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AN OCTOBER IDYL.

The maples stood on either side
For every one to claim,
And to the east they showed their green,
And to the west a flame.

They sauntered there—just two—alone;
The quail piped to the loon,
Above them is the blue hung soft
The pale slim hunter's moon,

Wild asters and bright golden-rod
She'd gather as she went;
But as they came she threw them down,
Their freshness soon had spent.

"Nay! I would give, how much? God knows!
For that within your hand;
I pray you for that last small branch—
Ah, love, you understand!"

"I doubt not that you'd give o'er much,"
She says, as to her cheek
She presseth temptingly the branch
His two eyes craving seek.

"To have a bit of golden-rod
That's withered past reclaim,
But would you stoop"—she throws it down—
"And count it not a shame?"

"To conquer and to have," he says,
"To stoop at feet of yours
I count not any shame, but more
Of glory it procures!

"I have it, see, your little flower;
'Tis withered, but 'tis sweet;
'Tis withered, yet 'tis warm—ah, love,
'Tis warm, but incomplete.

"I need, beside this little flower,
The heart that God gave you;
I gave you mine so long ago—
'Tis tender, clean and true!"

She bent her head so low, so low;
The quail piped thrice before
She spoke, and then her speech came slow,
This much she said—no more:

"I cannot tell—perhaps, some day,
Who knows?—but, I will say
That always now, from this time for t
I'll thank God when I pray."

The maples stood on either side;
They turned, both thanking God;
She, ears and smiles; he, swift and shy,
Kissed soft the golden-rod,

Home Journal. MARGUERITE F. AMAR.

THE IRON PEN.

Made from a Fetter of Bonnivard, the Prisoner of Chillon; the handle of wood from the frigate "Constitution," and bound with a circlet of gold, inset with precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I thought this pen would arise
From the casket where it lies—
Of itself would arise and write
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines,
I dreamed these gems from the mines
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnivard might retain
Some verse of the poet who sang
Of the prison and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast
Might write me a rhyme at last,
As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,
Like a Bishop lying in state
Lies the Pen, with its mitre of gold,
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak and say
That the light of that summer day
In the garden under the pines,
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,
Caressed by the fragrant air,
With the shadow on your face,
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice before unknown,
Saying, "This is from me to you—
From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain
I shall answer, and thank you again
For the gift, and the grace of the gift,
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the lease of an aged tree.

—Harper's Magazine.

A PLEASANT LOVE.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said one day, about eighteen months after he had gained his commission. "Guess what it is."

They were walking along the green lanes of Perlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as, at intervals, they had walked and listened ever since they could remember, at any rate, for she was six years younger than her former playfellow.

"You are going to be promoted," she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the British army. Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress." There was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again. No inestimable young person, with green eyes, a turn-up nose susceptible heart, and fifty thousand a year has turned up yet. But it's something nearly as good. I'm ordered to China."

"Oh, Alic!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only sixteen, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings.

"Why, whatever are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears He'd kissed her ever since she was five, and thought no more of it than if she'd been his sister, or the cat, excepting, perhaps, that it was nicer—which it was, no doubt. "I shall only be away five years, at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pigtail and an ivory toothpick, and a whole lot of things, and—"

"Yes," she said, listening attentively.

"But then you'll be a young woman—I forgot—and 'out' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a poor lieutenant; you will have all the squires and fox-hunters about the place at your feet."

"Oh, no! indeed I shan't, Alic," she said eagerly.

"But I tell you, you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find—"

But she burst into tears again, and put up her pretty little hand as if to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then. It seemed so cruel of him to laugh and joke, when he was going away for five years. He did not seem to care a bit, and she could have broken her heart on the spot, and would have gladly done so, and thrown the pieces away so as never to be bothered with it again. Then seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful.

"I believe I shall come back and find you just as great a little darling as you are now, and if we've got any money we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. Shall you ever write to me, Alic dear?"

"Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of thing, you know."

So Alic Granger went to China, and Maggie waited hopefully enough for a letter, but six months passed, and none came. "Perhaps it takes longer for a letter to get here from China," she thought, knowing as little about the means of transit, and the time it took, as if the celestial city had been in the moon. But a year passed, and no letter came.

"Perhaps he's ill, or it's miscarried," she said tearfully, half wondering if it could be possible that a Chinese heiress had turned up, and that was the real reason of Alic's silence. "Two years passed, and never a word. It's too bad," she said bitterly, and wondered ruthfully if he had married with a pig-tail. And the days and the months went by, and Maggie journeyed into womanhood, but no word or sign came from Alic Granger, and at length she gave him up altogether.

Maggie was twenty years old when her father died, and the creditors did pounce down, and she and her mother were sold out. Mrs. Dunlop was offered a home in London by a sister who was well off and bad-tempered, and it was thankfully accepted. Maggie was informed that she must get her own living, which being precisely Maggie's own opinion, as well as intention, she advertised for a situation as governess. Now Maggie had a very modest idea of her own merits, and therefore only asked for £25 a year and a comfortable home, so no less than five answers came to her announcement that she could teach English, French, music, and the rudiments of drawing.

One of these answers came from Woolwich, and stated that Mrs. Marshal required a governess for her three little girls. Mrs. Marshal was a stiff-necked sort of a woman, and stared at poor little Maggie (who looked almost as child-like and twice as pretty as ever) through double gold glasses. Col. Marshall, her husband, was a nice old man with a gray head and an iron-gray moustache, and there was a grown-up daughter, a Miss Patterson, Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband, who was really the mistress of the establishment, for Maria Patterson had a strong will, and she was an heiress. "A very nasty heiress, too," poor Maggie thought, and she was right, for Maria was skinny, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to people who did not dare to say them back again.

One evening, when Maggie had been about a year at Woolwich, and she was sitting alone in her schoolroom as usual, for her pupils had just said good-night, and had been delivered up to the tender mercies of their nurse, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed, and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an impromptu dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing-room and play if we should want you?"

"I fear I cannot play dance music very well; I never keep time," said Maggie.

"Yes, I feared so, and thought I would come and tell you, so that you might practice for an hour or two till after dinner," and she sailed out of the room evidently considering the matter settled, and Maggie meekly proceeded to practice the "Mabel Waltz" and the "Flick and Flock Galop." Then she put on her shabby black evening gown, and stuck a spray of white flowers in her golden hair, and waited patiently for a summons, hoping she would wait in vain. It very soon came, and with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face, and a scared, almost hunted expression in her eys, she descended and timidly entered the drawing-room door, and stood still for a moment, staring in astonishment at the scene before her. There sat the heiress, with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, and sunburnt and soldierly-looking, was Alic Granger. There was no mistaking him. The color rushed to Maggie's face as if to say a hurried good-bye, and then left it altogether She recovered self-possession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity toward the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment he was by her side.

"Maggie—my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you"—and then she did not know how to go on, and so added almost piteously, "I am the governess here."

"Are you? Oh, I see, that is the reason I have not seen you before, I suppose."

"Do you really know Miss Dunlop?" the heiress asked, coming up and speaking in her coolest manner.

Maggie sincerely wished she could sink into her shoes and bury herself.

"Why, of course I do; we have been playfellows ever since we were born—haven't we Maggie?"

And Maggie, feeling she was backed up, answered bravely:

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed? How interesting!" Then turning to Maggie: "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlop? This was to be our dance, I think;" to Alic, and she glides off with him triumphantly.

He came to her directly after the dance was over.

"I went down to Perlock to try and find out where you had gone to," he said "but nobody knew.

"It didn't matter," she said huskily, letting her fingers wander vaguely over the keys to make believe she wasn't very much interested in what he said.

"Yes, it did—it mattered a great deal. Why, I've got a box full of curiosities for you—clubs to fight with, a little heathen god or two, and a statue of Buddah and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—I mean in this house?"

He said the last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and the next minute he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody, at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded a reply to him. Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano, and saying that she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without being able to get even another look at Alic.

The next morning, to Maggie's very great surprise, Miss Paterson came into her school-room before the children had assembled.

"Miss Dunlop," she said stiffly, "I should like to know where you say you met Mr. Granger."

"At Perlock. His uncle lived next door to my mother. He is a very old friend, indeed—"

"Thank you. I merely wished to inquire, because, of course, you must be aware that it is not usual for any one in your position to make herself remarkable by having long confidence talks with any gentleman who may visit the house."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Patterson!" Maggie said, indignantly.

But Miss Patterson had swept out of the room without deigning to reply.

Then Maggie went into her own little room, the one place she had in the world entirely to herself, and cried till her eyes were red and her head ached.

The lessons did not progress that morning. Maggie was thinking of Alic, who was no doubt strolling about the common, listening to the band and making love to the heiress. The children were more than usually stupid, too, and all the world seemed upside down, and all its ways turned crooked. Suddenly, at about twelve o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the schoolroom door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alic Granger, and behind him was a man—evidently his servant—with a box on his shoulders.

"All right, Tim, put it down; that's right, now be off. There I've brought the curiosities round Maggie; I thought you'd like to see them."

