THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

VOL. 7. LEXINGTON, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MO., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872. No. 15.—WHOLE No. 327

Schools.

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COLLEGE MOUND, MACON COUNTY, MISSOURI.

WITH Eleven Experienced Instructors, offers to ladies and gentlemen the advantages of the following schools: Primary, Preparatory, Collegiate, Scientific, Music, French and German, Normal, Commercial, Theological, Hebrew, Anglo-Saxon. Each teacher devotes his whole time. Expenses very reasonable. Location healthy and retired. Associations good. Government strict but parental. Faculty able and efficient. Instruction practical and thorough. A concentration of educational facilities. Board $8 50 per week. Fall Term Opens September 11, 1872. For particulars, Address,

jun29-6w J. B. MITCHELL, D. D., President.

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☞ Boarding facilities unsurpassed.

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july6-3m W. T. J. SULLIVAN, President.

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MAYVIEW, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MO.

THE THIRD TERM of the Mayview High School will begin on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1871, and will continue ten months.

TERMS.

Primary Department, per month..... $2 00
Collegiate Department (Freshman) per month..... 3 00

One half of tuition in advance, the other half in 1st of February, 1872.

No deduction made for absence

Liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

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THE next session of this deservedly popular institution will open the FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, the Spring Term, will commence last Monday in January next.

EXPENSES PER TERM OF TWENTY WEEKS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Board, Lodging, Fuel and Lights.....	$100 00
Tuition in Primary Department.....	10 00
Tuition in Preparatory Dep't...$15 00 to	20 00
Tuition in Collegiate Department.....	25 00
Piano, Guitar, Organ, (each).....	25 00
Latin, Greek, German, French, (each)...	15 00
Painting, Oil Colors.....	25 00
Use of Piano, one hour per day.....	5 00
Contingent Fees.....	2 00

ap19 Rev. D. H. SELPH, A. M., Principal.

For the Ladies.

SPRING OPENING

OF CHOICE MILLINERY,

AT

MRS. PRICE & ARNOLD'S,

ON SATURDAY, APRIL 27TH, 1872.

OUR STOCK will comprise a large assortment of all articles pertaining to our line of business. Inviting the kind inspection of the ladies, we remain, Very respectfully,

apr27 tf MRS. PRICE & ARNOLD.

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MRS. A. C. SHAW, (residing on Franklin street,) is now prepared to CUT, FIT and MAKE DRESSES in the latest styles, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every instance. Also Stamping, Braiding and Embroidery done to order. apr13 m6

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MISS ANNA DOWDEN,

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HAIR GOODS.

HAIR JEWELRY made neatly and promptly. Combings straightened, Switches, Curls, Chignons, Braids and Rolls made to order. Will supply to order every description of HAIR GOODS.

Call and see her at Mrs. Tommerson's Millinery Store, Lexington, Mo. my4y1

TO LADIES ONLY.

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THIS IS the only Corset made upon correct principals.

It supports and relieves, instead of obstructing and derranging the system. It has the strongest recommendation and approval of the Medical Faculty. Ladies suffering in any manner from derangement of the system, will find great relief and support from this corset, and will never willingly dispense with it. It costs no more than a good ordinary corset, and will last twice as long. Reduced price for a superior quality, $4 00. Send 2 cent stamp for circular.

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jan27 tf Dry Goods Emporium, Agents, Lexington, Mo

ORNAMENTAL.

HAVING permanently located in Lexington, I will continue to form classes in Musical Instruction, the German and French Languages, and Drawing and Painting. References, Messrs Wm. Morrison, Henry Macey, Jno. E. Ryland, Edward Winsor. Word left at C. G. Ludwig's Jewelry Store, will receive prompt attention. Country orders attended to.

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Lexington Caucasian.

FOR 1872:

THE CAUCASIAN'S PLATFORM:

Opposition to the Tan-Yard Boor, and his Countless Hordes of Hungry Kin!

Opposition to Usurpation, Tyranny, Office-Peddling, Bribery, Extravagance, Corruption and Wrong!

THE CAUCASIAN'S TICKET:

Horace Greeley, Gratz Brown, Cox, Trumbull, Palmer, or the Devil—

Anybody to Beat Ulysses the Gift-Taker!

LIFETIME CANDIDACY.

THE RAPACITY OF DEMOCRATIC MUMMIES FOR OFFICE.

