THE ARCTIC.

COLONEL GILDER'S DETERMINATION TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

A Bold Undertaking—With a Party of Esquimaux He Will Push for the North.

[Herald.]

"Yes, my aim is the North Pole this time," said Colonel Gilder, the Arctic traveller, to a representative of the *Herald*, who met him at the Victoria Hotel last evening, and asked if that was really the object of his proposed expedition. Though he smiled as he replied to the reporter's question, it was not difficult to believe that he was thoroughly in earnest, and after a brief description of his plans, which he gave freely and clearly, the listener was so thoroughly convinced of the feasibility of the project that he felt like replying, "Almost thou persuadest me to be an Arctic explorer."

"When did you first conceive the idea of attempting to reach the Pole?" was asked.

"I don't remember any especial date when the idea was born. It did not come upon me suddenly, like apoplexy or a sun-stroke, but was evolved gradually from an absorbing desire to do something which, though difficult, always seemed to me possible. After several years' experience of Arctic sledging, and after thinking of how my experience could be applied to the task, a plan began to develop in my mind and was very frequently a matter of discussion between Lieutenant Schwatka and myself during many long and tedious periods of enforced idleness while waiting for weather that would permit a resumption of our journey. On one point we invariably agreed, and that was the use of the Esquimaux, with their dogs and sledges as assistants; that is, adapting ourselves to their method of travelling in their country as we would avail ourselves of civilized man's methods in this land. We also agreed that safety, when thrown upon the resources of the country, there as elsewhere, could only be assured with the smallest party of white men possible—the fewer the better."

"Please explain why you consider the reduction of the number of white assistants so important?"

"That is not difficult. You understand that the native Esquimaux live in that desolate land, maintain themselves and their families of women and children, and are as safe and, indeed, as comfortable and happy there as people are here. To be sure they sometimes have periods when game is scarce and they sometimes suffer and perish from hunger. Famines are not unknown in the temperate zone, either. Sometimes, too, the Esquimaux are carried away on the moving ice and lost. But in this land of pleasant and rapid communication there are railroad disasters, boiler explosions, and shipwrecks. There are compensating dangers in all countries, so it is fair to presume that the Esquimaux can live in the North as well as we can in the United States, and as comfortably, according to their notion. Their dangers are not increased when travelling, and I know from experience that one white man could accompany them anywhere if possessed of health and a stout stomach to disregard inconveniences in support of his resolution. The addition of one person for them to care for would be but a trifling charge, and if the Esquimaux can live and travel there their white guest can also live and travel with them with equal safety."

CAUSE OF DISASTERS.

"That seems reasonable, and I suppose you would continue your argument by saying the more incumbrances there are put upon them in the matter of white passengers the more the conditions of safety and comfort are diminished?"

"That is exactly my idea. Now, suppose you take away the Esquimaux and leave the white party to its own resources, and the result is apt to be what we have too often seen—a terrible disaster. This is what I avoid by taking a small party. In fact, I shall take but one person, if even he."

"But, Mr. Gilder, can you travel in that country with natives alone and with dog teams as well as with men sledges?"

"Infinitely better. You no doubt would consider it presumptuous in an Esquimau to come to New York and tell us that we do not know how to travel here; that our elevated roads and street-cars are a failure. And we might be interested, though sceptical, if he tried to convince us that we should move by dog sledges in winter and pack our baggage on the backs of the dogs in summer. Yet that is what I consider a man does when he tells me that the Esquimaux do not know how to travel in their own land."

"In your journeys within the Arctic Circle have you always travelled in the manner you have just explained—with the Esquimaux and their dog teams?"

"In Northern America, yes; but in Northern Siberia, with the Tchonktchis and other savage tribes, who are to Asia what the Esquimaux are to America. The Russians who were born in Northern Siberia, and are exposed to precisely the same conditions as the surrounding savages, are as good dog-drivers as their neighbors, and can manage a sledge as well; but I do not think that any other white men ever could approach the Esquimaux in respect to the management of dogs and sledges. I never attempted to drive my dog teams except, perhaps, for a short distance, but have ever found that I gained much by availing myself of the willing services of the experienced teamsters always at hand. I could call to mind more than one fearful tragedy resulting from the foolish determination of strangers in the North to manage their own sledges, rejecting the skilled drivers who would only too gladly have piloted them safely through. Lieutenant Schwatka and I, with our two white men, were scarcely more than passengers on that remarkable sledge journey to King William's Land and return. To be sure, as our dogs perished on the road, we took their places in the teams, but this did not become necessary until near the end of the journey."

"How would it be with dog teams over the hummocky ice that has defeated previous attempts to reach the Pole?"

