THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY GOD'S, THY COUNTRY'S AND TRUTH'S!"

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Poetry.

For the Palladium.

THE REV. BEDOTT'S PIG.

BY J. F. HENDERSON.

The Rev. Bedott is a preacher of note,
(Ironic'ly speaking, I ought to have wrote,)
For as long as the *notes* flow into his coat,
He'll preach and he'll blow till he's hoarse;
On Sundays alone he reveals his phiz,
And as long as a hickory pole it is,
No smile ever troubled a feature of his,
For grave he must be, of course.

Now, Rev. Bedott had a pig, young and fat,
But a pig that was blind—alas!—as a bat,
With a "narrative" long and crooked as that
Which his boss used to tell with a jest;
But piggy was forced to exist without corn
From Saturday eve till Monday morn,
For his master, so straight and pious born,
On the Day of our Lord must rest.

In the pulpit, one day, like a sapling of pine,
He stood in his long-tailed blue so fine,
And he shouted for more to come forward and "jine,"
When the poor, hungry pig heard his voice;
And the piggy rushed toward it, visions the while
Of corn, and he squealed 'till you heard him a mile,
And he entered the church, and he ran up the aisle,
As if he had come to rejoice.

He grunted and squealed as he came for his lot,
And he jumped up and down 'round Rev. Bedott,
But, with eyes closed devoutly, Bedott saw him not,
And thought 'twas a sinner converted;
So together the master and pig leaped around,
One shouting, one squealing, at every bound,
While the people were shocked by the sight and the sound,
And all became quite disconcerted.

The deacons and elders then set up a yell,
As though in their midst had bursted a shell
And loud were the laughter and screams that fell
From the lips of the congregation;
Then Bedott saw it all, and his countenance soured—
He rushed from the church, his piety o'erpowered—
He killed the darned pig and its carcase devoured,
Then lived for a while on probation.

JUNE.

BY MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

Oh, beautiful Queen of the summer,
With roses royal red,
And sunsets—bright with the glory,
From heaven's own portal shed.
We have said farewell for a season,
To thy beautiful herald May,
And with hearts that are filled with sadness,
Welcome thy beauty to-day.

For when the green fields of the harvest,
For the reapers were growing white,
And roses were dropping their crimson leaves
And fading away in a night—
We watched with hearts that were breaking
By our stricken darling's bed,
And listened with feeling akin to awe,
To the childish words he said.

And we knew by the shining radiance
That circled around his brow,
That his feet were on the journey
Toward where he is resting now.

We knew by the patient sweetness,
That meekly bore the pain,
That never more with childish mirth,
He would gladden our home again;
And we gathered the childish treasures
And sat by the little bed,
And tried to comfort the weary hours,
That all too swiftly fled.

For his feet were nearing the river's brink
And the restlesss hands grew chill,
And I tried to smother the Rachel cry,
But my soul would not be still;
For the lips were growing purple and chill
But still with their latest breath,
He sighed my name till, forever more,
They were silent and still in death.

And when in the Sabbath stillness
He lay in the darkened room,
With sweet, pale face and waxen hands,
There was nothing there of gloom.
For I thought, what our darling had said was true,
Though I bowed beneath the rod,
He was "in a nice place Sunday,"
Whose maker and builder is God.

SUMMERFIELD'S SECRET.

"A Million of Dollars or I'll Set the Pacific Ocean in Flames"—The Fate of a Man who burnt up a Mountain Lake in Fifteen Minutes—A Remarkable Story.

In the Sacramento Daily Union of a recent date appears the extraordinary statement of one Leonidas Parker, written before his death, and giving what purports to be the true account of his connection with the murder of George Summerfield. The latter individual had been known for many years as 'The Man with a Secret,' and he met with a horrible death at the age of seventy years, by being pushed from the platform of a train upon the Union Pacific Railroad near the north fork of the American river, at a place called Cape Horn. The unfortunate wretch was hurled downward a distance of over one thousand feet upon the bristling rocks at the foot of the declivity. Parker, who was upon the platform with Summerfield at the time of the catastrophe, was twice arrested and tried for the alleged murder, but was on each occasion mysteriously acquitted, once by a justice and the second time by a grand jury.