As we feared, and had every good reason to suspect, no sooner were Greeley and Brown nominated by the Baltimore Convention, than the ancient and very hungry Democratic party is announced as a general candidate for all the offices in the country, from dog-pelter to United States Senator. Venerable relics of humanity, possessing barely vitality enough to be heard in their ante-diluvian "Mis-ter President," or other like efforts to attract the attention of the "cheer," or what is better, of the dear people, are, like a host of electrified mummies, beating the air wildly.

Men (and very clever old gentlemen, too) whose names have been associated with a decade of Democratic disasters; candidates for office in every contest since Columbus discovered the New World; thread-bare orators, whose squeaking voices apparently have been cultivated solely with the view of murdering the King's English; octogenarian and centurian politicians, who cannot, and never will, comprehend the changed condition of parties—each, every one of them—all—are candidates. Their speeches of to-day, which were evidently memorized in the period of John Adams, would do as well on either side, having very little, if any, reference to questions now before the country, being generally heavy-laden harangues, in a tremulous key, about themselves and a generation, whose bones were meatless in their grave-pits half a century ago.

Failing to understand the one great fact, oft-tested, that they are almost totally without influence to effect a change in the minds of voters, they also ignore the other greater fact, that the old Democratic party was in itself, utterly unable to proselyte. It had just so many voters, and could recruit no more. Its mission is ended and its day is over. The old Democratic party died at Baltimore; and the New Democracy, failing to receive a proper christening, is bowed under the weight of the Old Democracy's decease. As successor and heir apparent to the fortune and misfortune of the elder and defunct Democracy (no administrator having been appointed), it is liable to be suspicioned as only its revivified corpse. And, if the speeches of these ante-diluvians are to be considered as properly in order, and as its voice, then the suspicion is partly justified that the child is its dead parent's sire.

We regret to be compelled to say, in all truth, that the New Democracy is exhibiting about the same intense rapacity for office that characterized and partly destroyed the efficiency of the old Democracy. The New Democracy, with the mummied leaders of the old Democracy as its oracles, will meet the fate of its sire. These doting old gentlemen know nothing of the present. They live in the dead past. They are perfectly oblivious to the great fact that the Democratic party is not entitled to any credit in this contest; that it is not the power which is wresting the nation from anarchy and corruption. Modesty, if they had any, would suggest to them to forego, at least one of their annual candidacies. Modesty, if they possessed that rare virtue, would suggest, that they wait, at least, to be called upon by the people to "sacrifice" themselves for them. On the contrary, the whole state of Missouri and the country at large, is overrun with a screaming army of Democratic office-hunters—perfect political Nimrods—cross-roads yelping demagogues; and they are running the campaign of the New Democracy in the long beaten and disastrous track of the Old Democracy, without so much as inquiring whether there is any other organization beside their own which is entitled to consideration. They are glad that the past is to be forgotten and forgiven, they say; and yet the burden of their every two and three hour harangue is a tiresome and spiritless rehash of the past—the dead, dead, dead past; their connection with the past; where they stood; how they felt and thought. Bah! to Hades with all this skinny-lipped gumming and mumbling over a dead, buried epoch. We need LIVE MEN, YOUNG MEN, EARNEST MEN, NEW MEN. The country is tired hearing the old, worn, unsuccessful names of the past rung yearly in their ears. The people would rather read their obituaries. These old men, however, have a mission and sepulchral duty to perform. Let them keep the new leaderless fold together, and then let them bury out of sight their shabby bundles of shabbier Democratic twaddle.

Had the possum policy been adopted at Baltimore, there would have been less excuse for an exhibition of official rapacity, such as we now behold. Greeley and Brown were the nominees of the Liberal Republican party of the United States; a re-nomination of these candidates by the Democracy, does not entitle the Democratic party to a monopoly of all the offices. The Democratic party is not a growing party; while the Liberal Republican organization is recruiting by wholesale—a state of proselytization from Radicalism never before witnessed in this country. The Democratic re-nomination of Greeley and Brown added nothing to Greeley and Brown's strength—a commendatory resolution would have done as well; but it thereby attached a burden to Mr. Greeley, which no other than Horace Greeley could have borne. Notwithstanding the misfortune of a straight-out Democratic nomination, that gentleman continues to gain strength, which is the highest proof of his popularity with the masses of the American people, in spite of party.