"There the Esquimaux and their dog sledges would have the same advantage over men sledges that they have on level snow. I remember in June, 1879, a trip we made across Erebus bay, on the west coast of King William's Land, where the ice presented precisely the conditions of that which Sir George Nares called a paleocrystic sea. It was old ice piled high by the crowding upon it of the floes from Melville sound that come down through McClintock channel and mass up in the narrow, wedge-shaped Victoria strait. Toolooah, our driver, who is a native of Pond Bay and familiar with the big ice of North Baffin's bay, said it was as bad as any he ever saw. It was rendered still worse for travelling by the snow, that generally forms a drift leading to the summit of the hummocks, having become soft in the rays of the never-setting sun of June. When the sledge got stuck, which was almost its habitual condition that day, we could get no purchase for a push or a pull, and the dogs floundered helplessly in the soft snow, through which we sank to the middle, while our feet dangled in the surface water beneath. And yet, under all these disadvantages, we made eleven miles in fifteen hours. Next day Toolooah was suffering, as a result of his terrible exertions of the previous day, and we, knowing well what would be our fate if we lost him, lay over to allow him to recuperate. To show how he rested I must tell you that when he found we were not going to march he took his rifle and went over the hills to hunt, bringing in one reindeer as the result. Hunting was as much rest to him after that other day's labor as nursing and pampering would be to ordinary people. It is of such men that I would make my party."

"Are all Esquimaux alike?"

"No; no more than all white men are alike. The Greenlanders I only know from hearsay and reading of them, but from all that I have heard I have no faith in them. Were I to be dependent solely upon them I would not attempt to make the trip I propose. But, on the other hand, if I can get the men I want—whom I know individually—I have not the slightest doubt of ultimate success."

"How can you get the natives to accompany you?"

"By gifts of arms, ammunition, tobacco, knives, needles, beads, and all the usual articles of trade, especially good breech-loading and magazine guns, and what we distinctively call 'white men's grub'—that is, civilized food of the simple kind that is usually supplied to the whaling fleet."

PLAN OF THE VOYAGE.

"Where do you start from in this country, and where do you expect to land first?"

"I will give you, as briefly and as succinctly as I can, my plan as far as arranged. I shall embark on a whaler from New Bedford or New London bound for the North and enter either Hudson bay or Cumberland inlet, where I will gather a party of natives and as many dogs as I can secure. I shall then put my whole equipage on board of a Scotch steam whaler, because these vessels go as far into the north water each year as possible. I then propose to be landed at the most northerly point they reach. Here I will make a station and pass one winter, having perhaps previously wintered at the point where I gathered together my party. From this station (No. 2, calling that where I gathered my party No. 1,) I will during the following spring move northward to Fort Conger, in Lady Franklin bay, where Greely spent two of his three winters in the Arctic. At Fort Conger, as I am advised by Lieutenant Greely, I will find ample stores of civilized food for my small party, this being only auxiliary to the game that forms the chief diet of these people. From the very minute and, to me especially, most intensely interesting report of the conditions found in all that vicinity as given in Lieutenant Greely's 'Three Years of Arctic Service,' I have little fear of not finding plenty of land- and sea-game for such a party as I expect to have with me. The native hunters and dog-drivers will, as usual, take with them their entire families—the old men and women and the children. I hope to be landed by the Scotch steamer not a great distance from Cape Isabella or Cape Sabine. If so fortunate, I I feel confident of at least a good share of success, for if I find the route to Fort Conger impracticable I can easily reach land believed to exist, but not yet discovered, between Grinnell Land and Prince Patrick island. If, however, I succeed in reaching Fort Conger—and I know no reason why I should not—I mean to make a dash for the Pole over the route taken by Beaumont, of Sir George Nares's expedition, and Lockwood, of Greely's expedition. Then, with the advantage of the skilled Esquimau assistants, I hope to go beyond the highest latitude yet reached. I can, I think, at any rate, establish the northern point of Greenland.

"I wish it to be understood that I am not expecting to accomplish all or any of this programme by my own skill, but simply trust to the advantage to be gained by travelling in Esquimau land as the Esquimaux travel. I do not consider that my undertaking is a particularly hazardous one, but believe that by moving slowly, as the Esquimaux do when they have their families with them, it will be particularly safe, though in many ways disagreeable and tedious. Now, I have mapped out to you in a general way my plans as far as formed. I do not, however, consider them so iron-bound that it will be impossible to change them according to the conditions I may find in the field. To use a hackneyed but applicable expression, I shall 'aim at the sun, though I may stick in the mud.'"

"How will you be equipped before starting?"

"Through the liberality of people who, while deeply interested in the progress of geographical knowledge, are averse to the sending away of large and costly expeditions of brave men to suffer and die, there is already sufficient subscribed in money and material to insure my going, but I expect to have enough more to so equip the expedition as to insure success."

"Have you consulted with any Arctic experts, if I may be permitted such a term?"

"Yes; Lieutenant Schwatka and Chief-Justice Charles P. Daly, president of the American Geographical Society, understand my plans thoroughly and cordially approve of them. Lieutenant Greely, who has kindly furnished me data from his personal experiences there, thinks that while I may find the route from Sabine or Isabella to Conger impracticable, I can easily add new land to the maps and do much good scientific work of a simple character by crossing Schley Land and going on a voyage of discovery in the archipelago believed to exist there. This is one of the most important strings to my bow. Where there is so much to be done I feel that I may be able to do something commensurate with the liberality of my support."

