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Choice Loetry.

THE TELEGRAPH.

BT CHRISTOPHES P. CRANCH. The world of the past was an infant;
It knew not the speech of to-day,
When glants sit talking from mountain to sea.
And the cities are wizards, who say:
The kingdom of magic is ours;
We touch a small clicking machine,
And the lands of the East bear the lands of the West,
With never a bar between.

We need not the lamp of Aladdin; We early not Solumon's ring;
The obedient lightning is safe and tame
As the carrier-pigeon's wing.
The girdle that Stakapeare's fairy
Would lay round the earth in an hour,
We hold in our hands, and day by day;
We prove its miraculous power.

Know ye the musical, mystic
Chords of the century's tyre,
Common as copy-book lines to a boy—
The wonderful telegraph wire?
Strings that seem drawn by Arachne,
So fine on the air they are spun;
Yet netting the State in fraternal embrace,
And binding the nation in one.

Prom Boston to distunt Nevada—
From Texas to Labrador's beach—
They thrill with a fire that is born of a fire,
Thought flashed in electrical speech;
And the great world is dumb no longer,
Nor time nor space are a bar;
Minnesots is talking with Georgia and Maine—
There is no more a near or a far.

Look anywhere out from your window,
Look anywhere up in the street,
Rumble along on the railroud track,
Go seek some alundy retreat
By the read, 'mid the blackberry bushes,
Where the wagons of hay pass by,
You will see those lines of music ruled
Along the blue of the sky.

These gossamer threads of the Summer,
These webs of ephemeral birth,
They are poisting veins of the nation's life,
They are vital nerves of the earth;
Frail as Æolian barp-strings.
And swayed in wind and storm,
Yet they bind the world in a Union strong,
And give to the world its form.

Though now four years we have battled In strife and in agony sore, The electrical chords of the age shall thrill With the message of, "Peace once more." They will teach the old lessons of ages, Once taught by Galilee's shore: All men are brothers—the earth is one— There shall be war no more!

MARCH.

In the snowing and the blowingIn the cruel sleet-In the cruel alest— Little flowers begin their growing Far beneath our feet. Soffly taps the Spring, and cheerly— "Barlings, are you here!" "Ill they answer: "We are nearly. Nearly ready, dear."

Where is Winter, with his snowing? Tell us, Spring," they say;
Then she naswers: "He is going.
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you— But his time is past: Som my birds shall sing above you— Set you free at last!

Select Story.

BARRING OUT THE SCHOOLMASTER.

My early life was made miserable by one Mul-berry Bangs, a gentleman of the old school, who devoted himself to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the general use of a stick. Upon my head and hands, and other parts of my person, he imprinted himself so positively that I can see him now plainly, as if we had parted but yester-He was a stout man, who made in his figure, when seen in a profile, Hegarth's line of beauty, being round-shouldered and crooked in his legs. He was a blonde. The hair of his his legs. He was a blonde. The hair of his head had that sunny tinge so much admired today, and when rubbed down with a tallow can-dle, as was his wont of dress, it was so smooth and straight that the boys believed flies slipped down upon it and broke their legs. His eyes were dark and herce, and hid under the cavernous recesses made by his bushy red evebrows. seemed to watch like evil spirits over his The nose was a ruby nose, bottle in shape, and when Bangs was angry, which ap-peared to be all the time, it glowed like the head-light of a locomotive. His mouth was finshed without lips, and resembled a slit in a

My early experience gave me a distaste for the hip in schools. But I am far from siding with the sentimentalists of the present day, who advocate kindness and moral suasion. The earlier teachings, not the best, but, in fact, the only ones, are those of the rod, that give us a reali-zing sense of pain to the body, and drill us into patience and self denial.

Boys are of two sorts-good little boys who Boys are of two sorts—good little boys who die young, and bully boys, who cannot be killed. As the last named only live to be men, instead of being translated into angels, it is well to discipline them through the only process known to animals, and that is the discipline of fear. The old adage is not far wrong that said: "When you meet a boy, whale him—for if he has not been in mischief, he is going in."

What may have been my feelings when suffering under the stick of old Bangs, my objection to him now rests not so much on the use of that instrument, as the beastly appearance and character of the man. Later in life, I was the scholar of a man who was as severe with the rod, al

at of a man who was as severe with the rod, al most, as Baugs; but to my dying hour, I shall remember him as one of the noblest of men, and the truest friend I ever encountered. Alexander Kinmont lived and died in the obscurity of a se-lect school, with the generous impulses and large healthy brain that ought to have secured him a high position among teachers and leaders of men. From that school came boys so disciplined to study, and so filled with the love learning, that they, in making their mark in the world, lived to illustrate the beauty of this sys-

I did not, however, sit down to write of this but to give, in brief, some of my earlier experi-ences. It is understood throughout the country ences. It is understood throughout the country that the boys are justifiable in barring out the master, and, if successful, are not only entitled to a week's recess, but the admiration and praise of their parents. Old Bangs was famous for his powers of resistance, and boasted that no school of his had ever succeeded in conquering in such attempts. On the occasion to which I refer, we had two big boys in school, named Bill Henning and Bob Strong. They were knotty-headed, broad-shouldered, and hard-fasted fellows, who worked through the Summer for means to attend broad-shouldered, and hard-fisted fellows, who worked through the Summer for means to attend school during the Winter. Each, in turn, had been unmercifully whipped by the master, and it was understood throughout the school, that in the barring out, Master Bangs was to be punished, and old scores settled.

The evening before the general engagement, Bill and Bob, our noble leaders, with a few confederates, stole back to the school house, armed with hickory poles. Breaking open the door.

with hickory poles. Breaking open the door, they whittled one end of these tough saplings to a point, and then hardened the points in the fire. Then placing these in a corner ready for use, with a stout cord, they gave orders to the boys to be ready to take part in the fight, to as-semble at the school house before daylight the

next morning.

At the time indicated, nearly all the lads were in line. Some were pale and trembling, others were noisy and boastful, but I observed that the were noisy and boastful, but I observed that the real leaders and reliable soldiers were quiet—so quiet, indeed, that one might doubt them. "Mer are but children of larger growth," said Dryden; and that solid pump of a poet, Wordsworth, as-sures us that "the child is father to the man." sures us that "the child is laster to do man.

