they are five years old—in exact numbers, 141,387 boys 121,795 girls. The two sexes are now nearly on a level. The next five years will be much less fatal. In the succeeding five years— from ten to fifteen—the morality will be still further reduced. Indeed, for both sexes, this is the most healthful period of life, the death-rate, however is lower for boys than for girls.

There will be some advance in deaths in the next five years, and still more in the next five years, and still more in the five which follow, but 534,045 will certainly enter on their twenty-sixth year. Before the next ten years are at an end, two-thirds of the women will have married. The deaths during that period will be 62,052, and of those no fewer than 27,134 will be caused by consumption. Between thirty-five and forty-five a still larger 'death-toll' will be paid, and little more than half the original band—in exact numbers, 502,915—will enter on their forty-sixth year. Each succeeding decade, up to seventy-five, will now become more fatal, and the numbers will shrink terribly. At seventy-five only 161,224 will remain to be struck down, and of these 122,549 will have perished by the eighty-fifth year of the march. The 38.556 that remains will soon lay down their burdens; but 2,151 of them will struggle on to be ninety-five, and 223 to be one hundred years old. Finally, in the 108th year of the course, the last solitary life will flicker out. Such, then, is the average lot of a million men and women.

There are 331 German Free Mason lodges in Germany; 123 in other countries.

## INVISIBLE POWER

OR

## The Secret of Life and Death.

BY

A. J. H. DUGANNE,

AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE SHIELDS," "THE TENANT HOUSE," "THE SEVEN CITIES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XX.

"DRAFTING."

That waning moon of June, which saw those two lovers brought together under such strange coincidences; and that new moon of July, which shed its light upon the walks that Edward ventured in the garden, leaning on Captain Hooper's arm; Amelia at the other side with Fannie's hand in hers; rosy mid-summer moons to them, were crescents of a more lurid red to many comrades of our young soldier, lying with faces upturned, upon the fields and hills of Gettysburgh.

Another great battle had been fought, with cavalry charging through its lines, before the wounded sergeant could report to his commander. But he was not out of service, even though his furlough had still ten days to run.

Pennsylvania highways, and the woody defiles of Maryland and Virginia, were at this date encumbered and thronged by defeated Confederate armies, retreating southward; but the streets of many Northern towns and cities were likewise crowded with multitudes of men, whose fears or politics might class them among fugitives from war. President Lincoln had called for additional troops, and the orders to draft where volunteers were not at once forthcoming, were met by the angry denunciations of a partisan press, which incited disorder in various quarters. A week after the battle of Gettysburg, there was an open and armed resistance threatened.

Sergeant Revere reposed upon a sofa in Macy's roomy library, enjoying the delicious smells from flowers below, while Susie and his mother talked together, on an ottoman, and his two corporals mounted guard by the sofa side. Saul Macy and Moss Cohen were conversing together at a window, while Captain Hooper smoked his cigar on the balcony.

"If your piano were up here," said Saul to his daughter, "We might cheer up that young man with 'John Brown's March,' or the 'Battle Cry of Freedom.' I need a little encouragement myself, just now, in face of my fate!"

Susie's quick glance at her husband was too much for her husband's spirit of mischief just then; so he shook his head gravely, with a look at Cohen, and added:

"Yes, I'm afraid all your war songs won't reconcile me to leave a quiet home behind me."

Moss Cohen's eyes twinkled: for he saw in a moment that Saul was disposed to make a little "game" of that affectionate wife.

"I'd get a substitute if I were you," said he, "though it cost me ten thousand dollars."

Poor Susie and startled Amelia were "full," in an instant, ready to mingle their griefs.

"Who'll go, even for that?" inquired the husband and father. "Besides, I'd be ashamed to set such an example at this time"

"If they'd take me," said the Hebrew of sixty-odd, quite secure in his disability, "I'll go in your place; my old life isn't worth much, and I can fire a musket yet."

"Oh, husband, you're not drafted!" cried Susie, in dismay, hastening toward Saul.

"Oh, father! they didn't get you, did they?" exclaimed Amelia, leaving her recruiting service, to sink at a stern parent's knee.

