GEORGIA REMINISCENCES.

ONE MONTH ON A PLANTATION IN THE OLD SLAVE DAYS.

RELIGIOUS FEELINGS AND EXERCISES OF THE NEGROES—HOW A REVIVAL WAS INAUGURATED—A LUDICROUS SCENE—PLANTATION FERVOR AND NEGRO MELODY—SOME CHARACTER SKETCHES.

[From the New York Independent.]

In the summer of 1831 I spent the month of August in the family of a wealthy planter in the interior of Georgia. He was of Scotch descent, strictly Presbyterian in his religious principles, and a most courteous and intelligent gentleman. He was a native of North Carolina; but at the age of thirty immigrated to Georgia, opened an extensive cotton plantation, on which he amassed a large fortune and on which he died.

It was the first plantation I had ever visited, and I was constantly watching for some exhibition of the dreadful horrors of slavery with which from childhood my mind had been imbued; and had I never seen any other specimen of the "peculiar institution" I should have abandoned a large share of my prejudice against it.

Dr. M'L. had the entire confidence of every slave he owned. He possessed the rare faculty of seeing and hearing only such things as he chose, and a thousand little peculiarities were passed by unnoticed. As is always the case on plantations there were petty rivalries, quarrels, and jealousies among them, which they always referred to "old master" for settlement, and he seldom failed to adjust them amicably.

As the plantation was a few miles from any town he built a pleasant and commodious church for their especial accommodation. It was located in a beautiful grove of magnolias and long-leaved pines. He employed a preacher for them two Sundays in a month. The rest of the time they conducted the services themselves. Among them were four or five exhorters and half-way preachers, and as many old women who arrogated to themselves a little superiority on the ground of "bein' de fuss niggers ole massa ever owned;" consequently they were expected "to exhort and rebuke" as occasion required.

RELIGIOUS FEELING OF NEGROES.

But as much as they loved "ole masse," they didn't think much of his sort of religion. If a negro hates anything, it is Presbyterianism and Episcopacy—especially the latter; and he will walk a half a mile out of a direct course rather than pass into the shadow of one of these churches. They remind me of the Comanche Indians, who are afraid to attack a house because they don't exactly know what is inside. Consequently, all on the plantation were of the Methodist or Baptist persuasion, and Dr. M'L. hired alternately a preacher of each denomination. Immersion, however, is a favorite mode of baptism with a negro. They like the excitement and publicity of the ordinance. A "big baptisin" draws a crowd, and they can let off the exuberance of their natures by singing and shouting, and they like it. Whenever there was a revival among the Baptist element, the Methodist portion of them would pretend they didn't feel satisfied with sprinkling, and wanted to be immersed, and nearly all of them had been baptized three or four times. Indeed, immersion was to them what the confessional is to the Romanist. It washed all their sins away and made them happy. I once asked one old negro why he was baptized more than once. "Well, Marse," said he, "to tell de truf, I nober feel 'eactly like I is baptise for sush and certing till I went under de water all ober. 'Sides, Missus, it stops a heap o' 'sputin' among de darkies, for after dat de Baptists bredder sebur hab de insuance to tell us we isn't been baptise."

GETTING UP A REVIVAL.

Dr. M'L. had a son at college in Princeton, N. J., who returned about this time for a visit, and brought a classmate with him. The first week or two after their arrival had been spent in hunting and fishing, for this Doctor kept a splendid pack of hounds. But they were beginning to want excitement, and as young M'L. wanted his friend to see all phases of negro character, he concluded to get up a revival among them "on his own hook." Any one acquainted with the negro knows how extremely superstitious he is. They all believe in signs and dreams and spells and lights, and a "Jack-o'-lantern" throws them into terror and consternation. Taking advantage of this peculiarity, young M'L. concluded that by some pyrotechnic displays and such other means as he could invent he would train a negro, to whom he had been greatly attached from childhood, for the ministry.

HIS NAME WAS JOE.

He was fine looking, tall, fluent in speech, and the best singer on the plantation. He had been converted and immersed, and was in good condition for "a call." One night M'L. went for him to come to his room. He pretended to be greatly distressed in reference to his spiritual condition, said he had been thrown among wicked and dissipated companions, had been led into temptation, for all of which he was suffering the keenest remorse; and told Joe he had sent for him believing he could say something to console and comfort him. His heart overflowed at once for his young master, and, after every effort to comfort him had failed, he said he would go into the woods and pray all night for him. Before he left M'L. told him to come to his room every night until he felt a change; a command that Joe was most happy to obey. About the fifth night, as he entered his young master's room, he found him very cheerful and happy. He threw his arms around him and wept aloud. He felt that his night of prayer had availed much. He told his young master how long and well he had loved him; how long the days were after he went to Princeton, and referred feelingly to the time when they were little boys, and spent day after day in setting traps, and building mills, and catching gophers, and making little banjoes out of the gourds. Then he sang sweetly and melodiously a favorite hymn, the chorus of which was "I feels like, I feels like I'm on my journey home;" and the thought that his master was going to heaven with him was more than he could bear. When he ceased M'L. said to him, in a low, solemn and mysterious manner: "Joe, for three nights in succession I have had

A MOST WONDERFUL DREAM.