Parker was himself a distinguished lawyer of Sacramento, and was widely respected. He always remained silent concerning the circumstances of the imputed crime, but shortly before his death he placed in the hands of a friend a document the gist of which we give below, the entire story taking up nearly a page of the Union.

Referring to Gregory Summerfield, the murdered man, Mr. Parker speaks of him as having been one of the deepest chemical students of the age, a natural mathematician, a profound astronomer, and a man of excellent general literary attainments. Parker had known Summerfield for over twenty years, their acquaintance having been formed in Texas during the days of the republic. Continuing his account, Parker says.

'One day, toward the close of last September, an old man rapped at my office door, and on invitation came in, and, advancing, called me by name. Perceiving that I did not at first recognize him he introduced himself as Gregory Summerfield. After inviting him to a seat I scrutinized his features more closely and quickly identified him as the same person whom I had met twenty-two years before. He was greatly altered in appearance, but there was the old charm of intellectual superiority in his conversation, and I welcomed him to California as an important addition to her mental wealth.

'It was not many minutes before he requested a private interview. He followed me into my back office, carefully closed the door after him and locked it. We had scarcely seated ourselves before he inquired of me if I had noticed any recent articles in the newspapers respecting the discovery of the art of decomposing water so as to fit it for use as a fuel for ordinary purposes?

'I replied that I had observed nothing new upon the subject since the experiments of Agassiz and Professor Henry, and added that, in my opinion, the expensive mode of reduction would always prevent its use.'

'In a few words he then informed me that he had made the discovery that the art was extremely simple, and the expense attending the decomposition so slight as to be insignificant.'

'Presuming that the object of his visit to me was to procure the necessary forms to get out a patent for the right, I congratulated him upon his good fortune, and was about to branch forth with a description of some of the great benefits that must ensue to the community, when he suddenly and somewhat uncivily requested me to be silent, and listen to what he had to say."

'He began with some general remarks about the inequality of fortune amongst mankind, and instanced himself as a striking example of the fate of those men who, according to all the rules of right, ought to be near the top, instead of at the foot of the ladder of fortune. 'But,' said he, springing to his feet with impulsive energy, 'I have now the means at my command of rising superior to my fate, or of inflicting incalculable ills upon the whole human race.'

'Looking at him more closely, I thought I could detect in his eye the gleam of madness; but I remained silent and awaited further developments. But my scrutiny, stolen as it was, had been detected, and he replied at once to the expression of my face: 'No, sir, I am neither drunk nor a maniac, I am in deep earnest in all that I say; and I am fully prepared, by actual experiment, to demonstrate beyond all doubt the truth of all I claim.

'For the first time I noticed that he carried a small portmanteau in his hand; this he placed upon the table, unlocked it, and took out two or three small volumes, a pamphlet or two, a small, square, wide-mouthed vial, hermetically sealed.

'I watched him with profound curiosity, and took note of his slightest movements. Having arranged his books to suit him, and placed the phial in a conspicuous position, he drew up his chair closely to my own, and uttered in a half hissing tone:

'I demand one million dollars for the contents of the bottle, and you must raise it for me in the city of San Francisco within one month, or scenes too terrible for the imagination to conceive, will surely be witnessed by every human being on the face of the globe.'

'The tone, the manner, and the absurd extravagance of the demand excited a faint smile upon my lips, which he observed, but disdained to notice.

'My mind was fully made up that I had a maniac to deal with, and I prepared to act accordingly. But I ascertained at once that my inmost thoughts were read by the remarkable man before me, and seemed to be anticipated by him in advance of their expression.

'Perhaps,' said I, 'Mr. Summerfield, you would oblige me by informing me fully of the grounds of your claim, and the nature of your discovery.

'That is the object of my visit,' he replied. 'I claim to have discovered the key which unlocks the constituent gases of water, and frees each from the embrace of the other, at a single touch.'

'You mean to assert,' I rejoined, 'that you can make water burn itself up?'

'Nothing more nor less,' he responded, 'except this—to insist upon the consequences of the secret if my demand be not at once complied with.'