Two pair of clasped hands, four brimming eyes, and a brace of embracing bosoms; two breathless women, hanging on Saul's reply, as if their lives were to answer.

And that cool husband deliberately took out his cigar-case and proffered it to Moss Cohen, who, with equal hardness of heart, took a cigar from it, saying—

"Rather stronger regalias than your last brand."

"Yes, I think so," responded Macy.

"You'll not get such weeds in tobaccoland," rejoined his coadjutor in mischief.

"Husband!" gasped Susie, her arms around that person's neck.

"Father," murmured Amelia, her head on his lap.

"Well, it's no use," said Saul, with a snuffle;—"Cohen, I accept your offer—human nature can't stand such appeals of affection."

The patriot contemplated his wife and daughter in saying this, and then added: "Yes, Cohen, you must go as my substitute, if I should be drafted."

"Oh, *if* you're drafted;—pshaw, father!" cried Amelia, rising from her knees in apparent disappointment.

"Oh, Saul; how could you frighten us so?" exclaimed his wife, greatly relieved, "Why will you jest on such a serious subject?"

"Yes, I see," remarked Saul, "You're both sorry I'm not yet drafted."

"Oh, Saul," sighed his poor mate, returning to Mrs. Revere, on the ottoman, while her daughter repaired to her post of duty, to take counsel of Corporal Fanny concerning the awful consequences which might result should that dreadful conscription lot fall on the tribe of Moss Cohen and the family of Jesse Hooper, and the head of Saul Macy.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"MAN ON HORSEBACK."

Yet, it is an old adage that, "Many a true word is spoken in jest," and before Moss Cohen and Macy could join Captain Hooper in his "smoke" in the balcony, a sudden crash of martial music in the street below their front windows, caused young Revere's pulses to leap, and Susan Macy's to quiver, as if an engagement must follow the "draft." Fanny Revere ran to the open casement, and, looking back, exclaimed—

"Oh, mother, it's the soldiers! it's the 'Boys in Blue.'"

"Yes," said Cohen, "Mayor Opdyke has issued a proclamation, I heard, and the navy-yard marines are to garrison the Arsenal."

"Does the Mayor apprehend any danger?" inquired Macy. "The drawing passed off quietly on Saturday."

"There was a rumor about noon," observed Captain Hooper, "that a provost-marshal's office has been attacked, up-town somewhere."

"Well," remarked Saul, "Uncle Sam's sea-boys will settle things, I guess," and he blew a wreath of peaceful smoke.

But as the drum and fife receded from before their cottage front, another sound, less military, but more common in New York, arose from that back street, beyond which the stable abutted, wherein a row of tenement houses gave squalid habitation to some hundred families of all nationalities. The sound was made by human voices, cheering hoarsely, and a tramp of human feet succeeded, accompanied by the sudden breaking out of a loud chorus; the first notes of which caused Sergeant Revere to straighten himself to a sitting posture; for he had not heard that tune since he lay in prison at Belle Isle, and his Yankee curiosity was roused, when, through their eastern window, the words of a Southern song came clearly:—

"Hurrah! hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah! for the bonny blue flag,
That bears a single star!"

"Well, 'pon my word, Macy," quoth Moss Cohen, "That's a queer melody for New York streets;—don't you think so?"

"What does it all mean?" asked Revere, his countenance flushed, as he almost rose from the sofa.

"It means what you were surmising, Cohen," said Macy. "Organized resistance to the draft!"

"It looks like that," responded the Hebrew. "Hush; what's that now?"

As they listened, a loud voice, issuing sharp commands, in military tones, was heard, proceeding from the street which formed an angle with that wherein the tenement houses stood; and a measured tramp rang upon the sidewalk, beyond their garden fence, that extended back, to a corner which the stable formed. Next moment, under the light of a street-lamp, the lookers from that balcony beheld a dense crowd of men marching in column and moving past the front of their house; and presently the heavy marching tread resounded on that pavement lately traversed by the Navy Yard "Boys in Blue."

"Keep back from the front window," was Saul's instant direction, as Fanny went toward it, and the other females rose to follow.

No gas was yet lighted in the cottage, and neither moon nor stars were visible that Monday evening in July, which Saul Macy was to remember thereafter. But the gas-lamp on an opposite corner cast its rays across the moving column of men, whose cry and shouts now gave place to the measured tap of a drum, marking time for their footsteps.

