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Amicus Humani Generis.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

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—BY—

LINDEN E. BENTLEY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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M. TOBIAS, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Furniture, Hardware, Crockery, Trunks, etc., corner Mississippi and St. Patrick streets and No. 24 Railroad Avenue. Everything at lowest figures.

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SODA WATER MANUFACTORY, H. Hether, proprietor, No. 11 Mississippi street. Soda, Mineral, Seltzer and all kinds of aerated waters manufactured, and sold at lowest prices.

NIGHTFALL.

The hush of twilight, far and wide,
Falls on the green and sloping meadows;
All tremulous the aspens stand,
By way-worn zephyrs lightly fanned,
Where the clear brooklet's mimic tide
Sweeps upward to the shadows.

All day its sun-flecked ripples flow
Through pastures strewn with hay and clover;
Through lonely glens where alders lean
To kiss the dimpled waves, unseen,
And sweet wild roses blush below
The brambles drooping over!

By this low bridge and moss-grown fence,
In fitful mood its music tarries;
While fluted beach-leaves wide dispread,
And circling swallows overhead
Move lightly, till each wavelet hence
Some fair reflection carries.

Up the broad shoulders of the hills
Soft twilight shadows climb and darken;
But on their faces, westward set,
A smile of sunset trembles yet,
And there a throstle sings, and thrills
The world below to hearken!

Far off the cuckoo's plaintive call,
Scarce separate from the silence, lingers;
In shadowland the blossoms sleep,
Where white-robed mists arise to keep
Their nightly watch, caressing all
With silent, dewy fingers.

The stars peep forth, the afterglow
Fades slowly out behind the larches;
The birds are hushed—save one that seems
To chirp a little in his dreams—
When outcast breezes faintly blow
Adown the woodland arches.

The ripples vanish, seaward drawn;
The flowers in sleep their perfume render;
So nightly round each darkening slope
The light is sown in patient hope,
That the rich harvest of the dawn
May rise in golden splendor!

Sunday Magazine.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

This is the tale that was told to me
By a shattered and battered son of the sea;
To me and my mess-mate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine:

'Twas the good ship Gyacutus,
All on the China seas,
With the wind a lee and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie of the deck,
To the mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the for'ard hold,
Was winding the larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to-night?
How heads our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads E., S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft."

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate?
And how does the sextant stand?"
"Oh, the sextant's down to freezing point
And the quadrant's lost a hand."

"Oh, if the quadrant's lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
Its our body and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go,

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake,
And reef the spanker boom;
Bend a steady sail to the martingale,
To give her weather room.

"Oh, boatswain, down in the for'ard hold,
What water do you find?"
"Four foot and a half by the royal gaff,
And rather more behind."

"Oh, sailors, collar your marlinspikes
And each belaying pin;
Come, stir your stumps to spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in."

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace;
Aloft and alow they worked, but, oh!
The water gained space.

They bored a hole below her line,
To let the water out;
But more and more, with awful roar,
The water in did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And he was a lubber brave—
"I've several wives in various ports,
And my life I'd like to save."

Then up spoke the captain of marines,
Who dearly loved his prog:
"It's awful to die, and worse to be dry,
And I move we pipe to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the gallant second mate,
As stopped the sailor's jaw.
'Twas the second mate whose hand had weight
In laying down the law.

He took the anchor on his back,
And leaped into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk and rose again.

Through foam and spray, a league away,
The anchor stout he bore,
Till safe at last, he made it fast,
And warped the ship ashore.

This was the tale that was told to me
By that honest and truthful son of the sea.
And I envy the life of a second mate,
Though captains curse him and sailors hate,
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Notes from Myra's Portfolio.

Home Again—Louisiana Lowlands and North Carolina Highlands—Co-Education of the Sexes—Woman's Proper Sphere.

OAK LAWN, La., Oct. 1881.

DEAR AUNT CHAT:

Home again! What magical words they are! How they send a thrill to the hearts of those who are least addicted to sentiment or intense feeling! As pleasant as were my new friends in North Carolina, and charming as was the lovely Laureldene, it was with something akin to rapture that I set foot again upon old Louisiana soil, and received a genuine heart-welcome from the dear ones at home. And now I feel that I would not exchange the Louisiana lowlands, with its flat surface, swampy woods and bogs for even North Carolina, with its grand mountain scenery and exhilarating atmosphere.