"When do you expect to start?"

"The date of sailing of the whalers, upon whose movements I am dependent, has not yet been fixed, but it will probably be during the first week in June. So you see I have but little time in which to complete my preparations."

Mr. Gladstone has many axes sent him as presents, and he says that the American axe is one of the best made, though he does not like the handle on account of the slanting edge at its end.

According to general reports matters have taken an easier turn in Ireland lately, yet statistics compiled from special items prove that 698 families, comprising 3,477 persons, have been evicted during the past three months.

Mr. F. G. Butler, of the Hartford (Ct.) Furniture Company, authorizes this: "Eczema of three years' standing and a terrible case of Ringworm on my chest of ten years' standing have been cured by Palmer's Skin-Success."

ROYAL POETS OF SCOTLAND.

James I. and James V.—Mary Queen of Scots.

"Stranraer" writes to the *Scottish American*: Perhaps it will interest your readers to have a short sketch of the poetic talent that has marked some of the Scottish monarchs, with lists of what they wrote.

JAMES I.

James I. (1394–1437) was born at the Palace Dunfermline. In order that he might be put beyond the reach of dangerous relatives his father, Robert III., resolved to send him to the French court to complete his education. In 1405 the young prince sailed under the charge of the Earl of Orkney, but, being captured by an English squadron (despite a treaty of peace then exisiting between Scotland and England), he was carried to the Tower of London. This injustice killed the infirm King Robert. James was kept a prisoner for more than eighteen years. After two years' confinement in the Tower he was removed to Nottingham Castle, and in 1413 was taken back to the Tower, only to be in the same year transferred to Windsor Castle. In 1414 Henry V. took James with him on an expedition to France, but on his return committed him again to Windsor Castle, where he remained till his final liberation. Though closely confined, he was instructed in all the accomplishments of the age, and became expert in athletic exercises. During his confinement he wrote his famous poem "The King's Quahair," and in some of its lines he describes the daughter of the Duke of Somerset, Lady Joanna Beaufort, whom he afterwards married:

"Kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
Quhare as I saw walkying under the Toure,
Full secretly, new cumyn hir to pleyne,
The fairest or the freschest young floure
That ever I sawe, me thoucht, before that houre,
For quich sodayne abate, anon astert
The blude of all my body to my hert."

He returned to his kingdom in his thirtieth year, and set himself vigorously at work to curb his nobles and better his country. In 1436 he renewed his allegiance with France, giving his daughter Margaret in marriage to the Dauphin; and in the following year he was assassinated at Perth by a band led by Sir Robert Graham. His "King's Quahair" is pronounced by Pinkerton to "equal anything Chaucer had written," but neither Chaucer nor any contemporary poet of England or Scotland had that delicacy which marks this production of King James. It was for centuries lost, but the only MS. copy in existence was discovered at the Bodleian Library by Lord Woodhouselee, who published it in 1783, with notes and critical remarks. To King James are also ascribed "Christis Kirk on the Grene," and "Peblis to the Play," descriptive of rural pastimes and manners. The old town of Leslie is supposed to have been the scene of the diversions celebrated in "Christis Kirk," it being situated within six miles of Falkland Palace, a favorite resort of the King.

JAMES V.

James V. (1512-1542) was born at Linlithgow Palace, and when his predecessor, James IV., died at Flodden Field the infant prince was not a year and a half old. His education was in the hands of Sir David Lindsay, whose works contain passages referring to the formation of the young king's character, and who is mentioned by Scott in "Marmion"—

"Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lyon king at arms."

The King's taste for literature, art, poetry, and music is largely ascribed to Sir David's influence. James assumed the government in his twelfth year, under four guardians, one of whom, the Earl of Angus, induced him in his seventeenth year to make his escape from Falkland Palace, where he was kept in restraint, and go to Stirling Castle, his mother's residence. By vigorous measures the King now suppressed disorders and punished crimes; he visited districts, executing thieves and robbers, and caused a general observance of law in all Scotland, one of the victims of these measures being the noted Johnnie Armstrong. A rupture with Henry VIII. led to the disastrous battle of Solway Moss, and when the tidings of the defeat reached the King he hastened to Edinburgh, thence to Falkland, where he took to his bed, and soon after died. Five days before the death of James, Mary Queen of Scots was born, upon hearing of which he exclaimed: "It came with a lass and will go with a lass," thinking it a misfortune that it was not a male heir. His love of justice and his fondness for mingling with them had endeared this monarch to the people, and he was styled the "King of the Poor." He was the author of two ballads—the first, "The Gaberlunzie-Man," he is supposed to be the hero of himself.

"The pawky auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to me,
Saying, gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly, poor man?
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
An' doun ayont the ingle he sat;
My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be,
And I wad never think lang!
He grew canty, and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minnie ken
What thir slee twa thegither were sayin',
When wooin' they were sae thrang."

