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[From the Daily News.

A LETTER FROM GOV. VANCE.

Editors of the News:

GENTLEMEN:—My attention has been called to an article in Statesville *American*, purporting to be a letter of Oct. 22d from that place to the New York *Times*, and containing an attack upon me, as being implicated in certain fraudulent transactions with Geo. W. Swepson.

The letter from me to Judge Henry, embraced in the article, and upon which the assault in based, carries on its face a refutation of the whole slander. The zealous writer felt, therefore, the necessity of sustaining his allegations by various collateral assertions, and which, perhaps, requires some notice at my hands.

I have some difficulty at the outset in deciding whether the writer is the greater liar or fool. I incline to the former conclusion, but I will cite a few specimens from the article in support, also, of the more charitable opinion.

First, and comprehensively however, the charge that I am or ever have been interested for or with Geo. W. Swepson is wholly and absolutely false. I have no interest whatever, of any kind, in any transaction with Swepson, nor ever had. That Swepson purchased from T D. Carter the Cranberry property is also false. Gen. R. F. Hoke, T. J. Summer, and E. N. Hutchinson purchased the property, and Swepson had an interest only by some private arrangement with them. The price for Carter's interest was not $40,000, but $44,600, and for the remaining interests, extinguishment of hostile claims, &c., they paid, about $64,000 more.

The charge that I was associated with Woodfin as Carter's counsel is also unqualifiedly false. I never, appeared with him in any of the half dozen suits growing out of the Cranberry matters. Before I was employed in any of them. Carter informed me that he had detected Woodfin in the act of betraying him—selling him out—to Swepson, and had discharged him.

Of any attempt to use Woodfin to procure a compromise of Carter's suits, I know nothing. I never did so, nor do I believe any one else ever did.

As to the letter to Judge Henry, and how it came to be written; my client informed me that the proposition had been made to *him* that if the Commission would receive the Cranberry property from him, Swepson, at some big figure, that he, Swepson, would pay off the claims against the property and make it over to the Railroad Company, in part payment of the millions he owed it; and Carter instructed me, as his attorney, to see the Commissioners, ascertain what they would receive the property at, and then see Swepson.

Now read the letter;—that is quite correct, bearing a little error of *two years* in the date. It was written, not in in 1872, as set forth in the indictment, but in 1870:

"CHARLOTTE, Sept. 5. 1872.

JUDGE HENRY:

Dear Sir: I also am about to put an oar into the famous Cranberry. Swepson will clear off Carter's claim, and put in that property, in part payment to the Commissioners, if they will take it at a big price. I am interested only for Carter, who will get his money only if the trade is made with the Commissioners.

As one of them, what will you agree to receive the property at? I mean clear of all encumbrances. I have got Gen. Vance to see the others, except Woodfin, and will go to see Swepson as soon as I get a definite proposal from the Commissioners. In my opinion, anything you can get from S. at *any price*, is just that much saved, and that you could afford to give him $200,000.

Please write me at once just what you would be willing to do, that I may show it to Swep, as the basis of a trade, should I be able to effect one.

You know his interest to be three-fourths of the whole property, the other belonging to Russell. Oblige me by writing by return mail, as I shall be waiting for your reply to start to Baltimore.

(Signed,) Z. B. VANCE."

I did not keep Judge Henry's reply, nor do I recollect the exact language of it, but it was in substances to agree to anything the rest of the commission might accept. And was there anything improper in my proposition as above? Swepson was reputed and generally believed to be insolvent. The property we proposed to the commission was purchased by the owners for above $108,000, and they now ask for it $250,000. Events fully justify my then opinion that they could well have afforded to give an insolvent even $200 000 for so valuable a piece of property—a sum more than the whole amount yet realized, or ever likely to be realized by that commission.

The object of this assault upon me, at this time, must be sufficiently obvious to the public; and I could disclose the name of the *Democratic* author, too—whoever the mere Radical tool and instrument may have been—but I will not further intrude upon valuable space in your columns, nor upon the time and patience of your readers. The public will surely agree with me that this attempt to injure me is a gross libel and an egregious and contemptible failure.

Respectfully,
Z B. VANCE

Charlotte, Nov. 9th, 1872.

The small pox lately took off a very old and eccentric man of St. Louis, known as Dr. Hotchkiss. He claimed to be 140, having been a Mason over 100 years, and expressed a determination to live until the second coming of Christ. It is said that for twenty years he has not washed himself nor permitted a broom on the place. He claimed also a supernatural agency in healing the sick.