"Oh! what will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half hour or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and thought I should just get a quiet chat with you. My dears," he said, turning to Maggie's wide-eyed, open-mouthed pupils, "I'm quite sure you'll like to be let off your lessons, so I'll let you off for an hour; run along, my little dears," and he opened the door for them, and shut it after them.

"Oh, Alic!" she said in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!" he answered, mimicking. "What did you mean by going away from Perlock, and not leaving any address?"

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote," she answered helplessly.

"No, I never write letters; don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamed of finding you here. Now we'll unpack the box; I had it opened before I came, so it's only fastened by a lock."

"But, Alic, they'll never forgive me."

"Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I saved the Colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least so he says. There now what do you think of these for fighting with? Got them at Java on purpose for you;" and he held up a pair of heathenish-looking clubs and brandished them over his head, and then proceeded to pull out the contents of the box and to decorate the schoolroom with them. "There's Mr. Buddha, and there's—why, what's the matter Maggie?"

"Nothing, only you will get me in dreadful trouble—you will, indeed. Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she was only a little jealous," he laughed. "Now tell me how soon you can leave here?"

"What for?" she asked innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you, you little coquette?" and he put his arm around her waist just as of old, and was not reproved. It was so very comfortable, she thought.

"No, but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course I am—to you."

"Oh! but Alic—"

"Oh, but Maggie—" and then he stooped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the Colonel, and there stood Maria Patterson.

"Miss Dunlop!" screamed Maria, horror-struck.

"Mr. Granger!" said Mrs. Marshall in astonishment.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the Colonel, "what does all this mean?"

"She must leave the house at once," said the heiress.

"Of course she must," Mrs. Marshall said. "I never heard of such a thing in my life."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," said Alic, looking as if he was beginning a speech, "it is all my sault. You told me and so did the Colonel, to consider you house my house, and I have done so. Miss Dunlop here was a playfellow of mine once, and when I went away we were engaged, but somehow we lost sight of each other when there was a few thousand miles between us, and it was the happiest moment of my life to meet her again last night; and so I took the liberty of calling on her this morning, and we were just arranging to get married next week when you interrupted us."

"Quite right, quite right, my dear Granger," said the Colonel, heartily; "you shall be married from here—"

"Oh, please let me go to mamma—do let me go at once," pleaded Maggie, finding her little tongue at last.

"I think it would be much more satisfactory if Miss Dunlop went back to her relations," said the heiress sourly.

So they all agreed, and that very afternoon Maggie packed up her modest belongings and all the curiosities, and went to the well-off and bad-tempered aunt.

The bad-tempered aunt received her niece very graciously when she found she was going to marry well the following week. It is amazing how fond people are of rich relations, even though the riches concern them little personally. As for poor Mrs. Dunlop, she could have jumped for joy, only she was too old for such violent exercise.

"Pray, miss, what are you laughing to yourself about?" asked Alic, the evening before their wedding day.

"Nothing, Alic, only when you were away I used to think sometimes that, perhaps, you'd marry a Chinese heiress with a pigtail."

"The sort of thing you would think," he said, grandly; "as it is, you see, I am going to marry a little girl without a pigtail, and I am very happy, my darling—are you?"

"Very, very," she said. And she was.

An Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull-Run. When asked if he retreated and made his escape as others did on that occasion, he replied, "Be jabers, them that didn't run are there yit!"

Trifles.

Clock wheels travel incog.

A cow is a boss investment.

Is a woman who tats, a tattler?

First 'bus in America—Columbus.

To make an ox lie down—axe him.

The last resort—a shoemaker's shop.

The astronomer's business is looking up.

Leaded articles—pencils and revolvers.

Blunderbuss—two girls kissing each other.

Hope is the sugar coating on the pill of life.

Daniel Drew was a darned old stock-king.

An Iowa woman has invented a spankaphone.

A profane upstart—the man who sat on a bent pin.

He who has steers to shed, prepare to shed them now.

At last this country is coming to its census once more.

It doesn't require a blacksmith to rivet one's attention.

Thoughtful men are thin-*cars*, and apt to be *dog*-matical.

The wheat-grower's motto—of two weevils choose the least.

"Swans sing before they die," and they have to, if they sing at all.

It's a veteran jest to say that "while a hen lays an egg a ship lays to."

Sydney Smith said to Macaulay that he talked like a book in breeches.

The suspension bridge, as an engineering work, is a pierless structure.

The older the tree, the more rings it has. It is very much the same with a city.

You'll always find a good-looking lass in close proximity to a good looking glass.

Farmer's toast—Fortune's field—shuffle the cards as you may spades will win.

Napoleon Bonapart was a great man, but he couldn't pull a mule's tale and stand his ground,

There is one portion of a small boy's pants known as the root. It is the place where he is often shingled.

"My dear, do you wish to make a fool of me?" "No," replied his wife, "nature has saved me the trouble."

"Cut and come again," as the girl said to her lover when she heard the old man stumbling around in the dark.

A French writer, presumably married, defines trousers to be things which men put on and the women wear.

A tobacconist in Wilkesbarre has the following sign posted up in his store: "If you want to loaf come around tomorrow."

A Missouri doctor paid a patient four hundred and two visits and squared the bill for a barrel of cider and a load of bricks.

When a physician regards a case as hopeless, he advises the patient to travel, and thus gits rid of having the victim die under his care.

Talking about a new style of orthography, if tho' is spelled "though" and ate "eight" and bo "beaux," why not spell potatoes poughteighteaux?

Said a child, (aged five and a half), when lately put in a corner for being naughty:—"I wish all rooms were built round, and then there would be no corners."

The man who flings away ambition always takes care to observe where it lands, so that in case he should ever fancy anything of the sort again he would know where to look.

"Green street!" called out the conductor, "Green's treat, eh?" ejaculated an individual in the corner of the car. "All right (hic), just's lieve drink off Green (hic)'s any other man."

"No, sir," said the gentleman from Pitsburgh, "I was not in the war, but my brother was, and he was wounded." "Ah, indeed. Seriously wounded?" "Yes, sir; he was shot in the horse."

Out in Texas when a prisoner gets out of jail, apparently through the instrumentality of some one outside, he is often found tangled to a tree somewhere near, but they call it a jail delivery, all the same.

Says the Paris Figaro: "A woman passes by on horseback. The Frenchman stops and looks at the woman. The Englishman stops and looks at the horse. And the American looks at both without stopping."

A schoolboy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the downward ones light."

A three-year-old little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with, "And please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amazement may be imagined when the child added, "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

X. has the best kind of a reputation as an unrivalled liar. "He is so much at home in lying," said A., speaking of him, "that whenever by mistake he tells the the truth, he becomes confused and troubled." "He's so great a liar," said another of X's friends, "that you can't even believe to the contrary of what he tells you."

A jury in the city court of New York disagreed one day last week, and when Judge McCue inquired, "How do you stand, gentlemen?" the foreman replied: Your honor, there are six of us on one side, and four on the other; one is on both sides, and one didn't vote." Judge, jurrors, and spectators were convulsed with laughter, but the foreman was unable to see the joke.

A provident citizen, says the *World*, before leaving town for a trip with his family affixed inside his hall-door a placard couched as follows: "To burglars or those intending to burgle! All my plated jewelry and other valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks and cupboards contain nothing but second-hand clothing and similar matters too bulky to remove, on which you would realize comparatively little. The keys are in the left-hand top drawer of the side-board if you doubt my word. You will also find there a certified check to bearer for $10, which will remunerate you for your loss of time and disappointment Please wipe your feet on the mat and don't spill any candle grease on the carpets."

LAID OPEN.

The Darkness of Democracy Lighted and Ventilated.

A Scathing Review of his party by a Democratic Congressman.

The following is the letter of Representative Felton of Georgia, giving his reasons for abandoning the Democratic party and uniting with the Independent movement in that state. It was addressed to a friend in Washington:

CARTERSVILLE, Ga., November 4, 1879.—DEAR SIR—I received your letter requesting for publication my views on the situation, and future outlook for the Democratic party; the extent and probable future of the Independent movement in this state; if the south would be satisfied with the nomination of Mr. Tilden; also what effect will the spirit of the repudiation in several of the southern states have on the commercial relations of the south? Each of these questions would require a long article to answer them satisfactorily, but I must content myself with a brief reply to your entire letter.

1. The present and future of the Democratic party. I am a Democrat and sincerely believe that the principles of Democracy, as annunciated by Jefferson and illustrated in the past by the teachings and example of distinguished statesmen, are essential to the perpetuity of our form of government. To establish and preserve these principles should command the untiring attention and labor of every citizen, whether in public or private life. In doing this we must carefully separate the true from the false. We must remember that men and organizations may grow corrupt and that sometimes, by a blind allegiance to both, we may sacrifice the very principles we cherish. We must remember that after the late civil war the Democratic party was placed by its opponents in the attitude of defending the south against the stalwart element of the Republican party, or, more plainly, the Democratic party was unjustly represented as antagonizing the Union sentiments of the north. We have lost the confidence of the north and we can regain control of the government until we convince the citizens of the United States that we are more conservative, more observant of the constitution and the laws, more honest and economical, more capable and better fitted to guard the integrity of the Union and the rights of the citizen than the Republican party. We must recover the confidence of the people before we can recover political power. During the extra session of the forty-sixth congress, I privately and publicly expressed the opinion that the proceedings of that session would result in the defeat of the Democratic party. It was manifest to me that the passions and prejudices of partisanship rather than reason and wise statesmanship, were guiding the councils of Democratic leaders; that they were making capital for their opponents, instead of strengthening their own party, and that they were solidifying the north against the solid south.