Now, we beseech the army of revivified, rapacious mummies, who are drifting in droves from one cross-roads meeting to another, to either study, and make proper use of, the Living Present, and so far as their ability permits, look into the Future; or hide themselves away in some shady nook. The people do not ask them to give up their early grave-hopes, for the wear and tear of a contest, concerning the nature of which they seem to have no profitable knowledge.

This fight for White Freedom is made by Greeley, Brown and the Liberal Republican party. We are but their aids; and as such, it illy becomes the Democracy to evince such a tireless, morbid rapacity for office; less does it become us, like buzzards on a corpse, to seize upon the whole body, as if it belonged to us.

GRANT AGAIN PROVED A LIAR.

CARL SCHURZ GIVES THE NAME OF GRANT'S BRIBE AGENT.

And the Bribe Agent Reasserts that Grant Sought to Buy Schurz's Vote.

In Mr. Schurz's great speech at St. Louis Monday week, he charged the President of the United States with offering him an open bribe to secure his vote and influence as a Senator in the Santo Domingo scheme. That speech was telegraphed to all quarters of the country the same night, and made its appearance in the press of the country the next morning. Grant saw it at Long Branch. It so upset his humor, that he postponed his day's frolic, and left for Washington, where after consultation with one of his leading henchmen, he concluded to telegraph everywhere a denial of the charge; that he had never sought to bribe any Senator; that the charge was false. Nothing more was heard of the matter till two days ago, when the New York Tribune published a communication from Mr. Schurz, not only reaffirming what he had said in his St. Louis speech, but adding the testimony of Gen. Pleasanton, who was Grant's agent in the matter. Read the following New York dispatch, which is an epitome of the Senator's card. The President is again caught in a contemptible and felonious act, for which he should be impeached, and is proved to have lied to escape its responsibility. In four years, he has thus been publicly branded, by public men, as a liar in only four distinct cases:

SENATOR SCHURZ NAMES THE BRIBERY AGENT.

Carl Schurz, in a letter to the Tribune, says the letter quoted in his St. Louis speech concerning patronage, in connection with the Santo Domingo business, was addressed to him by Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, late commissioner of internal revenue. "It was written," says Schurz, "in reply to a note from myself, of the contents of which I have a memorandum, which reads as follows: "Ask Pleasanton whether he remembers a conversation with me concerning Santo Domingo, in which he said that if I would support the President I could have all the patronage I wanted, etc., and ask him whether he was authorized by the President to do so. Gen. Pleasanton's reply is quoted in my speech."

GEN. PLEASANTON'S EVIDENCE.

I have since received from Gen. Pleasanton the following note:

NEW YORK, July 25, 1872.

DEAR GENERAL: Of course I have no objection to your giving my name to the public. In explanation of the facts, I would say that being a friend of the President as well as of yourself, I desired you should be on good terms, and you should understand that there was no personal feeling in the way of relations mutually satisfactory. Your statement is correct, that the President wanted your support for his San Domingo scheme, and that you could have had the patronage of the government for giving it. That was the distinct impression the President's conversation made upon my mind, and I communicated it to you at the time. If the President positively denies having had any such conversation, I regret it. I may console myself with the reflection that this is the first time that any statement of mine has been questioned, while the President has had occasion before this to distrust the accuracy of his recollection. Truly, yours,

(Signed.) A. PLEASANTON.

It is reported that the Tickborne claimant is collecting some $500 per night by his tour through England. He charges an admission fee of two shillings and sixpence, gives some band music and makes a short speech.

LYNCHING OF A MURDERER.

THE HANGING OF SHARPE AT WARRENSBURG.

A WELL ORGANIZED MOB.

STOLID NERVE OF THE CRIMINAL.

[From the Kansas City Times, July 27.]

The reader will recall the account of an attempt to lynch James Sharpe, the murderer of John Erskine, at Warrensburg, on last Monday night. The result of that attempt was evidently anything but satisfactory to those engaged in it, and there was good ground, as the sequel has proved, for the apprehensions of the sheriff, as stated to our reporter, that another and more formidable attempt would be made to take Sharpe out and hang him.