I dreamed an angel appeared to me and said: 'Young man, I am sent to bring you an important message. Your boy Joe is a chosen vessel for the service of the Lord. He must henceforth preach the Gospel; and it will be your duty to give him such assistance as he needs to prepare him for the work. Nevertheless, I will give him some sign of his heavenly calling.'" "Now, Joe," said M'L., "you see to what you are called. What the sign may be I do not know; but, wherever or whatever it may be, accept it as from the Lord and keep onim. I will do all I can for you. Come to my room every night and I will give you the instruction you need." For three nights in succession he went to his master's room and had a good time. But on the fourth night, just before it was time to expect him, M'L. went out and climbed into the top of a tremendous oak, which Joe was compelled to pass to get into his room; and just before he got to it sent a sky rocket of great brilliancy up, and at the same time called out in unearthly tones, "Joe M'L.! Joe M'L.! Joe M'L.! Go and preach the Gospel." In awful terror, he sprang to one side, and struck his head against a black-jack sapling, bruising and stunning him fearfully. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to walk and know where he was, he hurried to his master's room, and found him sitting in his accustomed place, waiting his arrival. He was so nearly frightened to death that he could not utter a word that could be understood, and the blood was streaming down his face. M'L. gave him some camphor and water, and bound up his head temporarily with a handkerchief. As soon as Joe could speak, he said to him: "Joe, what does all this mean? Is it possible you have fallen from grace and had a regular fight with some negro, just as you were ready to preach, and got whipped in the bargain?" "No, no, Mass' Jimmy; no, no. I 'clar, Mass' Jimmy, I isn't had no fight wid nary nigger; but, 'fore God, I 'spect I's had do onli de big angel tell you 'bout in de dream." "Why, Joe, it can't be possible that an angel would bruise you in that manner! Did he have to knock you down to make you hear him?" "No, Mass' Jimmy, he nober hit me; I nober see him 'tall. I des hear him call out'en de top-ob de livin' oak, and de loud voice and de big Jack-ma-lantern all come so sudden dat I butt my head some whar, an', 'fore God, Mass' Jimmy, old massa come berry near a-losin' a fine nigger by dat call."

Joe was able shortly to describe the whole affair to his master, and they both arrived at the conclusion that

HE HAD BEEN CALLED.

But he was terribly exercised. Strange events were thickening around him and he was almost afraid to move or speak. To allay these fears, M'L. read to him the account of St. Paul's miraculous conversion; and it seemed to accord so well with a portion of his own experience that he was greatly comforted. Besides, M'L. congratulated him that all the wounds and bruises were on his face, instead of his back. He believed it was a "sign" that all through life he would be able to fight manfully "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" and "the oil and wine" were not more grateful to him who "fell among thieves" than were these words of sympathy and encouragement to his head and heart.

The news that Joe had seen a big light and some angels and several other things flew like wild-fire over the plantation, and all the negroes were on the *qui vive* to hear about it. But his master kept him close for a few days, and, after

A WEEK OF DRILLING AND INSTRUCTION,

he was ready to appear at the church and give in his experience. The church was packed with "darkness visible," for the Doctor had three hundred slaves. Several old aunties took a candle apiece; but these did not emit light enough to dispel the darkness from the middle and back seats, and any one sitting near the pulpit could "shine the eyes" of every darkey in the room. The services commenced with singing, after which "Uncle Jonah" prayed with characteristic fervor. Joe then rose. His master had dressed him neatly in some of the clothes he wished no longer, and his fine face was radiant with the inspiration of the occasion. His attitude was natural and easy, and he had the self-poise of a man who is "master of the situation." His first sentence was a sort of imitation of the opening of St. Paul's speech before Agrippa, which his master had drilled into him. She was this: "I think myse' happy, my beloved bredderen and sisters, to rise before you dis night to speak of de things you is heerd concernin' me, 'specially as you all hab knowed me from my yoot up." The remainder was his own. Armed with honesty and sincerity, he told

THE SIMPLE STORY OF HIS CONVERSION,

his miraculous call, and closed with a touching tribute of gratitude to his young master, all of which would have done credit to any man's heart, white or black. Except for an occasional groan, or amen, or the sobbing of some old darkies that couldn't help it, not a breath was heard till he was seated. Then there was a general rush toward the pulpit, and he was almost smothered with embraces. Some shouted, some wept aloud, some had the holy laugh, and all did and said something. I shall not attempt to describe the scene. As a means of restoring order Joe started the "Old Ship of Zion," a hymn which never fails to fill a negro's heart, and when the refrain came in,

"She have tuck her thousands ober,
And she'll take as many more,
O glory hallelujah!"

they all seemed to get aboard and "let her drive, right into the heavenly city. Joe sang a tenor that I sometimes hear yet.