In the animal propensities and tastes that survive our boyhood, that is undoubtedly true; and many and many a time since, in hours of peril, I have seen re-enacted the same exhibition of character that occurred on that cold morning in

ecember among the boys.

Our first order was to cut and carry in enough wood to serve the garrison during a siege. This was promptly executed. Then the window shut-ters were pulled to and securely nailed, the door closed, and deeks and benches piled against it. After this two port-holes were opened by remov-ing the chinks and daubing; and then gather-

ing about the roaring fire in the huge stove we waited the approach of the enemy. As the time approached for the master's coming, a dead silence fell upon the crowd, so that when he did come, we could hear the heavy tread upon the crusted snow, and heart sunk and face whitened in terror.

Our leaders sprang to their posts each side of the door, and, on being ordered to surrender, boldly demanded a week's holiday, and a treat of cider and apples.

This was sternly refused.

"Fire!" said Bill and Bob; and two poles were

"Fire!" said Bill and Bob; and two poles were thrust out with all the strength the stoutest arms could give them. They took the indignant pedagogue in the sides with such force that, but for his thick flannel overcoat, holes might have been made in his wicked body. As it was, he staggered back, and for twenty minutes or more we saw him sitting on a log catching his breath, and rubbing his wounded sides. We gave no end of loud cheers, claiming for ourselves the first knock-down, if not the first blood.

At the end of twenty minutes, the master

At the end of twenty minutes, the master arose. Digging a linge stone from under the snow, he approached and threw it with great violence against the door. The stout oak batting fairly shook under the blow, but held its own. Another, and another, and another followed Another, and snother, and another followed, amid the jeers and laughter, encouraged by our noble leaders, to keep up the courage of their followers. The fourth stone split the door, and the fifth broke the upper wooden hinge, and but for the barricade within, the breach would have been available. The enemy, not being aware of the defense within, suddenly dropped the stone and ran at the door. We were not to be taken by surprise. Again were the sharp lances thrust out. One hit, with decided effect, in the com-missary, vulgarly called the stomach; the other, missary, valigarly called the stomach; the other, as he stooped doubled up by the pain, in the face, inflicting an ugly would, from which the blood flowed in profusion. He retreated, and we saw him fairly dance with rage and pain. The more of this he indulged in, the wilder grew our delight, which we testified in roars of laughter.

ter.

He soon ended this exhibition, and disappeared around the school house, evidently on a reconnoiseance. There was a dead silence, and we realized that which we have so often felt since, the nuknown movements of a silent enemy. This was ended by a noise on the roof; and soon volumes of smoke pouring into the room, told us that stratagem had taken the place of assault. We were to be smoked out. We were to be smoked out.

We were to be smoked out.

But our leaders were equal to the occasion. Hastily removing the burning chunks from the stove, and taking down the pipe, one of the long poles was thrust up the flue; then, with a vigorous upward stroke of this battering-ram, the obstruction was removed. The consequences were rattling of falling boards, with the unmistakable thmup of a heavier body upon the ground. We found afterward that the master had not only covered the chimney ton with ground. We found afterward that the master had not only covered the chimney top with boards, but had seated himself on them. The sudden and unexpected "hist" had tumbled him off. We then heard dismal groams and cries for help. Some were in favor of going at once to his assistance; others, more cautious, opposed and a margiful arrand. such a merciful errand.

"He's hollering too lond to be hart much," said shrewd Bob.

We had a division in our council of war. This ended in a call for a volunteer to make a sortic and investigate. Jack Loder, one of the most daring and active among the yourger boys, responded. A shutter on the opposite side to the cries for help was opened quickly, and Jack thrust out. The result of this was not only a cessation of groans, but a chase which was witnessed through the portholes. Jack was a good runner, and when the two disappeared over the meadow, into the willow thicket, lack was a given meadow, into the willow thicket, Jack was gaining on him, and we had good hopes of his escape.
To our dismay and horror, in half an hour we saw the master returning, with poor Jack in his grasp. He had a hostage, and was swift in the use of the advantage. Stopping before the house, he began whipping the poor fellow most

unmercifully. Jack's cries were piteous.
"Oh, let him in, boys, let him in; he's a killin' o' me," rung in our ears. There was a hurried consultation. The benches and desks were qui-etly removed. A sortic had been determined upon. The master stood at the side of the house south of the door, and as soon as the opening was made, Bill unclosed a shutter and propose a parley. The answer was a rush at the open window by the master, who began climbing in. Brave little Jack seized him by the legs, and be-fore be could kick him off, a dozen stout lads were clinging to them, while as many more held him on the inside. Bill seized the rope, and attempted to pass the noise over his arms. In the harry and confusion of the fight be succeeded in getting it only over his head. Pulling at it as the boys did, there was a fair prospect of ending the useful labors of this teacher by strangula-tion. That he deserved it, no one of us doubted; but Bob having climbed over the master in the window, and all the school pulling at the end of old Bangs, was soon master of the situation. Getting hold of the rope, and assisted by Bill, we succeeded in tving the arms of the almost ex-

hausted man to his sides. He was tumbled from the window as unceremoniously as a pig. "Will you give up?" demanded our leaders. "No!" gasped the master.

The brave old pedagogue still refusing, he was dragged, rolled and tumbled to the well-

"Will you give up, dern you?" asked Bob.

He was shoved in aside of the bucket, and or ders given to lower. But the weight proved too much for the lads, and the crank of the windlass simping from their grasp, all the learning of the district went whirling to the bottom with the thundering noise belitting such an exit. This was more than we bargained for. Had we really murdered the master? Bob and Bill, assisted by the stontest, began pulling up the nufortunate old fellow. It was hard work tugging at the windlass and they inst campth a glimpa of the windlass, and they just caught a glimpse of his blonde head, when a wild cry of "fire!" caused them to let go, and again the venerable Bangs went down with a splash in the water. The school house was on fire; the chunks pull-ed out by the boys had communicated to the

oor, and the dry old concern was in a blaze. A few neighbors who just then arrived, gave the alarm and attempted to extinguish the flames. To do this, they called for water, and the first bucket they brought up contained the vanquish-ed teacher of reading, writing, and arithmetic. He came up with his teeth chattering, and when

lifted out, was too weak to stand or sit.