Night before last, just before night-fall, the sheriff received an intimation that that night was the appointed time for a renewal of the attempt to lynch the prisoner. Accordingly, Sheriff Smith summoned a large posse to assist him in guarding the doomed man, but the majority of them failed, for some reason or other, to come to time, so that about nine o'clock Smith found himself unsupported save by some half a dozen citizens, and with the certainty before him that an attempt would be made that night to take Sharpe out of his hands and hang him, and that the attempt would be of the most

DESPERATE AND DETERMINED CHARACTER.

The first mob had evidently come expecting to be let into the jail after a little parley, and came unprovided with means of breaking in. They had therefore gone away when it became evident that they could not force a passage to Sharpe's cell without a fight with the sheriff. The second mob came prepared, if they could get at their victim in no other way, to raze the old jail to the ground. A little after midnight on Thursday, the mob, mounted and numbering over

THREE HUNDRED MEN,

Was observed approaching over the sight eminence that rises between the old town of Warrensburg and Post Oak creek. When they had come within a short distance of the court-house square they halted, secured their horses, and came on in two bodies.

To explain the nature of their operations a brief description of the jail is necessary. It is a two-story brick, about forty-six feet north and south by twenty feet east and west. It stands close to the north end of the court-house square, about mid-way east and west. This court-house square, it must be remembered, is in the old town of Warrensburg, which is about half a mile from the new, or railroad town, and westward from it. The jail is divided into two parts, the north end being used as a residence by the jailor, and the south end fitted up for the incarceration of prisoners. The cell in which Sharpe was chained is on the southwest corner of the building, on the first floor, and has two small, heavy-grated windows looking out into the little back yard of the jail, which is perhaps ten feet by twenty, and enclosed by a high paling. The brick wall around the cell is about sixteen inches thick, and the cell itself is a box made of two-inch oak plank, crossed and bolted together, and the whole lined with boiler iron.

The approach to the cell from the inside is through a narrow hall-way which extends to the end of the building, and between the end of the hall and the open air there is only the sixteen-inch brick wall. The jail has been

CONDEMNED BY THE GRAND JURY,

And is evidently a very insecure place for the incarceration of desperate felons, either for keeping them in or mobs out.

As has been said, the mob approached the jail in two bodies—one detachment investing the premises in front and the other coming up through the court-house square from the west, and surrounding the south end of the building. They moved with the silence, rapidity and precision of veteran troops executing a movement on the field.

They evidently meant to do their work of death this time, and to do it for certain, and in spite of whatever might come in their way. It had become a settled conviction in the minds of these people of Johnson county that Sharpe must die, and that he must speedily be put beyond any peradventure of an escape from the consequences of his crime.

These men, therefore, were determined. There was no bluster, no loud talking; no one in the mob was drunk; there were no threats. The orders and pass-words were delivered in muffled undertones—sullen growls through the set teeth of the lynchers; but there was no bravado; nothing but quiet,

TIGER-LIKE MOVEMENTS,

That had the rustle of death about them, and hoarse whispers that might have been from the grave.

At length, when all was ready, a formal, respectful demand was made upon Sheriff Smith for the body of James E. Sharpe. The Sheriff was upon the doorstone. It was an unpretentious rostrum, but the audience was attentive and willing to hear.

WHAT THE SHERIFF HAD TO SAY.

"Gentlemen," said Smith, "you are, most of you, citizens of Johnson county. You have helped to elect me to this position, to discharge the duties for which I am here to-night. You have chosen me to execute and enforce the law, and now you come to break it in spite of me..."

A voice in the crowd: "Get out of the way, Smith; we would not harm you, nor any of your posse; but we are three hundred strong, and we are going to take and hang Sharpe, no matter what stands in our way."

"But," replied the Sheriff, "what are you going to gain by such a proceeding? Why, simply to cast a stigma on the name of this county, to have it go out to all the world that the processes of law are interrupted by armed mobs, and that the law of Judge Lynch takes precedence of the statutes. If this were a new, border community, infested with desperadoes, without society, without the methods and appliances of legal procedure, and of executing the mandates of the courts, there might be some justification for this sort of thing.

But ours is an old community. Law is unrestrained in its processes and its execution is never delayed or hampered. The prisoner is self-convicted. There is no man or body of men in all the world who will make the faintest attempt to rescue him. He can elude justice only by taking his own life, and this he cannot do except by butting his own brains out against the walls or the floor of his cell.