I think I shall feel lighter to say right here what I think of

NEGRO MUSIC.

The people in the North know but little about it. It is totally unlike any other. It cannot be imitated by a white person. I have heard the "Jubilee Singers;" but they are trained and cultivated, and sing for money and admiration, and I am glad they get so much of both. But their's isn't the genuine slave music. He sang for himself and his God, and because he couldn't help it. It was the safety-valve of pent-up sorrows and the greatest solace of his wretched life. The plaintive minor wail that welled up from the hearts of thirty or forty slaves, and to which they all kept time with their hoes, was never heard beyond a Southern plantation. It was music born of slavery, cultivated by it, and, swan-like, will die with it. I thank God I never saw a slave to whom he had not given the precious gift of song.

Among the crowd at the church was an old

"MAMMY DILSEY,"

who had helped to rear two generations. On all convenient occasions she was sure to "take the power," and when under its influence it was hard work to keep her together. She invariably tore off the most of her clothing, and it took a couple of negro women to hold her down. Besides, she was unctuous and odoriferous in the extreme. She wore on that occasion a new homespun dress, which her mistress had just given her, and the girl who made it was sitting by her side. When she began to swell and sweat the girl knew what was coming, and said: "Bress my soul, Aunt Dilsey, is it possible you is a gwine to take de power in dat new coat? Why, you will bust all de buttons off de front, 'sides splittin' it open in de back, an ole missus will feel like tah-ar' you all to pieces. Des tink o' de pains I tuck wid de buttonholes." "Oh! hush, honey, hush!" said she. "Dis darkey can't hole back for de buttonholes nor nuffin' else, an ole missus will des hab to"—Here she gave a shriek and fell bakward with a dead fall, like a bale of cotton, and was apparently dead.

Indeed, one old darkey thought she was, and said: "'Fore God, I think she clar gone dis time, 'cause her eyes is done set." But she soon began to froth at the mouth and rattle in the throat, which were favorable indications. The benches were then moved, to give her sea-room, and there she kicked and struggled, and looked like a monster sea-turtle turned on the back. At was "Lubin's Labaratory" on a grand bust. All this being nothing new to the audience, they very naturally "let her rip," and continued singing and exhorting, till she "came through" and was quietly seated. She wiped her face with her apron, adjusted her cap a little, and looked as if she had doubled Cape Hatteras in a tornado. Then

ANOTHER OLD MAMMY

now rose, named Dinah. She was the oracle and "dreamer of dreams" for the whole plantation. A few nights before she had had a remarkable dream. "His poor pleaser," said she, "dream sig was sot a-feedin' an' a-fittin' up de fowl and a-fixin' 'em awa' for de night, when she heah a-yearin' noise in de hebbens, an' she look up an' seed de char'ot ob de Lord a-comin' down all a-blazin' wid fah, and four white creeters a-haulin' it, an' all de har on the tail and de mane ob 'em was string full ob white shiny beads and dimonts, an' all de wheel was hung full ob pomgrannies an' sardine stone. Torectly it cum down close to de ground, an' jes as dis nigger was a-gwine to git in de big white angel dat sot a-drivin' say in a berry loud voice: 'Aunt Dinah, I isn't come for you *dis time*.' De Lord isn't quite done wid you yeah yet; but hab patience, and after while I'll a-comin' agin for you wid dis berry team. An' when I takes you in and sets you up wid de res' ob de angel you will look des as sweet as any ob 'em.' Den dis poor darkey waks, and she cry to tink it was mullin' but a dream."

A few amens and groans came up from the audience. Joe sang "I'm on my my journey home," another of his favorite hymns; and

UNCLE SAM, THE OLD PATRIARCH

of the plantation rose. He came from North Carolina with his master, had always been faithful and honest, and until a year or two had been reverenced by all his fellow servants. But the frosts and infirmities of age were gathering around him, younger negroes were taking his place, and when Joe's star rose he felt that his had set forever. Besides, he had recently buried a wife who was young and winsome and he loved him.

But of all negroes I ever saw his physique was the most striking and peculiar. He was of medium size, knock-kneed, bald-headed, cross-eyed, and, when walking or angry, could "shine the peeler like a mule. But his most remarkable feature was his under lip. It was enormously large and always trembling with its weight. When anything sentimental occurred, he lost all control of it, and it turned entirely inside out, was red and mottled, like a newly-made sausage, and about the same size. Shorn of his strength, mortified and bereaved, he began to speak in a low, guttural and "bull-froggity" tone of the labors of the past, the changes of a long life, of his lonely and desolate cabin, and the general darkness that seemed to be settling around him. Under the circumstances he thought he ought to marry again.