From the Raleigh News.

THE EPIHIPPIC.

NEARLY EVERY HORSE IN THE CITY ATTACKED.

Oxen and Mules Only Seen on the streets.

ITS SPREAD IN THE COUNTRY.

Appearance of the Horse Dropsy.

Nearly every horse in the city with the exception of a few old hardened stagers, are now down with the malady, but up to a late hour last evening no fatal cases were reported. Only the overworked horses seem to be suffering from the malady, those that have been properly attended to and well fed have it only in a mild form. The well-known "Tom Benton" of Dr. Eugene Grison, the fine black charger of Dr. F. B Haywood Jr., and the pair of mares of Dr. Jas. McKee, succumbed yesterday morning. The old "Roan" of Dr. Fab Haywood, Jr., Dr. Wm. G. Hill's Dan," Dr. Chas. E. Johnson's old "Whitey" and Dr. Burke Haywood's pair still hold out, but all of your young M. D.'s are either on foot or accommodate themselves to mule transportation.

The horses at three public stables are all on the mend and the proprietors expect to resume business in a very few days.

It is generally believed that we are now in the midst of the crisis, and its worst is being passed. Very few horses are seen on the streets, all the drays and public carts being drawn by mules and oxen.—Wood is scarce, but owing to the large importation of oxen from the country the price so far has not been raised. Contrary to the expectation and fears of many in this city the market is well supplied with meats, vegetables, &c., &c, from the country, and there has been no occasion for an advance in the commodities. So much for being prepared and conveniently located for exen transportation, which though slow, is yet the cheapest. From several points in the country we learn with regret that the epizootic is spreading to nearly every farm, but fortunately for our farmers, it occurs at a season that the loss of time does not conflict with the farming interest.

For the benefit of our country friends (and all others) we publish below any other treatment which we take from a late number of a celebrated medical journal, and especially recommended by a leading physician of this city:

"The patient should be excused from all labor and allowed complete rest. The stables should be cleanly and well ventilated. Disinfectants may be useful and in some stables necessary. And of the following will answer: Carbolic acid, sulphate of iron, or bromo-chloralum. The patient should be properly groomed, and the nose and eyes frequently sponged with water, and the limbs, if cold, bandaged. The drink should have the chill slightly removed, but not enough to make it warm and unpalatable. The diet should be light and of a laxative nature; any spout feed or bran, wetted or scaled, with a little salt added. Hay in limited quantities may be allowed.

"In regard to remedies I wish to say that heroic treatement should not be tolerated. Blood letting cathartic nauseates, and arterial sedative are all of them either injurious or uncalled for. Next whatever medicines are administered should not be given in the form of draughts or drenches, as the animal is sure to be thrown into a paroxysm of coughing the moment a drench is attempted, and some of the medicine will, in such event, be almost sure to find its way into the windpipe and bronchial tubes, thus inducing fatal bronchitis or pneumonia. Balls should not be given as they will be coughed back or out, and the irritability of the throat will be increased in attempting to pass them over with the hand or finger. Powders are well-nigh useless, as when mixed with the food and powders. Electuaries, syrups, or pastes are the only forms in which medicines may be successfully administered in cases where the throat is tender and irritable, and coughing easily induced.

"Saline medicines I regard as the most useful in this disease. Any of the following will answer:—Chlorate of potash, muriate of ammonia, or hyposulphate or soda. As an anodyne to relieve the cough, fluid extract of belladonna may be added. The proper dose of either of these medicines may be rubbed up with two or three ounces of honey or molasses and these poured in the mouth from a small bottle or placed on the tongue with a spoon. Given in this way the medicines will be readily lapped up and easily swallowed. But little trouble is required to give it, and no danger of getting any medicine in the trachea will be incurred by this method. About the throat and over the wind-pipe, a sharp stimulating liniment should be rubbed in. In cases that prove severe, or are complicated with other and more serious diseases, a competent veterinarian should be employed."

We are now pained to record the most alarming symptoms of the Epihippic that has yet occurred in the city, viz: the appearance of the Horse Dropsy, which according to our telegrams yesterday morning, attacks horses that have suffered severely from the Epizootic.

The cases referred to appeared in the stables of Samuel Merrill, Esq., Superintendent of the Raleight Gas Works. The symptoms are nearly in accordance with those contained in our telegrams from New York yesterday morning, viz: Swelling of the belly and legs, and other symptoms as described. Only a few mules have as yet taken the Epizootic, and we are glad to say the malady does not spread in this direction. If the mules and cattle are taken with it as is reported in other localities, then we will indeed be in a pitiable condition.