Let it be said for once that the civil law has taken its course in Western Missouri, and that a criminal has suffered the legal penalty of his misdeeds in the manner prescribed by the statutes. Leave the care of the prisoner to me; his trial to your jury; his sentence to your judge, and his execution to him upon whom such duty devolves."

NO USE TALKING.

"It's no use talking about this matter, Mr. Smith," was the calm reply. "We understand the nature of this thing as well as you do or can. We revere and respect you as a man of courage and honor, and a faithful and vigilant officer. You know and recognize many of us, for we make no effort at concealment or disguise. We are all responsible men. This is not a drunken, howling mob, but a company of intelligent men who know what they are about, who know how to do their work, and who had fully and deliberately determined, long before they came here, to do it at whatever hazard."

Here the speaker stopped, a signal was given, and those in the rear of the jail made an onslaught upon the brick wall with heavy sledge-hammers, old axes, crow-bars and a battering-ram. A hole was soon broken through the wall at the end of the narrow hall, and into this part of the jail came five or six men, with lanterns and crow-bars.

The door of Sharpe's cell is made of bars of ordinary horse-shoe iron, crossed and heavily riveted at the intersections, swinging on heavy hinges, and secured by a bar and heavy hasp and padlock. Two crow-bars were run through between these bars, and four stalwart men surged backward upon this powerful leverage. The iron door creaked and groaned, there was a dull, metallic snap as the

RIVETS GAVE WAY,

and in a moment the door was wrenched out of its fastenings, and Sharpe and those who had come to kill him stood face to face in the cramped cell. Not a word was said. Outside there was only a murmur of impatience. Inside there was no sound save the rapid, hard breathing of the men, and the quick click of one or two revolver locks in the narrow hall. Then came the dull clank of the chain that fettered Sharpe, as it was laid across the side of a sledge-hammer; then a blow or two as the links were cut with a cold chisel; the shackels were apart, and Sharpe was seized by two men and taken out into the open air, not free, but doomed, past praying for, and past the last and faintest hope he may ever have dreamed of, that life would still be his.

The crowd fell back as the men came out with their victim, and then closed up close around them. There was scarcely a word spoken. Sharpe had not opened his lips. In his spare, wiry frame there was not a quiver, and the flickering light of the lanterns, as it fell upon his face, showed not even a shadow of pallor upon its livid surface. If he had fears, if there was a sinking at his heart, he gave no word or sign to tell it.

Whether it was clear nerve or brutal stolidity, none can tell. It may be that, as he sat in his brick, oak and iron walled dungeon, with the pitiless iron clasped upon his limbs and riveting him to utter helplessness—alone, in the darkness that hid his hand raised in front of him, listening to the "thud," "thud" of the heavy blows upon the outer wall, as if driving the nails in his coffin-lid—it may be that those blows smote every one upon his heart and gave him pain as if upon his body and not upon the brick they fell.

It may be that now as he had heard knocking at his door the death he had sat for days and knights gazing at afar off, and with a glimmer of hope between, he shuddered a little and the memory of the sweets life had held for him in better days that were gone, came back to make his heart sick, and set his brain reeling.

It may be that when he heard the tumble of the unresisting bricks that had been at once his prison and his shield, and knew that the last barrier between him and death was down, there came to him in the blackness of his cell and the midnight, as from a camera, the picture of his fireside, his wife and his little ones. But whatever there may have been to move him, he had gulped it down, and when he came out among those who were to take away his life, not a step in all the crowd was firmer than his, not a cheek was less blanched, and not an eye quailed less than did his vacant little gray orbs beneath their overhanging red brows.

To take him out to the road and tie him upon a horse was the work of a few moments, and then the cavalcade set out for the

PLACE OF EXECUTION,

which was in the timber on Post Oak creek, about a mile and a half from the old town of Warrensburg.

Arrived at the appointed place, a halt was made. The men dismounted, a strong cordon was formed around the tree, a rope passed over a limb and fixed about his neck. The men who had been detailed to draw the rope took their places, and then the master of the ceremonies stepped in front of Sharpe and asked him if he had anything to say before he died. Sharpe said he would like to say a word.

"We will hear what you have to say."

"I acknowledge that I killed Erskine in the manner stated in my first confession. I did not kill Gallagher. Young's story to that effect is false. I do not know what became of Gallagher. Erskine was the only man I ever killed. I killed him because I thought he had wronged me in business."