I need not recapitulate the mistakes and criminal blunders of that session—our threat to withold the appropriations until certain repeal measures were approved by the President; our indirect announcement to the world that we intended to ignore the executive branch of the government and to make congress with its fractious turbulence the absolute dictator of this country; our unsuccessful effort to repeal the election laws, not upon the ground of expediency, but upon the ground of their unconstitutionality, and vehemently pressing that election in the face of the following section of the constitution: "The time, places and manner of holding elections for senators and representatives shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof, but the congress may at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations except as to the places of choosing senators." The discussions upon these various questions made the impression upon the northern mind that Democracy was nothing but state rights run mad; that we would sweep from the statute book the last war measure if we, as a party, were in power; that secession and rebellion would again follow as necessary sequences of this extreme view of state rights. Thus that most wholesome axiom, "Support the state governments in all their rights as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies," was perverted by the impolitic speeches of our unwise leaders into the rock upon which our party went to pieces. Then we had the wild effort to create excitement about the use of the army at the polls. Had there been an army at the polls there would have been some sense in this theatrical display, this rehearsal of providing an imaginary foe. There should be no army at the polls, and our countrymen, while they enjoy their liberties, will never again permit an armed soldier at the ballot box. His presence there is a symbol of despotism, but one of the first acts of President Hayes after his inauguration was to withdraw the army from every southern state where they had been stationed in violation of law, and during this entire war of politicians there was not a single soldier interfering with the ballot box in any of the states and we had the direct assurance from this patriotic President that during his term of office no soldier should approach the ballot box to interfere with the freedom of elections. Yet we received his protestations with ribald jest and biting sarcasm, and "his fraudulency" was the mildest epithet we applied to this President, who for this patriotic work should receive the respect and gratitude of every southern man. I need not continue these recitals, these demonstrations of incapacity, of blind passion. Suffice it to say that our Democratic congress has alarmed the northern people. They are afraid to intrust the administration of the government to the hands of violent men. They would rather risk the perils of centralization than again endure the horrors of revolution. They would as soon see the government "shot to death" as to have it "starved to death." All this has been the work of our self-constituted leaders.

The great mass of the Democratic party are conservative in their opinions, and as true to the constitution and the Union. Yet the toiling millions, particularly in the south, are unjustly held responsible for the vaporing follies of these hotheads. In addition to these blunders of the extra session, there have been in some southern localities outrages upon law and the freedom of the ballot box, which, though they may not exceed in violence similar outrages in the north, yet they have served to influence the northern mind against the southern people, who, as a whole, condemn such outrages as heartily as any man in the north—the Dixon murder, the Chisholm murder, the frequent acts of intimidation, and the efforts of the advocates of "caucus dictation" to drive, *nolens volens*, all men into the support of their nominees. I repeat, these acts of violence and attempted violence, while not confined to the south, and many of them greatly exaggerated, have contributed largely to the present and prospective defeat of the Democratic party, and if we fail next year in electing a Democratic President, which now seems inevitable, I can only say, "Democracy has been slaughtered in the house of its friends."

You ask me to what extent the Independent movement is spreading in this state. I answer, it promises to sweep the state from the mountains to the seaboard next year. I believe our next governor and a majority of our next congress and of our state legislature will be elected as Independents. The honest and intelligent citizens of this state are determined to throttle and overthrow that organized bourbonism which has well nigh destroyed the very bulwarks of genuine Democracy, and never learns and never forgets; that stands as a barrier to our material progress, narrow, selfish and illiberal, its only bond of union a struggle for spoils, its only hope of success the tricks of the caucus and the lash of the party. Its fruit has turned to ashes in the hands of our countrymen, and Georgia Democrats are resolved to rescue the Democratic party from its destructive grasp. Independentism does not rely upon party machinery; confides in principles; enthrones country; and trusts the people rather than party leaders.

You ask if Tilden's nomination would be satisfactory to the people of this state, and if the south would give him a solid and cordial support. The people of Georgia would not be satisfied with Mr. Tilden's nomination. He might, and I think he would carry the state, but it would be "by the skin of his teeth." The people of Georgia are convinced that he loves his money more than the Democratic party. They believe that had Mr. Tilden never been heard of Democracy would to-day be triumphant in this Union. They are tired of his grievances, and hundreds of the best Democrats in the state will not vote if he is nominated. There is no use talking about Mr. Tilden. I imagine that to-day's work in New York will quietly lay him away among the other relics of antiquated bourbonism, and hereafter men will study him as a rich specimen of the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain." I believe there is but one man in the United States who, as a Democrat, can win the presidency next year. That man is David Davis of Illinois. Mr. Bayard is an honest, incorruptable man, but his position on the silver bill at the last session of congress, and his financial views generally, will array the whole Greenback party against him. And here let me say, that party is not dead, nor does it sleep. The people believe that if Mr. Bayard's views on finance are correct, then Gen. Grant and Secretary Sherman and other Republicans are entitled to all the credit of their establishment, and should enjoy all the honors which may accrue from their successful advocacy. In addition to this objection, his candidacy would fail to quiet the north. The scare-crows that Republican leaders, aided and abetted by bourbon fanatics, have erected among the people would not down at Mr. Bayard's bidding. David Davis would be acceptable to conservative men in all sections—to Greenbackers, to workingmen, to capitalists, to Democrats, and to thousands of Republicans. His candidacy would reassure the north It would give assurances that the Democratic party would be conservative, and that the party would not starve or shoot the government. But he will not be nominated. He is not the sort of man who is popular with the manipulators of state and national conventions.

Your last question is: What effect will the spirit of repudiation have on the commercial relations of the south? Let me say that I do not believe the spirit of repudiation exists to any considerable extent in the south, certainly not in Georgia. We favor the payment of every dollar to public indebtedness, state and federal. In the midst of our poverty we are willing to labor and be taxed for the preservation of the honor and credit of the government. I am sorry if there are any states or individuals who advocate repudiation as a remedy for the financial ills we are suffering. The remedy would increase our poverty a hundred fold. We do so insist in paying this indebtedness in good money, just such money as our farmers, merchants and mechanics are compelled to receive every day—silver and greenbacks. Business is now reviving. The stimulant of a large influx of gold in this country from Europe, good crops here and bad crops there, has brought it about, because the volume of money has been increased by a favorable balance of trade. This revival of business is now blessing the country; but when the gold takes the back track, as it is liable to do at any time, then comes the crash. Let us have free and unlimited coinage of silver; let us increase our greenback circulation pro rata with the increase of silver and gold, and thus, by keeping up the volume of money, make the present "business boom" permanent. Then, my word for it, repudiation, and the very spirit of repudiation, would perish in the land.

In conclusion, whatever party shall be in power, may the different sections of the Union reap the benefits of a wise and liberal policy, growing in wealth and population, in virtue and intelligence. May the liberties of our countrymen be perpetual.

Very respectfully,
W. H. FELTON.

SCHOOLBOY BLUNDERS.—The Lyon County (Nev.) Times, writing of the ludicrous mistakes at a recent school examination there says: Although the replies indicated a reasonably high degree of proficiency among the scholars, some ludicrous mistakes were made:

A boy was told to correct the following sentence: "Milo began to lift the ox when he was a calf." The reply was: "Milo, when he was an ox, began to lift the calf."

A little boy was asked: "What are the principal minerals in Nevada?" He replied, without the least hesitation: "Gold, silver and trout."

To the question, "How would you go from New York to San Francisco by water?" a boy in the same department replied promptly, and with the utmost assurance, "By boat!"

Another scholar in the same class being asked, "Why do we celebrate the Fourth of July?" answered unhesitatingly: "Because three Presidents died on that day

LOWELL JOURNAL
JAS. W. HINE, EDITOR.
Lowell, Michigan, November 26, 1879.

Editorial Comment.

Congress will soon convene.

Senator Bailey is seems to suit.

At Lasciville the thieves and blockhegs are remarkably sassy.

Sometimes we think Yakob Khan—and then again we think he Khant.

Gen. Grant says he prefers his Galena cottage to the Washington White-house.

Col. Measmore is for Hendricks but David Davis is bigger man than old Hendricks.

Said that Private Dalzell is a candidate for Congress. Courtney ought to be two—he runs well.

The fish ladder is no new invention. Away back in a very ancient period there was a Shadrech.

The party that spells Nation with a capital N gets more than 185 electoral votes next year.