He needed a wife to help him bear the death of poor Patsey. The idea of his marrying again so stirred up Aunt Dinah (who once or twice since Patsey's death had ventured to "sye askance" his neat little cabin) and she rose and said: "Uncle Sam, if you marries agin so soon after Patsey's dey I think you ort to hab a wife of soo'thin age, an' not be a-runnin' bout arter de young gals; for 'tis berry unposs'ble for a young pusson to hab any right feelin for ole man like you is got to be." This remark nettled Uncle Sam and waked him up. It was calculated to undermine the last cherished hope of his heart.

He looked and leered at her, then, turning to the audience, said: "De good Lord give, an' he take away. He hab give me tree wives, and dey was all young and fubly, and he take 'em all away. But, my belubbed bredden, I tells you all right heah, if dis poor, unworthy servant of de Lord hab to marry fifty time, he takes a pullet obery time." "My bressed G-o-r-d-l-e-m-l-l-y!!!" went up from Aunt Dinah, and Uncle Sam was seated.

As the rules of the plantation required all the negroes to be in their cabins by 10 o'clock, the meeting was brought to a close by an announcement by their young master that, as he and his friend would be compelled to return soon to Princeton, and as he might never again come home, he wished all who were in any particular sorrow or trouble to meet him at such time and place as he might specify on the following Sunday. H. H. B.

BURNING OF THE DEAD IN BURMAH.

Among the Karens everything pertaining to death is regarded with absolute horror. The clothes, books and other possessions of the deceased are all committed to the flames; and any one who should knowingly appropriate any part of them would be considered unclean forever. Even the piece of work on which a man or woman happens to be engaged when a death is announced to him must be at once abandoned, and however valuable or costly is never resumed. Thus, a house or boat in which is invested perhaps nearly all a poor man's little fortune; a valuable web of cloth that has cost some feeble woman months of wearying labor; the harvest of a field or garden which is just about to repay the whole season's toil and anxiety—must be all alike consigned to irredeemable destruction if their owners should chance to be engaged on their work when they see or hear of a death. This copyist and his wife, a worthy young couple, had been since their marriage seriously engaged in trying to build themselves a house, living meanwhile in an old one near by. The frame of the new building was already erected, but funds were wanting for its completion, and these the young couple were earning, the man by writing, the woman by weaving, when death put a stop to their plans. A few days more would have completed the books and the cloth, and the sale of them would have supplied ample means to finish the house. But now the innocent volumes on which the patient copyist had spent long days of toil must, with the fine cloth of the poor wife, be consumed by fire, and even the frame of the new house would share the same fate. To touch again any of them after such a casualty would, in the estimation of these superstitious Karens, involve a curse more fatal than the poisoned tunic Nessus conveyed to Hercules, entailing calamity, not only to the corporeal part, but to the soul through all future states of being.

In accordance with the Karen custom, as soon as the young copyist had ceased to breathe, every part of the body, even the face, was closely enwrapped in coarse white cloth, and the corpse laid out on a bench in the outer room, where all who came in might weep over it. Rice was poured down in piles at the head and feet, together with fruit, tobacco, cigarettes and betel-nut; and on one side of the body was placed a basket containing a drinking-cup, a knife and a spoon, and some cooking utensils. The spirit of the dead man was then invited to eat freely at ease in the body and exhorted not to be ashamed; while all his deceased friends who had preceded him to the land of spirits were urged to return and escort their brother to his destined abode. Meanwhile, the nearest relatives, with the young wife at their head, crowded round the dead body, prostrated themselves with wails and lamentations, and implored the departed to return and bless their longing ears once more with the sound of his familiar voice. Others sang dolorous ditties and chanted songs in figurative language and in a peculiar measure. During the singing a large party of friends and relatives engaged in a curious game called "Tiger and Fowl," which they told us was designed to symbolize the conflict of the disembodied spirit with the powers of the air—*i. e.*, witches, demons and hobgoblins. Then followed in succession sundry marches around the bier, fresh prostrations and more lugubrious ditties, and hot water was poured out at the head and feet to supply the deceased with drink in his new abode. At nightfall small tapers were lighted for a brief interim and placed near the corpse, while one of near kin marched round it to proclaim to the dead man the points of the compass, the tops and roots of the trees and other important items of locality, but always directly the reverse of their true position, as the Karens believe that the residence of departed spirits, unless they are born again into another form, is directly at antipodes with our earth, which they hold to be a circular plane. When these various ceremonies had been completed, the lights were extinguished, and all, they told us, was to remain in *statu quo* for about thirty-six hours, when the burning would take place. This interval was spent by the relatives and friends in feasting and revelry.