Yet I must confess to a longing for the mountains sometimes. They spoke to me in many different voices and taught me lessons which, though never fully learned, were freighted with deep and rich meaning. As they stood in their calm, deep majesty, they seemed to exhort us to be firm and steadfast as they are, to turn our faces heavenward, even as they lift their heads above the pettiness of earth, towering into the clouds, and catching as they do, every passing grace of sunshine and shadow, singing bird, tree and flower, they encouraged us to accept with thankful heart the daily pleasantness that comes to us, conscious that, after all, one day is the "day of small things," and the minor joys make up a life's aggregate of happiness.

And so I miss the mountains. They were loving preceptors, and the great truths they inculcated have sunk deep into my heart, suggesting an analogy of Nature's kingdom to the still higher moral realm.

"Earth with her thousand voices praises God," and if we lacked not the believing heart and seeing eye, every blossom, leaf and shining stream would reveal to us a message from the skies.

Of course you read the article of our Editor's gifted wife upon the "Co-education of the sexes." Was it not a womanly and most just exposition of the rights and duties of our sex? In this day of clamor and clatter about the miscalled rights of woman, it was positively refreshing to read from the pen of one evidently inured to deep thinking and earnest living, old truths regarding the power a woman wields for effecting noble purposes. May all women who read that, receive fresh inspiration from it, justifying Napoleon's well-remembered utterance, that "what the nations needed most was *mothers*."

Our dear old bishop Wilmer, in speaking from the chancel of the life and virtues of Mrs. Polk shortly after her death, said: "It may not be given women generally to do *great* things, they could all do *little* things with *great motives*." "*Multum in parvo*," should be their watchword, and invite to loftier action, regardless of self-interest, in the unfaltering effort to promote the highest good.

There is a popular cry raised of injustice and oppression on the part of the other sex. Yet men in all ages have shown a sufficient willingness to allow women a share of influence. There is no hyperbole in the phrase, "*Vainqueurs des vainqueurs de la terre*" and this influence is so potent that it becomes a question whether it is used as it ought to be, for good.

The immense influence which women possess will be most beneficial if allowed to flow in its natural channels, viz: domestic ones—because it is essential to the existence of influence that purity of motive be unquestioned.

It is by no means airmed that woman's political principles are dictated by abstract truths of duty or right, yet they are surely more apt to be if they themselves are restrained from the public expression of them. Participation in scenes of popular emotion, has a tendency to warp conscience and overcome charity. Now, conscience and charity—or love—are the very essence of a woman's beneficial influence, and she should sedulously avoid whatever tends to blunt the one or sour the other.

It is of the utmost importance to a man, that in consuing his wife, mother or sister, he is appealing *from* his passions and prejudices and not *to* them, as embodied in a second self. Nothing tends to give opinions such weight as the consciousness that the utterer of them is free from all petty or personal motives. A woman's influence is therefore nullified whether motives or personal character lie in the subject of attack, and this fact alone ought to induce her to acquiesce patiently in the plan of seclusion from public affairs.

It has never glad me, as it has so many of my sex because we are excluded from the polls. Rather does it testify to the reverence and respect with which men regards, that they prefer to see us within the sacred precincts of home, safely separated from the din and clash of the common world and smoke of party strife.

When women stimulous to "scream on the hustings," they have already unsexed themselves and stepped to a far lower level than that where the opposite sex would place them.

Examples about of the mighty good that women have achieved by keeping to their own sphere. In speaking of how much he owed his wife, John Stuart Mill said that she had handed him the bricks, one by one with which he had built his edifice of thought; and a greater genius than he—the immortal Carlyle—called his wife the "light of his life."

What loftier ambition can be desired than to irradiate light and warmth and good cheer into other lives—to lift to the highest standard the plane of human thought and effort?

It must be confessed, however, that in some instances woman's sphere should be widened. Many are thrown entirely upon their own resources and should be allowed to accomplish for their own maintenance and that of others dependent upon them, whatever they can do modestly and well—always avoiding, of course, conspicuous publicity. The conventional cruelty which shackles the independence of women by attaching the loss of caste to almost all the few sources of pecuniary emolument open to them, should be cried down and denounced. Yet that is the extreme reverse side of the picture.

Woman is *co-equal with man*, but their departments of work and duty are not identical.