It wasn't really necessary to abuse Judge Beaman. This is addressed to some Republicans.

Wonder how Thurman is getting along? Yes, and wonder how Ben Butler is getting along?

Check goes a great ways in this world. The editor of the New York Sun has received extensive.

It is about time for our northern agricultural societies to begin to engage Bob Toombs for next fall.

"Bob to the Nation."
Says Robert Toombs
Down in old Dixie
That's one of the 'booms.'

Young ladies in England take to canoes for amusement, in Canada the young ladies take to Canucks.

One would think from the recent unsold number of lake disasters that the greenbackers had all gone to sea.

Louisiana grows such enormous liars that the Eli Perkins boom has been entirely lost sight of for the time being.

Occasionally a faint moan comes from B. Gratz Brown—a sort of a counterfeit sigh escaping from a ruptured hand bellows.

We fear that the shad is getting out of his sphere. He is a salt water native but persists in navigating the fresh waters of our lakes.

The reported insanity of Congressman Voorhees of New Jersey is denied, but the ditto of Senator Voorhees of Indiana was never doubted.

The reopening of the Kellogg case in Louisiana affords a splendid opportunity for the champion liars of that state to improve their record.

We are so glad that Congress is so soon to assemble. Only a few days now and we shall know what Congressman's wife has the smallest foot.

A prominent Democratic paper in New York asserts that there is nothing left for Tilden now. That's it—spell Nothing with a capital N.

The Grand Rapids Democrat flings to the breeze a presidential ticket called Hendricks and Potter. Rah Fr Hesper an' Dickster—a hoop! Gonna hoot.

The Democratic News of Galveston, Texas, says that Robert Toombs' dispatch ("Death to the Union") has made 100,000 more Republican votes for 1880.

When Robert Toombs said "Death to the Union," the other day, he verified scripture wherein it tells us that from the abundance of the mouth the heart speaketh.

The editor of the Boston Post likes to see rum punch in print with a hyphen between the rum and punch, but when he sees it in a tumbler he makes a dash for it.

That was a terrible tumble in stocks at Friday. Reminded us of the circus last summer where they slipped a man into a cannon and fired him out. Only the circus man wasn't hurt.

How true it is that things are not always what they seem," softly breathes the Albany Journal. True, certainly. Take for instance the things they manufacture at the Seamless Sock Factory.

A religious exchange says that "nothing is opened and closed oftener than the bible." Our worthy contemporary doesn't mean to be wrong but it has certainly forgotten the Biddle House in Detroit.

If Toombs represents the sentiment of the south as the stalwarts assert, and Grant should be elected President by the South, whom would Grant represent—*Tafroid Free Press.*

That's Toombs many for us. And it is such a natural, easy question, too.

The Bellefontaine (Ohio) Examiner says: "We have a double-barreled shotgun that says 'This ain't a Nation,' anyway." Well it's a blamed mean shotgun that won't go off when it hears that kind of talk.

Jay Gould was once a poor map peddler. But, boys, don't take on too much for all at once. He didn't go around offering maps for sale, simply—he went right along and sold them and made the next town before dinner.

The Post and Tribune, having learned that Victor Hugo had said that he had never heard of Ralph Waldo Emerson, wants to know who Victor Hugo is. Why, what ignorance. He is a broken down Johnnie Reb—one of Lee's Misérables, you know.

The Oneida States speaks of the married Lincolns as "old Abe Linkhorn." If the editor of that paper is ever long out, as he ought to be, we desire to caution the hangman to burn the paper immediately after the deed is done, just as they do smallpox garments.

Somebody nominated Bayard of Delaware for President the other day and that cake old brother just spread all his legs and let his feet hang off on both sides of the state and asked a friend over in Maryland, in a small whisper, if he thought it would be much of a boom.

And now New York comes forward with a heedless rooster, which makes the third on record in this country. All right for New York to come to the front on all these things but to bring out a heedless rooster at just this time, and boast of it too, is the meanest fling at Mr. Tilden that can possibly be flung.

Don Henderson of the Allegan Journal is announced as a candidate for the chairmanship of the Republican State Central Committee. Just put a pin here—if Don Henderson is chairman of said committee, there will be a red hot campaign in this state next year. He is alone a whole convention of stalwarts.

The Woodchuck on 'Change.

If you will step into the Board of Trade rooms in Detroit you will see him. But let us go back and see him before he gets there. He has watched the wheat boom from the first and said to himself a thousand times, "now if I had bought some of that wheat when it was down to such a figure and sold it at such a figure, I'd have been money ahead." His arithmetic is good. His statement is undeniable.

A period of 24 hours has elapsed. Who is that brown furred man sitting alone in yonder car seat with a more than satisfied look on his face and both legs spraddled out on the next seat ahead? Verily, he is a "woodchuck." He arose at daybreak, told his wife in a low tone of voice his intentions, left word to have the boys see to things until he got back, and like the Arab, silently folded an extra shirt into his satchel and stole away to the dense pine and forty minutes ahead of train time. There he is, mentally kicking an intellectual mathematic all to pieces in his impromptu effort to figure up the profits he is going to realize from his encounter with the Board of Trade. There is just room enough in those two seats he and his feet occupy for him. Why it is that a man takes up so much room when he is rolling up wealth than when he is doing just ordinarily well is a puzzler. We only know that it is so, and perhaps that's enough.

The train moves on and every minute he is the next, as he has said. To a man that is going to make $1,000 a day, time is precious and, strive hard though he may to check his impatience, he cannot help asking the conductor from ten to fourteen times if the train isn't late.

We pass over a period of two days. The woodchuck is shaking hands with the bulls and bears and is already quite well acquainted. He speaks of deals, spreads, straddles and scalps with that off-handedness that marks the experienced speculator. He takes a deal—he takes a spread—he takes two—he sees 'er go up. He remarks to a pale faced brother-in-options that foreigns are up and firm, New York strong and Chicago "beeming." The pale faced brother who has been going "short" doesn't enjoy it, he simply says "let 'er go to Gehenna." The pale faced brother who has been going "short" doesn't enjoy it, he simply says "let 'er go to Gehenna." The woodchuck is a good fellow and he does not go to Gehenna, he simply "covers" the deal is done, just as they do smallpox garments.

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The woodchuck is a good fellow and he does not go to Gehenna, he simply "covers" the deal is done, just as they do smallpox garments.

Now we come to the Board of Trade rooms in Detroit. The woodchuck is there. He takes a seat in a corner and watches the bulls and bears and is already quite well acquainted. He speaks of deals, spreads, straddles and scalps with that off-handedness that marks the experienced speculator. He takes a deal—he takes a spread—he takes two—he sees 'er go up. He remarks to a pale faced brother-in-options that foreigns are up and firm, New York strong and Chicago "beeming." The pale faced brother who has been going "short" doesn't enjoy it, he simply says "let 'er go to Gehenna."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

Mr. B. F. Talmadge of Leslie, while out hunting in Lake county on Saturday, accidentally discharged his gun and shot himself dead. His body was found on Sunday.

A building owned by Mr. Morrison of Saugatuck was burned on the 13th.

A boy named Joseph Thomas was killed at the Allouez copper mines, Keweenaw county, on the 11th, by falling under the cars of a tramway. Not long since one of his brothers was killed and another lost his sight by a premature blast.

A young man named Miller was buried alive on the 8th in a well which he was digging in Summerfield, Clare county. It was several hours before he could be reached, and life was extinct.

Saturday evening Judge Beaman of Adrian sent a note to Governor Croswell declining the appointment as successor to Mr. Chandler in the United States Senate. The Governor thereupon tendered the nomination to Ex-Governor Baldwin of Detroit, and it is understood he will accept. Judge Beaman says the state of his health will not permit him to accept.

A young man named Albert W. Wilkin was killed Monday at Robert Louden's camp on Chippewa river. His body was brought down to Saginaw Tuesday night. His parents reside at Hemlock City.

Lewis Day, son of John Day, successor to J. H. Dormer & Co. of St. Johns, Michigan, was drowned near St. Ignace Monday morning, about daylight, in six feet of water. He slipped off the tug Kittie O'Neil. The body was recovered.

Colwell, late yardmaster at the Jackson Junction, through whose blundering the Pacific Express was smashed up and many lives lost a few weeks ago, is reported to have gone crazy in consequence of the disaster.

The State Association of Horse Thief Detectives met at Kalamazoo Wednesday afternoon. There was quite a large attendance, delegates being present from Allegan, Barry, St. Joseph, Kalamazoo and other counties. There was much discussion on a new plan of organization, which was finally effected under the new law passed last winter. In St. Joseph county there are 600 members. Capt. W. S. Logan, of Richland, was elected president for the ensuing year; Wm. Joseph, of St. Joseph county, vice-president; H. Dale Adams, secretary and treasurer.

Diphtheria prevails at Grandville in an epidemic form and the public schools have been closed in consequence.

The gale on Lake Michigan Tuesday night and Wednesday was very destructive to shipping. A number of schooners were driven ashore and the propeller Gen. H. E. Paine from Chicago was wrecked at the entrance to Grand Haven. So far no lives are reported lost, though there were many narrow escapes.