WHAT LOVE DID FOR MONSEIGNEUR THE MARQUIS.

He was a Marquis Monseigneur, and she only a poor girl who sold flowers.

She saw him one day riding in high estate at the head of the nobles, and she loved him. She! What could a poor girl do who fell in love with such a Marquis? He had wealth, and power, and pride.—She had nothing; but love will do great things sometimes. Monseigneur—great things sometimes.

You see that old chatean there behind the high wall and the terrace, an embankment overgrown with flowers and trees. "Yes."

Well, one day that chatean was a fort, bristling with cannon, the terrace an embankment, glittering with bayonets, and the street here, and the street there, and the street yonder, and the one on the other side of that a mass of surging ferious people.

There had been no bread that day, nor the one before, nor the one before that, and the people were famished, though the nobles rolled in wealth and splendor.—Through the city that morning men with ominous faces and red caps might have been seen standing before the wine shops, and up in by-ways talking with the people; about mid-day there began to arise a murmuring throughout the city; later it culminated into a roar, and then with one wild outcry the people were running mad in the streets, armed and furious, raving for bread or blood.

Monseigneur the Marquis had been away that morning somewhere in the country, and returning the people saw him. Monseigneur's father and his grandfather before him had borne hard names; Monseigneur himself was young yet, and though he had done all in all for people, there were bad men amongst his class, as there are everywhere, and so he was hated. Ah! he was fair that morning, riding up the streets, his face pale and aquiline, his hair brown and his dress rich and costly. When the people saw him there rose a mighty outcry, and with one wild roar they seized him; they had torn him from his horse, borne him on their shoulders to where the barricade at the chatean swarmed with soldiers, and bayonets and cannon Here they left him, and as by one mighty impulse they drew back and left him standing alone between the barricade, the soldiers and the people.

Monseigneur was very pale, but he comes of a brave race, and I could see it was only rage and pride struggling with him, when he turned and said, waiving his hand, "What will you have?"

With one mighty roar came back the answer "Bread" Monsieur smiled. "Behind that chatean yonder are soldiers and cannon; they are the king's; with them is enough for thousands of your starving mouths, it is mine. You have insulted and abused me. Take it."

There was no outcry, there was no shouting, but the multidude looked at each other, and they knew that to attempt those walls would be death The king was great and powerful; he had many soldiers and cannon; the people were poor and weak, and scarcely armed at all. Before they took those walls there would be many killed and their starving families worse than before.

"Ha!" It swept like an echo through the crowd. There was one thing then in the hands of the people; It was revenge. Ah there was something in that; and there were those who whispered that to kill Monseigneur was to be revenged on all the long list of evils that his cruel family had done forever; and so again they seized him.

It was with no sudden outcry this time, but with a firm determination and resolve, that he was seized, pinioned and borne to the market place, where poor girls sell flowers.

Here there was a scaffold and a bench, where the girls sat, and Monseigneur was tried and decreed to die at sunrise for having defied the people. It was so decreed, and as the prison stood in where the chatean and barricades were, they placed him down by the river yonder, in the old warehouse at the quay near by, where in the morning he was to be shot for having insulted the people.

Monseigneur, when he heard the decree, said nothing, but only smiled and muttered an epithet of abhorrence at the infamy of being murdered by a rebellious mob. There, and he so proved, was some one else who said nothing, and only smiled and prayed, but she was only a poor flower girl, and so nobody cared for her, even in the last degree.

You know, Monseigneur, that we are only a poor country town, with few riches and less history, and so one of the great nobles scarcely ever came here only Monseigneur the Marquis, because it was the seat of his chateau. There were also few troops, and they behind the barricades; and so Monseigneur the Marquis was left with only a few hundreds of a guard, who were placed at 8 o'clock in the evening to watch all night.

In the morning he was to die.

Early that night a horse rattled out on the north ever yonder by the marshes, and from the way the horse's head was turned and the way the dust rose, he was judged by the sentinel at the chatean to have gone on the road to Paris.

That night, of course, there was no rejoicing in the village; partly because there was no bread, and partly because there was no joy; but there was restlessness and excitement on account of what was to take place at sunrise. The people have been sometimes called bloody, Monsieur, but we are not, and I believe that if it had been possible in the minds of the people to have saved Monseigneur the Marquis, he would have been saved, but they had settled it in their minds, and there was no possibility.