Alfred de Musset said that woman should, above all things, be "*bon camarade*." In that way she becomes the pleasant and congenial companion, endeared to man by numberless ties of mutual interest, long after he becomes tired of treating her likes goddess. To be *bon camarade*, it is necessary to cultivate faithfully each faculty, entering heartily into all his purposes, duties and pursuits, and becoming equal to the largest mind by *sympathy*, which is in the power of us all.

But I really did not mean to launch forth into such a homily. Forgive me if I have repeated a "twice-told tale," and but echoed your own sentiments.

Truly yours, MYRA.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

From Grave to Gay—Mourning Gives Place to Joy—Aspects of New York City Life—Sligo and Dublin Burning Steamships by Incendiaries—The Way to Treat Them—O'Donovan Rossa and the New Departure—Our Defective Water Supply and its Consequences—A Grand Temperance Move by the Lager Beer Brewers—A New Way to Make People Temperate—Mysterious Disappearances, Etc., Etc.

NEW YORK, October 29, 1881.

EDITOR CHIEF:

The king is dead; long live the king.

Three weeks ago, three little weeks, and this great city was wrung with such an agony of grief as was never seen in this land before, in the memory of living man. Sable trappings, sombre hangings, grief black as the night everywhere. All that is changed to-day. While I am writing, the flags, which were half-mast, now mount the topmost pinnacle of the staff, and the public buildings, decked in the gaudiest bunting, wear no longer the habiliments of the tomb. To this, however, there is one exception. On the City Hall all the colors of the rainbow float from the summit, though around the massive pillars there is still the garniture of the grave. We are glorifying the victory at Yorktown.

It would require a pretty extensive knowledge of geography to enable an average stranger to tell whether he was in New York or Dublin. As you go along the streets, you see posted in glaring letters on the fences and the walls, "First Annual Ball of the Patrick Lynch Association." "Attend the meeting of the Terrence Dooley Coterie." "The Michael Driscoll Phalanx holds its last Summer picnic at Donovan's Park; music by McCarty." "Land League meeting to-night at Hemsley's Hall. Addresses by Phelim O'Fool, Hon. Patrick Dwyer and Terrence O'Rielly, late Member of Parliament for Mulingar."

The great effort at the present time of the non-politicians, and of some who are not non, is to shake the political grip of John Kelly in New York and Hugh McLaughlin in the city of Brooklyn.

Go where you will at the present time, you hear nothing but the wrongs of the Irish nation, and if you ask any of these patriots what is the particular wrong of which they complain, they answer that the Irish are deprived of the right to govern their own country. I well recollect, several years ago, an infamous wretch had the impudence to declare that Americans should rule America, but I am happy to be able to record the fact that this monstrous proposition met with unqualified condemnation from the Kellys and McLaughlins, and to this day the children of the men who proposed this shameful innovation on the rights of the Irish nation bear the brand of infamy, and let us hope they will bear it down to the end of time. But all is not smooth sailing in the Irish camp. One party has possession of quite a number of thousands of dollars, which another party would like to get. One patriot publicly denounced O'Donovan Rossa as a fraud and a fool, but the great O'Donovan swears he is the only man who can make the British Premier shake in his shoes, and he proposes to keep him shaking if he has to blow up every ship that flies the British flag. By way of a hint, as to what our brother, J. Bull, may expect, the other night a couple of young gentlemen, with a very suspicious brogue, attempted to fire the steamer *Bothnia*, as she lay alongside of her wharf. The attemp was unsuccessful, but, nevertheless, the whole affair has an uncomfortable flavor about it, suggestive of all sorts of desperate possibilities, which may deter timid people from attempting to cross the ocean. I am naturally a man of peace. I would not like to get hurt if I could avoid it, and my advice to any captain, who catches one of these incendiaries on board of his ship, is, don't hand him over to the police, but just get a nice piece of ratline, make at one end a running bowline, just reeve the other through a block at the end of your foreyard arm, and then bowse away.

When O'Donovan Rossa was interviewed by a *Sun* reporter a short time after the attempt, while, of course, he would not acknowledge direct complicity, he did not deny that he approved the method. A night or two after a couple of Irishmen tried to get on board the *Abyssinia*, and said they were looking for a man by the name of Burk. They were chased off by the watchman, as suspicious characters, and may have been the men who fired the *Bothnia*. If detected, I hope an example may be made of them, till they learn that this free land of ours will never afford shelter or sanctuary to the incendiary or assassin. If O'Donovan Rossa and his friends want to strike a blow at the hated Saxon, let them go to Cork or Dublin, and they can get all the fight they want without endangering every body's heads but their own.