'Now, suppose I fling the contents of this small phial into the Pacific ocean, what would be the result? Dare you contemplate it for an instant? I do not assert that the entire surface of the sea would instantaneously bubble up into insufferable flames; no, but from the nucleus of a circle, of which this phial would be the center, lurid radii of flames would gradually shoot outward, until the blazing circumference would roll in vast billows of fire upon the uttermost shores. Not all the dripping clouds of the deluge could extinguish it, nor all the tears of saints and angels could for an instant check its progress. Onward and onward it would sweep, with the steady gait of destiny until the continents would melt with fervent heat, the atmosphere glare with the ominous conflagration, and all living creatures—in land and sea and air—perish in one universal catastrophe.'

'Then, suddenly starting to his feet, he drew himself to his full height, and murmured solemnly, 'I feel like a God, and recognize my fellow men but as pigmies that I spurn beneath my feet.'

At this Parker states that he attempted to reason with Summerfield upon the absurdity of believing that he held in his hands power so mighty, at which the latter retorted with quotations from the Scripture, Humboldt's Cosmos and the works of famous astronomical writers, proving that it was not only possible for entire planets to be destroyed by fire, but that such terrible events had actually occurred. This answer concluded, he handed Parker a small phial, requesting him to open it and smell of its contents, the result being that a strong odor of potassium was observed. At this Summerfield continued, 'Of course,' said he, "you are familiar with the chief characteristic of that substance It ignites instantly when brought into contact with water. Within that little globule of potassium I have imbedded a pill of my own composition and discovery. The moment it is liberated from the potassium, it commences the work of decomposing the fluid on which it floats. The potassium at once ignites the liberated oxygen, and the conflagration of this mighty globe is begun.'

'Yes,' said I, 'begun, if you please, but your little pill soon evaporates or sinks, or melts in the surrounding seas, and your conflagration ends just where it began.'

'But,' sneered he, 'the elementary substances in that small phial recreate themselves; they are self-generating, and when once fairly under way, must necessarily sweep onward, until the waters in all the seas are exhausted.

Rising from my seat, I went to the wash stand in the corner of the apartment, and drawing a bowl full of Spring Valley water, I turned to Summerfield and remarked, "Words are empty, theories are ideal, but facts are things.'

'I take you at your word.' So saying, he approached the bowl, emptied it of nine-tenths of its contents, and silently dropped the potassium-coated pill into the liquid. The potassum danced round the edges of the vessel, fuming hissing and blazing, as it always does, and seemed on the point of expiring, when to my astonishment and alarm a sharp explosion took place, and in a second of time the water was blazing in a red, lurid column half the way to the ceiling.

'For God's sake,' I cried, 'extinguish the flames, or we shall set the building on fire.

'Had I dropped the potassum into the bowl as you prepared it,' he quietly remarked, 'the building indeed would have been consumed Lower and lower fell the flickering flames, paler and paler grew the blaze, until finally the fire went out, and I rushed up to see the effect of the combustion.

'Not a drop of water remained in the vessel! Astonished beyond measure at what I had witnessed, and terrified almost to the verge of insanity, I approached Summerfield and tremblingly inquired: To whom, sir, is this terrible secret known?' 'To myself, alone,' he responded, and now answer me a question, is it worth the money?'

'It is entirely unnecessary to relate in detail the subsequent events connected with the transaction. I would only add a general statement, showing the result of my negotiation Having fully satisfied myself that Summerfield actually held in his hands the fate of the whole world, with its millions of human beings, and by experiment having tested the combustion of sea water, with equal facility as fresh, I next deemed it my duty to call the attention of a few of the principle men in San Francisco to the extreme importance of Summerfields discovery.'