Of the other song, "The Jolly Beggar," Sir Walter Scott says, "It is, perhaps, the best comic ballad in any language." The chorus has a very pleasing trip:

"There was a jollie beggar,
And a-beggin' he was boun,
And he took up his quarters
Into a landwart toun.

CHORUS—And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin',
A-rovin' in the nicht;
We'll gang nae mair a-rovin',
Let the moon shine e'er sae bricht;
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin'.

He wadna lie into the barn,
Nor wad he in the byre,
But in ahint the ha' door,
Or else afore the fire.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en,
Wi' gude clean strae and hay,
An' in ahint the ha' door,
An' there the beggar lay.

Up rose the guidman's dochter,
An' for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar
Standin' on the floor.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Queen of Scots (1542-1587), the famous and unfortunate monarch, was born in Linlithgow Palace. Her life and fate being still a matter of common discussion, I need not particularly mention either. Her great beauty, her learning, and her many accomplishments were and are universally acknowledged. Among her compositions are "Poems on Various Occasions," a copy of verses in French sent with a diamond ring to Queen Elizabeth, and her "Last Prayer," written originally in Latin. In 1873 "The Poems of Mary Queen of Scots," edited by Julian Sharman, were published in London, Eng., but only 100 copies were printed.

THE LAST PRAYER.

"Oh! my God and my Lord,
I have trusted in Thee;
Oh! Jesus, my love,
Now liberate me.
In my enemies' power,
In affliction's sad hour,
I languish for Thee.
In sorrowing weeping,
And bending the knee,
I adore and implore Thee
To liberate me!"

James VI. of Scotland and I. of England (1566-1625), called by Sully "the wisest fool in Europe," was born in the castle of Edinburgh. When nineteen years of age he published "The Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie." In 1591 he produced a second volume of verses entitled "Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres." He also wrote "Basilicon Doron," "Demonology," "A Discourse on the Gun-powder Plot," and "A Counterblast to Tobacco."

SONNET.

"We find, by proof, that into every age
In Phœbus's art some glistening star did shine,
Who, worthy scholars to the Muses sage,
Fulfill'd their countries with their works divine.
So Homer was a sounding trumpet fine
Amongst the Greeks, into his learned days;
So Virgil was among the Romans syne
A sprite sublim'd, a pillar of their praise.
So lofty Petrarch his renown did blaze
In tongue Italic in a sugar'd style.
And to the circled skies his name did raise;
For he, by poems that he did compile,
Led in triumph love, chasteness, death, and fame;
But thou triumph o'er Petrarch's proper name."

CHARLES I.

Charles I. King of Great Britain (1600-1649), was born at Dunfermline Palace on the same day that the Earl of Gowrie and his brother were dismembered at the Cross of Edinburgh for their share in the celebrated conspiracy. The life of Charles, like that of Mary Queen of Scots, is so well known on account of its violent end that I need not describe it. He was author of "Eikon Basilike," and "Reliquiæ Sacræ Carolinæ." He was also author of some stanzas which entitle him to a place among the minor Scottish poets:

ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE.

Close thy eyes and sleep secure;
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure;
He that guards thee, He that keeps,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.
A quiet conscience in the breast
Has only peace, has only rest;
The music and the mirth of kings
Are out of tune unless she sings.
Then close thy eyes in peace, and sleep secure,
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure."

Marriage of a Son of Rev. Dr. Chambliss.

The Chattanooga *Sunday Times* thus notices the marriage, which took place at Brownsville, Tenn., of Wiles Chambliss, a son of Rev. J. A. Chambliss, D. D., for some years the popular and beloved pastor of the Second Baptist church of this city:

The marriage of A. W. Chambliss, of Chattanooga, to Miss Lillian Nelson, of this place, which took place here last night, was perhaps the most notable affair of its kind that has taken place here in years—the prominence and high standing of both parties, as well as the brilliance and elegance of the wedding occasion, all contributing to this end. Mr. Chambliss is a South Carolinian, and came here some two years since, after an education in Virginia, to practice law. He rapidly won his way to the front, making considerable reputation as a criminal pleader in several important cases. He was editor of the *Democrat* up to January last, and under his control the paper rapidly grew in force and ability—he being an accomplished writer, as well as a strong, bright speaker. He was popular here, and his going away is the more regretted since he comes again to carry off the cultured and accomplished Miss Nelson.

She is a daughter of an aristocratic and wealthy family in this county, and is widely known and greatly admired here and in Memphis, where she has spent much time in the family of her brother-in-law, Judge John R. Flippin. Miss Nelson combines all the graces most admired in women—a lovely face and form, high culture, great force of character, winning manners, as well as wealth and the topmost social position.