The Fall is not exactly the season for conventions, but just as the cool weather comes on we find ourselves blessed with two conventions, in which there is an exceedingly large representation of women. One is the Woman's Suffrage National Association, and the other is enlisted in the cause of Prohibition. The proceedings of the latter convention brought to light the remarkable fact that the German Brewers' Association were strongly in favor of temperance, and had actually supplied a large fund for the propogation of the Temperance Gospel, the evangelists of which were expected to demonstrate the superiority of lager over water as a temperance beverage. I don't know that the day will ever come when lager will be supplied from our defunct town pumps and pretzels will be furnished from wagons by the wayside, but certainly this philanthropic action on the part of the lager beer brewers of the United States is filled with delightful possibilities of a German millennium which our grandchildren may realize when we may be enjoying their happiness from the other side of Jordan.

Speaking of cold water—that is our trouble just now, we have not got enough of it; nor are we likely to have for some time to come. The wastage of this very article is something frightful. While thousands are suffering for the want of it, and untold millions of property are endangered, millions and millions of gallons are run off into the sewers with a recklessness that ought to be punished by the severest penalties. It is expected that the principal cause of the late disastrous fire, where nearly three millions perished in the flames, was solely due to an insufficient supply of water; and the terrible fact now stares us in the face, that if two or three great fires should be raging at the same time, we would be completely at the mercy of the flames, notwithstanding our magnificent fire department.

We are beginning to be troubled again with mysterious disappearances; without any apparent cause several men and women have disappeared of late, and even the river, which daily gives up the record of its dead, furnishes no clue to them. One day last week a man was called to his door by a stranger; it was the middle of the afternoon; he left his wife and children sitting in the room; he has not been seen since! A prominent merchant parted with a friend on Broadway on Wednesday, October 12; since then not a sign of him has been discovered, though the police have hunted the city high and low. Almost an identical disappearance occurred from Broadway over a year ago, and the man, a prominent resident of Brooklyn, has never been heard of till the present hour. It makes us feel uncomfortable, and we ask ourselves, "Who next?" But one man, large or small, is of little account in a great city; the loss of a regiment would be forgotten in a couple of days. So it will not surprise you to learn that, with fifty places of amusement open nightly, the town resembles a carnival. Sixty or seventy thousand visitors are brought to us daily, and the majority of them want to see the sights. Ministers, class-leaders, trustees and deacons take a look in at "Mascotte" and "Mabille," just to see how sinful this wicked world is. Here is abundance of food for many a sermon and plenty of ammunition for a battery of spiritual guns. Whether they will succeed in putting the devil to flight is yet an unsolved problem; but one thing is certain, that the sinners are much more numerous than the saints.

The weather has suddenly changed; a sharp gust from the front of the North Pole warns us that Winter is approaching. We need some cool weather, for politics are at fever heat, and a half-dozen candidates are in the field for every office. New York and Brooklyn are torn to pieces between the rival factions. But above the roar of the battle, using the cables of our mighty bridge as a telephone, you can hear, loud, clear and defiant, "Hurrah for O'Kelly!" "Three cheers for McLaughlin!" "Our country forever."

Truly yours, BROADBRIM.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE OF HOW TO GAIN HEALTH.

HARRISBURG, PA., March 30, 1881.

Nothing is more charming and attractive than a thoroughly healthy, perfectly formed woman; a bright-eyed, rosy, laughing, joyous, happy-faced girl, one who finds keen pleasure in merely living. An invalid wife or mother is a constant object of sympathy in an otherwise contented household. Happy the home whose women folk enjoy perfect health. In my practice I have always recommended sickly women to use Brown's Iron Bitters. In case of irregularities, dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, nausea, sour stomach, nervousness and exhaustive debility, I find it exceeds all other remedies as a true medicinal tonic. It never fails to gently soothe, refresh and strengthen the general system, and especially those parts made weak by sickness or distress; and what satisfies me most is, that the cures, although in some instances gradual, are always permanent.—M. D.

At the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, the experiment of lightning the tanks by incandescent electric lamps has been successfully tried. The lights are submerged in the tanks, and do not appear to disturb the fishes in the least, while the water is lighted up with a brilliancy which could be attained in no other way.