The school house was burned down. The master was carried to a neighbor's house, and for weeks hung between life and death. We were regarded as heroes by the country side; and in the burning of our place of torture, and the sickness of the master was weather heavier.

ness of the master, we were the happiest set of little animals in the world. It is a long time, I am sorry to say, since then, and most of the actors in the drama have passed away. Bob, one of our gallant leaders, is now a well to do farmer in Illinois, while Bill fell at the head of his company, in the bloody fight at

A man was brought into the wards of surgery, (Bellevue hospital), of which Dr. Figeuro is house surgeon, having a crushed foot and ankle, as the result of being traversed by a railroad car wheel. Previous to his admission, the patient had lost a great quantity of blood, and it was feared that he could never be railied to the amputation point. Among the measures adopted for his restoration were hypodermic injections of whiskey, and these proved very efficient, not only for their immediate assistance in obtaining the stimulation of the alcohol, but they seemed to tide the man over a point at which his stomach had become very irritable and rejected whatever was put into it. An ordinary dose administered in this manner is from lifteen to thirty drops. This man's pulse was raised sufficient to warrant amputation of the leg, which was done. Hypodermic Use of Whiskey. warrant amputation of the leg, which was done, after applying Esmarch's apparatus for arresting bemorrhage. The apparatus was particularly adapted to this case, for the reason that it was desirable to obtain all the blood possible, for the loss had already been too great. No blood was lost, and but four turns were given to the rubber cord.

A MERCIFUL man is merciful to his beast, and

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1874.

Miscellany.

HYMN OF THE ALAMO.

[B. F. Poyten's battle-lyric, "The Hymn of the Alamo," is little known, yet it is one of the most beautiful gems of Southern literature. The author belonged to the United States army, and resided in Texas. He was inspired by the heroic defence of the San Antonio fort of the Alamo, made in 1836, by one hundred and forty Texans under Colonels Travis, Crockett and Bowle, against two thousand Mexicans and five full batteries, under Generals Santa Anna and Almonte. The Texans withsteed for several days "the fiery reash of shells," until their Spartan band was reduced to sixteen men, who were butchered within the fort.]

Rise, man the wall:—our clarion's blast
Now sounds its final reveille—
This dawning more must be the last
Our fated band shall ever ee.
To life, but not to hope, farewell:
You trompet's clang, and canon's peal.
And storming shout, and clashing aten!
Are ours, but not our mountry's knell.
We joy in Spartan death—
Tis no despairing strife;
We fall—we die—but our expiring breath
Is Freedom's breath of life!

"Here, on this new Thermopylæ, Our monument shall tower high; And 'Alamo' hereafter be, On bloodier fields, the battle-cry!" On bloodier fields, the battle-cry!"
Thus Travis from the ramparts cried;
And when his warriors as we the foe,
Like whelming billows, move below,
At once each dauntless heart replied;
"Welcome the Spartan's death—
"Tis no despairing strife;
We fall—we die—but our expiring breath
Is Freedom's breath of life!"

They come!—like Autumn's leaves they fall,
Yet hordes on bordes they onward rush;
With gory tramp they mount the wall,
Till numbers the defenders crush—
Till falls their flag, when none remain!
Well say the victors quake to tell
How Travis and his hundred fell,
Ausid a thousand foemen slain!
They died the Spartan's death—
But not in hopeless strife;
Like brothers died! and their expiring breath
Was Freedom's breath of life!

DANIEL BOONE.

Local Facts Concerning Him, - Description His Old Rifle. Missouri claims, with Virginia and Kentucky, an interest in the pioneer in Western daring and enterprise whose name heads this sketch, and locally as well elsewhere new facts concerning the man who dared and accomplished so much, are likely to prove of interest. There is held to-day in St. Lonis, a souvenir of Daniel Boone, more interesting in its character, perhaps, than any other that could be suggested. Not the deadly rifle of Leatherstecking, the hero of Cooper, has been made more fanous than the weapon deadly rifle of Leatherstecking, the hero of Cooper, has been made more famous than the weapon
of Boone, and the identical rifle which Boone
once carried may be seen at almost any time by
one who has the curiosity to make a very short
trip from the vicinity of the Courthouse. Mr. J.
P. Bates, the taxidermist, whose location is at
No. 209‡ Sixth street, has in his possession the
arm around which cluster see many interesting
associations. As it is usually tepresented in the
school books, the old rifle rests in immediate
juxtaposition with the fruits of the hunter's juxtaposition with the fruits of the hunter's juxtaposition with the fruits of the hunter's skill. In Mr. Bates' place the antlers of elk and deer are suspended about, and the stuffed forms of various animals and birds add to the appropriateness of the surroundings. The gan, upon which, it is needless to say, Mr. Bates sets great store, bears not much resemblance to the finished breech loaders of the prasent day. It was not, perhaps, so convenient as they, but if history be correct it answered every purpose of a more improved model. Probably Boone wanted only a gan that would kill. The arm is an old Ken. gun that would kill. The arm is an old Ken-tneky rifle, with a long barrel and a carved wooden stock, the wood extending, as was once customary, to the muzzle of the piece. The gun was originally provided with a flint-lock, but has been altered to a cap-lock. The bore is large, and takes a ball of sufficient size to prove very

HICKORY RAMBOD occupies its appropriate place below the barrel, where it is secured by three thimbles fastened to the long wood. It is not probable that the ranged is of corresponding antiquity with the gun, for ramged are proverbially perishable property. This is, however, a "good stick," and fits well in its place. An old-fashioned patchbox is set into one side of the stock, and opposite the patch-box is a silver plate bearing the name of Colonel Wm. Whitley. Such is a description of this famons gun. Attached to the piece is a card which reads: "This gun was purchased from Daniel Boone, in 1768, by Colonel

piece is a card which reads: "This gun was purchased from Daniel Boone, in 1768, by Colonel Wm. Whitley, of Crab Orchard, Ky., who was killed in the battle of the Thames, 1812."