While burning, the body was separated by a sort of kiln from the fuel that surrounded it, so as to prevent the mingling of the ashes of the corpse and those produced by the incineration of the wood. This precaution is always taken where the ashes are to be preserved; otherwise, all is consumed together, and the work of demolition in either case complete scarcely an hour. But before the bones have been reduced to ashes the Karens select a single one, usually that of an arm or finger, and carefully preserve it till a convenient time for bringing the relatives and friends together again. In the case of the deceased copyist this meeting was to take place four days after the burning of the body, and, wishing to see the end, we concluded to remain in the neighborhood, visiting Bassein in the interim, and returning to Co-twan in time for the concluding rites.

At the appointed time a great feast was prepared, ceremonies similar to those performed over the body were repeated over the bone, its solitary representative, and a solemn dirge was sung to frighten off Muk-ha, an evil spirit of whom the Karens stand in special dread. Then one of the silver bangles worn by the deceased on his wrists and ankles was hung up just over a vessel of cooked rice, of which the departed spirit was invited to partake. On inquiring the reason of this ceremony, we were told that if the bangle and string of which it was suspended should remain perfectly motionless, this would be received as an indication that the soul of the deceased was a prisoner in hell, and the party would break up in dismay. But if the string should evince a tremulous motion, the bangle turn round or the cord snap suddenly in twain, the survivors would see in these tokens indisputable evidence that the deceased had answered their call. Fortunately for their credulity, the bangle (moved no doubt by the passing breeze) did turn suddenly around, and the poor wife, with a cry of joy, pressed it eagerly to her lips. The spirit was then invited to the grave prepared for the bone, which was buried with the foot and clothing the dead man was supposed to require in the spirit land, and money with which to ransom himself if he should chance to be taken prisoner on the way by any evil-minded demon. The whole company then clapped their hands three times, saying "Go in peace! This grave is thy small house, but thy grand and spacious mansion is on the cool bank of the river Mandokwa, where beauteous maidens recline on beds of fragrant flowers, and all is cool, calm and quiet." With this loving valedictory the funeral rites ended, and the company dispersed. The urn containing the precious ashes was carefully laid away by the bereaved wife, but the grave in which the solitary bone had been deposited could never be revisited. It was thenceforth not merely a spot devoid of interest, but one sure to endanger the well-being of any rash enough to approach it, even by accident.—*From "Burning and Burying in the East," in Lippincott's Magazine for May.*

LOUIS XIV. AND MARIE MANCINI.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall *Gazette* gives the following account of the new old play at the Odeon:

"La Jeunesse de Louis XIV." has at length been performed at the Odeon now that the author is dead and buried and is unable to reap the fruits of his posthumous success. The comedy of Dumas the elder was originally made for the Theatre Francaise, and he is said to have written it for a bet in three days; it was accepted by the manager, but the censors mutilated it to such a degree that the author withdrew his work, had it performed at Brussels, and cut of spite dedicated it to a well-known Republican of the name of Noel Parfait. Dumas the younger recently touched up the piece for the Odeon, and it is said that the censors showed themselves more indulgent and merely cut out two phrases, one which Prince Bismarck might have considered objectionable, and another on clemency, which it seems is not a Conservative virtue. In the first act we have Louis XIV falling in love with Mazarin's niece, Marie Mancini, whilst Anne of Austria is endeavoring to bring about the marriage of her son with the Princess Marguerite of Savoy, and whilst the Cardinal is bent on trying to get King Charles out of France. It is in this act that Molière is presented to his Majesty. The second and third acts, which are rather dull, are taken up with the increasing passion of Louis for the Cardinal's neice and the ambitious project of Mazarin, who sees himself uncle of the King. Has not the whole Court seen his Majesty, while sheltered from a storm beneath an oak in the Wood of Vincennes, kneeling at the feet of Marie Mancini? There is a hunting scene here with a real pack of hounds. In the fourth act many mysteries are unraveled, and the King's pride is sorely wounded. He discovers that he has a rival in the person of the Comte de Guiche. In the fifth act Louis is a king. He taps his boot with his riding whip and says, "L'etat c'est moi"—the briefest constitution France has ever had. He dismisses the parliament and himself announces to Marie Mancini the termination of their foolish love passage. Marie protests, then yields; she has at least the satisfaction of seeing her royal lover moved to tears. Dumas puts in her mouth the words attributed to her in more than one memoir: "Vous etes roi, vous pleurez, et je pars." And Louis allowed her to depart, but not without a pang. He consulted Mazarin, and told the cardinal how he loved his neiece; but on the other hand the king of Spain offered him peace and his daughter. "It is your advice I demand," says Louis. "Shall I marry your niece or the Infanta?" Mazarin throws himself at the feet of his Majesty, and counsels him to marry the Infanta in the interest of the glory of his King and the grandeur of France. So the curtain falls, not on a wedding, but on a quarrel and the patriotism of an Italian Churchman who had ruled France under strange conditions and even when he was in exile. Nothing that acting, scenery and dresses could do was spared to secure the success of "La Jeunesse de Louis IV."