Saul and Captain Hooper, standing on the balcony, could see a man on horseback, carrying a flag; and Fanny whispered to her mother, "That's the bonny blue flag, I guess;" but Mrs. Revere, with finger on her lips, drew Fanny on the ottoman, so that her white frock might not be so plainly seen by those outside, as was the white steed which their leader rode, as he gave his commands:—

"Forward, by the left flank! march!" and, like trained military, the foremost files turned, on crossing the street, and the crowd behind them followed in their track, rank after rank; the drum changing to a quickstep, as that man on horseback rode ahead of at least a thousand men, armed and unarmed, but all apparently obeying his orders with alacrity.

### CHAPTER XXII.

SPECIAL ORDERS.

"That means business for Mayor Opdyke," said Moss Cohen. "If this movement be preconcerted, there's danger I do not believe a thousand volunteers can be mustered in all New York."

"There are the police," said Saul; "and Kennedy is a resolute man."

"No braver man in the city," assented Cohen.

"And our citizens—our property-holders!" continued the landed proprietor; "Is there no manhood among them?"

Moss Cohen smiled at Saul's vehemence in defence of property; but he had no time to reply before a ringing of the door bell announced a visitor. Presently, Barney, the door-boy, appeared with an evening paper, containing reports of rioting, burning of stores and other alarming news; with editorial comments indicating that the city would soon be in possession of an armed mob.

"What's to be done, Cohen?" exclaimed Saul Macy, on his feet, and full of excitement.

"Is that question put to me as a private citizen, or as commander-in-chief?" was the old Hebrew's counter-query.

"Nonsense, Cohen; this is a serious business. I'll put on my hat and go out, I think."

"Oh, no, husband," appealed Susie, at once.

"I never knew a riot yet," said Captain Hooper, "where firing was going on, but some innocent lookers-on were the first to be shot."

"My advice is to stay at home, Macy," said Cohen. "At ten o'clock, I must start for down-east, on our business there; and I think it your duty to be at your own threshold, sir."

There was no "nonsense" in Cohen's tone or manner in giving this good counsel; and Saul silently admitted its force by sitting down again; with his eyes, however, still on the evening paper.

Just then another violent ring at the front door was heard.

"Riot!" cried Macy, as he read: "Opdyke's house besieged—an armory captured by the mob!"

"Goodness!" cried Susie, intent on her husband, "*You* mustn't go out, Saul."

"And *you* mustn't go out," said Mrs. Revere, going to her wounded son, who appeared to share in Saul's excitement.

"Blocks of houses in flames," continued the news-reader; but his voice was checked and presently drowned by a rumble and crash of thunder, followed by heavy rain.

"That'll put the fire out!" exclaimed the quick little Fanny, whose imagination was picturing a conflagration, and whose youthful trust saw Providence in the timely shower which now descended; a memorable fall of rain, at the close of that perilous day, for New York city; drenching Manhattan Island, and dispersing crowds of rioters more effectually than Kennedy's police expeditions could drive them from their various strongholds.

"Fierce and fast came down the ponderous rain" that hour, while summer lightnings flashed like artillery fires, and the roar of thunder reverberated as if batteries were at work against the rioters.

Captain Hooper and Moss Cohen came in from the open balcony, and were closing the library blinds, when the house-girl brought up a note, addressed to "Saul Cohen, Esq."

"Who's this for? you or me?" asked Macy, reading the superscription.

"Let's hear it, as we've joint interest." responded the Hebrew. And Saul read aloud—

"Mr. Saul Cohen is hereby designated as a special member of the National Guard, to act in conjunction with his fellow citizens, in view of the present exigency. He will report at once to General Sanford at the State Arsenal, on Seventh avenue, with arms, if possible. By order,

ANDREW COBB, A. A. G."

"That's my place," said Saul Macy, abruptly rising. "Wife, my hat and revolver!"

Susie stood speechless, not able to budge; and, as if to move her, another peal of thunder shook the house, bringing rain in torrents.