The gun was bought of Boone, as stated in the card, in 1768, and upon the death of its purchaser was still retained in his family. Some years before the late rebellion, when Mr. Bates was manager of the St. Louis Museum, the gun was left in the bands of Mr. Bates for safe keeping, by Andrew L. Whitley, its then owner. The war came, and the gun was never called for again. The facts in the case are such as to leave little room for doubt regarding the actual history of the piece. The date at which the gun was purchased from Daniel Boone indicates that it must have been used by him in one of the most exciting occurrences of his life; and looking at the weapon, it requires no stretch of the most exciting occurrences of his life; and looking at the weapon, it requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive that it has been the instrument of death to many a red-skin and other "varmint" of the forest. There is a history written in the scratches and indentations on its stock and long barrel. The most extravagant stories are told of Boone's skill with the rifle, as, for instance, the shooting of an Indian at long range while the red-skin was holding the captured babe of a settler before his body as a shield, to deter Boone from firing. Numerous instances of similar feats are given by the backwoods historians, and it is beyond doubt that, for steadiness of nerve and for excellence in all kinds of frontier accomplishments, he was without a mas-

frontier accomplishments, he was without a mas-ter. As one looks on this BATTERED OLD RIFLE, which he used to carry through the Kentucky wilds, one feels that it is worth while seeing the most celebrated rifle in the world. As is well known, Boone moved West when the soil of Kentucky had become inconveniently crowded with a population of ten to the square mile, and, not withstanding the fact that he died in the present century. There are varied conflicting acnotwithstanding the fact that he died in the present century, there are varied conflicting accounts regarding the circumstances of his death, and the subsequent removal of his remains from Missouri. One account says he died near and was burried on the banks of Tuque Creek, in Warren County, while an older account is that he was buried at Charrette. There is a general belief prevalent, however, in Phelps County, that he died and was buried near the great spring which forms the source of the Meramec. This was one of his favorite hunting ranges, and about this neighborhood he passed a great portion of his time. The spring in question is at no great distance from Rolla, and is also about six miles distant from St. James, on the Atlantic and Pacific Road. Boone died in 1822, and when his remains were first disturbed they were taken his remains were first disturbed they were taken to Moselle. Afterwards the State of Kentucky had his remains removed to her own soil, where

A document reading as follows has lately been filed in the County clerk's office in Peoria, Ill.:

Know all men by these presents, that I, Henry S. Cole, have this day sold, transferred and set over unto Lydia A. Benjamin the following property, to wit: Fifteen hundred bushels of corn in the crib, on the place where I new live on farm, in the County of Peoria, Ill.; two dark bay mares, one about fifteen years old, and one about eight years old; one bay horse about ten years old, and one bald face last spring sorrel horse colt; one old lumber wagon, and one double harness, for and in consideration that the said Lydia A. Benjamin becomes my lawful wife.

HENRY S. COLE.

In Verment, a duel was lately fought between the spirit of one George Dix, and that of the fa-mous pirate Captain Kidd. The parties were un-seen, of course, but one of them was heard to fall with a heavy "thud." This is the first report of a fatal duel yet furnished from the spirit land.

How hereic that declaration of Brigham Young, that "if necessary to the building up of the king-dom, I could bury all my wives without a sigh

A MONTANA BOMANCE.

Caves, Giante, Gold and Things.

I send you by mail a hasty sketch of our new discovery. I have just returned from King Solomon's cave, up Ophir gulch, the existence of which you are no doubt aware of, as it has been mentioned in some of the territorial papers. Yesterday morning, however, four of us determined upon forther investigation to satisfy ourselves, if possible, of the extent of the cave. The party was made up of Messrs. Leon Whittier, George Barnard, "Abe" Echols and your informant. We outfitted with three days' rations, blankets, candles, pitch pine for torches, twine, a compass. Barnard, "Abe" Echols and your informant. We outfitted with three days' rations, blankets, candles, pitch pine for torches, twine, a compass, and in short, everything necessary to prosecute a thorough exploration. We reached there at 3 o'cleck and proceeded to the middle chamber, as it is called, where we made camp, and after an bour's rest began our labor. At the end of the middle chamber are a number of very long, narrow passages. Into the largest of these we insinuated ourselves, one behind the other, and by sometimes crawling, and again finding room to walk half erect, we worked our way for over four hundred feet, when we suddenly emerged into a magnificent chamber, the weiling of which we found to be about thirty five feet high, the length of the rome eighty-six feet, width fifty-four feet. As we held high our flaming torches, the walls presented an appearance of beauty and grandenr it seldom falls to the privilege of mortal eye to witness. At first sight we were impressed with the belief that this wonderful chamber had been cut out of the solid rock by human hands; for it did not seem possible that nature could, by accident, form so rare a temple, with such a wonderful display of architecture beneath the surface of the earth. After somewhat recovering from our surprise, we proceeded to examine minutely this strange place. Immediately to the right of the entrance, and in the corner close to the wall, we discovered the indications of an old fire place. Several small pieces of charcoal were picked up, and the blackened floor, as well as the smoke-stained wall, furnished evidence that in this hall some person or persons had at one time taken refuge. Continuing along the right we had not progressed over forty feet, when we met with further evidence of the cave having once been the hiding place of men.

Considerable quantities of rich quartz speci-

ing place of men.

Considerable quantities of rich quartz specimens were picked up, and about half a ton of fair looking gold quartz lay in a corner. It is the opinion of us all that the quartz is taken frem some part of the cave, probably further on in the mountains, and these giants were at work there when a slide from the mountain above the there when a slide from the monutain above the cave filled up the mouth of it, as is plain to be seen that the entrance at one time has been at least thirty feet in diameter, and the opening, now very small, has been formed by the slide gradually slipping into the outerchamber, which is about half full of mountain debris. Another doorway was found, leading into a room which, we think, contains the special money deposits of the miners. But all were too much excited to make further investigations till to-morrow. The cave has been pre-empted, and every bone, tool. cave has been pre-empted. and every bone, tool, etc., will be carefully preserved; it is also not improbable ahat some new light will be thrown

on the time and manner in which this queer people found their way to our land.