The people also knew that after they had threatened to take Monseigneur's life, when the troops came, as they surely would, there would be a terrible retribution; but after he was dead who was to say who had threatened this thing, and so it was to be done.

At 4 o'clock it was daybreak; at 5 sunrise; about 3, Monseigneur, sitting leaning his back against a pillar of the quay, heard something fall into the water. He listened; there was some one talking. It was well he, thought they had come to murder him in the night, and he rose up to face them.

It Monsieur had been outside he would have seen the caps of soldiers climbing up over the quay, but inside he saw nothing, until presently a challenge, suddenly a flash, a roar, and with loud cheers a body of soldiers rose up out of boats and poured over the quay.

There was a fight, the people thought it was a desperate sally from the chatean, and fought hard to drive them back; the soldiers in the chatean thought it was a turn it amongst the people, and poured out upon them. Ah! but there was a desperate fight, and many were killed, mostly of the people, and when the sun rose, the quay was piled with slain, and the soldiers were in possession of the town, and hundreds of the people prisoners.

Monseigneur was safe. Count St. Marceau on the river on the road to Paris with boats and soldiers, heard all and came.—Thus it was said.

"And," asked Monseigneur, "how heard you this?

"Excuse me, sire. It was a girl, Marie, she said. At midnight the sentinel on the Toulon road brought to me a girl on horseback. She stated all to me, and implored me to save you."

"The girl—at where she is now I do not know—came with us. I thought some lason of yours, Monseigneur, though she was a fair girl and a modest one too."

* * * * * * *

They found her, Monsieur, close up against the chatean wall where the fight was thickest. She lay between the body of a dying soldier and that of a dead citizen. They found her—aye, and would have if she had been the last of all lying there, for Monsieur the proud Marquis sought ever amongst the dead himself, and would not be stayed. "She that risked her life for mine is more to me than all the pride of Amsterdam," he said, and searched on.

She was dying. In the next room of the old chateau she lay on the great bed, never used since the death of Madame the Marquis; her blue eyes closed, her brown hair lalling on the pillow, and her small hand lying outside. She, a poor flower girl, dying in the chateau of the proud Marquise. She opened her eyes. "Is Monseigneur the Marquis here?"

"Yes, lady." His voice was marvelously tremulous, and he took her hand.

"On the morrow, sir, the people taken in riot are going to be executed. Can they be saved?"

"Yes lady."

"Will you do something for me?"

He pressed her hand.

"I hope you will save them. The common people are hard oppressed, the rich do not know how hard, and when we rise sometimes against wrongs we cannot bear, we are worse used than before, because we are sure to be defeated because we are so poor. Will you do what you can for them, sir?"

"Yes."

Monseigneur, the proud Marquis, sat by her bed side that night, and next day posthaste was sent for doctors in Paris. They came, and said "she might be saved."

You see, Monsieur, that handsome old lady yonder, that is she—Marie, the flower girl, now Madame, the Marquis. She and Monseigneur are worshipped by the people. They do not want bread, they are happy and contented; and why? because love will do great things sometimes.

[From the Washington Patriot, Nov. 5.]

DISTANT DECAY.

"Poverty" says the grim novelist, "seems disposed, before it takes possession of a man entirely, to attack his extremities first: the coverings of his head, feet and hands are always its first prey" We sometimes think this is true of other than human beings. A corporatoin, for instance, first shows decay at points remote from the chartered center. When the Bank of the United States began to collapse, the first blue symptoms were on its purchased branches in Mississippi. The first crack in the credit of the Vermont Central, soon to increase till all was shivered to peices, was in one of its leases or guaranteed roads, or its subsidiary express companies. So now, it really looks as if the mammoth corperation which denominates Pennsylvania, and its trying to clutch the railway rule of the whole country, were begining to show promonitary symptoms. Careful observers have long since noticed these ugly signs, for very ugly they are.