John Giodat & Son's cider mill and machine shop at Drayton Plains was burned Tuesday night with all its contents, machinery, cider and vinegar. Loss, about $2,000; no insurance.

James O'Brien, a young man living in Redford, near the town line, hung himself Wednesday morning just after breakfast. He and his father could not agree. His father took him from where he had hired out to work and brought him home. In passing out from the house he remarked to his mother that "he was going now where the old gent couldn't get him." He went to the barn half a mile from the house, took the lines from the harness, tied them to a pole and jumped into eternity breaking his neck.

The State Board of Agriculture Wednesday night appointed Representative Samuel Johnson, of Dowagiac, Professor of Agriculture in the State Agricultural College.

Wednesday afternoon a man named William Frost of Goodrich, Genesee county, was gored by a bull which he was feeding in his barn. The animal's attack was so sudden and unexpected that Mr. Frost was unprepared, and the horn of the beast struck him in the eye, passing through into the brain, causing his death almost instantaneously.

The following places and days have been agreed on by the State Board of Agriculture for the holding of farmers' institutes next winter; also the professors who are to take a prominent part in the discussions, provided that President Abbot can secure the services of Prof. Fraser to lecture on veterinary science: Rockford, Kent county, January 13, 14; Profs. Beal, John Fraser, R. F. Kedzie. Big Rapids, Mecosta county, January 15, 16; Profs. Beal, Fraser, R. F. Kedzie. Manchester, Washtenaw county, January 19, 20; Profs. Baird, Fraser, Abbot, F. Gulley. Romeo, Macomb county, January 22, 23; Profs. Baird, Fraser, Abbot. Buchanan, Berrien county, January 26, 27; Profs. Carpenter, Fraser, Cook, Cassidy. Mason, Ingham county, January 28, 29; Profs. Carpenter, Fraser, Cook, Gulley. Each institute will commence its sessions on the evening of the first day mentioned and continue through the second day and evening.

The salt product of the State this year will reach about 2,050,000 bushels.

There is some prospect that Neal Dow of Maine will visit Michigan this season in the interests of prohibition.

The Rev. John Locker has been convicted in the Tuscola circuit of adultery with Mrs. Bell and sent to Jackson for three years. He has been in jail for several months awaiting trial.

The twenty-eigth annual meeting of the Michigan Teachers' Association will be held in the new Capitol, at Lansing, on December 29, 30 and 31. A meeting of the State Board of Education to examine candidates for State certificates will be held on the last day of the session and the two following days. Full information may be had by addressing the Secretary of the State Board of Education, Lansing, Mich.

The second trial of ex-Superintendent Van Deusen of the Kalamazoo Asylum for illegally detaining and cruelly treating Mrs. Newcomer in that institution, ended Friday morning in Judge Shipman charging the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendant. The case had been on trial for six weeks and counsel had not yet concluded their arguments. There will doubtless be an appeal to the Supreme Court.

A dispatch from Sand Beech Friday night reported a number of schooners in distress there. As far as is known there were five men missing, all from the crews of the barges Wells and Prairie State. The men lost from the Lewis Wells are William Little and Robert Ogden of Saginaw City, owners of the Prarie State; James Hayes of Toledo, O., and one man whose name is unknown, who shipped on board the Wells at Bay City. One man John Woods of London, Ont., was lost from the Prairie State.

Wm. Cale of Conway, Livingston county, was shot on the 14th, while digging a ditch. The person who shot him mistook him for a wild turkey. The shot lodged in Mr. Cale's neck, paralyzing one side of his body.

Michael, a 17 year old son of Matthew Heeney of Bunkerhill, Ingham county, met with an accident November 8, which terminated fatally. The lad was riding a horse to a pasture lot, going at a sharp trot, and in making a short turn in the road he was thrown from the horse's back and under his feet in such a manner that the sharp calk on a fore foot struck him on the side of the head, producing a fracture of the skull, from which he died a few days after.

The Flint asylum has 49 blind and 150 deaf and dumb pupils.

The Leslie steam flouring mills, owned by Brewer & Jones, burned on the 21st. Loss about $7,000; insurance $4,000.

Frank Perian of Ishpeming was killed in the National iron mine at Ishpeming by a falling rock. He leaves a large and destitute family.

Rick Van Vleet, a farmer of Hillsdale county, living three miles south of Jerome, cut his throat with a razor on the 21st at his residence. Cause, insanity.

The blast furnace at Elk Rapids has been 76 weeks in blast and is still turning out about 35 tons of pig iron a day. The company have commenced the manufacture of stoves at their works.

William Beaty of Capac, St. Clair county, was engaged to take charge of the agricultural college farm and left on Monday, November 10, for Lansing. He was last seen at Flint, endeavoring to sell a house and lot which he owned there. His family are in great distress over his unaccountable absence, as nothing further can be heard from him in any direction.

Detroit in Brief.

Col. McLaughlin, the champion wrestler, having become a conductor on the Grand River Valley Railroad, has removed his family from Detroit to Grand Rapids, which will be his future home.

It is reported that C. B. Bush, superintendent of the Saginaw division of the Michigan Central, is to be transferred from Bay City to Jackson, where he will be installed as assistant general superintendent.

The first report of the sinking of the schooner Breed represented all lost but one man. Since then another sailor, Daniel McAllister, was picked up and taken to Buffalo, and Sunday evening Capt. Rose himself arrived safe at his home in Detroit.

An old man named Fortier fell out of a second story window on Atwater street Tuesday evening and received fatal injuries. He was intoxicated.

The Congressional Commission to consider the feasibility of bridging the Detroit River resumed their session Tuesday and listened to numerous arguments for and against the proposed bridge.

The Unitarians have extended a call to the Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Cleveland, to become their pastor.

Miss Lillie Duck, of Detroit, a pupil in St. Mary's Academy in Windsor, died Tuesday morning from the effects of a dose of laudanum administered by mistake instead of brandy.

A terrific gale swept over this region Wednesday night and many marine disasters were reported Thursday. Among others was that of the tug Clark which foundered near Belle Isle. All aboard were rescued except the cook, Mrs. Maria Cook, of Port Huron, who was swept overboard and lost. The fine new steamer City of Detroit on the way from Cleveland to Detroit was badly damaged.

Meetings are soon to be held in aid of the starving tenantry of Ireland.

The new St. Mary's Hospital on Antoine street was formally opened on Friday, Bishop Borgess conducting the services.

The organization for a permanent exposition in Detroit met Saturday, and received proposals for a site. The meeting adjourned subject to call of the secretary. A. H. Askin, a civil engineer, exhibited plans for an exposition building, modeled after the general plan of the Chicago building, cruciform in shape, the wings for a museum, art gallery, etc, the main building to be 224 feet by 125, with gallery. The building proposed would be of brick and iron, with ample glazing to admit the light.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The steamer Faraday arrived from making the final splice in the new Atlantic cable at Northeastham, Mass., Monday evening, and congratulatory messages were sent to the president of the company at Paris. Cable director Burgiere and engineer Von Chauvin wired their thanks on behalf of the French cable company to Secretary Evarts for the liberal action of the American government, by means of which the cable was landed under very favorable circumstances.

Navigation on the New York canals will be closed December 6, unless sooner suspended by ice.

A dispatch from Sackett's Harbor on Tuesday says: "A fleet composed of three dredges, two dry docks and seven scows, owned by Hiskler & Arnold of Buffalo passed in tow of the tug Seymour of Cape Vincent at 1 o'clock yesterday and had good weather until after they passed Gallop Island. Then a gale sprang up from the northeast with heavy snow. They got within five or six miles of Oswego, then lost the light, turned round and undertook to hold together until daylight, but they broke away and are lost with all hands but seven, who were saved by the tug Seymour. There were 31 persons drowned and the fleet is a total loss." A later despatch states that the tug John Hiackler was at Sodus Point with 13 of the men reported drowned by the Sackett's Harbor dispatch. The names of these 13 were received later which leaves 19 yet to be accounted for.

Despatches from Los Pinos, dated November 17, indicate that the peace commission is making rather slow progress. A short session was held on Monday, Ouray failing to come until 12 o'clock. When he did come, contrary to his custom, he wore his Indian clothing. He was very sullen, and indicated a decided ill feeling towards Gen. Adams, who, he said was incompetent as a commissioner, because, as he alleged, of his knowledge of the Utes and of their affairs. Ouray proposed that Adams be recalled, and stated his desire to go with a number of the Ute chiefs to Washington to lay the matter before Schurz. The escort of military arrived at Los Pinos yesterday, many of them with frozen feet, having come through a severe snow storm. The commission will remain for a few days longer at Pinos, come to Denver, and take the testimony of the officers engaged in the Milk river fight, and then proceed to Washington

An explosion occurred in Tunnel No. 3, on the Narrow Gauge Railroad from San Jose to Santa Cruz, Cal., Tuesday morning. From he meagre accounts thus far received it appears that a blast was let off about 2,700 feet from the mouth of the tunnel, which caused an explosion of gas, generated by the filtering of coil oil through the roof and sides of the tunnel. Twenty-one Chinamen and two white men were at work in the tunnel at the time. Immediately about twenty more Chinamen rushed into the tunnel with torches to aid their comrades. When they had penetrated about 1,500 feet their torches caused a second explosion, more violent than the first, shaking the mountain to its center. The white men Henkle and Johnson were brought out terribly burned, and about ten Chinamen, all seriously injured. As near as can be learned some thirty Chinamen are killed. The second explosion wrecked the engine and works.