Leaning against the wall was a huge plate of copper, fifty-seven inches in leagth and thirty six inches in width, and about one-fourth of an inch in thickness. This we took to be a shield, as near the ceutre were two holes eight inches apart, used doubtless for inserting a strap through which to insert the arm. It was wrought by hand, as the marks of a sledge or some other heavy instrument were plainly visit on the same and that there is any moral obliquity in getting the better of a neighbor in buying or selling.

THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

For instance, two farmers, otherwise of unexceptional probity, will spend days, and weaks even, in a wrangle as to which shall outwit the wrought by mand, as the marks of a stedge or even, in a wrangle as to which shall outwit the other heavy instrument were plainly visible on it. On discovering this, a feeling akin to fear came over the party, and we were almost ready to beat a hasty retreat, and leave further investigation to those who delight to explore tombs and resurrect the remains of those who lived in the ages of long ago, when it was auticipated by one of the company that we might into the knayevy to be witnessed in some of new torches, with increased energy we renewed the search. About ten feet beyond where the shield was found, and eight feet from the floor, the search. About ten feet beyond where the shield was found, and eight feet from the floor, was a cavity in the wall, ten feet in length and over four feet high. Placing a few large stones one upon another, Bernard climbed up and held his light in to get the extent of the opening, but he immediately turned towards us with a frightened look, and it was seme seconds before he could explain the nature of the discovery he had made. But when he assured us that in that niche lay a petrified giant, all were eaget to get a look at him, and one after another we climbed up and gazed in. The opening had every indication of being natural—no marks of tools were visible in it. [In the cascade wall, in the first chamber, are a large number of similar caverns, but none so large]. Two of the party being hoisted up to take the dimensions of the monster man, he was found to be nine feet seven and a half inches in length, thirty inches across the breast, and two feet deep. He was covered from head to foot with a chating, from one to two inches in thickness, similar to that found on the roof and pillars in a number of places, hard as limestone, and along the sides this casing as it appeared to be at first, had united with the rock on which it lay, leaving this relie of the stone age, or some other distant age, literally incased in a coffin of stone. A helmet of brass or copper, of gigantic proportions, was upon his bead, which the corresive elements of brass or copper, of gigantic proportions, was up-on his head, which the corrosive elements of time had scaled to his brow. It is the most per-fect netrification I have ever seen—the whole time had sealed to his brow. It is the most perfect petrification I have ever seen—the whole body being as solid as though cut out of a block of marble. Near this rare specimen were found two mammoth spear beads, eighteen inches in length and six inches at the widest point. One of them was intended to be fastened in a handle, after the fashion of an arrow-head, while the other had a socket of silver into which to insert a huge pole or handle. Near by, on the floor, was picked up a large book made of bone—probably manufactured from the 'nsk of some leviathan of the land—which one of the party suggested was a portion of the war accourrements of was picked up a large nook mane of one—proably manufactured from the 'nsk of some leviathan of the land—which one of the party suggested was a portion of the war accourrements of
the giant, as such a weapon on the end of a forty-foot pole, in the hands of active attendants,
would be a success in dragging out the victims
of the great warrior as fast as he slew them, and
by this means keep his way clear. On the wall
near the tomb we discovered some strange looking letters, or characters of some kind, and the
pictures of three shipa, apparently having been
executed with a sharp pointed instrument.
There were no figures resembling ours, though I
have no doubt the writing, if interpreted, would
give the history of the giant king of the cave,
whose body lay stone dead before us. The ships
have three masts, the middle one being only
two-thirds the height of the outside masts. On
the opposite side of the room from this we discovered a huge flat atone leaning against the
wall. On the smooth surface of this was also
the engraving of a ship, much larger than the
others, and near the bow the picture of a man,
with spear in hand, apparently made to represent an explorer landing and taking possession
of some country. On removing this huge stone
a passage four feet high, and in some places wider than that, led us into a smaller chamber
about thirty feet square, though more interesting
than any of the others. Here the party became
almost wild at the strange and curious things.
Bones of men at least nine feet in stature were
found near the entrance, among which were two
or three skulls. Near the centre of the room
was a primitive quartz crusher in the shape of a
large stone, hollowed out like a mortar. Around
this were a number of tools, large and small, and
a large sledge lay on the edge of the mortar,
just as the workman had left it when he struck
his last blow, at least a thousand years ago. The
tools, eo far as examined, were found to be copper, though tempered, as they were hard as steel.

—Deer Lodge Ind

How times do change. It is related of Joseph Buffum, last surviving member of the sixteenth congress (1819.) who died last week in New Hampshire, that he never married, lived a reclassifie on his farm, and would get over the feuce into the fields rather than to pass ladies who might be walking in the read.

Benz dust in Australia is compressed into ricks, so as to be easily handled and packed. SCHOOL teachers in South Carolina are called

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY FELICIA HEMANS

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

Day is for mortal care; Eve for glad meetings 'round the joyous hearth Night for the dreams of elecp, the voice of prayer; But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The hanquet hath its hour, Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine; There course a day for grief a e-ershadowing power, A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
That wait the riger of bloom to seize their pray

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thise own, oh, Death! We know when moons shall wans.

When Summer birds from 'far shall cross the sea,
When Antumn's hos shall tings the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie!
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale!
They have our season—all are cars to die!

Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there Then art where friend meets friend, Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest; Thou art where fee meets fee, and trumpels rend The skies, and swords best down the princely crest

Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, And stars to set—but all. Thou hast all seasons for thine own, ob. Death!

ome of the Tricks of the Trade in Horse-flesh
--How New York Artists Fix Up Their Spav-ined Naga--Sules of Stolen Herses---Horses for One Bollar or for Thousands.

SWAPPING HORSES.

From the New York Sun.1

Since Monday last there have been no new developments in the case of Lonley, Pickels, Page, and Brown, arrested on charge of horse-stealing, under circumstances which lead the detective police to believe that they have the clue to an organized bard of horse thieves, and which cir-cumstances were narrated in the San of Mouday and Tuesday.