Every one knows that, as with the Vermont Central, the Pennsylvania company is the trunk out of which sprout all manner of minor corporations, guaranteed, leased, purchased, improvement companies, security companies, express companies. Except for the sap generated in the main body, and which is sure in the bud to fail, they would have been leafless long ago. One has fallen almost unobserved. Last summer, amid universal local execration, perished the Southern Improvement Company, which dealt in oil. It was a confessed branch of the great tree, but the parentage was adroitly concealed. Next and quite recently we see what is known as the Southern Security Company mysteriously involved with a worthless Memphis bank, and a desperate creditor to an enormous amount for cash deposits. All this was the money of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

And now we have mutiny and damage nearer home. It looks as if the boasted lease of the New Jersey companies, costly as it confessedly has been, is not worth the paper on which it is written, and this through that sort of recklessness which people in the moment of delirium (for corporations get drunk as well as men) exhibit. To accomplish those leases—to engineer them along through legislatures and courts and hesitating stockholders—must have cost millions. The legitimate expenditures must have been enormous, and what those of another description are never will be known till, in the day of consummate trouble, stock or bondholder's committee of investigation asks for them. The New Jersey act of Assembly requiring the lease to be recorded, is as plain as Mr. Justice Bradley could make it, and he is not at hand to remove the difficulty.

If, as is most probable, the work will have to be done over again, the prospective outlay must be terrible. There is too much stock and bonds in the market already. New Jersey may change her mind and reclaim her independence. Stockholders may recover their senses, and decide, after all, that honest New Jersey dividens are safer than the larger ones which rest upon a questionable guaranty. Such a future of expense and trouble, will probably be too much even for the intrepidity of the financial managers, who have flinched at nothing before, and the New Jersey offshoot may be allowed to drop. All those we repeat, are ugly signs. There is a limit to corporation credit, and there are watchful eyes that quickly detect it when it is reached. It looks very much as if the day of reckoning has come or was approaching.

ABOUT ADAM.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

We have always believed in Adam. We have looked upon him as one to whom mankind has been under peculiar obligations. Standing by the side of Eve as the first married man, dressed in a sumptuous bear skin, he appears to us, as we look backward through the dim vista of the centuries upon him, as a person indispensable to the future of his race. Certain philosophers would try to make us believe that that majestic figure is a monkey; and sometimes the result of human events, elections for instance, seem unaccountable, except upon the Darwinian hypothesis. But we hold that the man who would reflect upon the dear departed in such an ungrateful way does not deserve the sympathies of his kind; as for ourselves, we intend to nail our fig leaf to the mast and cling to the old Adam. What he knew about farming served him in good stead in the hour of his disappointment, and, though overmuch given to lying in the shade and munching apples, we know that when he found himself one morning on the wrong side of a certain garden gate he indulged in no unmanly repining—he neither whimpered over his fate, nor made faces and shook his fist at the guardian of the forfeited premises, but diligently set himself to work to develop the ordinary crab into the New York pippin.

There are some times when we like to withdraw our minds from the turmoil of the present age and dwell upon the character of the grand old patriarch. Sometimes, even when our desk may be covered with last accounts lost on the election, we get to thinking on Adam and don't care how big the Liberal majority is in New York. Adam was never troubled about election bets, or anything else, except the grafts in his orchard. He had no mother-in-law, and his wife never bothered him with her milliner's bill. He had a natural antipathy to snakes, but was never worried over missing shirt buttons.

He never supported an unsuccessful candidate for President and saw his hopes for a seat in the Cabinet grow dimmer and dimmer as the reports came in. Nor were his ears deafened and his feelings hurt by the booming of the cannon of the radical party over at New Albany. Neither did he receive the ironical and malicious congratulations of his neighbors the morning after the election on the fortitude with which he bore up under adverse news. His eyes were never offended by the crowing roosters and flaunting banners of his opponents; for barring his one unfortunate speculation in fruit—undertaking at the instance of his sleeping partner—when the devil made a corner in apples, his life was eminently a success.

To be sure, he never had the proud consciousness of having established principles that he knew would ultimately win in spite of the influence of a hostile administration that for a while brought inevitable defeat upon him; nor did he have the pleasure of seeing the old party lines of ignorance and prejudice broken into fragments and disappearing before his vigorous assaults; but as he sat upon the hills facing the sunset, in the happy time before his eldest boy began to be fast and to run around with strange women from the land of Nod, he could watch his shooting scoins without a care, nor trouble himself with the future of his offspring.

He stands for us as the grand exemplar of success, and as we hear the noise of unsympathetic thousands shouting over empty victories, and smell the fumes of powder burnt in honor of a fitful and ephemoral triumph, our thoughts go back six thousand years or more to grand old Adam, and then—

"Not a wave of trouble rolls across this peaceful breast."

There is one comfort left us, anyhow. We know how to beat Grant next time. We'll nominate him.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

This witticism carries with it a volume of meaning. If the late election has demonstrated anything at all, it is that the endorsation of any man by the people of the South is sufficient cause for his rejection by the Northern masses. It matters not who or what the man may be, or how pure and patriotic the motives of the South in accepting him, it is all one. The instant the South approves the North condemns. Reconciliation neither suits their interests nor their inclination. Cowardice, malice and greed rule the hour.—*Petersburg Appeal.*

From the Ohio Statesman.