The happy couple were married at the house of the bride's mother at 9 o'clock Monday evening, under auspices as brilliant as wealth and good taste could command. Arnold's band from Memphis furnished music, an elegant feast was spread, the handsome house was beautifully decorated, and many friends from every direction were present to grace the scene. Rev. Dr. J. A. Chambliss, of Maryland, performed the ceremony, and the party left on the north-bound midnight train.

The array of wedding-presents, to look, were magnificent—a handsome testimonial of worth to the fair bride, and evidencing the high appreciation of her many friends.

Extract of a speech delivered by the Minister of Justice in the Parliament of Canada on the discussion of the Riel case in 1886:

"A good deal has been said with regard to the conduct of the authorities of the United States during the civil war (by some of the "Grits" or Radicals who compared Riel to Jeff. Davis!!) It seems to me that no comparison less parallel could possibly have been suggested. There civil war had raged for years; the two sections had large standing armies, and the Federal authorities had from first to last extended the rights of belligerents to the rebels, and enforced their rights against them as belligerents by the blockade, by the exchange of prisoners, by negotiations for truces, and by nearly everything that went on for a series of years. But, Mr. Speaker, to compare the incendiary outbreak which was committed in the Northwest to the civil war in the United States—to compare the man who set fire to that magazine of powder, as it was described when he was asked to come to the Northwest, with the *patriot* who laid down his arms to General Grant at *the head of the chivalry of America*—is to compare cases as wide apart as *the poles*. Besides that, sir, in relation both to General Lee and to Jefferson Davis, there was a great constitutional question behind. It has never yet been decided in the United States that in a State under the Federal system a man who, in obedience to the Constitution of his own State—and these States have a right to change their Constitution from time to time—the man who goes into the field or by any other act conducts himself in accordance with the Constitution of his own State—acts in cooperation with the armies of his own State, and opposes in that way and to that degree the Federal authority—it has never yet been decided, I say, although there are *dicta* to that effect, that it is high treason, in the sense in which high treason should be punished by the Federal Government of the United States. But, sir, when we come to deal with other classes of political offences in the United States, when we come to look at offences—not in pursuance of a general outbreak, not with the excuse of enthusiasm inspired by leaders who have fallen into the hands of the law and have suffered sufficient punishment—we know how these offences have been dealt with in the United States.

"We know that in the widest sense of the term the offence for which John Brown was executed was as much and far more a political offence than that which was committed by Louis Riel, and we know what his fate was. We know the punishment that was meted out to the murderer of President Lincoln, and we know the statements which were made in public by the highest authorities in the United States with regard to the wisdom of enforcing in relation to those offenders the penalties of the law against high treason."

General Neal Dow devotes much of his time to literary work. He is preparing to bring out a history of prohibition.

THE MOCKINGBIRD.

His Haunts and His Songs—Wanton Slaughter by Negroes.

[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

A great deal has been written in the *Telegraph* during the last three years concerning the gradual extermination of the South's splendid songster, the mockingbird, or, to be more definite, the *Mimus Polyglottus*. The *Telegraph* first called attention to the subject, and I see no reason to doubt that the theory then advanced to account for the growing scarcity of the birds was and is a true one. The reason given was the unchecked slaughter of the birds by negro "sportsmen," and the destruction or capture of their young from wantonness or a desire for gain. This theory has been combatted. It is stated by some that the English sparrow is driving out the singers; by others that the destruction of the forests has something to do with the evil. It is even suggested that the hurricanes may be the real cause. None of these theories will stand the test. The English sparrow cannot—in fact, no bird can—drive out the mockers, who belong to a game and belligerent family. The common mockingbird will attack dogs, cats, hawks, crows, and buzzards when they invade his range, and I have never known one of them to give up the contest. He is not a forest bird, but of the fields. He prefers an open situation and the haunts of men. The orchard, the hedge, a solitary haw-bush, where he has plenty of sunlight and a breadth of view, suits him best. And it is in the fields and orchards that he finds food. Of all nests his is probably the most carelessly built, and little trouble is taken to conceal it. He seems to feel that his song is the price of security, and this mistake is fast playing havoc with him.

Up to emancipation times, or rather the close of the war, mockingbirds were plentiful everywhere in Georgia. During the years that followed, freedom armed a race to whom guns had been forbidden. The negro became an enthusiastic hunter, but he was unskilled and could gratify his craze for destroying only upon birds that were nearest at hand. Mockingbirds, cardinals, joreels, catbirds, and thrushes went down as easy conquests before a class that had never been taught better, and had neither sentiment nor conscience. The negro hunters of to-day, with possibly a few exceptions, are not wing shots, and the fill their bags with birds that can be killed in the trees. It goes without saying that these are the birds that should be spared to the fields and to society. My observation has been that few, very few, negroes will pass, gun in hand, anything that has feathers and is large enough to cook, and that is borne out by the fact that the bluejay, the woodpecker, and the catbird are disappearing from the fields and woods almost as fast as the mockingbird proper.