'A leading banker, a bishop, a chemist; two State university professors, a physician, a judge, and two Protestant divines were selected by me to witness the experiment on a large scale. This was done at a small sandhill lake near the sea shore, but separated from it by a ridge of lofty mountains, distant not more than ten miles from San Francisco. Every single drop of water was burnt up in less than fifteen minutes. We next did all we could to pacify Summerfield, and endeavored to induce him to lower his price and bring it within the bounds of a reasonable possibility. But without avail. He began to grow urgent in his demands. The subcommittee soon commenced work amongst the wealthiest citizens of San Francisco, and by appealing to the terrors of a few and the sympathies of all, succeeded in raising one-half the amount within the prescribed period. I shall never forget the woebegone faces of California street during the month of October. The outside world and the newspapers spoke most learnedly of a money panic—a pressure in business, and the disturbances in the New York gold room.

But to the initiated there was an easier solution of the enigma. The pale spectre of death looked down upon them all, and pointed with his boney finger to the fiery tomb of the whole race, already looming up in the distance before them. Day after day, I could see the dreadful ravages of this secret horror; doubly terrible, since they dared not divulge it. Still, do all that we could, the money could not be obtained. The day preceding the last one given Summerfield was summoned before the committee, and full information given him of the state of affairs. Obdurate, hard and cruel, he still continued. Finally, a proposition was started that an attempt should be made to raise the other half of the money in the city of New York. To this proposition Summerfield ultimately yielded, but with extreme reluctance. It was agreed in committee that I should accompany him thither, and take with me, in my own possession, evidences of the sums subscribed here, that a proper appeal should be made to the leading capitalists, scholars and clergymen of the metropolis, and that when the whole amount was raised, it should be paid to Summerfield, and a bond taken from him never to divulge his awful secret to any human being.

'With this he seemed to be satisfied, and left us to prepare for his going the next morning.

'As soon as he left the apartment the Bishop arose and deprecated action that had been taken, and denounced it as childish and absurd. He declared that no man was safe one moment while that diabolical wretch still lived, that the only security for us all was in his immediate extirpation from the face of the earth, and that no amount of money could seal his lips or close his hands. It would be no crime, he said, to deprive him of the means of assassinating the whole human family, and that as for himself, he was for dooming him to immediate death. With a unanimity that was extraordinary, the entire committee coincided.

"A great many plans were proposed, discussed and rejected, having in view the extermination of Summerfield. In them all there was the want of that proper caution which would lull the apprehension of an enemy; for should he for an instant suspect treachery, we knew his nature well enough to be satisfied that he would waive all ceremonies, and carry his threats into immediate execution.

It was finally resolved that the trip to New York should not be abandoned, apparently. But that we were to start out in accordance with the original programme; that during the journey some proper means should be resorted to by me to carry out the final intention of the committee, and that whatever I did should be sanctioned by them all, and full protection, both in law and conscience, afforded me in any stage of the proceedings.

Nothing was wanting but my own consent. I asked the privilege of meditation for one hour, at the hands of the committee, before I would render a decision either way During that recess, the above argumentation occupied my thoughts. The time expired, and I again presented myself before them. I did not deem it requisite to state the grounds of my decision; I signified my assent, akd made instant preparations to carry the plan to execution.

'Having passed on the line of the Pacific railway more than once, I was perfectly familiar with all its windings, gorges and precipices.

I selected Cape Horn as the one best adapted to the purpose, and * * * the public knows the rest.

'Having been fully committed by two tribunals of the law, I make this appeal to my fellow men throughout the State, and ask them confidently not to reverse the judgment already pronounced."

FUNDING THE DEBT.

Mr. Boutwell's scheme for funding the national debt has not been attended so far with the success which his friends predicted for it. Holders are naturally averse to exchanging their national bonds for those bearing a lower rate of interest until they are compelled to do so. With the steady appreciation in value, however, which the various gold-bearing issues are experiencing, the prospects for "placing" the new five and four and a half per cent. loans steadily improve. The fact that a combination of bankers have offered to take the balance of the two hundred million loan, and that the Secretary of the Treasury has sufficient confidence in his undertaking to decline the offer on "technicalities," clearly implies that this issue will be taken. Meanwhile, he work of reducing the bulk of the national debt by purchases in open market is being steadily prosecuted. On the 4th of March, 1869, the outstanding gold bonds of the Government aggregated $2,107,846,150. On the first of this month they amounted to $1,894,128,750, showing a decrease of $213,717,400. On the fourth of March, 1869, the gold interest on the debt amounted to $124,255,350. On the first of June it was $111,419,993, showing a diminution of $12,835,357. While persons may differ in their views as to how the finances of the Government should be managed, all, regardless of political considerations, will rejoice over the decrease of the national burden, with this exception, that they do not relish so much of the reduction as is brought about by the imposition of the income tax. That must not be perpetrated in any form.