SUMNER AND WEBSTER.

Probably the statue of Sumner is to stand by the side of Webster's—Apollo by the side of Phidian Jove. But let it be marble—white, cold and crystalline. Leave the warm bronze to the "cloud-gathering Zeus," pointing to his quiver of thunderbolts; for Sumner always reminded us of the Vatican Apollo. The shape and gesture proudly eminent, the broad, deep chest, the symmetry and grace of every limb, the faultless if not fastidious finish from gaiter to whisker, as we saw him on Faneuil hall platform, striding before our pictured demigods there, how classic and statuesque it was. *Incessu patuit deus:* "his majestic port confessed the god." But more than all this was the haughty curl of the lip, which told that the arrow had sped, and that he saw the victim writhe while the "direful clangor of the silvery bow" still rung in the ear. But ah! how different the look, the stride of him, in that same spot, who once shook this land when he "bent his sable brows!" Is it wrong to make the comparison? Those twin statues will force it upon every soul, will stamp it into history. God made Webster to do the work which Sumner has done. He began that work well, but faltered in the path, and missed that crown of immortality.

I walked ten miles, when a boy, to see Webster lay the last stone on Bunker Hill, and more to see and hear him pile the periods more enduring than those granite blocks. I feel now the thrill that then shot through my boyed from his burning eye. No such divine thrill ever came to me from the chiseled sentences of Sumner. It seems to me audacious for blind admiration to make the comparison, for in style Sumner was but a sophomore to Webster. Sumner wades in his learning as if bemired, and is sometimes turgid, even fussy in his rhetoric. Sumner is cramped to his armor, and, strong as he is, never swings his blade with ease, while Webster sways that sword, "which felled squadrons at once," with graceful might, with mightful grace. Sumner shoots fiery shafts, which, like those of his brother, Garrison, tease and tingle where they do not kill; but the bolts of Webster blast where they strike, so that there is nothing left to bury. While Sumner is simply moral, Webster is religious, for in the core of his heart he believed in God, although again and again he fell from that faith; but we hopefully hope that Sumner believed at all, except as Brutus and Cato believed. But Webster had the moral insight of a Hebrew seer, though he by no means always walked in the light he saw, but in the very crisis of his life stumbled among the dark mountains, and fell to rise no more.

As we saw him after that, we cried:

"If thou beest he; but O, how fallen!"
* * * * * * * *
"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams,
Darkened so; yet shone
Above them all th' arch angel."

Zion's Herald.

A CHAPTER ON MANNERS.

It is a sign of bad manners to look over the shoulders of a person who is writing to see what is written.

It is the height of bad manners to blow one's nose with the fingers in the street or in company; use your handkerchief, and if you have none, borrow one.

It is bad manners for a man to walk the streets with a female, and at the same time smoke a cigar or pipe.

It is bad manners to occupy a seat while other people stand around without a seat.

It is bad manners to walk between the company in a room and the fire.

It is bad manners to go into any person's house without taking off your hat.

It is bad manners to use profane language in the presence of decent company.

It is bad manners to use your own knife at meals in cutting off a piece of meat or to use it on the butter-dish—get a clean knife.

It is bad manners to go into any person's house with mud or dirt on your shoes.

It is bad manners to talk in company when others are talking, or to talk or whisper in church.

It is bad manners to talk in company to one or two persons about some subject which the others present do not understand.

It is bad manners to stare at strangers in company or in the street.

It is bad manners to say "Yes" or "No" to a stranger, or to your parents or to aged people—let it be "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

It is bad manners to pick your teeth at the table, and bad manners to pick them with a pin in any company.

It is bad manners to comb your hair or brush your coat in the eating room.

It is a sign of bad manners to rudely jostle those sitting or standing near you, particularly if they are strangers.

It is a sign of low breeding to make a display of your finery or equipage.

It is bad manners to boast of your wealth or prosperity of good fortune in the presence of the poor or those less fortunate than you are.

It is vulgar to talk much about yourself, and it is very low and vulgar to lie.

It is bad manners to stand with your side, to turn away your face from the person you are talking to—look them in the face.

It is bad manners to walk into a private house with a lighted cigar in your mouth.

It is bad manners to stand in the middle of the pavement when people are passing, or to make remarks about those who pass.

PASTA'S IDEA OF THE ART OF SINGING.