The destruction of the mockingbird has been more rapid because his nest has been systematically robbed by parties of both colors for private gain or gratification. A year or two since we noted one shipment of these birds from Savannah which contained six or seven hundred. Upon the streets of this and all other cities they are openly sold every summer.

The loss of these birds and others not named from the fields is very unfortunate, if we consider the matter merely from the standpoint of economy. It is said, and any one who has seen the mocking bird feeding his young may readily believe it, that a worm or bug goes to its nest every five minutes during the day. This would give more than one hundred to the day for every pair during the nest-life of their young, three sets of which are raised every summer. When it is remembered that every bug or worm thus cut off may represent thousands, the value of the bird's services can be understood. True, he takes figs and berries, but he earns them.

When, however, we look at him from a sentimental point, the wonder that anyone can harm a member of the mockingbird family increases. No songbird in the world can equal the sweetness of his notes or sustain a song so long. No bird known to naturalists can produce the notes of others and of owls or even animals with such precision and in such combination. The little gray singer that balances himself upon tree-tops or dances along the ridges of our houses seems to have all the bird-notes of the land at his tongue's end, and to delight in weaving them into new forms of beauty. That he has never been the poet's theme to the extent that the lark, the nightingale, or even the robin has, I attribute to his name. It is not fitted for verse, nor is it at all poetical. Had he borne the name of Orpheus, as does his cousin, of the Greater Antilles, he would have filled the song-lore of the South. Paul Hayne, William Hamilton Hayne, and a few others have used him, but none have conquered his plebian name. Sidney Lanier, who loved and observed every form of nature, pays attention to him, and the description is so graphic and perfect that it should be noted:

Superb and sole upon a plumed spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summoned the woods in song: or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves whose lovers stray,
Or all birds' passion plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue;
Whate'er birds did or dreamed this bird could say.
Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched grasshopper, made song
'Mid flight, perched, pinked, and to his art again;
Sweet science, this large riddle read me plain,
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakspeare on the tree.

Another and a tenderer mention does he make of a pet mocking-bird that met death in the grasp of a cat:

Methinks I see thee, fresh from death's despite,
Perched in a palm-grove, wild with pantomime
O'er blissful companions couched in shady thyme.
Methinks I hear thy silver whistling bright,
Mix with the mighty discourse of the wise,
Till broad Beethoven, deaf no more, and Keats,
'Midst much talk uplift their smiling eyes
And mark the music of thy wood concerts,
And half-way pause on some large courteous word
And call thee "Brother," O thou heavenly bird.

Most southern people are familiar with the habits of these birds, but it will be news to many to be told, as in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that they go to New England in the summer to breed, and return in the fall. Audubon's statement was that some of them "go North," and this term applied to the migration of birds means with him northward. In Maryland and Virginia the bird can be found in summer, but he comes southward in the autumn. I am inclined to think that some pass us and go to Florida in very cold weather. I have seen them late in the autumn flying southward high in air and northward early in spring. Audubon says that the stay-at-home birds of the family fight these migratory fellows upon their return.

Mockingbirds can be taught almost anything in the way of tunes. Macon used to boast of a bird that whistled "Dixie," and years ago a Frenchman travelled about the country playing airs upon the piano which his birds would follow accurately. At the Pulaski House, in Savannah, a negro used to keep a bird that would whistle a good alto to tunes his master whistled.

One of the most popular errors concerning the mockingbird is the belief that he has no song of his own; that he adopts and blends only the notes of other birds into a song. This is pure nonsense. The young mockingbirds reared in the garrets of great cities and beyond the reach of the songs of others, sing as do the natives in their freedom, though not as strongly, since they lack the inspiration of mates, the mellow sunlight, and liberty. Their song is, in fact, a number of songs, but entirely original. No man ever heard the divisions of the mockingbird's song in any forest. That he intersperses them with cat-calls, the hawk's screech, the whirr of the bullbat and chicken's melancholy "peep," and notes from other birds, is true, but these are only characters in his recitative ballad, features in the romance of his summers. That he sings his parts backward and forward and combines them anew is also true. The mockingbird's song is to the ear what the kaleidoscope is to the eye, and the combinations of his songs are as endless as the glass forms in the toy. But his song notes are the same.

This bird is probably the most continuous singer in the world, but there are two weeks out of every fifty-two when nothing can tempt him to sing, and that is when he is molting. At such times he may be found moping in a secluded spot lost in rayless melancholy. He looks then hot and sick, and the only note he utters is a short low whistle, not unlike that which the fat man makes as he removes his hat and mops his brow. Perhaps during this season the bird lays aside mockery, repents, and makes good resolutions.

Georgia has no law to protect her wild singers, whose songs delight and astonish the world. Some of our southern cities have laws to protect buzzards, and enforce them rigidly. The negro who by pulling a trigger may banish more melody from the world than human lips can sound may do it with impunity, but it costs him $5 to hit a buzzard with a clod of dirt.

Fun, Fact, and Fiction.

Asked a dear, sweet innocent yesterday, "Is the Eighth-street tunnel going to run under ground?"