An investigation of this case by a Sun reporter has resulted in some interesting general information touching the trade in horses as it is carried on in New York and elsewhere. "There are tricks in all trades but ours" is a saying used by men of almost every vocation, in a slightly sarcastic sense. But a horse dealer would be afraid to use it in intelligent company. It would be too suggestive. From Maine to Texas, and from Manitoba to Florida, horse-trading is regarded by the experienced as very ticklish business, in which, to use a technicality, "a man's eyes must make his own market." This is because the oral representations of the best judges of horse-flesh are always susceptible of dubious interpretation, and fer some cause—the explanation of which is left to moral philosophers—not one horse-trader out of twenty can bring himself to understand that there is any moral obliquity in getting the better of a neighbor in buying or selling. An investigation of this case by a Sun reporter

our city horse markets. All the away in some nook or corner; and preparing and expedients for hiding defects and blemishes are here well understood. Belladonna expands the papil of a blind eye until it looks natural. A poor old carcass can be made to look sleek and fat in a few days. Many an incipient ring hone or spavin can be so concealed as to de-ceive the uninitiated, while a negotiation for a ceive the uninitiated, while a negotiation for a sale is pending. The great majority of city buyers are very ignerant of what are good points in a horse, and therefore trust blindly to pretentious middlemen who charge enormous commissions. Horses fairly worth \$100 not infrequently sell for five times that amount, and when an unsophisticated horse-owner wishes to dispose of an animal for which he has paid a round sum, and which he has fouldly imagined was near perfection, he is generally amazed at the disparaging remarks of the commission man to whom he confides the business of finding a purchaser.

HORSE ALL OVER. Seated at a door of the Bull's Head Tayern. Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue, the re-porter found a gentleman of unmistakable horporter found a gentleman of numistakable horsey look poring over a newspaper. He wore a blue-black velvet coat and vest, with tight pantaloons, striped shirt and red neck tie. A heavy gold chain, with a profusion of charms suggestive of his vocation, dangled about the vest. On his shirt-front sparkled a something which the reporter, not being a connoisseur, doubted not was a solitaire diamond of the first water and great value. After waterling the gentleman a few minutes, and noticing that he looked up from his paper at every light vehicle that passed, and seemingly contented himself with a glance at the horse or horses which drew it, ignoring the driver, the reporter decided to interview him. It was a desperate resolution, however, for the glitter of the gentleman's diamonds (he had more than the solitaire) and the sheen of his velvet coat awed the interviever, and the introductory speech was faltering, but certainly very respectful.

very respectful.

"Eh, young man," said the gentleman. "You are interested in the horse business, and want me to talk to you about it. I've no objection; but come now, you want to buy a horse, and I'm your man. Tell me what kind of a horse you

want."
Reporter. Ne, sir. I would like to have a horse, it is true, but the cheapest one on the street would be beyond my means. I am simply curious about the principal business of this part of the city, and I judged from your face that you rould not object to talking to me about it. QUOTATIONS.

Mr. X. Beyond your means, did you say?
Why, sir, you can buy a horse here at any price,
from two dollars and a half up to ten thousand.
Come, now, tell me what kind of a horse you

want.
Reporter. Indeed, sir, I wouldn't know what
to do with even a ten thousand dollar horse if I
had it. I am not mistaken, I hope, in supposing
you are in the trade?
Mr. X. No, not mistaken: I'v been dealing in
horses all my life. I guess there's not many that

can cap me.

Reporter. It is doubtless a commonplace Reporter. It is doubtless a common place thing with you, but I am a greenhorn, and you'll excuse the question. How do the rich young gentlemen who drive fast trotters in the Park and on Bloominadale road get them? According to my observation, few of them really know a fast one when they see him, and I want to know how they go about buying them.

Mr. X. There, now, I knew you wanted a horse. Just do like the rest of them, and tell me at once what kind of a beast you want, and I'm your man. I've a pair of white footed sorrels.

at once what kind of a beast you want, and I'm your man. I've a pair of white footed sorrels round here that would suit any gentleman, if he was looking for a team, and I've a Simon-pure Hambletonian over there in the National Stable that would be dirt cheap at \$1,500, but as it's getting late in the season, you could buy him for \$1,200. He's a beauty, I tell you. Won't you go and look at him? Reporter. I'll look at him with pleasure, thank

Reporter. Fill look at him with pleasure, thank you; but I again assure you I haven't the slightest notion of buying any living quadruped.

Mr. X. was not a whit couvinced by this disclaimer, and getting up briskly, led the way to a stable, talking about the marvelone Hambletonian all the way. At length he showed a well-blanketed black horse, not quite fifteen hands high, which he assured the reporter was sold by him fifteen months ago for \$4,000. He had kept the splendid fellow in view ever since, and had marked black horse, or overship. Lately he had fallen into the hands of a young man living on Murray Hill, who was in trouble with his

BANKER FATHER

and therefore the horse must be sold. The lucky purchaser who stepped forward immediately would make the difference between \$1,200 and \$4,000, because the black was unquestionably still worth the amount for which he had once been sold.

Interspersed between the ejaculations of Mr X. were the reporter's questions about every-thing else but the horse and his fine points From Mr. X. and many like him, after making proper allowances for exaggerations, the repor-ter managed to glean the information which fol-

ews: Light draught and saddle horses are supplied in this market mainly by importations from Mis-souri, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and other Western States. Animals of this class are placed Western States. Animals of this class are placed by the dealers in the sale stables in Twenty-fourth and neighboring streets, and afford a fine field for the exercise of all the ingenuity of the salesmen and all the antagonistic shrewdness of a buyer. The heavy draught horses are principally from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the stock-raising part of New York State. There is less chance for financiering with the heavy draughts, because size, weight, and good bones and nuscle, are the things looked to, and buyers generally have a thorough practical knowledge of what they want.

FURTHER QUOTATIONS.

East Twenty-fourth street is the great mart of the city for horses. The streets near by share in the traffic. As far up town as Fifty-ninth street there are some large stables; but Twenty-fourth street seems to be the centre. There prices range from \$1 to the fortune which it would require to buy a Dexter or a Goldsmith Maid. The street railroad and omnibus com-Maid. The street railroad and omnibus companies buy the most of their stock here, having agents who devote all their time to looking up available horses. The Third Avenue Company is the largest purchases, investing from \$6,000 to \$10,000 in horse flesh every month.