Mr. Walter F. Adams, of Westboro, Mass., writes: "For years I suffered the horrors of dyspepsia and indigestion. They seemed to weaken every organ of life, and completely shattered my nervous system. At night when I lay down I felt I could not live until morning. Heartburn pained me most terribly. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters; it suited my case precisely, and now my stomach digests any kind of food, and my sallow complexion and other symptoms of ill health are all gone, and at night I enjoy most refreshing, dreamless slumber."

M. Toussaint finds that the virus of tuberculosis retains its power under conditions which completely destroy the germs of other contagious maladies.

OUR NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

A City Officer Indicted for Corruption and Removed from Office—Verdict of the Coroner's Jury in the Devereaux Murder Case—Another Tragedy—A Spirit of Rebellion in the City's Suburbs—Trade with San Francisco, Etc.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 25, 1881.

EDITOR CHIEF:

The Grand Jury made a special report on Tuesday to the Judge of the Criminal Court indicting Dr. J. C. Beard for proposing to receive a bribe of $1250 from the Butchers' Union Slaughter-House Company, in consideration that he in his official capacity as member of the National Board of Health and chairman of a committee of the State Board of Health, would secure a favorable report upon the Union's application for permission to erect slaughter-houses and cattle pens within certain limits; also, for illegally drawing a salary as member of the Board of Health while occupying the position of Coroner; also, for drawing the pay of Assistant Coroner for several months, during which period that position was vacant. The report also calls attention to the three members of the Board of Health holding other offices of trust and profit.

Mr. R. H. Brewster, Criminal Sheriff, tendered his resignation as member of the Board, immediately after the report of the Jury was presented. Governor McEnery revoked Dr. Beard's commission and appointed Dr. A. B. Miles Coroner, taking the ground that Dr. Beard had vacated the office by accepting position as member of the Board of Health, his resignation being unnecessary. This ruling is sustained by the opinion of City Attorney Buck, and was acknowledged from the time when Lieutenant General U. S. Grant became President of the United States. It is good reasoning, from the people's standpoint, that if one man can run two or more offices they should be merged into one with only one salary.

The Coroner's jury empanneled to examine into the killing of Chief of Aids Devereaux, after sitting several days and hearing a voluminous mass of testimony, has at last brought in the verdict that death was caused by a gunshot wound inflicted with a pistol in the hands of David Hennessey. The jury further found that there was no evidence to implicate John Logan, brother-in-law of Mike Hennessey.

Another tragedy occurred Tuesday evening near the hour of midnight, at the corner of Kerlerec and Morales streets, in the Third District. Eugene Garcia and Oscar Dupeire, after taking some ladies home from a soiree and partaking too freely of liquor, got into a dispute, during which Garcia told Dupeire he had acted like a dog. Dupeire then struck him in the face, whereon Garcia put his hands behind him to draw a pistol. Dupeire said, "I can shoot too," and to suit the action to the word, put his hand in his vest pocket to draw a weapon, on which Garcia shot and wounded him in the right shoulder just below the collar bone. His death is only a question of time.

There is a movement on foot to separate the Sixth and Seventh Municipal Districts from the rest of the city. Great dissatisfaction exists as to the way the Improvement Department divides its forces. These districts claim that they pay their taxes regularly, but their streets are never fixed and not a tithe of what is so collected is returned to them in the way of improvements. An effort will be made before the General Assembly to sanction this secession.

Railroad men state that there is more freight lying in the New Orleans depots than ever before, and say it will take some weeks to get the excess off their hands, but considering that San Francisco and merchants from the Pacific Slope generally are trading direct with New Orleans, it is not likely the crush will be relieved until the new depots now in course of erection are finished.

The first large shipment of tea direct from San Francisco arrived the other day. This is giving New York the go-by in earnest.

The Council yesterday adopted another coal oil ordinance making it unlawful to store oil under the United States standard of 110° within the city fire limits. It is hoped this law will be rigidly enforced, and so prevent those fearful accidents so common during our winter months.

After the 1st of November the Jackson railroad reduces its fares to three cents a mile, where tickets are procured before taking the train. If fare is paid on the train, the conductor has the right to charge five cents per mile.

Since the foregoing was written Dr. Miles has declined the office of Coroner and Dr. Y. R. Lemonnier has been appointed instead. Dr. Beard will resist in the courts the attempt to oust him.

Yours, W. H. Y.

Be Wise and Happy.

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and family with expensive or humbug cure-alls that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.

The Royal beauties of Europe owe much of their personal attractiveness to the influence of Ayer's Hair Vigor, which keeps the hair fresh and bright.