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

Bathing in the Dead Sea produces as novel a sensation as if you found yourself suddenly endowed with wings, and emulating the feats of a tumbler-pigeon in mid-air. You become a clumsy float, a top-heavy buoy, a swollen cork, the instant you are in its waters, and arms, legs and body are apparently endowed with the strangest qualities. It is as if heavy weights were affixed to each directly you attempt to move, and experienced swimmers fail in their best strokes, by means of the unnatural buoyancy with which they have to contend. Your limbs are on the surface, and you cleave the air with your hands, the moment you try to swim, and the man who would be drowned as soon as he was out of his death in any other sheet of water in the world is the one best fitted for bathing in the Dead Sea. He can not sink in it, let him do what he will. It is as if he were encased in life belts, or sprawling on a feather-bed. If he lean back and throw his feet up, it is exactly as if he were resting in a peculiarly well-stuffed easy-chair, with a leg-rest to match. He may fold his arms, turn on one side, lie flat upon his stomach or back, clasp his knees with both hands, or draw toes and head together, in the shape the human body would assume if crammed hastily into a jar with its extremities left out, and all with no more possibility of sinking than if he were in so much soft sand. Woe to him if he be tempted by these unusual facilities to stay long in the water with his head uncovered! The bare and rocky walls of the low-lying caldron which holds the Sea of Death reflect back the burning sun and concentrate its rays; and a coup de soleil will be the all but inevitable consequence of his imprudence. Two of our party entered the water, and remained in it for some seconds before they re-covered their heads, and the result was severe shooting pains, sickness and dizziness, which lasted until their immersion, an hour later, in the refreshing waters of the Jordan Woo, too, to the inexperienced stranger who, following his rule in other bathing, dips his head as well as his body in the Dead Sea. Inflamed eyes and nostrils, together with hair and beard laden with acrid salts, are among the penalties of his rashness; while if he taste its waters, he becomes acquainted with a greater concentration of nastiness than had entered into his imagination before. In buoyancy and bitterness the Sea of Sodom exceeded all we had heard or read respecting it; but in some other particulars our anticipations were falsified surprisingly. We looked for gloom, and we found brightness; we had imagined turbid waters, and we found a lake exquisitely clear and delicately blue; we expected perfect silence and an unbroken waste, and we found the birds singing sweetly among the tamarisks and oleanders, which spring up wherever a stream finds its way from the mountains to mingle with the mysterious inland sea.—[Harper's Weekly.

A PERPETUAL MONUMENT OF FOLLY.—Still more wanton and ridiculous was the demolition of the magnificent mansion of M. Thiers. There are no persons living in the world, except these Republicans, who would have conceived and carried out a spiteful revenge in so paltry a manner. Even the design fails of its accomplishment, because any future government, no matter what its character, will be found to make good the loss and damage, and those who have done the mischief will have to help in doing so. The books, paintings, and other works of art and vertu will assuredly be restored, and there will be no difficulty in finding another house for Thiers.

Although at his age he must have felt seriously this disturbance of his household goods, yet he takes the matter very philosophically. He, in turn, is to take his revenge, and he has already declared what it shall be. His house has been razed to the ground, and only a heap of rubbish remains. The land on which it stood cannot be carried away like the library and furniture. He says he will leave everything exactly as he finds it on his return to Paris, and by his will prevent his heirs from ever disturbing it, so that the scene may continue a perpetual memento of the disgraceful conduct of the authors of the mischief. This, and the absence of the well-known Vendome Column, will be enough to cover the perpetrators of the wanton misdeeds with everlasting shame.

A disciple of St. Crispin, named Joseph Nichelas, living in Evansville, is said to have fallen heir to a portion of $50,000. Perhaps he has only 'obtained leave to draw."