The average car or omnibus horse is worth from \$150 to \$180, but the omnibus men often pay as much as \$300 when they find something to

spit them. Horses are brought from the West by rail, and Horses are brought from the West by rail, and are usually kept in the country within striking distance until they recover from the effects of the journey, which in the ordinary stock-car is very trying. Fine horses are brought in what is known as horse palace cars, in which they are made as comfortable af if they were in their own stables. This costs about twenty dollars extra for each car. Mesars. Post & Nelson, proprietors of the National Stables, 156 East Twenty-fourth street, once received a car-load direct from Leavenworth, Kansas, which all arrived in good order. It is the only instance of the kind on record ler. It is the only instance of the kind on record The cheapest horses are bought by the licensed venders. They sometimes buy a horse for the sum it would cost to send him to the rendering company at West Forty-eighth street; use it until it can work no longer, and then kill it for its hide, which they sell for a dollar.

SALES OF STOLEN HORSES are rare among the solid, regular dealers, for long experience enables them to judge pretty accurately whether a man is selling his own property. They say that a man who owns a horse knows nearly what it is worth, and asks a fair price, but a theif does not know what to ask, and will take the first offer that is made, even should it be only one-half the real value.

should it be only one-half the real value.

Persons buying horses for their own use, even should they not be good judges, should be careful to go to none but a responsible dealer, and they need have no fear of being jockeyed, because they will have full opportunity given them to try the animals, and the dealer will warrant them sound at the time the sale is made. Car horses seldom last over three years.

Car horses seldom last over three years. At the end of that time they are generally badly damaged, and are no longer able to do the work required of them. Injudicious driving, bad pav-ing, and the strain they are subjected to in start-ing heavily loaded cars, combine to wear them out very soon. Although no longer serviceable as car horses, they are still useful for many other kinds of work, and are sold to the country for form purposes. form purposes.

The trade in New York is increasing. The multiplication of machinery increases rather than diminishes the demand for the noblest of man's servants. Within a radius of one hundred miles servants. Within a radius of one hindred inless every man who discovers the need of a horse, and who does not see one that suits him for sale among his neighbors, naturally comes to New York. It is the same way with the man who wants to sel!. Failing in the receipt of an offer which meets his views, he sends the beast to New York and trusts to luck for the result.

New York, and trusts to luck for the result.

Matilda Heron, an actress, who, fifteen years ago, was in the zenith of her fame, but who to day has passed out of the memory of many, and is has passed out of the memory of many, and is unknown, save by name, to a large number of our play-goers. A belief that the readers of the Spirit would like to hear something of Matilda Heron, who for some years has lived in seclusion, was the reason which actuated our critic in intervisioning the representative of the past. A Second Avenue car brought us to her present abode, an ordinary and unpretending dwelling, not far from Twenty-third street. Our card was taken up a dark flight of steps by a woman, who might have been Methuselah's grand-mother, judging by appearances, and in a few moments we were ushered into the presence of the once famous actress. We were unprepared for the change we found in her; shocked at the neglect she has received. Matilda Heron has survived her greatness, out-lived her fame. Living in obscurity, shorn of the wealth carned by her talents on the stage, deserted save by a few of the ents on the stage, described save by a few of the swarm of friends who flattered and feted her in awarm of friends who flattered and feted her in the summer of her prosperity, breeding over the triumphant past, shuddering at the thought of the desolate present, and dreading the future, the woman who once electrified thousands, and whose name is enscrolled in ever-living letters among the names of American actresses, sat with whitened locks and weeping eyes in an humble whose name is enscrolled in ever-living letters among the names of American actresses, ast with whitehed locks and weeping eyes in an humble room, alone, forgotten. This woman, whose passionate cries and magnetic voice but a score of years back—oo, not so long ago—could thrill the hearts of thousands, and wring hot, scalding tears from the eyes of spellbound auditors; whose name was once the synonym of popularity, and whose brow once wore the historic wreath of laurel, lives in the barren present of a blasted past, with none so poor as to do her reverence. Time has not dealt kindly with the great representative of Camille. All traces of her former beauty have departed; her face has lost its con tour, and is seamed and furrowed by the sorrows and privations of late years; her eyes are no longer lit up by bright fancies and pleasing thoughts, but are dim and instreless; her figure has lost its grace and symmetry; her hair is bleached and whitehed by the storm of years, and her voice, once so musical and sympathetic, and her voice, once so musical and sympathetic, is harsh and broken. Naught remains to the fallen queen of the drama but her name and the recollection of her fame-

"A sorrow's crown of sorrows,

Remember happier days."

It is only when speaking of the past—her past—that her mind recovers its brilliancy, it is only in retrospection that her eyes brighten with the

"THE RIGHT TO GO TO HELL."—Recently, at a revival meeting in the north part of the county, the exercises of the evening were closed by a general invitation to all who wanted to go to heaven to rise. The entire congregation, with a solitary exception in the shape of a boy, rose to their feet. The conductor theu varied the invitation by asking all who wanted to go to hell to rise. The solitary exception arose to his feet. Of course, the good people were scandalized, and the result was the arrest of the youth and his trial for disturbing the meeting. But to the intense diagnat of those liberal souls, the court held that if the boy wanted to go to hell he had a perfect right to do so, and that such did not necessarily disturb the meeting within the meaning of the law, and, dismissing the case, the boy was sent on his way rejoicing.—Wright County (Ious) Monitor. "THE RIGHT TO GO TO HELL."-Recently, at a

PERSEVERANCE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WHOLE NUMBER, 871.

Take the spade of Purseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Bvery har to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of Error.
Every weed that hurts the soft,
Tares, whose very growth is tecror
Dig them out, whate'er the toil!

Give the stream of Education Broader channel, holder force; Huri the stones of Persecution Out, where'er they block the con

Close the crocked gate to fortune: Make the read to honor spraight

hen are agent for the Future!
Asthey work, so ages win
Either harvest of savancement,
Or the product of ther and
Follow out true cultivation—
Widen Education's plan;
From the majority is plan; Widen Education's plan; From the majesty of Nature, Teach the majesty of Man!

SHALL BERCHER BE INVESTIGATED!