"Oh, you can't go out in this rain, dear!" was Susie's earnest protest; to which Cohen, who had taken the note from Saul's hand, to read it himself, added—

"Besides, it is your substitute who is called for—'Cohen,' substitute for 'Macy—' can't you see, my dear National Guard? General Sanford only wants *me*—an old fellow like himself. We've known each other for twenty years—by sight, at least."

"I only know my duty!" cried Saul, impatiently. "The city is in peril, and the citizens must defend their own firesides."

"That's just it, my friend," rejoined Cohen; "Stick to your own fireside, and defend it like a man."

"But this order must be obeyed!" answered Macy.

"Stay!" said Cohen, turning to the servant, who had answered the bell, "Was this note brought by a policeman, or soldier?"

"No, sir," replied the girl; "A large gentleman, with an umbrella."

"One of the Mayor's messengers, doubtless," cried Macy.

"Not so fast," continued Cohen; "If this note was a general order, it would be printed, not written. Besides, there' neither seal nor official stamp on the envelope. My opinion is, some fool is attempting a sorry jest upon us."

"For shame, Moss Cohen!" exclaimed Macy, "This is no time to cavil on points of routine. There may be no time to print—no official stamps at hand."

"The gentleman would like an answer, sir," said Charlotte, the housemaid, who had come up, instead of Barney, with that note; "He's waiting in the parlor."

"Why didn't you say so, before?" demanded Saul, hurriedly. "Tell him I will see him at once." And as the girl left the room, he turned on Cohen, triumphantly: "There," said he, "Does that look like jesting?—a special messenger!"

"But who for?" persisted the Hebrew. "Is your name Cohen?"

"I'm head of the house, and must answer for it," was Saul's response; to which there could be no demur.

So tearful Susie brought her husband's cap and revolver, and Captain Hooper brought a water proof coat; while Moss Cohen ventured only one more piece of advice:

"It may be all right, Macy," he said, "there's no harm in reporting for duty, if duty must be done. But, I must be off for *my* expedition, and we'll take a carriage together. You can leave me at the New Haven depot, on your way."

"That's a good idea," said Captain Hooper; "and take the Mayor's messenger along with you, if he's going back. I'll send Barney for the coach."

So Barney the door-boy was ordered to bring a carriage from the neighboring livery stable, while Saul Macy, going down to see the "Mayor's messenger," found him a gentlemanly, middle-aged citizen, in black, with a large umbrella to cover his own ample bulk. Saul announced his readiness to report forthwith, and said he had sent for a carriage, because the night was so wet; concluding with an invitation for the messenger to take a seat in the vehicle, if he were disengaged.

"You are extremely kind, sir," responded the man, after a pause, as if he could hardly realize such courtesy.

Then, in a low voice, he remarked that he had two assistants, serving notices, who were to join him a few squares distant, and that, of course, would prevent his accepting so polite an offer.

"I don't see it in that light," replied Saul, as Cohen entered the parlor with Susie and her father. "This gentleman will ride with us to 29th street and Fourth Avenue, and I can take a box seat with my water-proof on. That'll be my first outpost-duty."

Saul Macy laughed, in his hearty way, and the large man responded, more moderately; but protested that he, or one of his people, should take the box seat. Then Barney re-appeared heralding the coach; and Susie kissed her husband, and Amelia came for another kiss; and there was hand-shaking for Moss Cohen; and finally, from teardrops within to rain drops without, the "home-guard" left home, in order to defend his fireside; and the "Mayor's messenger," as they got into the carriage, called out:

"Make yourselves easy as possible, ladies. He'll be back before breakfast to-morrow morning!"

And, in order to make themselves "easy as possible," Susie and Amelia returned to the library with such rueful faces, that Mrs. Revere and Fanny were soon mingling condolences with them, in spite of Captain Hooper's assurances that all must be right, because the "Mayor's messenger" appeared to be "a perfect gentleman."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

DIAMONDS SAVED.

After riding a short distance, the "Mayor's messenger" said they were near the place of rendezvous for his men; and, pulling the check-string, stopped their carriage opposite what appeared to be a bar room or lager bier saloon. Then opening the coach door, he alighted, in the heavy rain, and raised his large umbrella in crossing the sidewalk, to enter a red-curtained glass door.