Madame Pasta remarked that most people, when they study a song, never pause to read and study the words, but set to work at once upon the air. This, she observed, was very absurd, and she advised Miss Vaughan, before beginning to learn an aria, to master the full meaning of its words, so as to give them their right expression. "A song," she said, "is a dramatic recitation; only, instead of speaking, you sing it. If it is cheerful, you must contrive, without exaggeration, however, to phrase it mirthfully; if it be sad, sorrowfully; and if tragic, with as much dignity as you can command." She then imitated, to our great amusement, the ordinary young lady's style of singing a sentimental ballad, in a monotone about as expressive as a fish-woman crying "herrings."

When we were quite at our ease Madame Pasta invited Miss Vaughan to sing. The young lady sang the contralto versions from "Semiramide"—"A quel giorno!" The great artist was pleased with her voice, and kindly undertook to sing passages from the same air in order to show her how she sang it. The voice was gone, but the method, the artistic taste and marvelous art of declamation, still existed as fine as ever. I shall not easily forget her grand and expressive manner of singing the recitative "Eccomi alfine in Babilonia." One felt indeed that the Assyrian prince Arsace would thus have pronounced these words when, after a long exile, he finds himself once more before the august temple of Belus: "Si ecco di Bele il tempio! Insolito terrore, sacro rispetto, mi commove il cuore." ("Behold the temple of Belus! At its sight my heart is filled with terror and sacred awe." So great was the expression she threw into the words "sacro rispetto" that I should not have been surprised, nor should I have smiled had I seen her prostrate upon the earth in an attitude of Oriental devotion. But she stood by the piano motionless as a statue, her face calm and dignified. She was acting only with the voice, and not with her person. This was very great art. To convey to the hearer the full meaning of a dramatic scene without any ordinary contortions of face or body, to be expressive to the utmost degree, and yet remain in an attitude of perfect repose, is what very few of our modern artists can do.—*Lippincott's Magazine for May.*

LEGAL.

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2, 1874.

On the petition of WILLIAM K. SMALLMAN, JOHN B. BROUGHTON and MINERVA BROUGHTON, of Malone, New York, administrators of Albert Broughton, deceased, praying for the extension of a patent granted to the said Albert Broughton on the 26th day of May, 1860, for an improvement in Machinery for Grinding and Polishing Glass, &c.,

It is ordered that the testimony in the case be closed on the 26th day of April next; that the time for filing arguments and the Examiner's report be limited to the 8th day of May next; and that said petition be heard on the 11th day of May next. Any person may oppose this extension.

mh2-MW M. D. LEGGETT, Commissioner.

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 11, 1874.

On the petition of BENJAMIN F. SHUPLER, of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, praying for the extension of a patent granted to him on the 11th day of July, 1860, for an improvement in Mode of Steering Vessels:

It is ordered that the testimony in the case be closed on the 11th day of June next; that the time for filing arguments and the Examiner's report be limited to the 25th day of June next, and that said petition be heard on the 1st day of July next.

Any person may oppose this extension.

ap11-MW M. D. LEGGETT, Commissioner.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, THE 2D DAY OF MARCH, 1874.

Henrietta Stuart vs. Preston Roberts et al. } No. 3952. Equity Docket 13.

On motion of the plaintiff, by Mr. F. W. Jones, her solicitor, it is ordered that the defendants, Preston Roberts, Chauncey Dewey, George W. Briant, David W. Powers, Henry L. Newman, George R. Barrett, administrator, and William S. Shrewsbury, cause their appearance to be entered herein on or before the first rule day occurring forty days after this day; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default.

By the Court: A. WYLIE, Justice, &c.
True copy. Test: R. J. MEIGS, Clerk, &c.
mh21-Tu6w

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, THE 27TH DAY OF MARCH, 1874.

Virginia F. Scott et al., plaintiffs, vs. Rosella Rogers et al., defendants. } No. —, Equity.

On motion of the plaintiffs, by Messrs. Moore and Newman, their attorneys, it is ordered that the defendant, Rosella Rogers, cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the first rule day occurring forty days after this day, otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default.

By the Court: A. WYLIE.
A true copy. Test: R. J. MEIGS, Clerk.
mh31-Tu4w

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, THE 27TH DAY OF MARCH, 1874.

Edward Carson vs. Robert H. Ryan et al. } No. 3,611. Equity Docket 13.

On motion of the plaintiff, by Mr. William J. Miller, his solicitor, it is ordered that the defendants, Edward C. Jones, Mary Crane, Thomas J. Cram, W. Arthur Taylor and Virginia P. Taylor, cause their appearance to be entered herein on or before the first rule day occurring forty days after this day; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default.

By the Court: A. WYLIE, Justice, &c.
True copy. Test: R. J. MEIGS, Clerk, &c.
mh31-Tu4w

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, THE SEVENTH DAY OF APRIL, 1874.

Augusta F. McConihe vs. William W. McConihe. } No. 3640. Eq. Doc. 13.