The city of Boston is not tainted with Socialism, but she believes nevertheless, in holding property in Common.—*Boston Transcript*.

When the young writer reads the reviews of his first work he often finds it is a guyed book instead of a novel.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Said Uncle Israel, when in town just before the recent local-option election: "Hi! I hear folks talking 'bout yoke er oxen, en I ain't seen a oxen sence I bin to town."

Smith (nervously): "Are you sure there are no toadstools among these mushrooms?" Mary (guilelessly): "They was bought for the missus's table, but she told me to try 'em first on the boarders."—*Harper's Bazar*.

We read that at a recent party in China the Viceroy borrowed a piano and had it played by a noted amateur of the classic Wagnerian school after dinner as a surprise for his guests. It was effective. Up to that time the Chinese guests had flattered themselves that their own instruments were capable of making the worst music in the world.—*New York Graphic*.

A candidate for office rode up to a house in Gilead and asked for the head of the family. "He's down in the field," said the latter's wife, "burying our dog."

"What killed the dog?" asked the office-seeker.

"He killed himself barking at candidates."

The candidate rode away.—*Chicago News*.

He: "And are you sure, Sarah, you don't love me? I have been persistent, I know, but I wanted your love. Don't you think you'll miss me?" She: "I don't know. I see so much of you that I don't know whether I'd miss you or not. Give me a fair trial, and stay away a month, won't you?" He (bitterly): "A month! Might as well call it a year!" She: "Well, let's call it a year, then.—*Tid Bits*.

TENNYSON'S "MAY QUEEN." Who knows but if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day? The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable.

IT SHOULD BE GENERALLY KNOWN that the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a torpid condition of the liver. The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers, and kindred affections, or settling upon the lungs and poisoning their delicate tissues, until ulceration, breaking down, and consumption is established. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, by acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these diseases.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS relieved Mr. R. M. Smith, 20 east Broad street, Richmond, Va., when much troubled with indigestion, and he endorses it as a sure cure to all who may suffer from like trouble and are seeking relief.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ARE PREVALENT ALL OVER THE WORLD.

I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood-poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. I had vertigo and deafness, with partial loss of sight, severe pains in my head and eyes, etc., which nearly ran me crazy. I lost all hope in that country and sailed for America, and was treated at Roosevelt, in this city, as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection with the hospitals.

I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and I determined to give it a trial as a last resort. I had given up all hope of being cured, as I had gone through the hands of the best medical men in Nottingham and New York. I took six bottles of S. S. S., and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my life.
L. FRED. HALFORD.
NEW YORK CITY, June 12, 1885.

BLOOD is the life, and he is wise who remembers it. But in March of last year (1884) I contracted blood-poison, and being in Savannah, G., at the time, I went into the hospital there for treatment. I suffered very much from rheumatism at the same time. I did not get well under the treatment there, nor was I cured by any of the usual means. I have now taken seven bottles of Swift's Specific, and am sound and well. It drove the poison out through boils on the skin.
DAN LEARY.
JERSEY CITY, N. J., August 7, 1885.

Two years ago I contracted blood-poison. After taking prescriptions from the best physicians here and at Dallas, I concluded to visit Hot Springs, and on reaching Texarkana a doctor recommended me to try Swift's Specific, assuring me that it would benefit me more than Hot Springs. Although the POISON had produced great holes in my back and chest, and had removed all the hair off my head, yet I began to improve in a week's time, and the sores began to heal, and were entirely gone inside of eight weeks.
WILL JONES,
Porter Union Pass. Depot.
CISCO, TEXAS, July 13, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.; New York, 157 west Twenty-third street. fe 2

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS CURED the wife of Captain I. O. Epps, 907 west Clay street, Richmond, Va., of malaria, from which she was so reduced she was unable to go about. Restored her appetite. Gave her health and strength.

GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER

Cures All Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores.

A PERFECT SPRING MEDICINE.

A SUPERB FLESH-PRODUCER AND TONIC.

HEAR THE WITNESSES!

TEN TO TWENTY POUNDS.

A Man of Sixty-Eight Winters.
I am sixty-eight years of age, and regard GUINN'S PIONEER a fine tonic for the feeble. By its use my strength has been restored and my weight increased ten pound.
A. F. G. CAMPBELL, Cotton-Gin Maker.
MACON, GA., February 18, 1886.

A Crippled Confederate Says:
I only weighed 128 pounds when I commenced GUINN'S PIONEER, and now weigh 147 pounds. I could hardly walk with a stick to support me, and can now walk long distances without help. Its benefit to me is beyond calculation.
D. RUFUS BOSTICK, Cotton-Buyer, Macon, Ga.

Mr. A. H. Bramblett, Hardware Merchant of Forsyth, Ga., Writes:
It acted like a charm on my general health. I consider it a fine tonic. I weigh more than I have for twenty-five years. Respectfully, A. H. BRAMBLETT.