"Seems to be an active man for his years and build," remarked Macy to Moss Cohen.

"Saul Macy!" answered the Hebrew, "That man is a fraud, sir, sure as I'm your friend."

"What do you mean?" asked Macy, in surprise.

"I mean that I looked closely at him in your lighted parlor. He wears a brown wig, covering light hair. His eyes are light blue, yet his eyebrows are black, like his mustache and beard. But there's another deception. He is bulky in "build," as you see, but his clothes are stuffed from neck to foot, as I have felt, by our close contact in the carriage. What more do you want?"

"All this may be," replied Macy. "He is probably a detective, attached to the Police Department, and has a right to his own precautions."

Moss Cohen was silent a moment; for such an explanation had not occured to him; nevertheless he could not banish his forebodings of evil connected with that man in disguise. "You have your revolver, Macy?" he inquired.

"All safe," answered Saul, feeling the barrel in his breast-pocket. "Have you one?"

"Yes," said Cohen, "and I don't want to leave you to-night, until I leave you at the Arsenal. I shall not get out at the depot."

"Nonsense, Cohen, there's nothing to be apprehended. I'm a match for one man, unless I get another clip on the sore shoulder. You attend to your travels, and I'll pull through, never fear. Morrison promised to pay on receipt of the stones, did he not?"

"Yes: he expects to see me to-morrow morning," answered the diamond merchant.

"And you have the jewels with you—forty thousand dollars' worth?"

"All safe," replied Moss Cohen, as Saul had answered his own question about the revolver.

"Well, Cohen, suppose you have a foundation for your fears—which I won't allow—and suppose foul play should be meant to ward me; will your presence help, with forty thousand dollars' plunder to be got by getting rid of us both?"

Moss Cohen reflected—"Suppose I get rid of the jewel case?" was a sudden thought which he made audible.

"How can you do that?" asked Macy.

"Very easily," replied the Jew. "I have a sharp knife, and can make a slit in this coach lining, under the creased fold. There the case can remain unsuspected, until we can reclaim it."

"And lose your sale to-morrow," said Macy.

"Better lose jewels and money both, than jeopard your life, perhaps, my friend," responded the Israelite, in a tone of real tenderness. Macy was impressed with a manner quite unusual with Moss Cohen; and the diamond merchant's suggestion would possibly have been made practical, if the saloon door had not swung open at the instant, giving egress to that man with his umbrella, and an undersized man, who came to the carriage door.

"Only one of my men has put in an appearance," said the "stuffed" man, filling the door space, as he pushed into the coach. "We'll stop, if you please at another place in Fourteenth street—but I won't detain you. May this small man get inside!"

"Certainly," said Macy. And the small man got in, and sat on Moss Cohen's right, while his big comrade resumed the seat beside Macy.

"I think we'll have a rainy night," said the "Mayor's messenger." "That'll do more good, in restoring order, than grape shot, sir."

"I hope we shall get along without grape shot," responded Saul.

"Well, sir, grape shot is good in its place," rejoined the "stuffed" man, whose thick legs yielded to an unsuspicious pressure of Saul's nether limbs; satisfying the home-guard that Moss Cohen's web of doubt had a substantial woof of wool underneath. And then the big man added:

"Grape shot—blank cartridges afterwards—that was old Bonaparte's way of treating mobs."

"You are a military man, yourself," remarked Cohen.

"No, sir; no, sir;" replied the messenger promptly, "mere clerk, sir."

"You're playing a part, my disguised detective," thought Moss Cohen: but he made no speech; and the carriage rolled on rapidly, until Saul, through the glasses, could see that they were on Fourteenth street, and near the Opera House they were stopped, in answer to a pull at the check-band.

"You get out, Peters, and see if Hopkins is there." was the big man's order to the little man, which was promptly obeyed; and that small-sized man must have taken a large drink while inside the second barroom; for he lingered some time there, and when he came back alone he smelt of whiskey.

"Hopkins minus" was the undersized man's brief report, as he took his seat, and the carriage turned off Irving Place, and rattled on, passing by Gramercy Square, and thence on, until Macy saw the New Haven depot.

"Well, I'll leave you here," said Moss Cohen, abruptly offering his hand to Macy, as the carriage stopped.