Two young sons of Mrs. H. P. Beored were burned to death at Andover, Mass., Monday night by a fire which an incendiary started in the room they occupied.

The district court of San Francisco Wednesday morning dismissed, with costs, the suits against the Hale and Norcross, Consolidated Virginia, Gould and Curry, Savage, Crown Point, Sierra Nevada and Kentucky mining companies, brought by the State, two years ago, to recover about $1,500,000 back bullion taxes.

Wednesday evening a fire was discovered in Peck & Bansher's lard refinery factory and cooper shop, 391 to 397 Illinois street, Chicago, a two-story brick and wood structure, 145 by 100 feet, and before the engines could reach the spot the flames, encouraged by a terrific wind storm, enveloped the entire building. The fire departments were able only to prevent the spread to other buildings. The building was almost entirely consumed, together with stock and tools, and 500 tierce of lard. Loss, $60,000 to $70,000.

The national association of trotting horse breeders has adopted rules to control admission to the record of pedigree. H. W. T. Male was re-elected president, G. M. Jewett, Ohio, vice president.

The Pension Department has issued the following circular: To enable this office to dispatch with better facility the rapidly increasing current business, a change in the system of arranging the records and file has been made, which will render it necessary that all inquiries for the condition of pension claims on account of service rendered after March 4, 1861, should contain the name of the soldier who performed the military service, with his state, company and regiment, as well as the number of his claim or pension certificate, as the case may be. Inquiries which do not contain the above information will not be answered, except in special cases where the failure to furnish it is explained.

Henry Morris and sisters, John Winters and two men named Lovely were drowned at Advocate harbor, N. S., by the upsetting of a sail boat in a gale.

At the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland at Washington, on Thursday the following officers were elected:

President—Gen. Phil. Sheridan.

Vice Presidents—Gen. Underwood, Massachusetts; Gen. Barnum, New York; Gen. Carmer, New Jersey; Gen. Negley, Pennsylvania; Gen. Duffield, Michigan; Col. Hobson, Kentucky; Capt. E. E. Rhum, Tennessee; Gen. Morgan, Illinois; Gen. Streight, Indiana; Gen. Myer, Ohio; Col. Johnson, Wisconsin; Col. Conover, Missouri; Gen. Martin, Kansas; Capt. Wood, Minnesota; Capt. Selleck, Iowa.

Treasurer—Gen. Fullerton.

Recording Secretary—Capt Steele.

Corresponding Secretary—Gen. Cist.

Toledo was selected for the next meeting.

The thanks of the society were voted to Gen. Stanley Matthews, Judge McArthur and Gen. A. G. McCook.

The following officers of the American Health Association were elected Thursday:

President—John S. Billings, U. S. N.

First Vice President—Samuel Choppin, New Orleans.

Second Vice President—H. C. Kedzie, Lansing, Mich.

Treasurer—J. B. Lindsley, Nashville.

Executive Committee—C. B. White, Louisiana; J. L. Cabell, Virginia; E. M. Hunt, New Jersey; J. D. Plunkett, Tennessee; Charles F. Folsom, Massachusetts; A. L. Gibson, U. S. N.

At the cabinet meeting Friday there was some discussion as to the character of the legislation to be recommended in the President's message for the protection of foreign trade marks, but the determination of the matter was deferred to await the receipt of a printed copy of the recent decision of the supreme court setting aside our national trade mark law as unconstitutional.

Owing to the scarlet fever epidemic prevailing in Springfield, Ill., the local board of health has ordered the public schools closed until after January 1st, and adopted a resolution recommending that no public funerals be held in the churches or private residences. There are said to be 500 cases of mild scarlet fever in the city.

The brewers of Cincinnati have been holding frequent secret meetings recently, and it is reported that they have determined to merge all seperate interests in one gigantic brewery company, with a capital of $8,000,000. The different breweries will be transferred to this company and will be paid for in stock. The company, through its officers, will then control the breweries.

M. J. McCann, found guilty of disposing of government property while he was United States Indian contractor, was sentenced by the United States district judge at Cheyenne Saturday to a year and a half imprisonment in the penitentiary, to pay the cost of the suit and a fine of $1,000 and to replace all property stolen.

The United States treasurer on Saturday transferred $10,000,000 in gold to the assay office at New York, to be used in paying for foreign gold deposited for conversion into American coin. This makes a total of $60,000,000 transferred for that purpose since August 13.

Mistress—"Bridget, didn't you hear me call?" Bridget—"Yis, mum; but ye towld me the other day niver to answer ye back—and I didn't."

POLITICAL.

The Governor and council of Maine met at Augusta, Monday to begin the official canvass of the recent election. A report that they intended to count out the Republican Legislature created intense excitement, and leading Republicans from all parts assembled in large numbers. It is rumored that the town of Kiltery is to be thrown out because, as alleged, two notices of election, instead of three, were posted. The throwing out would change the result in York county by throwing out three Republicans and electing three Democrats as Senators. A similar case is reported in the city of Auburn, where, it is alleged, the notice of election was posted six days only, instead of seven. If this is thrown out it will change the vote in Androscoggin county. Similar changes are rumored on alleged technical grounds which change the figures in the State Senate and give the Democrats and Greenbackers 19 Senators and the Republicans 12. The actual vote as cast gives the Republicans 19 Senators and all others 12.

The national committee of the Greenback party and all its prominent officials, leaders and editors are summoned to meet in convention and conference at Washington, June 8, 1880.

The advisory committee of the Republican party in Maine have all gone to their homes, in view of the fact that the case of disputed election returns for the present is transferred to the supreme judicial court.

The chief political topic here is the contest in Virginia between the debt payers and the readjusters. It transpires that each class of Democrats has elected an equal number of members of the legislature, while the Republicans have elected 27 members, of whom 10 are classed as debt payers and 17 as readjusters. This difference gives the readjusters a small majority, if no other question entered into complicate matters.

PERSONAL.

Blaikie, the referee in the Hanlan-Courtney boat race, has received a certificate for $6,000, to be given to the winner of the race.

A banquet was given in New York city Monday evening to the Hon. Thomas Bayley Potter member of the British Parliament, by a number of New York's most prominent citizens. Secretary Evarts presided and delivered an address of welcome, which was responded to by Mr. Potter in an appropriate speech.

President Hayes, his son Webb C. Hayes, and Secretary Evarts arrived at New York from Washington on Monday. In the morning many prominent citizens paid their respects to the President at his hotel, and in the afternoon the President formally opened the Fair at the Seventh Regiment armory.

The health of the author, Dr. Holland, is very precarious.

The Hon. Eugene Hale is steadily gaining strength, is able to ride out on pleasant days.

Col. John Hay left Cleveland for Washington Wednesday evening to assume the duties of Assistant Secretary of State.

General and Mrs. Grant reached Galena Wednesday evening and were accompanied to their home by personal friends.

The statue of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas was unveiled at Washington on Wednesday, with imposing ceremonies, by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. An eloquent eulogy was pronounced by the Hon. Stanley Matthews. The statue was formally accepted by the President in behalf of the Nation, and speeches were made by Gens Sherman, McCook, Garfield, Buell and others.

Dr. Joseph P. Thompson's will has just been brought from Germany and admitted to probate. It is quaint in language and contains a bequest to Mrs. DeLand. The reference to her is as follows: "To Mrs. Sarah DeLand, formerly of Grand Rapids, Mich., I give and bequeath the sum of 3,000 marks, invested and held for me by Mendelsohn & Co. of Berlin, also my pictures of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Schumann and Mendelssohn, framed together; the pictures of Jesus Christ and Moise, with frames; and also a copy of my book entitled 'Jesus of Nazareth,' for her daughter Donna. In case Mrs. DeLand should not survive me, I direct that these bequests be equally divided among my children." His property is mostly devised to his wife and children.

Dr. French Weems died at the residence of his daughter in Louisville Friday. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. Weems who wrote that memorable "Life of Washington," and who is responsible for the fiction of the cherry-tree and the hatchet.

The Ex-empress Eugenia has arrived at Madrid.

The widow of Charles Dickens died at her residence, Gloucester Crescent, Regent Park, Saturday morning, after an illness of 18 months.

Senator Baldwin arrived at Washington Saturday to engage his winter quarters. He will return to Detroit this week.

FOREIGN.

Forty-nine Afghans have been hanged for complicity in the massacre of the British embassy. Inquiry Into the Ameer's connection with the massacre of Maj. Cavagnari and his party has begun.