[From a Letter by Mrs. Jane G. Swissbelm to the Chicago Tribune.]

Great usefulness, like that of Mr. Beecher, has an inherent right to unusual care in the bringing of accusations calculated to damage or destroy it. It is a principle admitted in jurisprudence that the magnitude of the interests involved should be taken into consideration in every case, and where the faith and hope of millions are more or less at stake, there should be greater cars than where but one or two are interested. It would be unjust and impolitie to attack the reputation

of the humblest minister of the church on such grounds as a story in an obscure newspaper; how much more unjust to place the great services of Mr. Beecher in the scale against such authority. My supposition of his gailt was to relieve the conscience of any who may entertain a belief in it, and feel bound thereby to get up a great scandal-hunt in the church.

I simply place his gifts over against the suspicions, and note the fact that morality is not suffering by any act of his, and requires no defense against the unknown. I do maintain that neither church nor State authorities are called upon to sniff and seent, and hunt after private sins; that, before proceeding to judge and punish, they should wait until an accusation has been made on respectable authority, and in regular form. No such accusation lies against Mr. Bescher or Mr. Bowen; an investigation, under present circumstances, could be nothing but a Paul-Pry search into private affairs.

I never hut once saw Mr. Bescher and this was

search into private affairs. I never but once saw Mr. Beecher, and this was in Mr. Tilton's house, where he was an intimate personal friend and sympathizing pastor, after the date fixed in this horrible tale as that of the break between the two families; and my inmost soul shrinks from any movement toward bringing the relations of these two families before the public in such a light. That there has since been some trouble between them and Mr. Bowen, that, as you suggest, something has been kept back during all this Plymouth Church squabble—must be evident to all; but who has any right to insist men knowing what is which in the inbe evident to all; but who has any right to in-sist upon knowing what it is which is thus with-held from the public? Are there three men, or three families, in the land so humble that they have not a right to settle their personal or family difficulties among themselves? It is in urging this right of privacy that I dwell on the point which troubles so many people, viz: Mr. Beech-er's relation to the Church; and claim that, whatever it is that underlies the Beecher, Bowen and Tilton covenant, it is nothing that interferes with Mr. Beecher's usefulness, or which ought to interrupt his work.

interrupt his work.

No one is under any more obligation to ferret out Mr. Beecher's sin before listening to or realing his sermons, than to understand the exact nature of Paul's "thorn in the flesh" before reading his Epistles.

Were David's songs less pure and sweet,
For his tempted heart and wandering feet!
Were the stones in the temple less fair and good,
That Solomon bowed to gods of wood!

— Whit

Whitefield was a great preacher, and did the Whitefield was a great preacher, and did the world good service, although he was the apelogist and ally of slaveholders and slave-traders; George Washington was a humane man, although he did drag a poor, escaped slave woman back into bondage; "Childe Harold" is a noble poem, although written by a rake; and Thomas Paine was a statesman, philosopher and patriot, although he was an intidel. The world would be noverty-stricken today if danging of the labors. though he was an infidel. The world would be poverty-stricken to-day if deprived of the labors of all the men who would have failed to pass unscathed through the Church investigation. So, even admitting the possibility of Mr. Beecher's so failing, I insist that, without fear of injury to the cause of morality, he may be permitted to work away until some regular accusation is brought against him. Any man's general reputation for decency should be answer enough to such a charge as that which lies against him; and I repeat that, when the Congregational Church takes Mrs. Wooodhulf for a leader, I must decline the honor of being one of the lect. It is not possible that Mr. Beecher could so fall without coming very soon to bitter repentance; Next in the order of interviews is the name of at it not possible that Mr. Beecher could se fall without coming very soon to bitter repentance; and I would leave God and him to settle it. Expecially as no concealed guilt can be so detrimental to public morals as is our mode of trying criminals before a jury of a hundred million people, a large part of whom take lessons of the culprit and make a hero of him.

The following is altogether too good to be lost:

A Cleveland policeman picked up a man a day or two ago in the streets who appeared to be laboring under a great mental disease, but upon applying soothing remedies he came to himself and explained matters. The Leader says that when he left his happy home early in the morning his wife kissed him good-bye, as is her custom when she wants any errand performed, and then asked him to "go to the dressmaker and tell her that she (the wife) had changed her mind, and would have the watered silk made up instead of the poplin, and be sure to tell her," said the wife, "that if she thinks it would look better with ten bias flounces without puffing, and boxplaited below the equator, which should be gathered in hem stitched gudgeons up and down the seams, with gusset stitch between, she can make it up in that way, instead of fluting the bobinette insertion, and piecing out with point applique as I suggested yesterday."

A NOTER BOOM.—There is a room in the laws of the suggested yesterday." To Married Ludies

A NOTED ROOM.—There is a room in the house A NOTED ROOM.—There is a room in the house now occupied by Francis Gibson, in Spring township, Perry County, Pennsylvania, in which occurred the births of John B. Gibson, chief justice of the suprems court of Pennsylvania; John Gibson, commissary of the United States; Dr. John Bernbeisel, the Mormon who first represented the Mormons in Congress; the Hon, John Bigler, governor of California from 1852 to 1865; and the Hon. William Bigler, governor of Pennsylvania from 1852 to 1855, who is now living in Chesterfield, Pennsylvania. Is there any other room in the United States that can make a claim to furnishing the birth-place of so many prominent. furnishing the birth-place of so many prominent

THE proprietor of a certain saloon in West Kansas has published a card as an advertisement, on which appear two quotations from the old and new testaments. They read as follows: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to peri-th, and wine to those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remains the manufacture of the second strong and strong a little wine.

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for the stomach's sake, and thine often infirmi-ties." Ist Epistle of Paul to Timothy, chapter V.,

Ax exchange truly says, that it costs less than An exchange truly says, that it costs less than a cent a day to take your weekly paper—less than a diligent hen would care in a year at the market price of eggs; less than one cigar a week; and a very cheap one at that; less than the barber would charge by the year to keep one's hair trimmed; less than a good sized thanksgiving turkey; less than a seat one night at the opera; less than an energetic kitchen girl will waste in a week. A penny a day can be saved in many a way better than stopping a family paper."