"Have you any request to make or any mercy to crave?"

"None."

"Are you ready to die?"

"I am."

There was a signal, a tightening of the cord, a rasping sound as the rope slid over the rough bark on the limb, and

JAMES SHARPE SWUNG FROM THE EARTH,

never more to press its surface a living man. All through this proceeding there had not been even a word spoken to Sharpe by any one of the mob except recognized leaders. Not a jeer, nor a taunt, nor an expression of malice or revenge. And now, as he swung between heaven and earth, there was not a word of brutal exultation—only the faint gurgle in the throat of the dying man, the rustle of the rope as it swung against the limb, the occasional stamp of a horse's hoof, and the sigh of the night wind among the branches of the trees. A few lamps threw a fitful, ghastly light upon the scene and lit up the solemn, resolute faces of the lynchers that stood around.

When Sharpe had ceased to struggle, and his pulse had stopped even its irregular fluttering, the leader announced that he was dead.

"Our work is done, men," he said, "now disperse and go to your homes as orderly and as quietly as you came here. I hope we shall never have occasion for another such a job like this in Johnson county."

The mob then rapidly mounted their horses and dispersed in every direction.

As soon as it was daylight Sharpe's body was taken down and an inquest held. The verdict was, that the deceased came to his death by strangulation at the hands of parties unknown to the jury.

His body has been delivered to his family for interment.

There was no excitement in Warrensburg over the affair. Many of the most respectable citizens of various parts of the county, were engaged in the hanging, and they made no effort at concealment or disguise. The affair is to be regretted, but it certainly was conducted with a degree of decorum and formality that stripped it of the more hideous features of mob law, and made it an unique and curious affair of its kind.

THE LYNCHED MAN

was about fifty-two years of age, and owned one of the finest farms in Johnson county, located near Centerview and about three or four miles from the line of the Missouri Pacific railroad. He was a stock raiser and feeder, and dealt largely in Texas and Cherokee cattle. His farm, with what stock, crops, buildings and utensils are on the premises, is worth at least forty-thousand dollars. It is said to be only lightly encumbered, and is in a fine state of improvement.

His family consists of his wife and six children, the eldest of whom is twenty-two, and the youngest about seven years old. Mrs. Sharpe is a lady about forty-five years of age, rather below the average size of women and more than ordinarily good looking for a woman of her age. She is an amiable, intelligent little woman, with a face beaming with womanly kindness and motherly affection. Her name in the neighborhood is a proverb of charity and benevolence, and she is a devoted Christian, in deed as well as in profession.

In this awful trial that has come upon her she has the keenest and most active sympathy of the entire community. Since Sharpe has been in jail with a certainty of death at the hands of the law or a mob, she has borne her affliction with meekest resignation. To all who have conversed with her upon the subject, she has expressed her sense of the justice that has overtaken her erring husband, and has said that his career has been, in spite of her tearful entreaties and prayerful remonstrances, a wicked one. A few days ago she visited Sharpe in his cell, accompanied by three of her children. The scene was a terrible one. Then, for the first and only time, he showed feeling and utterly broke down.

His death, in view of his career, is undoubtedly a relief to her, though the manner of his taking off must always be a theme of the keenest grief and shame. But the community cannot and will not visit upon the innocent head of this dove-eyed little woman a shadow of the reproach that belongs to her hardened husband alone.

Emilio Castellar, the great Spanish orator, says the insanity of poor Charlotta was primarily caused by the refusal of the Pope to pardon her husband—the compromise which he had made with the revolution to the injury of the Church.

LIVINGSTONE.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE LOST AND THE FOUND.

An Enchanting Description of the Sources and Valleys of the Nile.

WONDERFUL, IF TRUE.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM LIVINGSTONE.

NEW YORK, July 26.—The Herald has another letter from Dr. Livingstone, received by cable from London, and addressed to Mr. Bennett. The following is an extract:

THE EASTERN AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

"In trying to make the Eastern African slave trade better known to Americans, I indulge the hope that I am aiding on, though in a small degree, the good time coming when slavery, as well as piracy, will be chased from the world. Many have but a faint idea of the evils that trading in slaves inflicts on the victims and authors of its atrocities. The slaves generally, and especially those on the east coast of Zanzibar and elsewhere, are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their color; indeed, any one who lives among them forgets that they are black, and feels that they are just fellowmen. But the low, retreating forehead, prognathous jaws, lark heels, and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West African negroes, always awaken some feelings of aversion. I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which it is already sunk.