A dispatch from Glasgow says that 13 persons, returning from a fair, were drowned in crossing Lochindaal, Islay.

The former confederate cruiser Shenandoah has been sunk off the island of Socotra, Indian ocean, The date of the disaster is unknown. Most of the crew were drowned. The shenandoah belonged to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

A telegram from Madrid asserts that Gen. Martinez Campos will resign the premiership and will be sent to Cuba with 50,000 men to pacify the island. He will have the right to declare a state of siege.

The speeches for which Michael Davitt and James Bryce and Killan were arrested in Dublin, and James Daly, editor of the Connaught Telegraph, in Castlebar, were made at a meeting on the 2d inst. at Gurteen, county Sligo. The arrest has created intense excitement in Ireland and the spirit of revolution runs high. The constabulary is under arms day and night in many towns in Ireland.

The latest cholera returns from Yokohama show upward of 93,000 deaths. The epidemic is expected to cease entirely at the end of the year.

A great meeting was held Saturday at Loonamoore, two miles from Balla, Ireland. The chair was occupied by John London, president national land league of Mayo. Charles S. Parnell and Edmund Dwyer Gray and several other prominent gentlemen were present. Resolutions were passed protesting against the recent attempt of the government to stifle the voice of constitutional agitation and drive the people into acts of violence; also calling upon the people of Ireland to maintain the attitude of self-control which has not hitherto characterized the movement, and to carefully abstain from giving the government any excuse for inaugurating a policy of coercion, which the meeting feel convinced they have in contemplation.

Later advices from Balla indicate that extraordinary precautions had been taken by the government. More than 100 policemen were stationed near the place of meeting, and some cavalry were in the vicinity ready for immediate action.

A young man in Paris on a recent Sunday, sticking his head into a cab, was surprised to meet a woman entering by the opposite door. Each ordered the driver to take them to the address they gave him, and began a short dispute about their rights to the cab. A crowd and policemen came. The regulations were consulted, but the case being unforeseen, was not provided for. The policemen took sides, one for the lady, the other for the gentleman; the crowd and cabmen enjoying it hugely, the cabman keeping the crowd in a roar by his humorous remarks. At last the gentleman, yielding to the claims of the fair sex, got out; and the lady, not to be outdone, followed suit, while the cabman stopped his joking and swore at the policemen, while the crowd roared louder than ever at this street comedy.

e People's Paper!

The wide-spread popularity of

The Detroit Evening News

is attested by its steady daily circulation of over 22,000 copies. **The News** was never better supplied with telegraphic intelligence or more complete market reports than now. It is sent by mail to any address at the rate of $5 a year, postage included.

THE ECHO FOR 1880.

The Echo, the **Best and Cheapest** weekly newspaper in the State, is published by the proprietors of The Evening News, and is now entering upon its second year. In clubs of four or more it can be had for the small sum of 75 cents a year.

Three Months Free!

Subscribers for **The Echo** for 1880 will have the paper sent for the remainder of this year free. All postmasters are agents, or subscribers may address

THE EVENING NEWS,
Detroit, Mich.

THE WORLD FOR 1880,

Democrats everywhere should inform themselves carefully alike of the action of their party throughout the country and of the movements of their Republican opponents. A failure to do this in 1876 contributed greatly to the loss by the Democracy of the fruits of the victory fairly won at the polls.

The year 1880 promises to be one of the most interesting and important years of this crowded and eventful century. It will witness a Presidential election which may result in reestablishing the Government of this country on the principles of its constitutional founders, or in permanently changing the relations of the States of the Federal power. No intelligent man can regard such an election with indifference. THE WORLD, as the only daily English newspaper published in the city of New York which upholds the doctrines of constitutional Democracy, will steadily represent the Democratic party in the great canvass. It will do this in no spirit of servile partisanship, but temperately and firmly. As a newspaper THE WORLD, being the organ of no man, no clique and no interest, will present the fullest and the fairest picture it can make of each day's passing history in the city, the State, the country and the world. It will aim hereafter, as heretofore, at accuracy first of all things in all that it publishes. No man, however humble, shall ever be permitted truly to complain that he has been unjustly dealt with in the columns of THE WORLD. No interest, however powerful, shall ever be permitted truly to boast that it can silence the fair criticism of THE WORLD.

During the past year THE WORLD has seen its daily circulation trebled and its weekly circulation pushed far beyond that of any other weekly newspaper in the country. This great increase has been won, as THE WORLD believes, by truthfulness, enterprise, ceaseless activity in collecting news and unfaltering loyalty to itself and to its readers in dealing with the questions of the day. It is our hope and it will be our endeavor that THE WORLD'S record for 1880 may be written in the approbation and the support of many thousands more of new readers in all parts of this Indissoluble Union of Indestructible States.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged, and are as follows:

Daily and Sundays, one year, $10; six months, $5.50; three months, $2.75.

Daily, without Sundays, one year, $8; six months $4.25; three months, $2.25; less than three months, $1 a month.

The Sunday World, one year, $2.

The Monday World, containing the Book Reviews and "College Chronicle," one year, $2.

The Semi-Weekly World (Tuesdays and Fridays) Two Dollars a year. To Club Agents an extra copy for club of ten; the Daily for club of twenty-five.

The Weekly World (Wednesday)—One Dollar a year. To Club Agents—An extra copy for club of ten, the Semi-Weekly for club of ten the Daily for club of fifty.

Specimen number sent free on application.

Terms—Cash, invariably in advance.

Send post-office money order, bank draft or registered letter. Bills at risk of the sender.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

Subscribers who send $1 for a year's subscription before December 28th will receive **The Weekly World** from the date of their subscription

TO MARCH 5, 1881.

This will include the Presidential campaign and the inauguration of the next President.

Old subscribers who send $1 before December 28, for a renewal of their subscription for 1880, will receive **The Weekly World** to March 5, 1881, without missing a number.

This Offer Will be Withdrawn DECEMCER 29.

Take advantage of it at once. Subscribe at once. Renew at once.

DETROIT MARKETS

FLOUR—City pastry brands..... 6 00@6 25
State brands ..... 5 75@6 00
Patents..... 6 50@8 00
Low grades..... 4 00@4 25
Rye..... 5 50@5 75
Buckwheat..... 6 00@6 50
WHEAT—Extra white..... 1 15@1 27
No. 1 white..... 1 10@1 26
Amber..... 1 00@1 20
BARLEY—1 35@1 45 per 100 lbs.
OATS—44@50c per bush.
CORN—30@32c per bu.
RYE—60@70c per bush.
BUCKWHEAT—45@55 per bu.
SEEDS.—Clover, $5.00@5 25 per bu.
Timothy 2 75@2 85.
BEANS—Unpicked, 1 00@1 25 per bush. Picked, $1 50@1 65.
PEAS—Green $1 50@1 55 per bu. Field, 70c @90c
BEESWAX—14 @21 per pound.
BUTTER—Prime quality, 18@21. Medium 14@18c.
CHEESE—12@14c per lb; half skim, 5@10 cts.
CRANBERRIES.—$2 40@2 50 per crate.
APPLES—$2 00@2 50 per bbl.
DRIED PEACHES—14@20c.
HOPS.—35 c @40per lb
EGGS—Fresh 16@20c.
TURNIPS.—$1 00@1 25 per bbl.
HAY—$12 00@15 00 per ton; baled $14@$16
HONEY—12@15c per lb. Fine comb in caps, 20 c.
ONIONS—Michigan $2 75@3 25 per bbl
CABBAGES—$8 00@3 50 per 100.
POTATOES— $1 20@1 50 per bbl.
Sales from store 85@40c per bush.
HICKORY NUTS—Shellbark, $1 50@1 00 per bu
CHESTNUTS—$2 00@$3 00 per bu.
WINTER SQUASHES—$1 00@1 25per doz.
POULTRY— Live chickens, 35@45c per pair. dressed, 7c per lb.
GAME.—Duck, common and teal, $1 50@1 75 per dox; mallards, $3 00 per doz; partridges, 40@50c per dox; quail. $2 00@2 25: rabbits, $1 00; snipe, $1@1 20; squirrels, 70@80c; venison carcasses 4@5 c.
FISH—Whitefish, $4 50@5 75 per half barrel; trout, $3 50@3 75 per half bbl.
PROVISIONS—Pork Mess, $11 50@12 75; Lard, 6@10; smoked Hams, 9@10½c, Shoulders, 5@6c; Bacon, 8 c, extra Mess Beef, $10 00@10 50 per bbl. dried beef 11@12 c.
SALT—Saginaw, $1 28@1 30 per bbl; Onondaga $1 30@1 35;
WOOD—Hickory, $5 per cord; maple, $4 75; beech and maple $4 25@4 75; soft, $3 25

Detroit Stock Market.