Mr. W. F. Jones, Macon, Says:
My wife has regained her strength and increased ten pounds in weight. We recommend GUINN'S PIONEER as the best tonic. W. F. JONES.

Dr. G. W. Delbridge, of Atlanta, Ga., Writes of Guinn's Pioneer:
GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER has been used for years with unprecedented success. It is entirely vegetable and does the system no harm. It improves the appetite, digestion, and blood-making, stimulating, invigorating, and toning up all the functions and tissues of the system, and thus becomes the great blood-renewer and health-restorer.

Dr. Moore Often Prescribes It With Satisfactory Results.
Macon Medicine Company: I take pleasure in giving my opinion in regard to the BLOOD PURIFIER prepared by you. I have prescribed it often in obstinate skin diseases, especially of Syphilitic origin, and can say that its use has proved entirely satisfactory.
JOHN L. MOORE, M. D., Griffin, Ga.

Wonderful Cures of Blood and Skin Diseases.
Macon Medicine Company: You ask me what I think of GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER as a Blood Medicine. I will state that I have seen some very wonderful cures from the effects of it in skin diseases and blood diseases. It is without a doubt the BEST BLOOD MEDICINE before the country.
JAMES A. ROSE, Williamsville, Pike county.

RELIEF!

Forty Years a Sufferer from Catarrh.

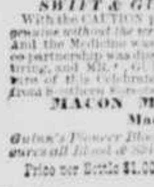
WONDERFUL TO RELATE!

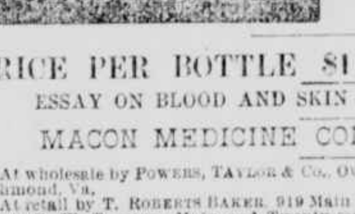
"FOR FORTY YEARS I have been a victim to CATARRH—three fourths of the time a sufferer from EXCRUCIATING PAINS ACROSS MY FOREHEAD AND MY NOSTRILS. The discharges were so offensive that I hesitate to mention it, except for the good it may do some other sufferer. I have spent a young fortune from my earnings during my forty years of suffering to obtain relief from the doctors. I have tried patent medicines—every one I could learn of—from the four corners of the earth, with no relief. And AT LAST (fifty-seven years of age) have met with a remedy that has cured me entirely—made me a new man. I weighed 128 pounds and now weigh 146. I used thirteen bottles of the medicine, and the only regret I have is that, being in the humble walks of life, I may not have influence to prevail on all catarrh sufferers to use what has cured me—GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER.
"HENRY CHEVES, No. 247 Second street, Macon, Ga."

"Mr. Henry Cheves, the writer of the above, formerly of Crawford county, now of Macon, Ga., merits the confidence of all interested in Catarrh.
"W. A. HUFF, ex-Mayor of Macon."

A SUPERB FLESH-PRODUCER AND TONIC.

GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER Cures all Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores. A perfect Spring Medicine.
If not in your market, it will be forwarded on receipt of price. Small bottles, $1; large, $1.75. Essay on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
MACON MEDICINE COMPANY, Macon, Ga.





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ESSAY ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES MAILED FREE.
MACON MEDICINE COMPANY, Macon, Ga.

At wholesale by POWERS, TAYLOR & CO., OWENS & MINOR, and BODEKER BROTHERS, Richmond, Va.
At retail by T. ROBERTS BAKER, 919 Main street; POLK MILLER & CO., 900 Main street; G. W. TURNER, Main and Twenty-second streets; GEORGE W. LATIMER, 520 west Marshall; E. P. REEVE, 602 east Marshall; DR. J. F. CRANE, corner Williamsburg avenue and Louisiana street. mh 5-eoltly

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Three miles from Richmond, fronting two miles on James river. HORSES and COWS BOARDED and PASTURED in separate fields. Six miles of plank fence, and running water and shade in every field. No barb-wire fence to cut your stock.
JERSEY BUTTER delivered several times a week in half-pound prints.
BERKSHIRE HOGS and PLYMOUTH-ROCK CHICKENS for sale.
Parties desiring to send HORSES or COWS to the country are invited to make personal inspection of grass-land and buildings. Telephone connection with all parts of city from farm.

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$6 FOR A BEAUTIFUL SET OF TEETH.—I have an improved method of extracting teeth, which is almost if not entirely without pain, for 50 cents. Old broken or loose sets made as good as new. All fillings $1 up. DR. P. CALVIN JOHNSON, No. 305 west Main street, corner of Madison. ap 27-1m

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS CURED H. B. Robertson, 101 Leigh street, Richmond, Va., of a severe attack of malarial-fever, and benefited his wife when troubled with weakness. They consider it a standard family remedy.

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COME, SEE, AND BE SATISFIED.—I can sell a WATCH to suit you as cheap as any in or out of New York. Forty years' practical experience warrants me in saying they are as perfect as time-keeping machines can be made. Examined and regulated for the pocket by myself; guaranteed for two years. Sent safe and free by mail or express.
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