CENTRAL AFRICAN PHYSIQUE.

"But I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that the nations on nearly all the high lands of the interior of the continent are, as a rule, average specimens of humanity. I happened to be present when nearly all the head men of the great chief Msama, who lives west of the south end of [Lake] Tanyanyika, had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain that no one could see more finely formed, intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and faces and forms corresponded finely with the shapely heads of Europeans. Msama himself had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and conquering in his younger days.

BEAUTY OF THE WOMEN.

"Many of the women are very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately the dears could not change the charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well shaped forms, and small hands and feet; but they must adorn themselves, and this they do—oh, the business!—by filing splendid teeth to points, like cat's teeth. They are not black, but of a light, warm, brown color. Cazembeze (Queen Moruawanyombee by name) would be esteemed a real beauty, either in London, Paris or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage near the tip of her fine, slightly aquiline nose."

DEATH FROM BROKEN HEARTS.

The doctor details the peculiarities of the people called Rua, and tells of a number of them who were captives dying of broken hearts. "They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe the heart situated underneath the top of the sternum, or breast bones. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw."

THE CENTRAL TABLE LAND.

The watershed is a broad belt of tree-covered upland, some seven hundred miles in length from west to east. The general altitude is between four and five thousand feet above the sea, and mountains stand on it at various points which are between six and seven thousand feet above the ocean level. On this watershed springs arise which are well nigh innumerable. The springs join each other and form brooks, which again converge and become rivers, or say streams of twenty, forty or eighty yards, that never dry.

THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.

All flow toward the center of the immense valley, which I believe to be the valley of the Nile. In this trough we have at first three large rivers, then all unite into one enormous leviathan river, the central line of drainage, which I name Webb's Walaba. In this great valley there are five great lakes. The one near the upper end is called Lake Bemba, or more properly Bangueolo; but it is not a source of the Nile, for no large river begins in a lake. It is supplied by a river called Chambezi, and several others which may be considered sources, and out of it flows the large river Suapula, which enters Lake Moera, and comes out as

THE GREAT LAKE-RIVER

Lualuba, to form Lake Kamolondo. West of Kamolondo, but still in the great valley, lies Lake Lincoln; which I name as my tribute of love to the great and good man whom America enjoyed for some time. The last one of the three great rivers I mentioned, Bartlereeres, or Lugra, falls into Kamolondo or Lake Lincoln and becomes a locustrine river. It, too, joins the central line of drainage, but lower down, and all these united form a fifth lake, which the slaves (sent to me instead of men) forced me, to my great grief, to leave as the unknown lake. By my reckoning, the chronometers being all dead, it is five degrees of latitude west of Speke's position at Ujiji. This makes it probable that the great locustrine river in the valley is the western branch of Petherick's Nile, the Bahar Ghozol, and not the eastern branch which Speke, Grant and Baker believed to be the rivers of Egypt. If correct, this would make it the Nile; only, after all, the Bahar Ghozol enters the eastern arm. I found that mighty river left its washing and flowed right away to the north.

The two great western drains, the Lufira and Lomaine, running northeast adjoining the central line or main Webb's Lualaba, told that the western side of the great valley was high like the eastern; and as this main is reported to get into a large reedy lake, it can scarcely be aught less than the western arm of the Nile.

THE FOUNTAINS OF HERODOTUS.

But besides all this, in which it is quite possible I may be mistaken, we have two fountains on probably the seven hundred miles of water-shed, and giving rise to two rivers—the Leambai or Upper Zambezi, and the Kafre, which flow into the river Ethiopia, and two fountains are reported to rise in the same quarter, forming the Lufira and Lomaine, which flow, as we have seen, to the north.

THE STAPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

The country abounds in food of all kinds, and the rich soil raises everything planted in great luxuriance. A friend of mine tried rice, and in between three and four months the crop increased one hundred and twenty fold; three measures of seed have yielded 360 measures. Maize is so abundant that I saw forty-five loads, each about sixty pounds weight, given for a single goat. Maize, dura or hot cirs, sorghum, hemistun, cassara, sweet potatoes and yams furnish us in no stinted measure farinaceous ingredients for diet. Palm oil, ground-nuts and a forest tree afford fatty material for food. Bananas and plantains exist in great profusion; and the sugar-cane, the saccharine, the palmtoddy, beer of bananas, tobacco and vange conabis salina are the luxuries of life.