The receipts of live stock as the Central yards last week were: Cattle, 764; hogs, 13,838; sheep, 3,214. The cattle market was more active than for several weeks past, closing firm at about prices of the previous Saturday. The offerings were limited, but fully equal to the demand. Sales were as follow: 8 mixed butchering cattle, av 813 lbs, at $2 60 per cwt; 27 butchering head, av 906 lbs, at $2 70 per cwt; 10 mixed butchering cattle, av 817 lbs, at $2 15 per cwt; 14 butchering head, av 863 lbs, at $2 55 per cwt; 23 mixed butchering cattle, av 880 lbs, at $2 55 per cwt; 15 stockers, av 796 lbs, at $2 25 per cwt; 45 stockers, av 845 lbs, at $2 3½ per cwt; 15 butchering cattle, av 785 lbs, at $2 20 per cwt, 13 butchering head, av 1,291 lbs, at $2 87½ per cwt; 46 butchering cattle, av 741 lbs, at $2 25 per cwt; 14 mixed butchering head, av 748 lbs, at $2 40 per cwt.

There was quite a "boom" in the hog market, prices advancing 50c per cwt over the previous week's quotations. This was caused by the brisk demand, limited supply and improved quality of stock offered for sale. Sales were as follows: 51, av 317 lbs, at $3 90 per cwt; 84, av 270 lbs, at $3 90 per cwt; 151, av 256 lbs, at $3 90 per cwt; 69, av 224 lbs, at $3 65 per cwt; 69, av 192 lbs, at $3 70 per cwt; 78, av 216 lbs, at $3 85 per cwt; 96, av 289 lbs, at $3 90 per cwt; 29, av 360 lbs, at $3 95 per cwt; 68, av 305 lbs, at $3 55 per cwt; 65, av 218 lbs, at $3 65 per cwt; 69, av 225 lbs, at $3 80 per cwt; 74, av 185 lbs, at private terms; 96, av 292 lbs, at $3 87½ per cwt; 96, av 292 lbs, at $3 87½ per cwt; 119, av 275 lbs, at $3 90 per cwt; 116, av 241 lbs, at $3 83 per cwt; 112, av 292 lbs, at $4 per cwt; 61, av 248 lbs, at $3 95 per cwt; 55, av 232 lbs, at $3 88 per cwt; 92, av 257 lbs, at $3 85 per cwt.

Sheep were firm at an advance of 25c per cwt over the previous week's prices. The supply and demand were good, trade brisk and most of the stock of good quality. Sales were as follows: 61 av 83 lbs, at $3 50 per cwt; 219 av 117 lbs, at $3 55 per cwt; 202, av 85 lbs, at $3 12½ per cwt; 211, av 95 lbs, at $3 90 per cwt; 210, av 91 lbs, at $3 40 per cwt; 82, av 95 lbs, at $3 40 per cwt; 183, av 91 lbs, at $3 55 per cwt; 124, av 94 lbs, at $3 80 per cwt.

Girls, if they intend to become useful members of society and make good wives for "honest men and true," ought to be perfectly acquainted with all kinds of domestic work. They should know how things are done. "Knowledge is power,' and such power renders a woman very independent in this age of inferior servants. She may perhaps never be required to use her knowledge in a practical way by performing household work, but it is well to possess the knowledge.

Wrecked in Lake Ontario.

During the gale of Tuesday night a terrible disaster occurred on Lake Ontario off Oswego, the particulars of which are as follows: The tug Seymour of Ogdensburg, left Cape Vincent Tuesday at 1 p. m. with three dredges twelve scows and two derricks in tow and accompanied by four small tugs, bound for Port Dalhousie, en route for Buffalo. After passing Gallup Island, off Sackett's Harbor, a gale of wind from the northeast with a heavy snow storm set in. The tug and tow got within six or seven miles of Oswego when they lost sight of the light, turned and the Seymour endeavored to hold the fleet until daylight. The fleet broke away and was wrecked in the storm and darkness and nearly all hands were reported lost. The entire fleet, except the Seymour, belonged to Hickler & Co., of Buffalo. When they left Cape Vincent yesterday, at 1 o'clock, the weather was fair and continued so until 7 p. m. At 4:30 p. m. Mr. Arnold, superintendent of the fleet and junior partner of Hickler & Co., went on board of the tug Seymour. After consulting with Capt. Fleming, they decided to make for Oswego instead of this port, the weather being favorable. About 8 o'clock the wind changed and blew fresh. The night was pitch dark and bitter cold.

Mr. Arnold was on board the dredge Gordon, which had the Seymour's towline. When the sea got rough all the tugs except the Seymour let go their tow-lines. At daylight the dredge Gordon was the only craft that could be seen from the Seymour, and nothing but her cabin was above water.

The following is a list of those supposed to be drowned: James Arnold, one of the proprietors; and Henry Hickler, son of another proprietor; Jas. B. Young, Buffalo; Patrick Hogan, Grand Rapids, Mich; Patrick Fennell, Lachine, Can.; Chas. Tompson, Buffalo; Fred Straus, Buffalo; Mr. Paul, Lachine; Geo. Palmer and wife, Vergennes, Vt.; Judson Morrison, Welland Canal, Can.; Jerome Morrison, wife and daughter, Charles England and wife, Chas. Craryough, Lachine; Edward Beanson, Buffalo; John Wood and son, Ogdensburg; Noah Garrow, Ogdensburg; Wm. Scott, Ogdensburg; Capt. Sam Logan and Wm. Logan, Ogdensburg.

A later dispatch from Oswego says the tug Hickler is safe at Sodus Point, with the following persons on board: Capt. Thompson, Fred Straus, Judson Morrison, Chas. England and wife, Chas. Carrigan, J. B. Young, Henry Hickler, Jerome Morrison and wife, Patrick Fennell and three others, names unknown.

Since the above was in type, the following dispatch has been received, dated Oswego, Wednesday night: "The Tug Gardner which left this port for Sodus Point yesterday returned this evening and reports eight of the scows of the wrecked fleet on the beach between here and Sodus. There were 31 persons of the fleet when it left the river St. Lawrence for Lake Ontario. Sixteen were taken to Sodus, six to Sackett's Harbor, and three, who were on the scow, are missing. The number saved so far as known is 22.

The State Treasury.

The balance of cash in the State Treasury November 8 was $413,090.32; receipts for the week ending November 15 were $84,090.53; payments for same time, $84,380.99; leaving a balance November 15, 1879, of $412,799.86; decrease for the week, $290.67.

The specific items are as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Tax histories	$ 68 26
State tax deeds	4 15
State tax lands and bids	2,666 48
Redemptions	98 61
Delinquent tax	2 22
Counties, tax sales	58,558 46
" general account	950 00
" taxes and redemptions	1,259 37
Specific taxes, railroad companies	7,551 85
" " mining companies	917 54
Interest on specific taxes	427 58
Peddlers' licenses	3 75
Fees from notaries public	9 00
Sundry deposits	5,857 71
Primary school, principal	1,420 11
" " interest	623 84
Swamp land, principal	75 00
" " interest	65 42
University, principal	351 00
" interest	16 99
Agricultural College, interest	90 99
Asylum, interest	21 00
Salt spring, interest	21 00
Taxes on part paid lands	26 30
Sundry deposit account	2,612 74
Total receipts	$84,090 53

PAYMENTS.

Redemptions	$ 1,181 27
Salaries	125 00
Awards board of auditors	184 29
Asylum at Pontiac	1,377 58
Ltate prison	8,857 71
Expense of courts	49 75
Fund for counties	65,708 03
Co. Treas., conducting tax sales	3,440 45
Expense of sales	1,255 60
Support of insane soldiers	1,968 51
Conveying convicts to prison	234 80
Total payments	$84,380 99

ODD FACTS ABOUT ANIMALS.—Serpents are said to obey the voice of their master. The trumpeter bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel, and the jacana acts as a guard to poultry, protecting them in the field all day from birds of prey and escorting them home at night. In the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles; it is therefore regarded as the privileged bird. The chamois bounding over the mountain, are indebted for their safety in no small degree to a species of pheasants; the bird acts as the sentinel, for, as soon as it gets sight of a man, it whistles, upon hearing which the chamois, knowing the hunters to be near, sets off at full speed. The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nests of their young may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivance of the hind for the preservation of her young, for when she hears the sound of dogs, she puts herself in the way of the hunter, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns. Instances of the effect of grief upon animals are no less remarkable. A writer says: "I knew a dog that died of sorrow at the loss of his master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress; on her return it immediately resumed its song." Lord Kaimes relates an instance of a canary, which, while singing to a mate, hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female left the nest, and, finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side.—*Liverpool Mail.*

MARRIAGE.—What should be sought, and what is sought, as a rule, in a husband or a wife, where arbitrary conventional customs and considerations of rank, wealth, and positions are not allowed to interfere, is not a counterpart, but a complement—something to supply a lack—the other self, which shall round out one's being, and form a perfect symmetrical whole. As in music it is not contiguous notes which combine to form chords, but those separated from each other, as a first and a third, or a third and a fifth; so we produce domestic harmony by associating graduated differences.

Afflictions, sent upon man by a wise and beneficent Providence, are the same to the soul as the plough to the fallow ground, the pruning knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold—destroying its evil passions, and making it productive in virtuous affections.