Saul felt a double grip of that true hand, as he held it; a grip that seemed to say—"I'll leave you here, but I'll not abandon you." He returned the close grasp, and said:

"Telegraph me from Boston, to-morrow!"

"Of course," answered Cohen, as he alighted with a small traveling bag, only large enough to contain a change of linen and forty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds; which, on the whole, Moss Cohen thought more secure in his own valise, than in any leather pocket he might have made in the lining of a hackney coach.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### The Manufacturing Interest of the South.

Some few years ago it was quite an easy matter to apportion to each section of this mighty Contininent its various sources of wealth; to the New England States belonged the industries; to the West the raising of wheat, and to the South the production of the cotton, but as the country has developed, the minds of all shrewd business men have been opened to the necessary of combining manufacturing enterprises with agricultural pursuits; the West was the first to adopt the necessity of producing goods in proportion to what was grown within her districts, for she found out she never derived any benefit or reciprocation from the importation of the articles she paid so dearly for in the East. Apart from the mere question of gain, it is one of the first principles of political economy to diversity as much as possible the different channels in which labor is employed and so of late years it has dawned upon the South that so long as she continued to plant cotton and make it her chief source of occupation, she could only attract to her territory the very poorest class of field labor; for from statistics it has clearly been shown that the cotton laborer very rarely is able to earn anything over and above his actual expenses, and of course the man who has nothing to spend does nothing for the opening up or progress of that section in whice he is working.

The contrast has been very marked between the farming hands of the cotton States and the workmen in the manufacturing districts; to this end the South has been obliged to push forward her utmost energies in encouraging everything that tended to promote her future wealth and so has determined to appropriate a certain share in the rapid growth, the United States has made in manufactures, which have doubled within the last ten years. The finan cial crisis of 1873 did a great deal of good to the South, as while all industries were at a stand still North, suffering as they did from the encumbrances of debt contracted in prosperous times, the few cotton factories that had been erected in the South, were all doing a most successful business. In Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and Texas, mill property to this day is paying large dividends; the only way to keep trade ever on the increase, is to create new activity, the moment it is discovered that certain other localities are outstripping the South of her legitimate occupation, the spinning as well as the growing of cotton. The great drawback to the advancement of manufacturing enterprise is that both States and municipal laws prevent the untrammeled execution of local energy, and while of course, it is very difficult for legislators to see that the wealth of their various sections depends upon the self-supporting capacity of their inhabitants, still it is an essential point to inspire due encouragement to build up every kind of enterprise, instead of pulling it down by stringent taxes, for the amalgamation of agricultural and manufacturing pursuits is the only way for any people to acquire permanent wealth and retain a lasting independence.—*N. Y. Cotton Record.*

### Dream Joy.

The world would be a dull sort of place were it not for day dreams. In these visions we have wealth and joy, and honor and love, such as we never actually experience. No one is so rich as the young man who has just formed some plan for accumulating millions, and has in his pocket perhaps a dollar or two—perhaps not.

No one is so famous as the young poet of sixteen, who has just written his first halting verse, and mails it to the office of the magazine. In the distance he sees himself bowing thanks for the applause of millions. In the future he writes the greatest volume of the age, all women adore him.

Who has ever loved as the unknown lover of the day-dream loves her? Ever constant, ever true, brave, noble, and the handsomest of men, he never loved before they met, and never would love again should he lose her.

Oh, the youth's lady love is the fairest rose in all the garden, yet one no other has ever sought to win.

The wife of one who never marries is a perfect creature. The husband of one who keeps her maiden dreams unbroken loves and cherishes, and is never careless or forgetful. And, on the children of those who never held any in their arms! how beautiful they were and how well they grew up.

Never a home life the home we only dream of building. Never a voyage like the one we never take. Often I think that those who only dream of, and never actually possess what they desire, are the happiest in this world, and that heaven is the only place where our dreams of happiness can ever be realized.

—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*


—P. J. Pittman keeps Home made Boots and Shoes, sewed and pegged, on hand all the time. Has just completed a nice good lot of ladies' shoes and gaiters; to be convinced of their cheapness, buy them. Call opposite Brown & Wells', Main Street.