On motion of the plaintiff, by Mr. Payne, her solicitor (attorney) it is ordered that the defendant, Wm. W. McConihe, cause his appearance to be entered herein on or before the first rule day occurring forty days after this day; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default.

By the Court: A. WYLIE, Justice, &c.
True copy. Test: R. J. MEIGS, Clerk.
By L. P. WILLIAMS, Assistant Clerk.
ap9-Th3w

UNITED STATES MAIL.
MARYLAND.
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, March 31, 1874.

Proposals will be received at the Contract Office of this Department until 3 o'clock p. m. of May 30, 1874, (to be decided by the 10th of June, 1874,) for carrying the mails of the United States from July 1, 1874, to June 30, 1878, on the following route in the State of Maryland, and by the schedule of departures and arrivals herein specified, viz:

4561 From Baltimore, by Garrison, Rockdale, Randallstown and Marriottsville, to Worth Branch, 18 miles and back, six times a week, by a schedule of departures and arrivals satisfactory to the Department.

For forms of proposal, guarantee and certificate, and also for instructions as to the conditions to be embraced in the contract, etc., see advertisement of December 1, 1873, inviting proposals for mail service in Maryland, to be found at the principal post offices.

Bids should be sent in sealed envelopes, superscribed "Mail Proposals, State of Maryland," and addressed to the Second Assistant Postmaster General.

JNO. A. J. CRESWELL,
ap9-Mtw Postmaster General.

UNITED STATES MAIL.
VIRGINIA.
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, March 31, 1874.

Proposals will be received at the Contract Office of this Department until 3 o'clock p. m. of MAY 30, 1874, (to be decided by the 10th of June, 1874,) for carrying the mails of the United States from the 1st of July, 1874, to June 30, 1878, on the following routes in the State of Virginia, and by the schedule of departures and arrivals herein specified, viz.:

4776 From Arcola, (Gum Spring,) to Loudon, (Station, 3 miles and back,) three times a week.
Leave Arcola Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Loudon by 9 a. m.;
Leave Loudon Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 a. m.;
Arrive at Arcola by 12 m.

4777 From Pamplin's Depot, by Walker's Church and Fort Pickahin to Tower Hill, 22 miles and back, three times a week.
Leave Pamplin's Depot, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Tower Hill by 8 p. m.
Leave Tower Hill Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Pamplin's Depot by 12 m.

4778 From Wakefield Station to Assamoosick, 21 miles and back, (twice a week.
Leave Wakefield Station Wednesday and Saturday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Assamoosick by 8 p. m.;
Leave Assamoosick Wednesday and Saturday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Wakefield Station by 12 m.

4779 From Linville, by Edom and Green Mount, to Singer's Glen, 8½ miles and back, six times a week.
Leave Linville daily, except Sunday, at 10 a. m.;
Arrive at Singer's Glen by 12.30 p. m.;
Leave Singer's Glen daily, except Sunday, at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Linville by 3:30 p. m.

4780 From Hansonville, by Hawkin's Mill and Willow Spring, to Nicholsville, 18 miles and back, (twice a week.
Leave Hansonville Tuesday and Friday at 6 a. m.;
Arrive at Nicholsville by 12 m.;
Leave Nicholsville Tuesday and Friday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Hansonville by 7 p. m.

4781 From Poplar Hill, by Staffordsville, to Eggleston's Springs, 14 miles and back, twice a week.
Leave Poplar Hill Wednesday and Saturday at 7 a. m.;
Arrive at Eggleston's Springs by 11 a. m.;
Leave Eggleston's Springs Wednesday and Saturday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Poplar Hill by 5 p. m.

For forms of proposal, guarantee and certificate, and also for instructions as to the conditions to be embraced in the contract, etc., see advertisement of September 30, 1870, and December 1, 1873, inviting proposals for mail service in Virginia, to be found at the principal post offices.

Bids should be sent in sealed envelopes, superscribed "Mail proposals, State of Virginia," and addressed to the Second Assistant Postmaster General.

JNO. A. J. CRESWELL,
Postmaster General.

DECORATIONS FURNISHED FOR BALLS and Parties by JOHN C. HOGAN, Awning manufacturer, 719 Market space, between Seventh and Eighth streets. no29-tf

MALAGA FRUIT COMPANY,
408 NINTH STREET.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

SHOOMAKER & HERTZOG,
Sole Direct Importers of the District,
1331 and 1333 E Street, near the Imperial.
REDUCED PRICES!
GEORGE GOULET & CO.
THE BEST AND FINEST CHAMPAGNE IN THE WORLD.
BOUCHE FILS & CO.'S CHAMPANES.
NAPOLEON'S CABINET. DRY VERZENAY.
$24 per dozen, currency. To arrive, at $18, gold.
APOLLINARIS SELTZER WATER,
$13 PER HUNDRED LARGE JUGS.
GENUINE VICHY WATER,
$3.50 PER D