ANIMAL LIFE.

The villages swarm with goats, sheep, hogs, pigs and fowls, while elephants, buffaloes, zebras and gokas or gorillas yield to expert hunters plenty of the nitrogenous ingredients of human food.

A thrifty Bostonian recently placed $10,000 insurance on the life of his wife, took home a box of little red Maryland plums, and enjoyed a whole evening in seeing his wife eating them. His enterprise had its reward. Deducting $298 for funeral expenses, he is now $9,702 richer than he was a week ago.

A PRETTY, SAD STORY.

HOW A LETTER WENT TO PAPPA.

[From Our Young Folks.]

Little Tiny Leigh came in and stood on tiptoe by the escritoire where Aunt Sue was writing. As she did so, a very small rosebud of a mouth made its appearance above the line of the desk at auntie's right, and a piping little voice, proceeding from it, demanded, "What you doin', auntie?"

"Writing letters," responded auntie, who with a bunch of envelopes and a quire of paper before her, was very deep in the business indeed. Then a fat, dimpled finger stole cautiously up and touched a finished pile.

"One, two, free, four, amen!" counted Tiny, who always cherished the belief that "amen" stood for a full stop, and made use of it accordingly.

"What for you write letters, auntie?"

"Oh, to send to my friends," replied auntie, bending over her work and speaking in a voice that seemed to issue from her eyebrows.

"Where is your friends?" persevered the child.

"Everywhere," said auntie, who happened to be writing that word at the moment.

"Does letters go everywhere?"

"Yes," responded auntie, absently.

"Would a letter go to papa?"

"Yes," said auntie, again, who by this time was in the very heart of a brilliant description and did not hear.

"How does this letter go?" urged she again, this time touching auntie's elbow by way of experiment. This experiment, so far as auntie was concerned, resulted in a bold upward stroke, at an acute angle with the last "hair line," and she looked up, really out of patience at last.

"O, Tiny," said she, "what a little mis—" but she stopped suddenly. There was such a look of appeal in the soft blue eyes fixed anxiously upon her, that she could not find it in her heart to visit any indignation on that small golden head, so she only kissed the rosy mouth and said, "Auntie is very busy just now, darling, and you must not disturb her. Another day she will talk to you just as much as ever you wish. Here!" added she, observing the look of disappointment that stole over the sunny face; "see! I will make a letter of you and send you to mamma."

So she took a postage stamp out of the little drawer, and, parting the flossy curls, pasted it right in the center of Tiny's smooth white forehead.

"I don't know how letters goes," said the baby girl, chuckling delightedly. "Does they fly?"

"Letters don't 'goes,'" said auntie, laughing, "they *go* through the post-office. Now run along and put yourself in a post-office somewhere, and mamma will be sure to find you."

"O yes! I know, I saw'd it—the pos'-office—me and mamma—one day. It's down the corner and 'round the ab'nue."

So she trotted off across the broad library floor, out into the hall, and Aunt Sue, having heard the door close behind her, returned to her writing.

Out in the hall, Tiny stood still. A great thought came to her. "I will go to papa," said she to herself. Papa was gone away. He had been gone, O, such a long, long time! She could only just remember faintly, like a dream, some soft, loving brown eyes, and a gentle voice that called her "little daugiter." Then the rooms were very dark one time, a strange black box, covered with flowers, were carried out at the door, and papa had never come back any more. Never *once*, though she had run all through the house and garden crying out, "I want papa! I want papa!" many a day. But now she could go to him. They told her he was gone to God, but was she not a letter now, and had not auntie said that letters could go ev'ywhere? And if she could only get into the "pos'-office," papa would be sure to find her. Yes, she would go to papa! There stood the hat-rack, with her own small jockey hanging upon it; so with all her strength she pushed forward one of the great hall chairs, climbed up and secured her hat, put it on hindside foremost—poor little Tiny!—and opening the door went out into the busy street.

Twenty minutes afterward Aunt Sue, having finished her letters, crossed the hall and noticed the displaced chair and missing jockey, and wondered where the child could be