TWINS—HOW A YOUNG COUPLE SAW DAYLIGHT ON THE CARS.

The Pacific express train on the Pan Handle Railroad left the Columbus depot on Friday evening last, under the charge of Conductor Drury. Nothing transpired to disturb the monotony of the conductor's call on drowsy passengers for "tickets, gentlemen," until the train was between Dennison and Steubenville. Then he was notified that a lady passenger desired his presence. He found the lady evidently in some trouble and embarrassment. To his affirmative response to the query whether she was married, the lady stated that she was on her way from Cincinnati to meet her husband in New York, and that a crisis was impending, involving the appearance of an additional passenger.—This startled the conductor, of course, but with a heart big as an elephant he set to work to make the lady comfortable. All the passengers were hastily shuffled into another car, and such female assistance as could be procured on the train was brought into requisition. In a brief time the little stranger—a fine bouncing girl is the phrase—put in an appearance, and the conductor congratulated himself on his happy escape from a dilemma. With a heart overwhelming with sympathy, he arranged on impromptu wardrope for the very young lady from his own underclothing. It was not exactly in style of these "infant outfits" advertised in the New York papers, yet it served a good purpose.

But this is not all. The train left Steubenville on time, and was soon thundering through and around the hills of West Virginia, when the conductor received another shock This time it was "a fine bouncing boy." Twins, by jove! One a Buckeye and the other a Pan-Handler. The remainder of Drury's lives went to start the little fellow on his journey through the world. Then for fear of what might happen, the train was hurried up; in due time it reached Pittsburg, and the lady and the two unticketed passengers were tenderly conveyed to comfortable quarters at the Union Depot Hotel, when a telegram was forwarded to the husband in New York, which probably lifted him out of his boots. At last advices the mother and children were doing well.

The twins certainly commenced life under extraordinary circumstances. Born on a fast going Pacific train, the one in Ohio and the other in West Virginia, it is safe to promise they will be reasonably fast young people. The mother is represented as a most estimable lady, but not given to the study of almanacs.

GOOD TEMPER.

Good temper is the sunshine of the domestic circle, and must be prized and cultivated accordingly. Fretfulness, peevishness, bitterness and anger must be viewed as so many hissing snakes, and driven from every heart that claims the distinction of being happy. When tempted to give away to any ill-feelings, self restraint must be exercised, and mutual forbearance shown. Much will be accomplished by carrying out the determination that both shall never lose their temper at the same time—the one bringing water where the other brings fire. "Let them treat each other's feelings," it has been well said, "with lenity, and learn to be, as occasion serves, blind, deaf and dumb—especially dumb. Not sullenly dumb, but serenely dumb. Not silent from modishness and passion, but silent from reason and affection, looking out the while like a mariner in a dark night for the first streaks of the dawn, and hailing it with a grateful welcome" A gentle contrast, a well arranged diversity, gives a relish to married life. It is the necessary condition, however, of such a diversity that the parties should view things occasionally from a different point of view, and wisdom will be required, therefore, by mutual concessions, gentleness, good humor and forbearance, to prevent such diversities of taste, of opinion, becoming the source of quarrel, irritation, or, to use a phrase of modern coinage, "naggle." A clergyman, who had tied the marriage knot for many a couple, was careful always to whisper to the bride, as his parting counsel, "Be sure never to have the last word"—an advice which is excellent, but which is surpassed by the recommendation that neither party should take the first one.

CHICAGO.

Chicago has gained one thing by the great fire; she has got an anniversary. The seventh of October, 1871, has burned its memorials indelibly into the life of that busy, enterprising city. A year has passed, and the city is half rebuilt, in a more durable manner, on a grander scale, and with far better provisions for the future than before. Individuals have suffered irreparable losses, and the whole community shared to some extent in the calamity; and yet a finer and larger city is rapidly rising to completion where one year ago was a charred and smoking heap of ruins. The bustle of business and the songs of workmen has taken the place of sobs and lamentations, and happy homes obliterate the traces of the great desolation. All of which shows the abounding energy and hopefulness of our people, and is an earnest of future growth and glory. Chicago deserves the congratulations, and has won the respect, of the whole country. If she keeps on at her present rate she will not have ashes enough left for her sinners to sprinkle their heads with.—*Golden Age.*